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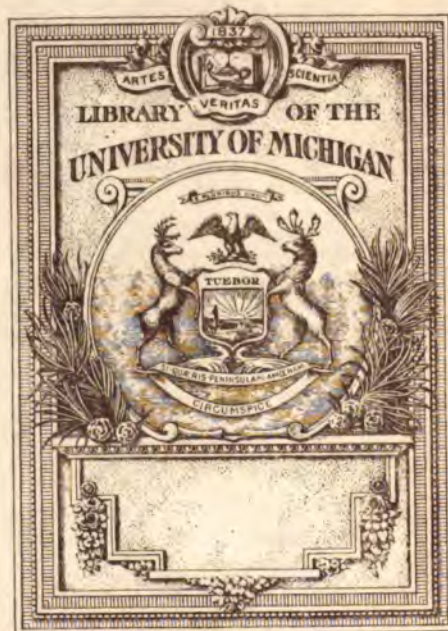
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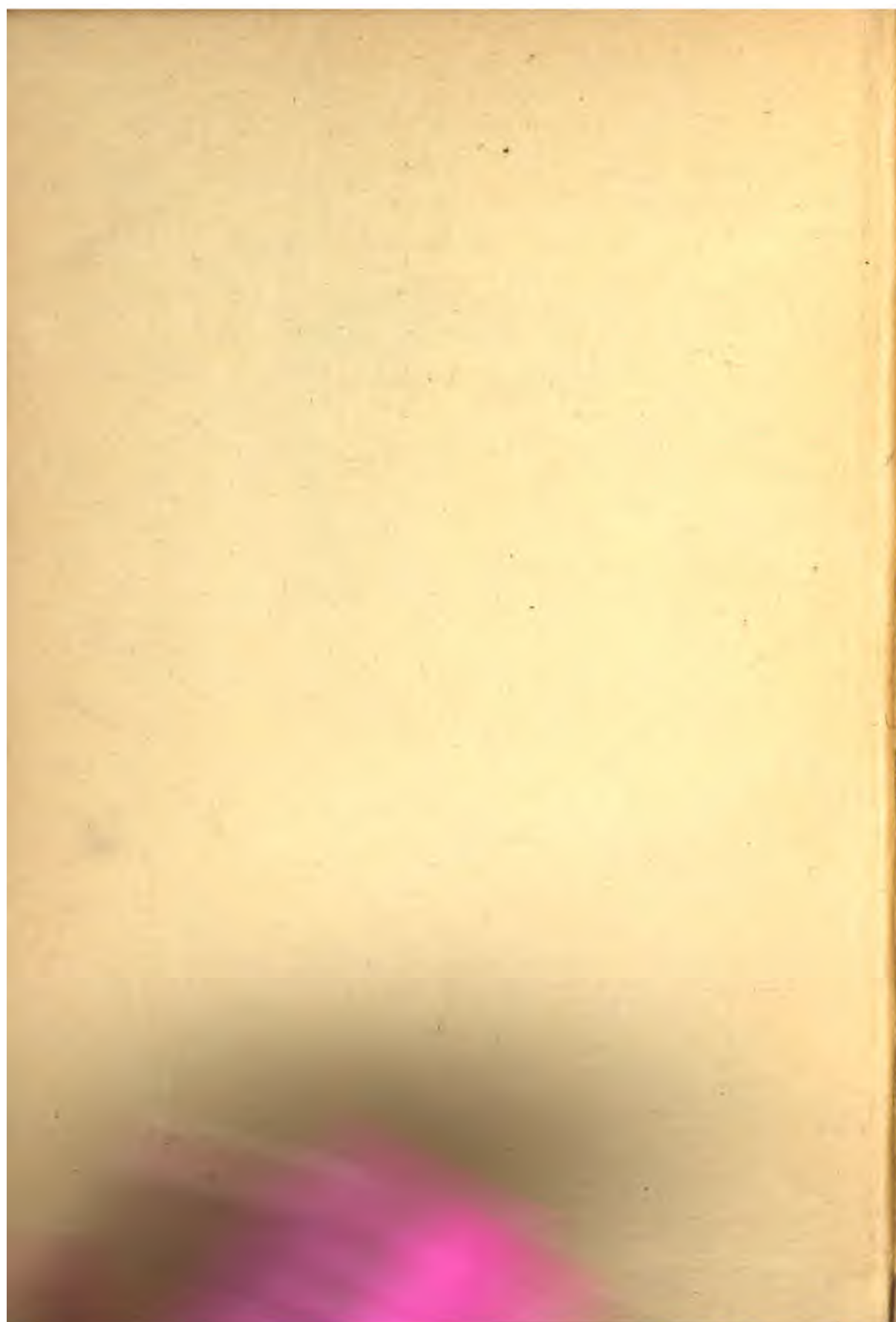
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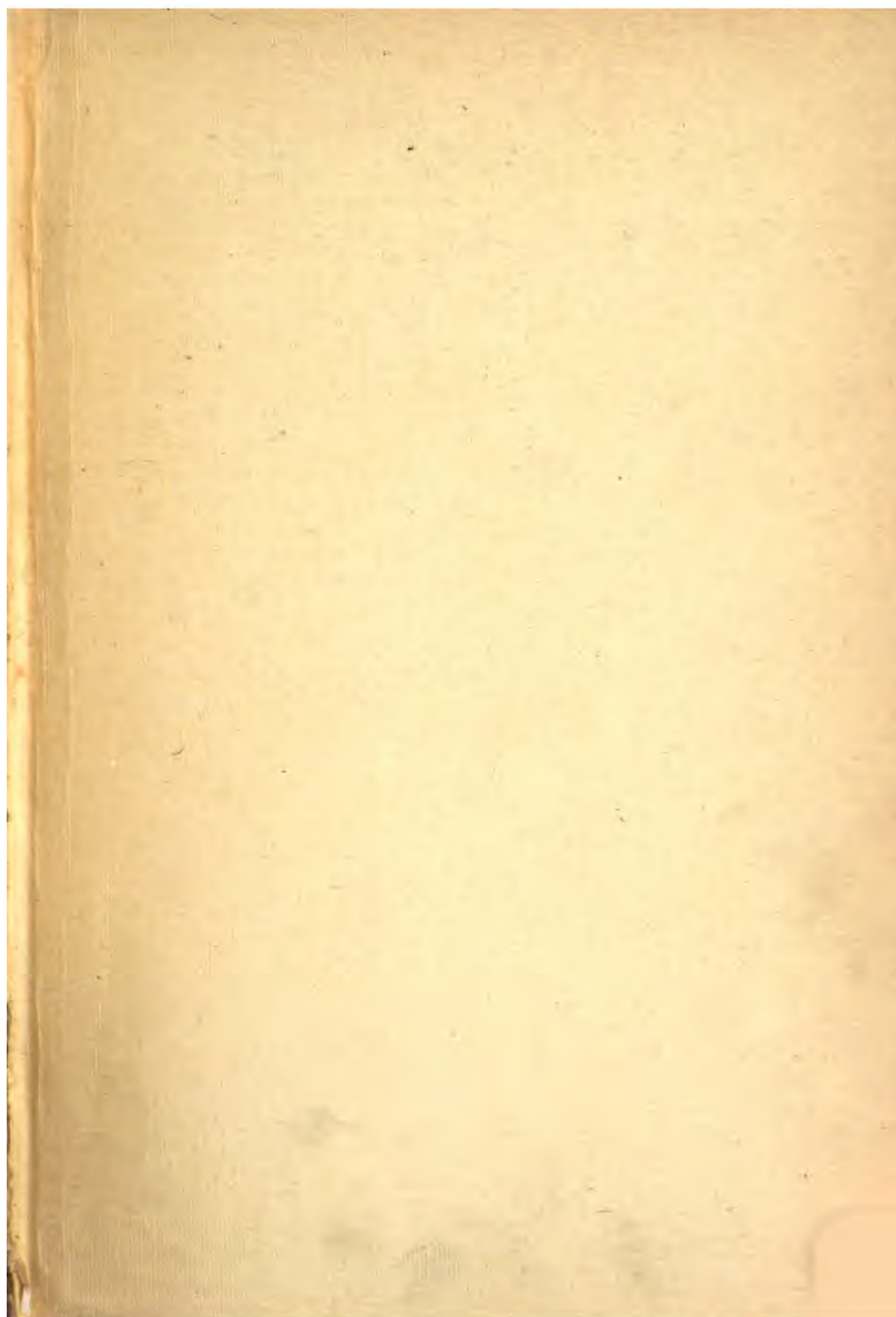


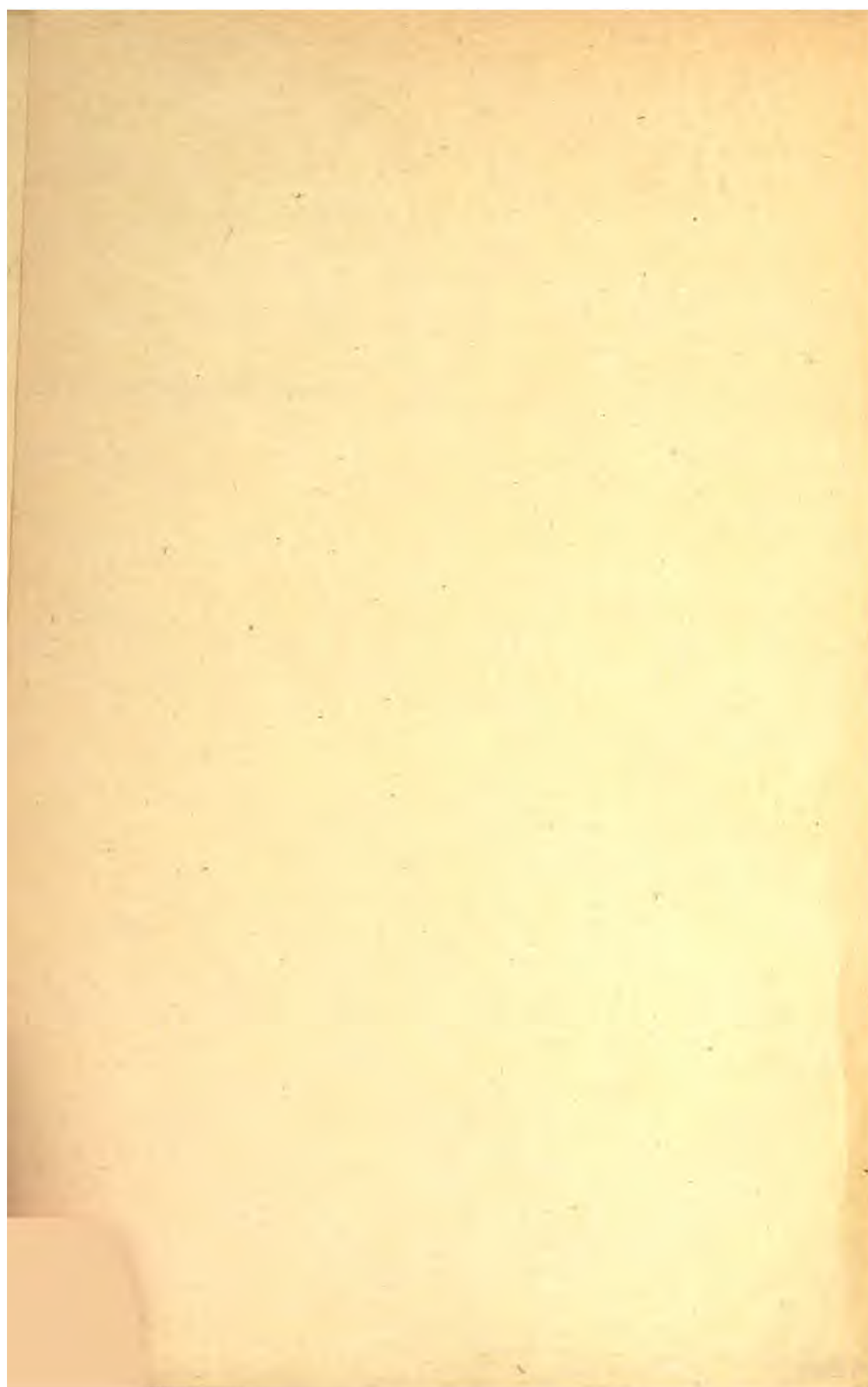
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VOLUME XLV

March, 1917—August, 1917

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MEETINGS WITH HOWELLS

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

I

ONE day in 1871 my father, on his return from the little county town, brought home to us on our farm (in Mitchell County, Iowa), a copy of the *Hearth and Home*, or some such eastern rural paper, in which was the beginning of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, my first story of everyday life. As a boy of eleven, I was in the midst of a fervent passion for the "continued stories" of lords and ladies, queens and consorts, Indians and their destroyers, with which the *Saturday Night*, and the *New York Weekly* were filled, and yet I must have been at heart a realist, for I fell almost instantly into an absorbed study of the doings of Indiana backwoods farmers. Rude spelling schools, protracted meetings, and other rough-spun Western events contended in my admiration with tournaments and royal crusades.

This serial (which involved our whole family in a weekly struggle as to who should have the first chance at each newly arrived number) was the work of Edward Eggleston, and it must be reckoned one of the earliest and most successful of our attempts to put into fictional form the life of the Middle West—I say successful, for to us "Mandy" and "Bud Means," "Ralph Hartsook," the teacher, little "Shockey," and sweet, patient "Hannah" were as

real, as tangible as any of our neighbours—they were everyday folk, yet, how their doings engaged us! We could hardly wait for the next issue, so eager were we to follow the fortunes of Hannah and Ralph. We quoted "old lady Means"—"git a plenty while you're git-tin' says I"—and cheered "Bud" in his fight with the village drover. We barely knew where Indiana was in those days, but Eggleston's Hoosiers were very close to us. It seemed that we could ride across the country and visit them almost any day.

The illustrations of the book were illogically grotesque, even in our eyes, but the artist had contrived to give some slight virginal charm to "Hannah" and a certain childish sweetness to "Shockey" so that we accepted the more than mortal ugliness of "old man Means" and his daughter "Mandy," who simpered over her spelling book at us as she did at "Ralph," as the artist's concept of villainous and foolish persons.

One afternoon in the spring of 1881, as I stood in the post-office in the village of Osage, Iowa, waiting for my mail, I noticed on the counter of the book-stand a small volume labelled *The Undiscovered Country*, by W. D. Howells. Mildly curious I took it up. "What's this?" I asked of the clerk.

With a disgusted air he replied, "I

bought it for a book of travels, but it turns out to be a novel. I'll sell it cheap if you want to buy it."

With half-an-hour to wait and nothing else to do, I opened the book and began to read. From the very first page I dimly perceived something new in fiction. The diction, so direct, so graceful, so unerring, enthralled me despite the prejudice with which the clerk had filled my mind. It was all curiously real, yet remote. A few minutes later the General Delivery window opened, I laid the story down, and did not take it up again for more than five years, but I carried that taste of its quality through many vicissitudes, little knowing (as the historians say) that a meeting with its author was to be the most important literary event of my life.

In 1884 when I went to Boston to study, Howells was the most conspicuous novelist in the city, was indeed an issue. He had just published *Silas Lap- ham* and was in the full tide of his powers. All literary Boston was divided into three parts, those who liked him and read him; those who read him and hated him, and those who just plain hated him. The most fiercely debated question in many clubs ran something like this: "Are Howells's heroines true to life or are they merely satiric types?" and most of his feminine critics were fiercely indignant over his "injustice to woman." "He never depicts a noble woman," they declared.

"Well," retorted his male admirers, "he's just as hard on us. He is not concerned with nobly perfect individuals. He is not celebrating heroes or heroines—he is depicting men and women as they are."

Naturally, I began by taking sides against this fictional iconoclast (I had forgotten for the time the absorbed interest with which I had read *The Undiscovered Country*), I even went so far as to announce a lecture in opposition to "Howells and James"—for Henry James was also an arch offender against romance. But as I studied to prove my case, I ended (naturally) by becoming

his public advocate. How could I help it? I had always been a lover of realities and there was something in the exquisite yet homely realism of *A Modern Instance*, something in the pathos of *The Minister's Charge* which "tied on" with my memories of Eggleston's *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. Of course the work of the later realist was infinitely more artistic, more restrained and delicate from the technical standpoint, but it had something of the same homely spirit, and its types were quite as American in every case.

It must have been during the second year of my stay in Boston—some time in 1885 I think—that I again entered upon *The Undiscovered Country* and pressed onward to the end. From this I passed to *The Minister's Charge*, which had been running serially and was about to appear in book form. This story, which dealt with a homesick country boy in the city, appealed to me strongly—so strongly that I was moved to write a review of it for *The Transcript*—everybody wrote to *The Transcript* in those days. Hurd, the literary editor of this, the chief paper of New England, liked my article so much that he called the attention of the managing editor to it. Mr. Clement was also interested. "Put it on the editorial page," said he, "and send the young man to me."

So it fell out that a few days later my eyes were dazzled by the appearance of my review (printed in large type) on the editorial page, and I was thrown into a daze of conjecture by receiving word from Hurd that the editor wished to see me.—Was he about to offer me an editorial chair?

Going before the great man humbly, as befitted a penniless western youth in a rusty coat, I stood expectantly, wondering, while he crossed a t and dotted a couple of i's. At last he wheeled round and said, "That was an able article, Mr. Garland, and I have sent a proof of it to Howells. You should know him personally, and sometime I will give you a letter to him—but not now. Wait a

while. War is being made upon him and if you were to meet him at this time your criticism would have less weight. His enemies would say that you had come under his magnetic influence. Go ahead with the writings you have in mind and after you have put yourself on record concerning him and his books I shall be very glad to arrange a meeting for you."

It is probable that I was too much affected to thank him, for I descended the long, narrow staircase to the street like a man in a trance, and went to my lodgings without knowing whether it rained or snowed. The thought of coming into the presence of this renowned literary man, this great novelist, was awe-inspiring. All the way home, and all the evening, I ruminated on Clement's praise. I read and re-read my "able article" until I knew every word of it by heart, and the next day I started in seriously to study the naturalistic school of fiction to which Mr. Howells belonged. I read all of his principal books as soon as I could obtain them—which was not easy, for the demand upon them at the Library was very great. Zola and Hardy and many other Old World realists naturally followed, and in this way I prepared an article upon *Realism in Fiction*, or *Sanity in Fiction* (I have forgotten just exactly what I did call it), and day by day I worked in the definite hope of sometime calling upon the editor of *The Transcript* to redeem his promise. Just what I should say when I met the author I could not be assured of, but I fashioned some very fine speeches from time to time.

It was not till a year later—possibly in June of 1887—when one afternoon, with my letter of introduction carefully stowed in an inside pocket, I boarded the train for Auburndale, some ten or twelve miles west of Boston, where the great realist was at that time living. It is probable that no young writer of today could feel for any living author the awe which filled my heart and weakened my knees as I stepped off the train and

inquired the way to the hotel, where Howells was boarding. I fervently hoped that "The Elms" would not be too magnificent, for I suddenly realised how small and shabby I actually was, and every rod of my advance sensibly decreased the little store of self-esteem with which I started, for although my sense of what was fashionable and what was not was rudimentary, I knew very well that my coat was of belated fashion and my hat noticeably western and weather-worn.

As I came opposite the entrance of the grounds, I was near to a state of panic, for on looking up the path toward the towering portico, the hotel appeared to me to be the palace of a king and my resolution entirely left me. In saying this I am not exaggerating for literary purposes—I did in very truth walk past the gate twice before I found heart to turn and enter.

"What an entirely unwarranted and presumptuous act on my part! What excuse have I for intruding on a great author's time?" I asked myself. But it was too late to retreat, and so at last I marched sternly up the gravelled walk. Timidly entering the wide central hall I advanced, warily, across the polished floor to the desk where a highly ornate and haughty clerk presided—(hotel clerks are haughty to me even now) and in a meek and husky voice asked, "Is Mr. Howells in?"

"He is, but he is at luncheon," the young despot on the other side of the counter coldly replied, and his tone expressed the opinion that he did not think Mr. Howells would relish being disturbed by a seedy individual in a Prince Albert frock coat, a sombrero and a plaid Windsor tie, a visitor who did not even know the proper hour for an afternoon call was (to put the best construction on his actions) a hay-seed.

However, my border blood began to smoke. Producing my letter of introduction I said, "You send this in to Mr. Howells and let *him* make the decision about seeing me." The clerk quailed—not through fear of me, but out of re-

spect for the author. The coloured porter who took my letter soon returned. "Mr. Howells will be out in a few minutes," he said. "Come with me." Leading the way to a small and highly polished room (near the front of the building) a room which contained several rather frail gilt chairs and a long settee, he left me to seat myself as I pleased.

For several minutes I rested on the edge of one of the gilded perches with eyes on the portières, vainly trying to swallow a frog in my throat. I do not believe I could have uttered a word at the moment. "How will he receive me? How will he look? What shall I say to him?" I again asked myself. My visit seemed at the moment incredibly presumptuous and foolish.—All this appears very old-fashioned and romantic, no doubt, but so it was.

A light step reached my ears. I rose. The curtains parted and a short man with a large head stood before me. His smoothly shaven face was impassive but his glance was one of the most piercing I had ever encountered. In that single instant, before he smiled, he discovered my character, my state of mind (and probably inventoried my clothing). His eyes were like the tubes of some singular and powerful X-ray instrument. It was the glance of a student of men—of a realist. He looked the portrait I had seen of him, only a little older. His hair a little thinned and parted in the middle, was brown, and his moustache close-clipped. Of course, this scrutiny took but a second's time. Then his face softened, became winning and very gracious. "I am glad to see you," he said, and his tone convinced me of it. "Won't you be seated?"

He indicated a seat at one end of the sofa. I accepted it. He took a position at the other end, facing me, and began by thanking me for my reviews—then proceeded to inquire concerning my work and my purposes. It took but a moment to draw forth the story of my coming to Boston. In truth, I was bursting with talk. He developed my early antagonism to his work and my

conversion to his method. He called out my theory of comparative criticism, and listened intently while I told him of "the great work" I had in hand—a manuscript called *The Development of American Ideals*. My conception of the local novel, and of its growing importance in American literature, especially interested him. He permitted me to enlarge upon my reasons for believing that the local novel was the most important literary form of the day, and that it would continue to grow in power and insight.

I said in substance: "In my judgment the men and women of the South and West and East are working, without knowing it, in accordance with a great principle which is this: American literature, in order to be great, must be national, and in order to be national must be spontaneous and deal with conditions peculiar to our own land and climate. Every sincere writer must write of the life which he knows best and for which he cares most." "Thus," said I, "Joel Chandler Harris, George W. Cable, Joseph Kirkland, Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mary E. Wilkins, like Bret Harte, are but varying phases of the same movement, a movement which is to give us at last a really vital and original and national literature."

Once set going I fear I ran on like a political orator at top speed. I did not know how to quit—I do not think I did quit—I imagine he must have stopped me, but he did it deftly with a compliment so adroit that I did not understand exactly how the brake was applied. "You are doing a fine and valuable work," he said, and I thought he meant it. "Each of us has had some perception of this movement, but no one so far as I know has up to this time correlated it as definitely as you have done. I hope you will go on and finish and publish your book."

These words, uttered perhaps out of kindness, brought the blood to my face and filled me with gratitude and joy. The lightest word of praise from the lips of this widely accepted man of letters was to me a medal of fine gold, for

I had good reason to know how discriminating he was in his use of adjectives. To gain even a single syllable of commendation from the author of *A Modern Instance* was rich reward for a youth who had but just escaped from digging potatoes and husking corn on an Iowa farm. Emboldened by his gracious manner, I confessed that I also had ambitions to do a little in the way of recording the manners and customs of my native West. "I don't know that I can do this in stories," I said, "but I intend to do it in essays."

He was kind enough then to say that he would like to see me try fiction. "Whatever you do, keep to the West," he urged. "You have almost a clear field out there. No one but Howe and Eggleston seem to be writing of the prairie country. Why don't you regularly go in for it? I am sure you could give us something that would be typically American."

How long he talked (or how long I talked) I cannot now recall (the clock stopped for me), but at last—probably in self-defense—he suggested that we go outside, and as we walked about the village he became more and more sympathetic. He treated me not merely as a literary aspirant, but as a friend in whom he could confide. He asked my opinion with regard to certain vital questions in debate at the moment, and I answered with joyous vigour. I was, I fear, a torrent, a cyclone, a cloud-burst of words. But in his gentle way he governed me and at last headed me for my train.

On the way to the station came my greatest decoration. He turned to me, with the simplest camaraderie, and asked, "What would you think of my doing a story dealing with the effect of a dream on the life of a man? I have in mind a tale to be called *The Shadow of a Dream*, or something like that, wherein the principal character is to be influenced to some action—I don't quite know what—through the memory of a vision which is to pursue him and have some share in the final catastrophe, what-

ever it may turn out to be. What would you think of such a plot?" Surprised and flattered by this evidence of his trust and confidence in me, I managed to stammer out a blunt judgment. "It would depend entirely upon the treatment," I said. "The theme is a little like Hawthorne, but I can understand how under your hand it would not be in the least like Hawthorne."

He caught at my full meaning and quickly replied, "You think it is not quite like me? You are right. It is rather romantic, and I may never write it." He smiled in reassurance. "But if I do, you may be sure it will be treated in my own way and not in any other man's way."

"There are plenty of men, Mr. Howells, who can do 'the weird kind of thing,' but there is only one man who can compose books like *A Modern Instance* and *Silas Lapham*."

I did not suppose this praise of mine, or this criticism of mine, could have any lasting effect upon a man whose fame was international, but to have him desire my impression of the fitness of a chosen theme was like feeling on my shoulder the touch of the King's ennobling blade. I went away knighted. My apprenticeship seemed over. To America's chief literary man I was also a writer, a literary historian, and with this recognition the current of my ambition changed. I began to hope that I too might some day become a novelist and put some part of the Middle West into fiction.

II

As often as I dared thereafter I went to call upon Mr. Howells, and always his taste, his judgment, his exquisite yet simple English produced in me the profoundest admiration. An hour of his incisive humorous talk sent me away in mingled exaltation and despair—exaltation over his continued faith in me; despair over my own blunt and graceless method. His speech, while never formal or ornate, was so much better than any writing I could ever hope to pen that

I went back to my desk in a kind of desperation.

How I must have bored that sweet and gracious soul! He could not escape me. If he moved to Auburn I pursued him. If he fled to Magnolia or Nahant I spent my money like water to follow him up to ask his advice about my work, or to worry him into a belief in The Single Tax. However, I do not seem to have dared to visit him so often at his home in Boston. I think I must have been awed by the splendour of Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue.

As I came to know him better he revealed to me the swift transitions to which a Celtic man of letters is liable. Humour and pathos mingled in his speech. His humour, which was always close beneath the surface like a low, sweet, bubbling geyser spring, often rose with a chuckle close upon his most sombre mood, and always broke into some crystal phrase which lingered in my memory for weeks. He was at this time deeply moved by the social injustice which we had all recently discovered, and often as we walked and talked he spoke of Bellamy's delineation of the growing contrasts between the rich and the poor, while I dilated upon Henry George's statement of the suffering and deprivations of the proletariat. He was Socialist; I was Individualist, and I could never quite get him to see the difference between his programme and mine. He was always for some communistic reform, while I was perfectly clear that land monopoly was the fundamental cause of poverty and must be destroyed first of all.

His voice was sad—poignantly sad—when reviewing the sorrow and injustice of the world, and yet he always had himself in hand. Once as we were crossing the Common together we met a beggar who whined out a request for alms. Howells gave him a coin with some misgiving, and then while his brow was still wrinkled with pain he said, "Of course, there is a chance of his being a professional, and we are warned not to give to professionals." Here his

delightful humour lightened his face. "And yet, I cannot conceive that this man, though a fraud, is precisely *rolling* in wealth."

At another time, at Little Nahant, I remember we spent several hours of an afternoon out on the sunny slope of a hill which fronted the sea, dreaming out an ideal world in which poverty need not exist, and he said to me some of the things which he afterward recorded in *The Traveller from Altruria*. I remember wondering at the moment how poverty and sickness and crime could exist in a world so beautiful as that upon which we looked, as the dusk began to fall, and the lamps burst in rows of bloom like golden lilies along the beach across the bay. And yet at the moment, while he was dreaming of a new social order, his eldest daughter, hopelessly ill, was filling his heart with personal pain.

As we came to the hour of parting and while we stood for a few minutes before a small rustic gate at the corner of his garden, the beauty of the view again rendered us silent. At last he, feeling the splendour of the sunset, contrived to put into a phrase his appreciation of my ambitions and his confidence in my future. With a wave of his hand and a smile of shy sweetness and friendship, he said, "There lies your path." And in his voice was the suggestion that I was about to enter upon a way of stars.—Alas! how far I have fallen short of the aspirations which filled my heart at that moment!—

One meeting at his home in the city I do recall quite distinctly. It was a luncheon in honour of James A. Herne, and was shared by several others who were interested in Herne's plays. Over the coffee Howells suggested to Herne that he take a sail-loft, if necessary, and produce his new play *Margaret Fleming*. "That is the way Suderman did," he added. As Herne and I went away together the indomitable playwright said, "I'll do it if I have to borrow the money to do it with." The result was the famous Chickering Hall engagement of 1890.

Then came the news of Howell's acceptance of an offer from a New York magazine and his definite abandonment of Boston as his home. His going deeply affected me. It seemed to me that the literary centre of America was about to shift. As a matter of fact, it had shifted long before, only I was not aware of it. Now I was suddenly awake to the beginning of that migration which has since stripped Boston and all other American cities of their best-known writers, painters, actors and artists. Manhattan had put forth her lure, the men of genius from all over the United States had responded, and from being the marketplace of the New World she became almost at once its capital. After Edwin Booth and Howells left, the Hernes and many others of my friends followed and Boston never seemed the same illustrious and permanent centre it had been to me.

In the many years that have passed over Mr. Howells's head, whitening his hair and bending his shoulders, his spirit remains unchanged. Nothing bitter, nothing cynical has ever come from his

pen. During our long friendship I have never heard him utter an unjust criticism or an ill-natured jest. His sympathy, his insight, his soundness of judgment, and especially the dignity and sweetness of his nature have been an inspiration as well as a regulative influence to me as to many others.

His life has been helpful in the most extraordinary degree. Poets, dramatists, novelists whose work had sincerity and native quality have been strengthened on their best side by his words of encouragement. He spoke for Herne, Harrigan, Cawein, Norris, and scores of others still living are in his debt—but as he expected no return then he expects none now—his concern is to promote work that is natural and sincere.

As I write this final paragraph, comes a letter from him saying, "I am back on Mt. Vernon Street retracing many of the old paths." And in my heart is an illogical longing, a wistful desire to join him in a search for the city that is gone—the Boston of my youth!

ILLUMINATION

BY ARTHUR POWELL

As by the fretted twigs is caught
And framed the firmamental sphere,
So through Love's arabesques of thought
The verities of Life appear.

BELASCO AND THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

A CURIOUS and interesting article was published in a recent issue of *The New York Herald*, dated Sunday, January 7, 1917. It was signed [in autograph] by the magic name of David Belasco. The title of this article [in bold-faced capitals] appeared as follows:—"David Belasco Sees a Menace to True Art of the Stage in Toy Playhouses and Little Repertory Theatres." This caption was succeeded by the following [in somewhat smaller and less strident type]:—"Vicious, Vulgar and Degrading, He Says, Are the Ideals of Many of the Neighbourhood Centres That Are Springing Up Rapidly." These headlines, doubtless, were written by some practised journalist on the staff of the *Sunday Herald*,—one of those delightful slingers of the English language who are employed to coin such lovely and alluring phrases as "Sees War's End Ere Fall." Mr. Belasco's own style, though a little less impressive, is a little more emphatic. We shall quote [verbatim] the first and fourth paragraphs of this important disquisition:

BY DAVID BELASCO

The drama requires defenders. Someone should arise and speak the truth and since no one else has done so I am going to try to perform that service. Theatres and acting organisations devoted to false ideals (I will call them theatres for explanatory reasons) are not new but never until this season have they been so vicious, vulgar and degrading. No one has offered to defend the stage or to protest against those desecrators of its best traditions. They have multiplied alarmingly. I know whereof I speak, because I have attended every one of these places devoted to the so-called "new art," whose clumsy and amateurish directors

have decided to be "different." There is no mistake about it either. They are different, just as a hog differs from all other animals in the expression of his emotions. He grunts when he is pleased and squeals when he wants to be tragic. . . .

Wherefore should young men as yet unborn years after I had done the very things in my early days as a producer now attempt to point the way and tell me and my fellow producing managers, who have achieved their positions as such through long years of study and experience, how to do that which these same youngsters as yet have to learn the very rudiments of? Until now I have not taken this matter at all seriously and would not notice it, but when I find certain of our newspapers devoting column after column in overpraise of strictly amateur work and at the same time not only failing to give proper attention to the serious work in the theatre, but attempting to slur and degrade the best efforts that are being made for the drama and the theatre, I rise to take exception and to point out the absurdity of it all.

This eloquent outburst is sufficiently appealing to call forth a little further conversation on the subject. "Dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so touching in its majesty" as that of the mighty Halvard Solness of our theatre turning his back in dread against the knocking of the newer generation at the door. Mr. Belasco, in his younger years, was not so timorous of independent ventures. We have his printed words to tell us [see above] that, in his early days as a producer, he did the very things that his successors now attempt to do. But we hold also in the records of our recollection a not so very distant time when Mr. Belasco himself appeared before the public as one

of the leaders of an insurrection against the tyranny of the commercial theatre. At that time the reviewers were accustomed [more or less unconsciously] to stretch a point or two in praising the productions of Mr. Belasco, because he was fighting, in behalf of the public, against the so-called theatre-trust. But times have changed, and manners also; and Mr. Belasco has at last become a staunch ally with his "fellow producing managers, who have achieved their positions as such through long years of study and experience,"—such disinterested students of the drama, for example, as Mr. Abraham Lincoln Erlanger and Mr. Lee Shubert. Why should ignorant and inexperienced young people presume to set the plays of Lord Dunsany before the theatre-going public, and be guilty of the further insolence of crowding their houses every night because of this mistaken policy, when such deep students of dramatic literature as Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert had never even heard of Lord Dunsany? Mr. Belasco, of course, had heard of Lord Dunsany; for, in this very article, he modestly describes himself as "one who has studied the literature and drama of all ages and in every language." But did Mr. Belasco waste his time producing such a vapid composition as *The Gods of the Mountain*? Not he; for, as he tells us a little later in his article, "real art has more to do with the beautiful." *The Gods of the Mountain* was foisted on a suffering public by an ignorant and inexperienced amateur, Mr. Stuart Walker. Before making this production, Mr. Walker had enjoyed only six consecutive years of training as a stage-director—where? . . . In the Belasco Theatre, in New York.

Mr. Belasco, with the perfect taste of the practised man of letters, has managed to compose [and also to sign in autograph] this entire exercise in dialectics without "naming any names." He does not tell us whom he means to designate as hogs that grunt and squeal. In his delicately written copy, there are certain subtle hints that his diatribe was

directed primarily against the projects of the Washington Square Players; but several of his enshadowing remarks might be regarded, with equal reason, as directed against the activities of the Portmanteau Theatre, or the Neighbourhood Playhouse, or the Little Theatre, or any of a multitude of other institutions which, within the last three seasons, have come before the public with a non-commercial programme. As Mr. Belasco says, "they have multiplied alarmingly;" and the activity of these pernicious independent theatres has by no means been confined to the metropolis.

Mr. Belasco did not begin to worry about the "menace" of "toy playhouses" and "little repertory theatres" until these independent institutions had commenced, by their astonishing receipts, to cut into the profits which formerly had been preëmpted by his "fellow producing managers" [like Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert] "who have achieved their positions as such by long years of study and experience." The scholarly serenity of such majestic minds is not disturbed by insurrections that are not successful. The "clumsy and amateurish directors" who "have decided to be 'different'" may lay this flattering unction to their souls:—they have at least sufficiently succeeded in attracting public interest to be regarded as a "menace" by a manager who was formerly as fearless as Mr. Belasco.

It may be interesting to compare and to contrast the work that has been done, in recent seasons, by these little independent organisations with the work that has been done, in the same period, by so august a producing manager as Mr. Belasco himself.

There are three elements of interest in the theatre—three things that people pay their money to see:—first, the play itself, second, the acting of the play, and third, the production of the play. Very rarely is the public afforded an equal satisfaction in all three of these regards. Sometimes a bad play may be made endurable by good acting; sometimes a su-

perulative production may charitably cover a multitude of sins on the part of the actors and the author; and sometimes a good play may be worth seeing for itself, despite the fact that it is badly acted and imperfectly produced. As things go in our theatre, the public is ordinarily offered the alternative of seeing a first-rate performance of a second-rate play or seeing a second-rate performance of a first-rate play. Actors usually think that acting is the thing in the theatre, and see no further than their parts; authors usually think that the play is the thing, and see no further than their unfulfilled intentions; and producers usually think that the production is the thing, and see no further than their bills for scenery and costumes. The critical observer, who asks for equal excellence in all three of these contributory elements of interest, is usually dismissed, as an utopian idealist who is doomed to be unsatisfied.

This division of the subject of contention into three component parts may serve, however, to help us toward a clearer estimate of the comparative merits of Mr. Belasco's own activities and those of the independent organisations which he chooses to regard as his opponents.

There can be no question that, on the single score of acting, the Belasco Theatre carries off the palm. Mr. Belasco has always displayed an almost uncanny ability in the casting of his plays and an unlimited patience in training his actors until they have given something better than their best. As a master of rehearsals he remains without a rival in this country, excepting Mr. Henry Miller. No other man could have made a great actor out of Mr. David Warfield; no other man could have made an endurable actress out of Mrs. Leslie Carter. Furthermore, Mr. Belasco is so situated that, when he chooses to produce a totally unimportant play like *Little Lady in Blue*, he can afford to pay the salaries of such experienced actors as Mr. George Giddens and Mr. A. G. Andrews and thereby give his authors the

advantage of superlative performances in minor parts. It goes without saying that the little independent theatres cannot afford to compete against him on this chosen ground. Companies that pay their best actors only fifty dollars a week must sometimes ask indulgence of the public for the playing of contributory parts.

Yet some of the acting in these little theatres has been astonishingly good. Even so meticulous a critic as Mr. Belasco must admire the work of Mr. José Ruben, of the Washington Square Players, in *Bushido*, and the work of Mr. Gregory Kelly and Mr. McKay Morris in the repertory of the Portmanteau Theatre. It would, perhaps, be unfair to remind the "menaced" mentor of our stage that Miss Gertrude Kingston has acted this season at the Neighbourhood Playhouse and that M. Paul Clerget has appeared for five consecutive months at the Little Theatre.

On the score of production, the pre-eminence of Mr. Belasco is no longer so unquestionable as it used to seem a dozen years ago. The master-builder of our theatre has been genuinely "menaced" by the knocking of the younger generation at the door; and he has tacitly admitted this by according to the younger generation the sincerest flattery of imitation. Mr. Belasco is undeniably the cleverest projector of plays upon our native stage: he has been recognised as such for twenty seasons: yet, within the last two years, he has seen fit to revise his methods totally. He has renounced the method of imitation in favour of the method of suggestion. Instead of cluttering his stage with a collected mass of junk to remind the spectator of actuality, he now exhibits a sedulously simple scene to remind the spectator of reality. This revolutionary change in method first became apparent in his beautiful production of *Marie-Odile*. At the same moment, he abolished his former system of lighting the stage with foot-lights and introduced his present system of overhead illumination. But the point to be regarded is that, in these innovations, he

was anteceded by the independent theatres.

Mr. Belasco speaks a little harshly of the productions that have been exhibited by such organisations as the Washington Square Players. His own words may be quoted: "They call it the 'new art,' whatever they mean by that. . . . This so-called new art of the theatre is but a flash in the pan of inexperience. It is the cubism of the theatre—the wail of the incompetent and the degenerate." But, if the scenery and lighting of these little independent theatres is so incompetent and so degenerate, why—in heaven's name—has it been imitated by so masterly a student of the stage as Mr. David Belasco? If the new ideas of simplification, stylisation, and diffused illumination, have been worthy of delayed adoption on the stage of the Belasco Theatre, why should their previous exemplifications be regarded by Mr. Belasco as a cue for calling forth the solemn utterance that the "new art of the theatre" is the haven of those who lack experience of the drama and of the theatre?"

But it is only when we come to consider the third score—the element of authorship—that the palm must be violently snatched away from Mr. Belasco and his "fellow producing managers" and handed to the little independent theatres. In the vision of Mr. Belasco, who has always been so careful of the element of acting and the element of stage-production, the element of authorship has never seemed to matter. In his entire career as a producing manager, Mr. Belasco has never exhibited a great play [unless this title be accorded to *The Easiest Way*, by Mr. Eugene Walter] and he has never exhibited a play by a great dramatist [unless this title be accorded to Mr. Henry Bernstein, the clever author of *The Secret*]. For the most part, Mr. Belasco has contented himself with making masterly productions of nothing at all by nobody in particular.

While the Washington Square Players have been producing plays by Mae-

terlinck, Schnitzler, Andreyeff, Tchekoff, Wedekind, Bracco, de Porto-Riche, and Takeda Izumo—while the Neighbourhood Players have been producing plays by Shaw and Dunsany—while the Portmanteau Players have been producing plays by Dunsany and Oscar Wilde and the nameless author of *Gammer Gurton's Needle*—Mr. Belasco has been producing plays by Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue and Messrs. Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval. In this particular regard, the record of Mr. Belasco for the current season is not, by any means, a thing to boast about. He has produced two new plays—a second-rate Broadway comedy entitled *Seven Chances* and a third-rate recollection of the obsolescent art of Eugène Scribe entitled *Little Lady in Blue*; and he has revived *The Music Master*, a mechanical and sentimental play which was deemed devoid of genuine significance when it was first produced, a decade or a little more ago.

The reason why the theatre-going public—which only asks to be amused and interested—has been turning in large numbers toward the little independent theatres is that these upstart institutions have adopted a habit of presenting better plays than those which are exhibited by Mr. Belasco and his "fellow producing managers." There is a certain section of the public that agrees with Hamlet that "the play's the thing." These people would rather see a great play only adequately rendered than a poor play superlatively acted and produced.

But, of course, in this particular connection, it would be only fair to permit Mr. Belasco once more to lift his voice. He has expressed himself as follows:—"If one only considers the type of plays chosen for presentation by the amateurs I refer to he will be convinced of this, for they seem only to choose the greatly exaggerated, the sordid and the salacious plays and playlets." Mr. Belasco "knows whereof he speaks," for he "has attended every one of these places devoted to the so-called 'new art,' whose

clumsy and amateurish directors have decided to be 'different.'" In all "these places devoted to the so-called 'new art,'" the most popular playwright, in the current season of 1916-17, has been, beyond all question, Lord Dunsany. *The Gods of the Mountain, The Golden Doom, King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior, A Night at an Inn, The Queen's Enemies, The Tents of the Arabs*—we know them now in all their nakedness; for Mr. Belasco has told us all about them. They are "greatly exaggerated," they are "sordid and salacious plays and playlets." *The Death of Tintagiles, The Life of Man, Bushido, The Birthday of the Infanta, Great Catherine*, and [possibly] *L'Enfant Prodigue*, should be classed in the same "sordid and salacious" category. How can we cleanse our souls from the contamination of "all these faddists" who

"bring out the dirty, the salacious and the brutally sordid, perverted and degenerate playlets?" Obviously, there is only one answer to this leading question:—by attending a performance, at the Belasco Theatre, of *Little Lady in Blue*—a play [thank God!] which was not written by Maurice Maeterlinck, Leonid Andreyeff, Takeda Izumo, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, or Michel Carré. There is nothing in the harmless text of *Little Lady in Blue* which can call a blush into the cheeks of the most virginal patrons of a producing manager "who has studied the literature and drama of all ages and in every language." It is indeed [as Mr. Belasco would undoubtedly assure us, if modesty did not prevent] a veritable masterpiece of art. He "knows whereof he speaks."

WHITE NIGHTS: A RUSSIAN MOOD

BY ALEXANDER KUPRIN

TRANSLATED BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

LISTEN: I shall tell you of the white nights of the distant North.

Here, in the South, amid this exuberant, magnificent and decorative Nature their memory has been haunting me all the while. They come back to me just as, sometimes, through the mist of many years, you recollect a shy kiss of cold girlish lips—such a swift, quivering, timid kiss, given in the twilight of a spring evening, at a flower-laden window-sill, behind the curtain, which swells gently in the breeze.

Southern nights are amazingly beautiful. I remember one of them. It was a black night, as if the heaven and the earth were wrapt in black velvet. A pent-up passion, a burning desire filled the air and fermented among the twigs of the trees and rose from the grasses in the drunken fragrance of flowers. And it seemed that someone whispered in the dark mad, inscrutable words, that someone's slow, hot breath touched your cheeks and fanned the hair on your temples. . . . And not a single star in the heaven, upholstered with heavy, low, solid darkness!

And there were other nights, fairy-like, moonlit nights when the heaven was clad in pale-blue and the sea in cerulean satin; and festive nights, flooded with the splendours of gold and the shimmering sheen of silver, and suffused with the sweet music of waves. There were dazzling, stormy nights, beautiful and terrible like the face of an angel in wrath. There were wearying, strange nights, with a restless wind, unstringing the nerves, with orange light in the white clouds which hid the moon, with tossing stalks of grass and swaying trees.

How often did I then dream of the

white nights of Petrograd. . . . White, mystic, sleepless nights! How can I describe their delicate, disquieting, morbid fascination? The spell of their strange languor begins to work late in the evening. You wait for the coming of twilight, of night, but in vain. The window curtains are white. Impossible to stay indoors. . . .

Midnight. The streets are crowded. But it seems that everybody keeps close to the walls, walks carefully, picking his way, and talks in whispers. It is as if in this false twilight an immemorial mystery is about to disclose itself above the dreaming city, and everybody's heart quivers with forebodings and fears. The heavens stretch over the earth, one-hued, wet, milk-white. Human figures and faces are clearly seen from afar; one can read the signs above show windows and discern the meek eyelashes of sleeping cab-horses. The broad river lies placidly in its dark granite frame, a stream of milk, on which only a few lazy wrinkles are touched into blue. Both the heaven and the water are like the infinitely delicate play of mother-of-pearl, with its elusive hues, pink and blue.

I turn into a broad deserted street. Not a soul, as far as eye can reach. My footsteps awaken sonorous echoes. Enormous many-storied buildings tower on both sides. Not a window is lighted, the pale light of the heaven alone dully shimmers in the black panes, which remind one of blind eyes. A large house stretches the whole length of a block. Five rows of blind eyes. How many people live here? It seems to me I see them lie one above the other, lie on their back, or their side, with open mouths, tortured by morbid dreams, so near and so far from each other!

Who knows what evil ironies Fate has in store for us? Probably, two people who have been all their lives seeking and hungering for each other lie here, side by side, divided by several inches of stone and mortar. And—who knows?—it may be that they are doomed never to meet, never to know each other, never to quench their mutual thirst with light and happiness. Hundreds of human beings are sleeping and dreaming in this stone case, stretched one above the other. What an appalling thought!

Wet, dully glistening houses. Not a soul on the street. A reverie, dreadful and strange, takes hold of my imagination. . . .

Who knows what will be the end of our planet, this tiny speck of dust, dashing along mysterious spirals into a terrible, unknown and infinite abyss? Surely, a day will come when the last miserable, exhausted remnants of humanity will die out, whether from interstellar cold, or heat, or diseases, or madness, or war. But the structures men erected will outlive them. Days and nights will pass noiselessly above them, without disturbing their mournful quiet. Statues and museums, churches and

monstrous houses with blind, staring eyes will tower at night in eternal silence. . . . And the sleepless light of white nights will mysteriously caress the bronze and the stone and will be broken into a dull flash by the panes of dead, blind windows. And no one's solitary footstep will ever arouse a sonorous nightly echo.

I am again among people. They stoop in walking, and their gait is stealthy and careful. Like in the old fairy-tale, they have no shadow, and this frightens me. . . .

Here is a painted woman's face: round, carelessly blackened eyebrows, powder on the flabby skin, flushed cheekbones. Well, she, too, will die and fatten the indifferent earth with her body. But the houses will outlive her and us, and our distant descendants. And when the last man will disappear from the earth's surface, the empty buildings will enigmatically stare with their blind, mournful eyes into the silence and twilight of the white nights.

The day is breaking. Someone kindles in the opal stretches of the heaven and the river deep, delicate, iridescent colours: pink, pale-blue, lilac.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

AT THE moment of writing plans are under way to mobilise the Nation's resources in men and munitions for war purposes.

Our Duty Should hostilities follow, it will mean that the last bulwark of our type of civilisation will be plunged into the passions of a war-driven world, and that the vision of America maintaining the ideal of Peace and of refuge from the European storm will be lost irrevocably. From this point of view, taken into consideration also with the inevitable tragedy of human suffering, the entrance of America into the war would be a calamity for the world. On the other hand, there come

times in the lives of nations as well as in the lives of individuals, when unescapable, disagreeable duties have to be performed. The extreme Pacifists tell us that war is not justifiable under any circumstances, and their argument is a strong one. Yet in the present instance, the best answer to the Pacifists is that the present struggle is not a war—that the term "war" implies an equal honour and dignity on the part of the combatants—and that the great conflict upon which we may at this moment be entering, is more in the nature of police duty that society as a whole ought to share. When in a community any individual becomes so obsessed with one or a group of ideas

as to render his acts violently anti-social, it is necessary for the organised police force of the community to restrain such a person by physical force if necessary. And so in the community of nations, when any one people or group of peoples becomes so imbued with anti-social ideas as to make them a menace to the survival of the civilisation of their age, it becomes a common duty for the other peoples of the world to join together in applying the restraint of force. Such a duty should not be entered upon with any spirit of jingoism or martial enthusiasm, but rather in a spirit of determination to see a disagreeable business through to the needed end. And the response of the nation's leaders, especially of the capitalists who have offered their manufacturing plants for the nation's service, show that this determination is both strong and on a high ethical plane. The offer of Mr. Henry Ford to operate his plant without profit, is the finest evidence of idealism and service to society that the crisis has brought forth and ought to satisfy the most ardent Pacifist.

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Considered from the point of view of pure literature, the President's recent "peace" address to the Senate, will go down in history as one of the most noble official utterances ever made by a statesman. Its perfect simplicity, combined with its high tone, its breadth, its noble ideals, and at the same time its very practical value (this latter notwithstanding criticisms and recent developments) could have come only from a mind of the most generous culture and of the keenest analytical power. As an expression of faith in democracy it has put into accessible form the aspirations and the hopes of the best element in America in this dark age of our civilisation. The American people can congratulate themselves that they have produced a genius capable of setting forth their best beliefs so vividly before the world.

Had anybody but Sir Oliver Lodge written *Raymond*, the world would pay little attention to the book, remarkable as it is in itself. But supported by the authority of so noted a scientist and trained observer as is Sir Oliver Lodge, the book becomes a necessity, even in these troublous times, to thinking people. For Sir Oliver's training, scientific reputation and position in society, all of so high a grade, may be accepted as eliminating any possibility of deliberate deceit and, to a high degree of probability, any errors or exaggerations in his observations and statements. He is Principal of the University of Birmingham, he has received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science from six universities, including Oxford and Cambridge, and he has been President of the British Association, President of the Physical Society of London, and President of the Society for Psychical Research. Therefore his latest book, *Raymond*, in which he brings new evidence (and to himself and many of his followers, conclusive evidence) of the survival of personality after death, is of the greatest importance in the history of psychical research.

Raymond was Sir Oliver Lodge's youngest son and a lieutenant in the British Army. He served at the front from the early spring of 1915 until the middle of September of that year when he was killed by a shell fragment. Before his death Sir Oliver received a warning from a medium in this country which he did not at the time thoroughly comprehend. After his son's death, many and very full messages have been coming through different mediums, both to Sir Oliver and to members of his family, from *Raymond* and from others of the spirit world who knew Sir Oliver and his son. Many of those messages are of strict evidential character and appear to have been given by *Raymond* for the explicit purpose first of convincing his sceptical family and then of enabling his father to write this very book for the establishment of his identity to the

world. In fact Sir Oliver firmly believes that Raymond is actively engaged in an effort to bring the spirit world closer into touch with the human plane and to make intercourse between the two easier and more valuable. And with Sir Oliver Lodge's unquestionable probity, his scientific training, his exhaustive analyses of the messages and the carefully drawn conclusions based only on strictly evidential data, it is difficult longer to deny sympathetic effort toward an understanding of these spiritual phenomena.

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As a conclusion of the whole matter, Sir Oliver sums up with this:

I am as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. It may be said, you cannot be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions, he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ: the dynamical theory of heat, for instance, and of gases, the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity—I am reasonably convinced of the existence of grades of being, not only lower in the scale than man but higher also, grades of every order of magnitude from zero to infinity. And I know by experience that among these beings are some who care for and help and guide humanity, not disdain- ing to enter even into what must seem petty details, if by so doing they can assist souls striving on their upward course. And, further, it is my faith—however humbly it may be held—that among these lofty beings, highest of those who concern themselves directly with this earth of all the myriads of worlds in infinite space, is One on whom the right instinct of Christianity has always lavished heartfelt reverence and devotion.

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"In spite of occasional fraud and wild imaginings, there remains a solid core in the whole spiritual movement which is infinitely nearer to positive proof than any other religious development with which I am acquainted." So writes Sir Ar-

thur Conan Doyle in an article com- mended by Sir Oliver Lodge and pub- lished in the London Spiritualist weekly, *Light*. Sir Arthur's leaning toward Spiritualism, we learn from this new article, dates back thirty years. He tells us that he is one of the oldest members of the Psychical Research Society. But we do not recall any statement of his views so sympathetic with Spiritualist doctrines as that contained in the present article. It may be noted that while the name of Conan Doyle was made famous as that of a novelist, the bearer was a physician before he was a writer. He was at one time senior physician at the Langman Field Hospital in South Africa.

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The days are past, Conan Doyle maintains, when the considered opinions of such men as Crookes, Wallace, Flam- marion, Lodge, Barrett, Generals Dray- son and Turner, Sergeant Ballantine, W. T. Stead, Judge Edmonds, Vice- Admiral Usborne Moore, the late Arch- deacon Wilberforce and a cloud of other witnesses, can be dismissed as negli- gible. The time has come when "fur- ther proof is superfluous and the weight of disproof lies upon those who deny."

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Serials are not confined to literature, nor even to words. A magnificent one in paint by John Singer Sargent, has been run- ning on the walls of the Boston Public Li- brary for over twenty-two years, and the new installment which has just appeared is also marked "To be continued." One wonders whether future generations will gape with awe at the many years over which the making of these decorations has been spread, as we do over Lorenzo Ghiberti and his gates, or whether they will remember the numerous portraits which Mr. Sargent has managed to pro- duce in the same period. There is a flavour of sophistication in the work which will be apt to nip any growing legend in the bud. Yet this flavour could hardly be washed away, from any

Further
Testimony



THE MESSIANIC ERA—"THE HEBREW MESSIAH AS PROPHESED, LEADING HIS PEOPLE TO THE NEW PARADISE." (THE RETURN TO EDEN)

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point of view. Done with the simple flavour of Signorelli, the green demons of the new "Hell" and "The Judgment" would be unendurable in a modern library. And some more scholarly and eclectic touch seems needed to complete

the pale classicism of Puvis de Chavannes and the glowing mediævalism of Abbey on the floors below. It is when this sophistication flowers in Hebrew inscriptions, involved symbolism, and three-dimensional tangles of figures that it calls forth the most opposition. But, surely, in a high, narrow hall, little frequented except by people who have come expressly to study the pictures, the accepted canon of mural painting (the most arid piece of intellectualism in all art) may for once be set aside, leaving the artist free to make as large a demand for close attention and careful study as he is willing to risk. Two of the new panels, at least, "The Messianic Era" and the "Madonna of Sorrows," are of unforgettable beauty; and "The Passing of Souls to Heaven" is especially interesting for its exploitation of the æsthetic possibilities of the dollar sign.

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On March first Mr. William D. Howells celebrates the eightieth birthday in a life as full of interest and achievement as any American of literary ambitions can well envy. Mr. Howells started his career as an editor at the age of twenty-



RAYMOND LODGE

one on the *Ohio State Journal*, of Columbus; later he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then of *The Cosmopolitan* and finally an editorial writer for *Harper's Magazine*. He was our Consul at Venice from 1861 to 1865, but otherwise has not served in public office. His greatest work is, of course, as a creative literary artist, and he may be considered the most faithful inter-



HAMLIN GARLAND IN 1887, THE YEAR OF HIS FIRST MEETING WITH MR. HOWELLS

preter of American life of the last generation. Mr. Howells is now the sole surviving figure of importance linking our own day to that group of literary giants associated with New England that is fast becoming a tradition. With his many books he has contributed vitally and significantly to our growing National literature. In this issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, Mr. Hamlin Garland describes some of his recollections of the Howells of earlier years. A critical study of Howells's work by Alexander Harvey, associate editor of *Current Opinion*, is announced for publication this season.

Stanley Washburn, American, correspondent of the *London Times* at the

From the
Heart of
Russia

Russian front and only newspaper man to have a complete access to the Slavic lines during the great campaigns of the last two years, has returned to his home here for a rest during the winter lull. Mr. Washburn admits that he had a hard campaign, not the least of which, by the way, was the experience with the Russian forces in Rumania. He was in Bucharest before either the Germans or the Russians came and was sitting in the garden smoking an after luncheon cigar with American Minister Vopika when the first German air raid on the city was made. Thereafter an air raid followed every day and many unlovely sights ensued. Owing to the condition of traffic Mr. Washburn left Bucharest at the time of the evacuation in his motor car at night, traveling many miles northward until he reached a place where he could ship his car by rail.

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Mr. Washburn has come home a deeper advocate of American preparedness than ever before and at the same time with a deeper feeling of reverence for the spirit of sacrifice for an ideal which permeates all of the allied nations from the highest to the lowest. His new book describing his experiences, *The Russian Advance*, has just been published.

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Ypres, Malines, Dixmude, Nieuport, Coutrai, mean to those who have read the war news faithfully, battles fought and trenches taken and lost again, and they mean little more. But before the war they were centres of the picturesque life of the Flemish people, characterised by quaint, old-world customs, equally quaint, old-world architecture, and permeated, people and stones alike, with the traditions of a thousand years of changing fortunes. In his book, *Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders*, Mr.

George Wharton Edwards has captured much of this quaintness and charm with his pen and also very happily with his brush and pencil. The drawing reproduced was inspired by that most characteristically Flemish town of Malines.

Malines although near Brussels had, up to the outbreak of the war and its subsequent ruin, perhaps better preserved its characteristics than more remote towns of Flanders. The market-place was surrounded by purely Flemish gabled houses of greyish stucco and stone, and these were most charmingly here

and there reflected in the sluggish water of the rather evil-smelling Dyle.

Throughout the town, up to the time of the bombardment, were many quaint market-places, all grass grown, wherein on market days were tall-wheeled, peasant carts, and lines of huge, hollow-backed, thick-legged, hairy horses, which were being offered for sale. And there were innumerable fountains and tall iron pumps of knights in armour; forgotten heroes of bygone ages, all of great artistic merit and value; and over all was the dominating tower of St. Rombauld, vast, grey, and mysterious,



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS IN HIS GARDEN AT KITTERY POINT, MAINE



STANLEY WASHBURN, AN AMERICAN WHO IS CORRESPONDENT AT THE RUSSIAN FRONT FOR THE "LONDON TIMES," AND SOME RUMANIAN REFUGEES

limned against the pearly, luminous sky, the more impressive perhaps because of its unfinished state.

• • •

Here it was that Cardinal Mercier dwelt, the Primate of Belgium whose courageous denunciation of the invaders of his country has aroused the admiration of the whole world, and here, too, was the ancient palace of Margaret of York, wife of Charles the Bold, and the great Cathedral of St. Rombauld—"The great bells of Saint Rombauld!" The beauty of Malines and of the rest of Flanders is gone beyond repair, but thanks to Mr. Edwards some portion of its charm may still delight us and bring refreshing memories to those who have visited this little lost corner of the world.

• • •

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been accused of more than a passing interest in Christian Science, and also in Spiritualism, and her new book, *The White People*, published this month, will lend strength to that suspicion. This little book tells in the first person and with a distinct atmosphere of mysticism the love

story of a young Scotch heiress, brought up in her mediæval ancestral castle. And "The White People" are those of the spirit world who bring her joy and hope. The pictures shown here are those of Mrs. Burnett's home, where the "Secret Garden" is located that gave her the theme of one of her recent novels.

• • •

The war has been the ill wind that has blown good to more than one American writer. To none, however, has it brought more varied opportunity than to Isaac F. Marcossou. To begin with, the sinking of the *Lusitania* enabled him to become the biographer of Charles Frohman and achieve a really noteworthy human-interest narrative. Coincident with the gathering of the English material for this book, Mr. Marcossou wrote a series of magazine articles, including an analysis of the British financial situation which the English Government reprinted. It was on his second trip to England and France last summer that he achieved one of the most notable magazine "beats" of the war,—his now famous character study of Lloyd George with its much-discussed message to the



MALINES: A QUAINT BACK STREET. GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. FROM
"VANISHED TOWERS AND CHIMES OF FLANDERS," BY MR. EDWARDS



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MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S HOME, CLIFTON HEIGHTS



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MRS. BURNETT'S CORAL HOUSE ON HER BIG PLACE IN BERMUDA



ISAAC F. MARCOSSON, AT HOME IN HIS STUDY

American people. Mr. Marcossion knew at the time that he had secured something very much out of the ordinary, but when he sailed toward the end of September, he did not realise that these farewell words of England's War Chief would go echoing around the world. He was obligated to write his *Saturday Evening Post* articles first, and when they were finished he wrote the Lloyd George article which was to appear December 23d. In this article Mr. Marcossion predicted the fall of the Asquith ministry and the reorganisation of the Cabinet with Lloyd George as Prime Minister of England.

...

Events—both historic and significant—now moved swiftly to fulfill this prophecy. As everybody now knows, the Asquith administration tottered and Lloyd George assumed the stewardship of British public affairs. While he was in the midst of this task came the German Peace proposals. It was Lloyd George's task to answer them and the whole world waited in suspense for his de-

cision. On the very day after Lloyd George's epochal speech in Parliament Mr. Marcossion's article appeared! It not only gave an intimate picture of the man whose name was on every tongue, but it likewise offered the first revelation of his attitude toward America. Extracts of it were telegraphed by the Associated and United Press to all parts of the world and it became an international news item.

...

Mr. Marcossion was an intimate, personal friend of the late David Graham Phillips, and needless to say, such an intimate association made him one of Phillips's most ardent admirers. Upon his death, Phillips left a large amount of literary material, the last and most important work of which will be published this month in two volumes under the title of *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*. For this issue of *THE BOOKMAN*, Mr. Marcossion is writing of this, Phillips's greatest book, and of its social significance.



DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN A FEW YEARS BEFORE HIS DEATH

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF "SUSAN LENOX"

BY ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

ONE day back in the nineties David Graham Phillips was walking down the street in his native town of Madison, Indiana, when he saw a beautiful girl sitting disconsolate in a farm wagon alongside a country lout she had been forced to marry. She presented such a picture of wistful and tragic loveliness that it haunted him ever afterward. To him she was the Embodiment of the Woman of all Time standing at the Crossroads of Fate whose by-paths led to suicide, shame, martyrdom or triumphant rise above it all. Nearly a decade before he stopped the assassin's bullet that ended his life and likewise impoverished American literature to a degree which each passing year makes more apparent, he began a novel based on this episode which the world now knows as *Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise*.

Many reasons combine to make its publication an occasion of outstanding literary importance. First of all it is the last extended work by Phillips to reach the public although he might have offered it at any time during the years immediately preceding his untimely death. Yet so close to his heart was the romance of this child of passionate love that he clung to the manuscript with tenacious affection constantly revising, changing, building: always endowing it with greater strength, larger truth, deeper meaning. During its creation he produced and published nearly half a dozen other novels. It was characteristic of the man and his method of work that, to use his own expression, he was always "ten years ahead of the game." With a foresight almost uncanny he seemed to regard this book as the Light which was to emblazon the Social Truth as he saw it from the very housetops.

In the second place, *Susan Lenox* is much more than a mere novel. It is a

huge Gash out of Life—a Span of Society that reaches from the dregs to the heights: that encompasses in the growth of a girl from illegitimate birth into rare and constructive womanhood; all there is of that world-old but eternally new struggle against the flings and arrows of convention. Based on uncompromising fact, rooted in episode that found its first printed expression in the Book of Books, stamped with an individuality that was in itself a hallmark of distinction, and illumined by an almost incomparable art, this story is invested with a significance that makes it a thing apart. Why is *Susan Lenox* permanent and significant? You shall soon see.

ART AND TIMELINESS

When David Graham Phillips died in 1911 we were at the high-tide of the so-called "white slave" epoch in our writing. Frank dealing with the oldest human relation which had become a second nature in French literature, suddenly descended upon the American novelist. It was precipitated by revelations of vice and protected corruption in congested centres like New York and Chicago. An old social sore was suddenly laid bare under the searchlight of "investigation." The "timely" novelist got busy and the result was a flood of cheap, fictionised vulgarity masquerading as "sociology" and labelled "books with a purpose." Because they were mere surface scrapings they vanished and were forgotten like foul bubbles on the crest of the mighty Tides of Life. Under that crest lurked the hidden things—shining pools and surging eddies—the Realities and the Truths. But it took a great artist like Phillips to explore and reveal them and he had been delving and thinking and writing long before the

shallow capitalisers of a sordid moment rushed into print. When he met his fate and the announcement was made that he had left behind—and in its entirety—a massive work that dealt with the social problem the cry, "Another White Slave book," rose up. When it did not appear at once there was an impression in some quarters that it had come too late to profit by the sex agitation.

As a matter of fact, *Susan Lenox* was to have appeared serially almost immediately after Phillips's death but the magazine publishers feared for its frankness and hesitated. When, after a delay of five years, they began its fragmentary publication the response was swift. Even these disjointed installments gripped readers with such a sense of candid and convincing truth and above all with such a realisation of wondrous and unsullied womanhood behind the narrative, that the story was hailed as a refreshing draught after years of polluted air generated by professional sex-reformers and hasty, commercialised book-smiths. Now appears the whole novel in two satisfying volumes that set up a milepost in the advance of our literature. In their richness of detail, their searching insight into causes and effects, their calm and comprehensive understanding of those things which the world delights to misjudge, they render an educational service infinitely more beneficial than years of hectic sex discussion.

The interesting thing (not surprising, of course, to those who knew Phillips) is that *Susan Lenox*, conceived and written years before the outbreak of the movement that happened to have the social problem as its motive, anticipated all that this crusade had in view and interprets it in such a big way as to make all similar undertakings of the past seem merest pretence, and render future imitation difficult. In this respect David Graham Phillips's history simply repeats itself, for he was always the prophet. With *The Deluge*, for example, he forecasted the whole era of financial muck-raking which punctured swollen fortunes and revealed the skeletons in cor-

porate closets: in *The Second Generation* he showed up the injustice and the abuse of large inheritances, and so on down the long list of his books. But more potent than all this is the disclosure of *Susan Lenox* which "places" for all time, the status of the woman of the streets—what lurks behind her, what shining vista may lie before her.

At the very mention of "a woman of the streets" you can see thin-skinned respectability shrink: hear the outraged protest of smug convention. Yet she has been in many books from the immortal narrative of the Magdalen down to *Susan Lenox*. The trouble has been that the average novelist, seldom seeing above his own stature, has employed her as a cloak for pruriency: as a speeder-up for sensational effect. He has used her as a medium to exploit himself: as a selling point for his wares. But Phillips, on a canvas that comprehends all Love, sees in her the vehicle for a message that demanded genius to create. Always the gloried reporter, he builded it out of actuality and stimulated it with his vision. When all is said and done, Susan is merely the expression of a larger condition which lies, not at the root of Sin, but at the very foundation of Society itself. She is the Child of Shame whose life becomes a Rebuke to Shame.

It is no very far stretch from Hawthorne to Phillips. They had a common kinship of courage: a community of principle that made each the pioneer and the pathfinder. The sacrifice of Hester Prynne on that smaller altar of New England Puritanism was but the distant gleam of the immolation of *Susan Lenox* on the broader but equally burning Coals of Modern Life. They were both of the Sisterhood of the World's Condemned who are always the target yet who can never strike back. Hester Prynne was the victim of her own action. Like millions before and after, she trusted a man. Susan was the innocent symbol of a sin that was visited upon her—the ancient sin of the father. Susan triumphed over the circumstance

that dragged her for a time through the mire. She was in—but not of it. She "dipped but she did not drop." Her whole career, her "Fall and Rise" as Phillips has so admirably reversed it, is therefore a human document (sometimes very inhuman), so compelling in its interest, so daring in its unfolding, yet manifestly so logical in its development that it becomes at once a piece of literature and a mirror of the times. Now you begin to see why *Susan Lenox* is more than a novel: why it has a social, human and economic significance that lifts it to the high places.

THE GIRL AND HER STORY

Susan Lenox was born out of wedlock in Sutherland, a small Indiana town on the banks of the Ohio River. Her mother paid for her with her life and she dies steadfastly refusing to reveal the name of the child's father. In this refusal you get the first glimpse of Susan's character. She was her mother's daughter in all that faith and courage imply.

"Our character," says Phillips, "is ourself, is born with us, clings to us as the flesh to our bones, persists unchanged until we die. But upon the circumstances that surround us depend what part of our character shall show itself." In these lines he rears the signboard that points the path of Susan Lenox for she defies circumstance and rises serene amid the encircling horrors. She grows up beautiful, appealing and unconscious of the social stain in her life. When the truth about her birth is brutally broken by a jealous cousin she has only one wish and that is to get away. Even then the desire for independence, which became her passion, flamed up. She runs away, is brought back, and is forced by her relatives into a marriage so hideously revolting that she escapes from matrimonial prison on her wedding night. She is only seventeen when the Temple of Innocence crashes about her. This child in years and experience becomes a bird of passage doomed from that

hour to flutter in a world of hunters. Often her wings are bruised, her plumage soiled, her body prostrate. But her resolution never falters and she soars again.

The bigness of *Susan Lenox* lies in the fact that Sutherland might be any town: that the sin of Susan's parents is the heritage of many of her sisters: that the sacrifice and suffering she was compelled to undergo is the universal penalty that compromise with convention exacts. But the woman who is Susan Lenox is not any woman. She is a super-person. Just as the man who fashioned her into fiction was the product of his century so was Susan the fruition of generations of courage and character that rose supreme above the difficulties that gripped her at every turn of her life. Never was a girl so beset by fate; so dogged by destiny. It is part of the perfection of her characterisation that whatever she did had ample justification. She was crucified on the cross of a man-made system in which the strong and the cruel win. She was "like an angel that had lost its birthright through no fault of its own." She fell only when the other alternative was suicide or starvation. She sold her body but she never sold the unconquerable thing which was her spirit and herself. She was trailed in the dirt but she emerged clean. She was a flower that flourished amid filth.

You find the manifestation of this extraordinary detachment all through the chain of events that for drama alone makes this book vivid and compelling. That Susan walks the streets of Cincinnati, plies the oldest profession in the world in New York, goes to Europe as the mistress of a rich and influential politician are all part of the Progress of this Twentieth Century Pilgrim through the Valley of Experience to the Summits of the Sun. Without expressing the phenomenon of a dual personality she is two distinct beings. Physically she lived one life. Mentally and spiritually she prepared to dwell in another. She studied, worked, pondered. "Awake and live!" was the eternal cry

of this child-woman. When she had paid the price that the struggle to live exacts and had become the great actress who stirred audiences with the magic of her art, you know that she has merely come into her own. You realise instinctively that every scar on her body contributed to her development as unerringly as did all the hideous and scorching travail through which she rode. If Susan Lenox had failed you would have been surprised: if she had remained amid the terror and tragedy of the tenements where she sought refuge you would be disappointed. Such is the tribute that your understanding pays to her fortitude and her purpose.

THE JUSTIFICATION OF SUSAN LENOX

The deeper you probe into this novel the more profound becomes its social significance. Susan is the medium through which all her sex gropes for the truth of life. She finds it at dreadful cost. The qualifying thing about Susan Lenox is that she is intelligent. While she toils in a box factory, eking out a wretched livelihood in the slums, she wonders why all the squalour about her exists. The mental armour which was to be her bulwark and her spiritual salvation, begins to form. The why and the wherefore of life come trooping in. Here is a glimpse into her mind:

Ideas beyond her years, beyond her comprehension, were stirring in her brain, were making her grave and thoughtful. She was accumulating a store of knowledge about life; she was groping for the clue to its mystery, for the missing fact or facts which would enable her to solve the puzzle, to see what its lessons were for her. Sometimes her heavy heart told her that the mystery was plain and the lesson easy—hopelessness. For of all the sadness about her, of all the tragedies so sordid and unromantic, the most tragic was the hopelessness. It would be impossible to conceive people worse off; it would be impossible to conceive *these* people better off. They were such a multitude that only they could save themselves—and they had no intelligence to

appreciate, no desire to impel. If their miseries—miseries to which they had fallen heir at birth—had made them what they were, it was also true that they were what they were—hopeless, down to the babies playing in the filth. An unscalable cliff; at the top, in pleasant lands, lived the comfortable classes; at the bottom lived the masses—and while many came whirling down from the top, how few found their way up!

The blacker the night about her the more clearly she saw the light ahead. She found philosophy in the gutter; reason amid ruin; and because of this she survived where countless others might have perished.

THE QUESTION OF RIGHT AND WRONG

Phillips is never more earnest or convincing than when he discusses the problem of right and wrong. A pitiless but plausible revelation of things as they are has always made his books significant, sometimes historic. *Susan Lenox* is a notable manifestation.

When Susan begins her underworld life in New York she automatically becomes a cog in the gigantic system of police graft. Out of her contact with it Phillips makes this observation:

Anyone disposed to be critical of police morality in this matter of graft would do well to pause and consider the source of his own income before he waxes too eloquent and too virtuous. Graft is one of those general words that mean everything and nothing. What is graft and what is honest income? Just where shall we draw the line between rightful exploitation of our fellow-beings through their necessities and their ignorance of their helplessness, and wrongful exploitations? Do attempts to draw that line resolve down to making virtuous whatever I may appropriate and vicious whatever is appropriated in ways other than mine? And if so, are not the police entitled to their day in the moral court no less than the tariff-baron and market-cornerer, the herder and driver of wage slaves, the retail artist in cold storage filth, short weight and shoddy goods? However,

"we must draw the line somewhere," or there will be no such thing as morality under our social system. So why not draw it at anything the other fellow does to make money? In adopting this simple rule, we not only preserve the moralities from destruction but also establish our own virtue and the other fellow's villainy. Truly, never is the human race so delightfully, so unconsciously amusing as when it discusses right and wrong.

The Phillips who speaks here is the Phillips of *The Cost*, *The Plum Tree*, and *Lightfingered Gentry*, but a more matured, a more worldly-wise man. It is his swift sense of epigram, always shot through with bitter truth, that causes Susan to fling this retort at the Salvation Army lass who warns her that the wages of sin is death:

"The wages of sin is death, but—the wages of sin—well, it's sometimes a house on Fifth Avenue."

Here you have the David Graham Phillips who flouted hypocrisy, who despised artifice, who wrote fearlessly and unafraid. Because he had no illusions about the type of woman—"the sheltered female,"—whose instinct is to hide behind the ramparts of her sex, he makes Susan fight life as a man and on the man basis, "getting hardened up to the point where she could take part in the cruel struggle on equal terms with the men. It wasn't their difference of body any more than it was their difference of dress that handicapped women: it was the idea behind skirt and sex and she was getting rid of that." And get rid of it she did. Without it her story might have been labelled "The Fall of Susan Lenox." With it she triumphed over disaster: it made possible her Rise. Get the final picture of her and all that it means. Out of the bondage of the body has emerged the supreme artist of the spirit—the living harmony that is the aftermath of her years of discord:

Everything and every being that is individual in appearance has some one quality, trait, characteristic which stands out above

all the rest to make a climax of interest and charm. With the rose it is its perfume, with the bird, perhaps the scarlet or snowy feathers upon its breast. Among human beings who have the rare divine dower of clear individuality the crown and cap of distinction differ. In her—for me, at least—the consummate fascination is not in her eyes, though I am moved by the soft glory of their light, nor in the lovely oval contour of her sweet healthily pallid face. No, it is in her mouth—sensitive, strong yet gentle, suggestive of all the passion and suffering and striving that have built up her life. Her mouth—the curve of it—I think it is, that sends from time to time the mysterious thrill through her audiences. And I imagine those who know her best look always first at those strongly pale lips, curved in a way that suggests bitterness melting into sympathy, sadness changed into mirth—a way that seems to say: "I have suffered—but, see! I have stood fast!"

Can a life teach any deeper lesson, give any higher inspiration?

A TRAGIC PARALLEL

There is a phrase of *Susan Lenox* with a meaning more poignant than the revelation of Susan herself. It is one of the many aspects of this book which, viewed in the light of the author's death, invest it with an almost uncanny coincidence. In creating one of the characters—second only in importance to the heroine—David Graham Phillips wrote an unconscious autobiography of himself even to the manner of his wicked taking-off. The man Susan Lenox really loved, who transfigured her character, who was both inspiration and ideal, was the playwright Robert Brent. He was a sort of virile Clyde Fitch. But in those large and comprehending qualities that made him truly great he was more of David Graham Phillips than anyone else. The whole manner of his life and work: his spacious outlook, his contempt for small things, all suggest the real personality that lies behind the story. Somewhere in *Susan Lenox* Brent describes genius in this fashion: "As soon

as we are born our eyes are operated on so that we shall never see anything as it is. The geniuses are those who escape the operation or are re-endowed with true sight by experience." Phillips had this second-sight and because he had it he was able to produce a work of the massive proportions of *Susan Lenox*.

There is still another striking autobiographic revelation of Phillips in the way that Brent indicates the quality that spells achievement. "Only the few who can stand being alone, ever get anywhere," says he. "Everything worth while is done alone. The big battle—it isn't fought in the field, but by the man sitting alone in his tent, working it all out. The bridge—the tunnel through the great mountains—the railway—the huge business enterprise—all are done by the man alone, thinking, plotting to the last detail. It's the same way with the novel, the picture, the statue, the play—writing it, acting it—all done by someone alone, shut in with his imagination and his tools."

The tragic parallel between Brent and Phillips continues to the very end when violent death marks them for its own. In the book Brent is assassinated in the very flower of his career but his work goes on and the instrument of its interpretation is the woman who fell and rose. In real life Phillips was the victim of a murderous maniac yet his work likewise lives, each year bringing a larger appreciation of its bigness and vitality and with it an increasing sense of his loss.

SEX AND SENSIBILITY

Susan Lenox will doubtless be the storm-centre of a controversy such as no book has aroused since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is the frankest statement of the sex case yet made in our literature but it bears none of the taint that usually attaches to such performance. With the gift of prophecy which was his birth-right Phillips himself shaped the unanswerable reply to the critic of his book. The way of it was this: Phillips often

set down on paper the first impression of a story in the form of a play because it gave him a better visualisation of the dramatic situations. While he was engaged on *Susan Lenox* he evolved a four-act play entitled *The Worth of a Woman*, which was produced in 1908 at the Madison Square Theatre in New York City. It was one of the many pieces of sustained work that he completed during the heroic labour of writing his masterpiece. This play ran only a few weeks because it was years ahead of its time. When it was brought out in book form the author contributed a foreword which analysed the sex situation so clearly that it may well be reproduced here, first as the provocation for *Susan Lenox*, and second, because I know of no fitter way of ending this attempt at interpretation of what Phillips believed and achieved. Here it is:

Was it not a straw in the wind of these times that no one of any consequence raised the cry of immorality against this play? A few years ago, as to the most important and most interesting subject in the world, the relations of the sexes, an author had to choose between silence and telling those distorted truths beside which plain lying seems almost white and quite harmless. And as no author could afford to be silent on the subject that underlies all subjects, our literature, in so far as it attempted to deal with the most vital phases of human nature, was beneath contempt. The authors who knew they were lying, sank almost as low as the nasty-nice purveyors of fake idealism and candied pruriency who fancied they were writing the truth. Now it almost seems that the day of lying, conscious and unconscious, is about run. "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

There are three ways of dealing with the sex relations of men and women—two wrong and one right.

For lack of more accurate names the two wrong ways may be called respectively the Anglo-Saxon and the Continental. Both are, in essence, processes of spicing up and colouring up perfectly innocuous facts of nature to make them poisonously attractive to

perverted palates. The wishy-washy literature and the wishy-washy morality on which the one is based are not one stage more—or less—rotten than the libertine literature and the libertine morality on which the other is based. So far as degrading effect is concerned, the "pure, sweet" story or play, false to nature, false to true morality, propagandist of indecent emotions disguised as idealism, need yield nothing to the so-called "strong" story. Both pander to different forms of the same diseased craving for the unnatural. Both produce moral atrophy. The one tends to encourage the shallow and unthinking in ignorance of life and so causes them to suffer the merciless penalties of ignorance. The other tends to miseducate the shallow and unthinking, to give them a ruinously false notion of the delights of vice. The Anglo-Saxon "morality" is like a nude figure salaciously draped; the Continental "strength" is like a nude figure salaciously distorted. The Anglo-Saxon article reeks the stench of disinfectants; the Continental reeks the stench of degenerate perfume. The Continental shouts "Hypocrisy!" at the Anglo-Saxon; the Anglo-Saxon shouts "Filthiness!" at the Continental. Both are right; they are twin sisters of the same horrid mother. And an author of either allegiance has to have many a redeeming grace of style, of character drawing, of philosophy, to gain him tolerance in a clean mind.

There is a third and right way of dealing with the sex relations of men and women. That is the way of simple candour and naturalness. Treat the sex question as you would any other question. Don't treat it reverently; don't treat it rakishly. Treat it naturally. Don't insult your intelligence and lower your moral tone by thinking about either the decency or the indecency of matters that are familiar, undeniable, and un-

changeable facts of life. Don't look on woman as mere female, but as human being. Remember that she has a mind and heart as well as a body. In a sentence, don't join in the prurient clamour of "purity" hypocrites and "strong" libertines that exaggerate and distort the most commonplace, if the most important feature of life. Let us try to be as sensible about sex as we are trying to be about all the other phenomena of the universe in this more enlightened day. *

Nothing so sweetens a sin or so delights a sinner as getting big-eyed about it and him. Those of us who are naughty aren't nearly so naughty as we like to think; nor are those of us who are nice nearly so nice. Our virtues and our failings are—perhaps to an unsuspected degree—the result of the circumstances in which we are placed. The way to improve individuals is to improve these circumstances; and the way to start at improving the circumstances is by looking honestly and fearlessly at things as they are. We must know our world and ourselves before we can know what should be kept and what changed. And the beginning of this wisdom is in seeing sex relations rationally. Until that fundamental matter is brought under the sway of good common sense, improvement in other directions will be slow indeed. Let us stop lying—to others—to ourselves.

If David Graham Phillips needed any memorial it would repose within the covers of *Susan Lenox*. To touch it is to feel a kinship with the cruelties and compensations of the world. The story moves with the majesty of a Wagnerian Cycle, it expresses in print everything that symbolic music transmutes. For it is all Life—all Experience. This is why it is more than a novel—why it is great and outstanding.

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

NEAR YARMOUTH

(To Edward J. O'Brien)

THE river holds no more the fishing boats,
For long ago the last one rotted away:
And down its ever-meandering curves of blue,
No masts jut out, eager to fight the spray.

But on dim winter nights,
When two by two the lights
Burn out among the sleepy villages
Which line its banks;
The clouds roll over, heavy ranks, from seaward,
And storm the steep waves of the sky.

These are like scudding barks with hoisted sail,
These are blue fishing smacks, setting forth for the shoal of stars;
Lot Tubman or Amos Barker holds the wheel,
While through the sky before the wind they reel.

And the long lines of rain
Descend upon the earth like ghostly trawl-lines:
But ere the yawning chimneys blow smoke into the morning,
The river sleeps, the boats are gone again.

**This series started in the February BOOKMAN with four contributions: "The Return of Jeanne D'Arc," "Moment Musicale," "Shore Grass," and "The Ring and the Castle." The series will continue during the coming year and the poems will be given anonymously at first, and at the conclusion of the series the authors' names will be disclosed. The poems are being written by those leading poets of America whose work stands for the most interesting, the most modern, and, too, the soundest developments in contemporary poetry. Among the contributors whose work will appear during the series are: Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell. Throughout the year during the appearance of the poems, there will be given in THE BOOKMAN's "Brevities Section" pictures and brief biographical notices of all the poets included. The authors of each month's poems, however, will not necessarily appear in that month's "Brevities."—Editor's Note.*

ROOMS

THERE is nothing on earth more lonely than a room;
 Outdoors are stately silent places,
 Filled with unchanging friendly faces,
 Sharing our triumph or our doom.
 But here where four flat walls share everything
 With the sunlight filtering through the window-panes,
 Life seems a row of black and polished grains
 Listlessly slipping down an endless string.

Death paces up and down in each room we have;
 Each room is a tabernacle filled with little deaths.
 Pale drifting moments! Their enfeebled breaths
 Only stirred once, then settled in the grave.
 And over them all there broods one changeless thought,
 That we too in our time must so pass out;
 As passes the light across the walls, without
 Full knowledge of the goal it daily sought.

Impulse within a room swings to-and-fro,
 Shaping in letters hard and firm and clear,
 What all the world that scorns and slips us here
 Will never stop to read and never know:—
 "Seek God not in the forest but the cell;"
 This is the lesson that our rooms can say.
 And though your tomb be open every day,
 There may be resurrection-dawns to tell.

Who learns to think in rooms will conquer thought;
 Who looks at walls will learn of patience' self;
 Who keeps a few books, oft-read, on a shelf
 Will enter in a kingdom safe, unbought.
 Who warms his hands at a grate's glowing breath
 Will find the warmth that runs through other hands,
 Who enters in a room and understands
 And knows that room is life, will pass unmoved through death.

The Masque of Poets

NOCTURNE OF REMEMBERED SPRING

I

MOONLIGHT silvers the shaken tops of trees,
 Moonlight whitens the lilac-shadowed wall;
 And through the soft-starred evening fall
 Clearly as if through enchanted seas
 Footsteps passing an infinite distance away,
 In another world, and another day.
 Moonlight turns the purple lilacs to blue,
 Moonlight leaves the fountain hoar and old,
 Moonlight whitens the sleepy dew,
 And the boughs of elms grow green and cold. . . .
 Our footsteps echo on gleaming stones;
 The leaves are stirred to a jargon of muted tones. . . .
 This is the night we have kept, you say;
 This is the moonlight night that never will die. . . .
 Let us return there, let us return, you and I,—
 Through the grey streets our memories retain
 Let us go back again.

II

Mist goes up from the river to dim the stars,
 The river is black and cold; so let us dance
 To a tremor of violins and troubled guitars,
 And flare of horns, and clang of cymbals, and drums;
 And strew the glimmering floor with petals of roses
 And remember, while rich music yawns and closes,
 With a luxury of pain, how silence comes. . . .
 Yes, we have loved each other, long ago;
 We moved like wind to a music's ebb and flow
 At a phrase from the violins you closed your eyes,
 And smiled, and let me lead you . . . how young we were!
 Waves of music beneath us dizzied to rise.
 Your hair, upon that music, seemed to stir. . . .
 Let us return there, let us return, you and I.
 Through changeless streets our memories retain
 Let us go back again.

III

Mist goes up from the rain-steeped earth, and clings
 Ghostly with lamplight among drenched maples trees,
 We walk in silence, and see how the lamplight flings
 Fans of shadow upon it . . . the music's mournful pleas
 Die out behind us, the door is closed at last,
 A net of silver silence is softly cast
 Over our dreams . . . slowly and softly we walk,
 Quietly, with delicious pause, we talk,
 Of foolish trivial things, of life and death,
 Time and forgetfulness, and dust and truth,—
 Lilacs and youth.

You laugh, I hear the after-taken breath,
 You darken your eyes and turn away your head
 At something I have said—
 Some tremulous intuition that flew too deep,
 And struck a plangent chord . . . to-night, to-night,
 You will remember it as you fall asleep,
 Your dream will suddenly blossom with sharp delight. . . .
 Good-night! you say. . . .
 The leaves of the lilac softly dip and sway,
 The purple spikes of bloom
 Nod their sweetness upon us, and lift again,
 Your white face turns away,—I am caught with pain,—
 And silence descends . . . and the dripping of dew from
 the eaves
 And jewelled points of leaves.

IV

I walk in a pleasure of sorrow along the street
 And try to remember you . . . the slow drops patter,
 The mist upon the lilacs has made them sweet,
 I brush them with my sleeve, the cool drops scatter,
 And suddenly I laugh . . . and stand and listen
 As if another had laughed . . . a fragrant gust
 Rustles the laden leaves, the wet spikes glisten,
 A shower of drops goes down on stones and dust.
 And it seems as though it were you who had shaken the
 bough,
 And spilled the fragrance—I pursue your face again,
 It grows more vague and lovely, it eludes me now.
 I remember that you are gone, and drown in pain.
 Something there was I said to you, I recall,
 Something, just as the music seemed to fall,
 That made you laugh, and burns me still with pleasure. . . .
 What were the words—the words like dripping fire? . . .
 I remember them now, and smile, and in sweet leisure
 Rehearse the scene, more exquisite than before,
 And you more beautiful, and I more wise. . . .
 Lilacs, and spring, and night, and your clear eyes,
 And you, in white, by the darkness of a door. . . .
 These things, like voices weaving to richest music,
 Flow and fall in the cool night of my mind,
 I pursue your ghost among green leaves that are ghostly,
 I pursue you, but cannot find. . . .
 And suddenly, with a pang that is sweetest of all,
 I become aware that I cannot remember you;
 The beautiful ghost I knew
 Has silently plunged in the shadows, shadows that stream
 and fall.

The Masque of Poets

V

Let us go in and dance once more
 On the dream's glimmering floor,
 Beneath the balcony festooned with roses.
 Let us go in and dance once more. . . .
 The door behind us closes
 Against an evening purple with stars and mist. . . .
 Let us go in and keep our tryst
 With music and white roses, and spin around
 In lazy swirls of sound.
 Do you foresee me, married and grown old? . .
 And you, who smile about you at this room
 Dizzy with whirling dancers—is it foretold
 That you must step from tumult into a gloom,
 Forget me, love another, grow white and cold?
 No, you are Cleopatra, fiercely young,
 Laughing upon the topmost stair of night;
 Roses upon the desert must be flung,
 It is your wish. . . . Above us, light by light,
 Weaves the delirious darkness, petals fall,
 They fall upon your jewelled hands, they tremble upon
 your hair,—
 And music breaks in waves on the pillared wall,
 And you are Cleopatra, and do not care. . . .
 And so, in memory, you will always be—
 Young, and foolish, a thing of dream and mist;
 And so, perhaps, when all is disillusioned,
 And eternal spring returns once more,
 Bringing a ghost of lovelier springs remembered,
 You will remember me.

VI

Yet when we meet we seem in silence to say,
 Pretending serene forgetfulness of our youth,
 "Do you remember . . . but then, why should you remem-
 ber! . . .
 Do you remember a certain day,
 Or evening, rather,—spring evening long ago,—
 We talked of death, and love, and time, and truth. . . .
 And said such wise things, things that amused us so . . . ?
 How foolish we were, who thought ourselves so wise!"
 And then we laugh, with shadows in our eyes.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MILITARISM: ITS EXPONENTS AND ITS CRITICS

WITH AN AMERICAN CONNOTATION

BY WOODBRIDGE RILEY

FIVE thinkers stand forth as exponents or critics of the metaphysics of militarism. The exponents are, German: Hegel, the pope of speculation who once ruled his faithful followers from the class room to the bureaucracy; Nietzsche, the mad philosopher, whose doctrine of the unmoral Superman is embodied in ruthless Prussia; Treitschke, "our great national historian," as the Kaiser called him, who transmuted Hegel's "Empire of the Air" into "Germany over all." The chief critics, as is to be expected, are French: Émile Boutroux, dean of the living philosophers, interpreter of the doctrine of liberty and individualism; Henri Bergson, Boutroux's colleague, author of the famous *Creative Evolution*. These two men, both visitors to America, have explained the reaction of the Gallic mind—spiritual, creative, free—against the crushing mechanism of the Teutonic overlordship.

Hegel needs a Homer to do him justice, to sing his Ulyssean wanderings through space and time. His enormous *Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences* is an inchoate Odyssey, a vast metaphysical map, containing all the possible forms of thought. His *Philosophy of History* presents these forms, these categories in motion—Greece, for example, representing thought, Rome action, Germany the combination of the two. With the technical interplay of thesis and antithesis in the absolute philosophy we are not concerned, except to note that the inevitable synthesis of excellence is ever claimed for Hegel's country and Hegel's compatriots. This is the heady draught, the mixture of strong drinks that went to the head of the ab-

solutist's followers. As a synthetic formula it is pushed to incredible extremes. Seeking for a "fundamental principle which unites and reconciles all oppositions and contradictions," and carrying his philosophy of history into the philosophy of religion, Hegel gravely propounds this statement: in the cosmic unfolding, Greece is the Father, Rome the Son, and Germany the Holy Ghost.

After such a debauch of thought, Germany suffered for a time from an Hegelian headache, but the thirst for mixed metaphysics could not be overcome. "What is that one grand Idea to which every phenomenon and historical event may be traced?" they asked. Nietzsche essayed to answer, and, in a series of works as light in touch as Hegel's were heavy, expounded his doctrine of the Superman. It is a difficult doctrine, where great wits are akin to madness. Nietzsche may have been insane, but his irritability and ego-mania were symptomatic of more than his ancestry. Some say that it is false to represent him as an advocate of the arrogant and unscrupulous Superman, because he was personally scrupulous, and because he was no Superman, but only a pathetic seeker after health. But the invalid had his ideal, an ideal compounded of the qualities which he himself lacked. The contrast between reality and theory is tragic. At school he was a retiring student, yet there he wrote "Combat is the food which gives strength to the soul." At the prime of life, when he could not stand the Prussian climate and Prussian ugliness, he sought the sun of Italy and its monuments of art. Yet, at that very time he expatiates upon the Superman, that "blond barbarian of the North, who

would sweep over the civilised world and destroy temples, churches and institutions."

Nietzsche's interpreters have failed to point out this tragic paradox, this irreconcilable antithesis between that which he was and that which he wished to be. But the philosopher's sister, despite her very loyalty to her brilliant brother, has inadvertently disclosed the secret. She refers to a photograph of Nietzsche as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian War, yet recognises how a painful disability—an inherited eye strain—prevented him from being aught but an ambulance nurse. All this is meant to point out his physical, not his spiritual limitations, for he who was to embody in years of suffering the will to overcome pain, now contracted camp diseases, which impaired his health for life. Nevertheless, this is the moment when Frau Förster Nietzsche says that her brother gained his first inkling of his characteristic doctrines. She recounts how on a certain evening, at the close of a very heavy day with the wounded, he suddenly heard a roaring noise as of thunder, and a magnificent cavalry regiment—gloriously expressive of the courage of the exuberant strength of the people, flew by him like a luminous storm cloud. "Then," Nietzsche confessed, "I felt for the first time, dear sister, that the strongest and highest Will to Life does not find expression in the miserable struggle for existence, but in a Will to War, a Will to Power, a Will to Overcome."

There is a pathetic wistfulness in this description; at the same time, it contains the key to Nietzsche's philosophy of life. That philosophy begins with the past, with prehistoric man, who "hath won all his virtues from the wildest, most courageous beasts;" it continues with a denunciation of the "placid happiness of the herd;" it ends with the prophecy of the Superman engaging in vast hazardous enterprises "with a conscience of steel and a heart of brass." Between these two extremes, the past and future, stands Nietzsche—impotent in body, powerful in mind—smashing at the

dearest idols of the present bourgeois world. Now despite the attempts of critics to bowdlerise his works, we take this to be a summary of his opinions: that he held democracy an abomination since it is a cult of incompetence, and the gospel of love despicable since Christian morality is slave morality. This impression is gathered not only from scattered phrases, but from the very titles of these books, whose author believes there is no law for the overlord, because he dwells in the realm "Beyond Good and Evil," and no limit to the "Will to Power," because "the soul has skill to pluck out of battle, sweet and glorious truths."

This is Nietzsche's ideal of militarism. Whether considered a cause or an effect, a disease or a symptom, such an ideal was impossible of realisation. The two volumes of his sister's remarkable biography show this. In the one, the "young Nietzsche" is described as full of fire and self-reliant as a young lion; in the other, the "lonely Nietzsche," because of his nervous irritability, is cut off from one friend after another, from Richard Wagner to the faithful Rohde.

Like the man, like the nation. Nietzsche's overlord, writ large, makes the pan-German; his individualism, magnified, makes an insufferable people. It is an easy moral to draw, that as "young Nietzsche," the philosopher, became the "lonely Nietzsche," so the "young Siegfried" nation will find itself socially ostracised. We prefer not to draw the moral, but to adorn the tale of Teutonism. Of Germany as superhumanity, as superior to all others in manners, customs and arts, of this let Treitschke sing; Treitschke, as stone deaf to other nationals as he was physically deaf to his audience in the great Aula in the University of Berlin. There he stood forth a colossal figure with knightly frame. The contrast with Nietzsche is striking. When the latter painted the Superman with the strokes of an artist, Treitschke magnified it beyond measure. The overlord is no longer modelled after one of the Medici, but becomes a

coarse bodied Bismarck. And the chancellor's policy of ruthlessness is now taken over. When Fichte dismissed the German youth to the "Holy War" against Napoleon, Treitschke, in his speech to the students going to the Franco-Prussian war, adjures them to win at any price. Now Treitschke had come to Berlin—under Bismarck's patronage—because "empty headed liberalism" was gaining ground. His strictures upon that liberalism are illuminating. Attacking the "Sunday afternoon preachers" on politics, he asserts that socialism cannot be convinced by reason, but must be suppressed by forcible laws, that international law is mere hypothesis, Belgium and Holland being its chief centres because of their fear of attack; that the Alsatians are a deluded people who do not know what is good for them; that the strengthening of Prussia is the supreme national duty; that deeds of violence are expiated in being committed; in fine, that war is a moral necessity, an ordinance of God.

These are the authentic utterances of the Kaiser's favourite historian. And the nation also learned its lesson. Veritable echoes of this teaching are a commonplace of the present struggle, from the admonitions to the soldier in the trench to possess a heart of steel, an iron will to win, to the statement of Governor-General Von Bissing that the Belgians are "politically undisciplined children."

Now the Germans, by implication, are disciplined. How the powers that be accomplished this is a paradox. They not only led the horse to water, but they made him drink. They did this by holding up as a counterpart of the Superman, the ideal of the Super-state, the familiar Hegelian synthesis being enlarged from the one to the many, from the individual to the whole. Thus the state becomes a gigantic entity, its body a people in arms, its brains a coldly calculating beauracracy. The body does not think, it acts. What it is told to do, it does. From peasant to poet, all obey typewritten orders; on the one

hand, battle, murder and sudden rape; on the other, hymns of hate. And even the so-called intellectuals act automatically. The embattled professorate start shooting their metaphysical machine guns. After that come "reasons" for the Belgian atrocities, strangely illogical gas bombs, whose fumes make our eyes water and render us incapable of seeing the connection between "Serbia started the trouble," and "Germany is waging a war of self-defense." How can a part be greater than the whole? How can such mental processes take place? The answer is from the mechanisation of the German mind. For two generations and more those below have been made to think by those above. The gears have been shifted by a higher hand. The outward result has been a fine regularity. But while the traffic control of Teutonic thought has been a cause for astonishment, the overhead expense has been enormous. The old individuality of Goethe and Schiller has disappeared; in its place has arisen a fatal uniformity. Pull the same levers in the machine called Deutschthum and you get the same results—from Hanover to Hoboken, a nation of faithful flivvers—"my subjects," as the Kaiser calls them.

What a contrast! In the good old days there used to be differences of opinion. Now there is a monotonous similarity of sentiments; "civilisation ends at the Vosges;" "France is decadent;" "Britain is filled with the lust of power;" "America cares only for money"—all Germans sound their horns alike. And the mechanisation has gone further. The parts of the machine are interchangeable. From the professor at Harvard to the porter at the Ritz, all fit into their appointed places. Moreover the parts can be duplicated unto the third and fourth generations. Treitschke feared that a German who became a Yankee was lost to the Fatherland. He was too pessimistic. He did not know the hyphen: he would have been cheered had he found how little is the difference between the "Münchner bube" and the Milwaukee brewer's son.

The machine is really remarkable; cylinders with but a single thought; pistons that beat as one—all are but parts of one Teutonic whole.

This is the machine. Can it be smashed? Physically the job has not yet been accomplished, but intellectually the task is begun. Here the French are leaders. Bergson in a recent essay has expounded the mechanisation of the German State, but prior to that, Boutroux explains the state of mind which made that process possible. In a letter addressed to the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, early in the war, the French savant explains what is meant by a state of learned barbarism. What is it, he asks, which has made a nation which our grandparents admired and loved, a creation "contrary to nature" in the Latin sense of the word? Can we resolve the antithesis between the old and the new; between duty for duty's sake and a scrap of paper; between marvellous music and the bombardment of Rheims's cathedral? It is an insufficient answer to say that despite their science, the Germans are only slightly civilised. The true explanation is found in the saying of La Harpe: "There is a learned barbarism." This means that it is not merely by an explosion of his nature that the German in war is inhuman; it is by order. Brutality is here calculated and systematic. It is not in spite of their culture, but in virtue of it, that they act as they do. Even Fichte, in 1808, voiced the German egotism in his famous "Address to the German People." That nation, he reasoned, which is of pure Teutonic essence, compared to the outsider, is as the good to the bad. And Hegel carried out the implications of this doctrine. To him history meant not merely a succession of events that mark the life of humanity, but the judgment of God concerning the competitions of peoples. All that is, seeks to be and to endure, and struggles to impose itself on others. History tells us that such are the men and the things that Providence has selected. The sign of such selection is success. To subsist, to

grow larger, to conquer, to dominate—that is the way to prove that one has faith in one's thought, that one is the dispenser of one's power. If any people appears as designated by history to dominate the others, it is that people which is the lieutenant of God on earth, even God, visible and tangible for his creatures.

This is the first lesson in the gospel according to Hegel. The second, continues Boutroux, is that the actual existence of a people charged to represent God is not a myth; that such people does, in fact, exist, and that the German people is that people. It is unnecessary to go into the re-editing of German history from the victory of Arminius over the Romans in the Teutoburg forest to the latest lucubrations of that renegade Englishman, Austin Chamberlain. The syllogism is perfect, though the sentiments may be absurd. Force is strong, great force is noble, all powerful force is one with the Divine force; now, science brings force, and Germans are scientific; therefore, Germany is set to accomplish the task of God on earth. This is the positive side of the logical cascade; the negative is like it. Pity is weakness: suppress it; treaties are trammels for God's people: disregard them. In place, then, of sentimentality, employ scientifically organised incendiaryism, methodical destruction of monuments, and—Boutroux might have added—efficient deportation of Belgians and unrestricted submarine sinkings. In fine, then, the people of God allies the maximum of science to the maximum of barbarity, and the formula of its action may be thus expressed: "barbarism multiplied by science."

The French critic is severe, but no more severe than the case demands. He applies the acid test of logic and acid burns; and in doing this, he suffers in turn. He recalls a visit to Heidelberg in 1869, when he was sent to study the organisation of German universities. To him, at that time, Germany was the land of metaphysics, of music, of poetry. What was his astonishment to see that,

outside of the courses, there was nothing talked about except the war which Prussia was going to make against France. Yet even then there were two parties: that of Treitschke, with the watch-word "Liberty through Unity," which premised the enrollment of Germany under command of Prussia, in view of a war; and that of Bluntschli, with the watch-word of "Unity through Liberty," which contemplated the unity of German states without the overlordship of Prussia. The Prussians won out. Nevertheless, is it now possible that Germany has gone back to the very cross-road at which she stood before 1870, and that, this time, she will engage upon the other part? Is it true that "the best things have to die to be reborn," and that the Germany which the world has respected and admired only *seems* dead?

There is a note of hope in the final queries raised by the French scholar. So is there in the essay of his colleague Bergson, though the path of redemption as portrayed is marked by painful steps and slow. In a short but brilliant essay Bergson asks what is the "Meaning of the War?" The answer is, "It is life and matter at war." Following the suggestions raised in his famous *Creative Evolution*, the philosopher shows that the normal process of life is to make a choice and to adopt a lasting form, the alternative lying between the mechanical and the spiritual. Now a day came when Germany had to choose between a rigid and ready-made system of unification, mechanically superposed from without, and the unity which comes from within by a natural effort of life. This meant a choice between an administrative mechanism, into which she would merely have to put herself—a complete order, doubtless, but poverty stricken, like everything else that is artificial—and that richer and more flexible order which the wills of man, when freely associated, evolve of themselves.

The choice Germany took is familiar to all, says Bergson, and came to a head in Bismarck. Artificiality marked the

creation of Prussia. She was formed by clumsily sewing together, edge to edge, provinces either acquired or conquered. Her administration was mechanical; so was her army on which the attention of the Hohenzollerns was concentrated. Whether it was that the people had been drilled for centuries to mechanical obedience; or that an elemental instinct for conquest and plunder, absorbing to itself the life of the nation, had simplified its aims and reduced them to materialism; or that the Prussian character was originally so made—it is certain that the idea of Prussia always evoked a vision of rudeness, of rigidity, of automatism, as if everything within her went by clockwork, from the gesture of her kings to the step of her soldiers.

As time went on, continues Bergson, the mechanical tendency was intensified. Germany, instead of dissolving Prussian militarism into her own life, reinforced it by militarising herself. A further development arose in diverting science to the satisfaction of men's material wants. The old Germany devoted herself to poetry, to metaphysics, the new to industry and commerce. The latter growth was phenomenal. The nation had now but to utilise her habits of discipline, method, tenacity, minute care, precise information—and, we may add, of impertinence and spying—to which she owed the growth of her military power. . . . Reciprocally, the army and navy, which owed their growth to the increasing wealth of the nation, repaid the debt by placing their services at the disposal of this wealth. They undertook to open roads for commerce and outlets for industry. Finally, Germany persuaded herself that if force had wrought this miracle, if force had given her riches and honour, it was because force had within it a hidden virtue, mysterious—nay, divine. Yes, brute force with its train of trickery and lies, when it comes with powers of attack sufficient for the conquest of the world, must needs be in direct line from heaven and a revelation of the will of God on earth. The people to whom this power

of attack had come were the elect, a chosen race by whose side the others are races of bondmen. To such a race nothing is forbidden that may help in establishing its dominion. Let none speak to it of inviolable right! Right is what is written in a treaty; a treaty is what registers the will of a conqueror—that is, the direction of his force for the time being; force, then, and right are the same thing; and if force is pleased to take a new direction, the old right becomes ancient history and the treaty, which backed it with a solemn undertaking, no more than a scrap of paper.

Many years hence, concludes Bergson, when the reaction of the past shall have left only the grand outline in view, this perhaps is how a philosopher will speak of it. He will say that the idea, peculiar to the nineteenth century, of employing science in the satisfaction of our material wants had given a wholly unforeseen extension to the mechanical arts and had equipped man in less than fifty years with more tools than he had made during the thousands of years he had lived on the earth. Each new machine being for man a new organ—an artificial organ which merely prolongs the natural organs—his body became suddenly and prodigiously increased in size, without his soul being able at the same time to dilate to the dimensions of his new body. . . . Now what kind of a society would that be which should mechanically obey a word of command mechanically transmitted; which should rule its science and its conscience in accordance therewith; and which should lose, along with the sense of justice, the power to discern between truth and falsehood? What would mankind be when brute force should hold the place of moral force? What new barbarism, this time final, would arise from these conditions to stifle feeling, ideas, and the whole civilisation of which the old barbarism contained the germ? What would happen, in short, if the moral effort of humanity should turn in its tracks at the moment of attaining its goal, and if some diabolical contrivance

should cause it to produce the mechanisation of spirit instead of the spiritualisation of matter? . . . Germany decided to make the experiment, to ally administrative and military mechanism with industrial mechanism, but the result was very different from what had been predicted. For the moral forces, which were to submit to the forces of matter by their side, suddenly revealed themselves as creators of material force. A simple idea, the heroic conception which a small people had formed of its honour, enabled it to make head against a powerful empire. At the cry of outraged justice we saw, moreover, in a nation which till then had trusted in its fleet, one million, two millions of soldiers suddenly rise from the earth. A yet greater miracle: in a nation thought to be divided mortally against itself all became brothers in the space of a day. From that moment the issue of the conflict was not open to doubt. On the one side, there was force spread out on the surface; on the other, there was force in the depths. On one side, mechanism, the manufactured article cannot repair its own injuries; on the other, life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. On one side, that which used itself up; on the other, that which does not use itself up.

This is the "Meaning of War" as interpreted by the author of *Creative Evolution*. To that interpretation is added another brilliant article contributed to the *Bulletin of the Armies of the Republic* on "The Force which Wastes and that which does not Waste." Space forbids our utilising this, as we must summarise the whole situation as to the French and German thinkers, and add a word concerning Americans. In brief, we see that France and Germany have exchanged their respective speculative rôles. A century ago France stood for materialism: "man is a machine," "the brain secretes thought," these were catchwords of the day. Across the Rhine there was an opposite outlook. Fichte, and again we quote from his "Address

to the German People," exclaimed, "Yours is the greater destiny to form an empire of mind and reason, to destroy the dominion of rude physical power as the ruler of the world." This exhortation was directed against Napoleon, who, in turn, despised the French idéologues, then coming forward as the champions of the new spiritualism against the degrading sensationalism, derived from the old system of nature. But while, again, in France eclectics, like Cousin and Jouffroy, took over and clarified the early German idealism, in Germany that idealism was prostituted to the notion of conquest. The romantic movement, which in its purity all love and all delight to honour, made an amazing marriage with materialism until, as Gustav Roethe has recently boasted: Just as Bismarck was altogether unthinkable without Goethe and romanticism, so sure may our opponents be that Faust and the *Eroica*, the categorical imperative and German grammar, are fighting against them at this time as certainly as Krupp guns and Zeppelin airships. . . . Powder and books are both German inventions. Pallas Athene does not carry helm, spear and shield for naught.

This combination of metaphysics and militarism, of intellect and physical power, is a combination obviously made in Germany. In America such a combination seems impossible. By a curious irony of fate, we have the two opposite tendencies, but not the synthesis. There are two conceptions that struggle within us. On the one hand a conception of America as "God's own country," ruled over by manifest destiny; superior because successful; on the other hand, unaggressive America, the melting pot whose task is to work out the nation's salvation; a country by no means superior to those over its border because it is of itself politically corrupt; in short, bound to be pacifist, because it has troubles of its own. This, as William James would say, is the attitude of the tender-minded. To the tough-minded the conception forms a kind of humble

pie which they do not propose to eat. They do not relish it because it savours too much of a flabby pacifism, a sappy socialism. Hence those of the aggressive American type look back to the good old days of "Imperialism," when we took what came our way outside our borders, and within our borders exploited the masses and let the public be damned. At present—under certain political exigencies—the shouting of our captains of industry has died down; the old guard, if it has not surrendered, has been replaced by the leaders of "the new freedom." Politically, this group utilises publicity rather than hard cash, the bill-board rather than the bank account. They hold that all that is necessary is to send out notes, to use phrases;—"watchful waiting," "out of the trenches by Christmas," these are masterpieces in the psychology of advertising.

Philosophically, all this is akin to the so-called "new thought" which assumes that ideas are realities, that thoughts are things; that because one holds a notion, that notion is bound to come into being. Instead of facts, facts, facts—words, words, words. Project your ideas of the good, the true and the beautiful, and so forth, and you will become the same, and so forth. Perverted German idealism, high flown bureaucratic pronouncements have nothing on us. We also hypnotise by iteration, and have so organised the project that we have added the methods of Wall Street to our "new" metaphysics. For a consideration, we can obtain from the new thoughters of Chicago and Boston messages of gladness in the morning, and health waves in the evening. There are actually lists of subscribers for the new thought quotations. All this to the tender minded, is the victory of idealism over materialism. But the tough minded ask, "At what expense?" The German bureaucracy fools the people. The American people fool themselves. Is your body run down? Then dwell on pink thoughts for pale people. Is the body politic in danger? Then concentrate on the sign inscribed, "Peace, prosperity and preparedness."

ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE AND THE WAR

BY ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

TO A novelist who lays the scenes of his books in the English country, it is a speculation not altogether free from alarm how the war and what is to come after it will change the familiar face of things. Will the life of the Hall, of the parsonage, of the farm-house and the cottage go on much the same as they actually have done during all the changes of the last century, or will these three terrible years have made such a break that a novel of country life which shall be at all true in circumstance will inevitably date itself as belonging to the period before or after the war?

One thing at least is certain—that for at least a generation to come no story that is told about the lives of a group of people, gentle or simple, who inhabit an English village will be able to ignore the war. Death or disablement will leave gaps and scars everywhere, and among the young men advancing to middle-age, and the middle-aged men becoming old, there will be few to whom the war will not count as the chief event of their lives. Just how much it will have to count in any picture true to life which shall not be directly concerned with events springing out of the war, it is not yet possible to see clearly, but is interesting to speculate upon. Another matter of speculation is the social changes that the war will have brought about, and these are still more difficult to gauge, and, for a novelist whose chosen business it is to reflect the social conditions of his time, perhaps even more interesting.

If I were asked to name the English novel which best represented English country life, I think I should say *Adam Bede*. It was written in the middle of the nineteenth century, and its scene was laid at the end of the eighteenth, but in

its essence it is true to the life of the twentieth. For the essence of country life, where so many factors are constant, does not change. Brought down to the simplest form, the English parish and its inhabitants consist of the Squire in his Hall, the parson in his Rectory or Vicarage, the tenant farmers and the cottagers. You may add the village inn, and some small shops; and there will usually be on any considerable estate a few residential houses, small or medium-sized. With the exception of these last, everything and everybody was at one time supported by the land of the parish or estate. It is so no longer. No landed estate in England could now support the life that is lived by the least luxurious of landowners, as well as that of the comfortably housed tenant farmers, the labourers, and those others who live by supplying their wants, even given that the houses all of them live in are there as an asset, and need only be kept in repair.

In this respect no greater changes need be expected as a result of the war than have been going on for many years past. Landowners who still live in the houses of their fathers do so by virtue of income derived elsewhere, and the same may be said of those who have taken their places. No one would invest money in a landed estate with the expectation of living on it or by it. Houses and estates are bought for other reasons, by men who can afford them. Sales will probably be more frequent as a result of the war, but they will be made for the same reasons, by those who can no longer afford to keep up life in a country house to those who can. Now when a country estate changes hands, the life of the great majority of those who live on it does not change. If the land does not

actually support the farmers and labourers who work it, as it still does in most cases, the deficit must be made up by the landowner. The church also has its endowment, and the State provides the education of the children. There remains then only the Squire and the life of the Hall to be considered.

I doubt whether the purchase of an old landed property by a "new man" makes much more difference to the people who live on it than its handing down from one generation to another of the same family. Changes there must be in either case, but the business of the estate goes on as before. To the tenants it is chiefly a question as to whether more or less money is spent in running it; but, as things still are in English country life, it is also a question of the amount of human sympathy that exists between themselves and the landowner and his family. Changes may be for the worse, but they may also be for the better in this respect. It is more in connection with country neighbours of the same standing that the difference is felt between the old and the new.

But here comes in the outstanding fact that has kept English country-house life so much more unaltered than, I think, any other kind of life not immediately dependent upon primary conditions, and immeasurably more so than the life of cities during the same period of change. People buy or rent country houses, and live in them just because the basis of leisured life in and about them remains the same as it always has been, and is what the average Englishman likes best in the world. The "new man" does not change the habits and customs of the country, if he is unused to them. He adapts himself; or if he does not, his sons and daughters do. In a generation or two the new becomes old in its turn, and so the tradition goes on. When I said at the beginning that a novelist might view the changes that are coming not without alarm, I only meant that the difficult question of how far he must for some years take account of the war as having happened remains a problem to

him. Personally I do not expect any startling social changes, and those that I think I see coming will be all to the good in preserving that fascinating atmosphere which I find so beautifully captured and presented in *Adam Bede*.

There will be less money, and life will be simpler. That will certainly be to the good. The charm of country life has never been more universally felt than of late years. It would now be hardly possible to find a rich Londoner, for instance, who would be content with being only a Londoner; and the enormously increased facilities of transit, which have changed the character of English life more than anything else, have only had the effect of spreading this love of country life, while leaving it less changed than is usually supposed. But there is a great deal of difference between using a country house as an occasional toy—skimming the cream off the pleasures it affords—and living in it as a home for the greater part of the year, as was the custom with all but the richest a generation or two ago. The lesser landowners and their families will probably be forced to live more continuously on their estates than they have done, and to reduce their pleasures more to what a country gentleman's pleasures were when he found them immediately around him. And the rich men of the towns will be less rich, and less ready to rent a large country house for the sake of a few weeks' shooting in the year, especially as game-preserving on the scale on which it has come to be practised will most likely be made impossible by a new sense of the value of English land.

That is a large question by itself, but to anybody who loves the old fashion of English life, in which sport was the chief recreation of the country gentleman, but not the be-all and end-all of his existence, the change back will commend itself. To go out with dogs and a gun and a few friends, and to lunch simply on the warm side of a hedge, is to feel more of the delights of country existence than to drive from one beat

to another in motor-cars, with a handsome collation to divide the morning from the afternoon, and to travel back to London by an evening train. Fox-hunting, too, which used to be a democratic sport, has tended to become less so owing to the amount of money spent on it. It will only be carried on in future with the active co-operation of the tenant farmers, who will be more encouraged to join in it. And this will bring the different classes which make up the rural community closer together. It is this bringing closer together of all its various elements from which I believe country life will most benefit as a result of the war. If it is effected to the extent that I think it may be, it will be a big thing for England.

English novels must have made it plain to Americans who have no first-hand knowledge of English life how different social conditions are in rural England from those in the United States. In England, differences of education, environment, habit of living, and to a lesser extent of birth, divide the richer from the poorer, and these are barriers which will never be broken down as far as one can see ahead. In the closer life of cities stratification is almost complete. But in country life there have always been bridges, less effective than in the towns, for leading from one class to another, but far more effective in providing flow for human sympathy and understanding. Heaven knows that the English Squirearchy has been blind enough in its dealings with those who are dependent upon it for their livelihoods. Wages and housing conditions have been thought good enough for the agricultural labourer which are a crying shame to our civilisation, and are so still in many parts of the country. At the same time it is not to be denied that between the old Squirearchy, living on its acres, and its tenantry, there has been a kindly feeling which has in fact kept the whole system alive. You get a pleasant picture of it in the earlier scenes of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*—another novel which delightfully presents the es-

sentia flavours of English country life. It may be agreed that charity, even when it is not merely the charity of the pocket, does not make up for injustice, and the agricultural labourer would be better off if he had learned to combine against his employer as the town labourer has done. But when human kindness has been so great as to have kept together a system no longer economically sound it must greatly sweeten life where it is justly applied. The tradition of it still exists in the country, while in industrial life it has almost disappeared, and under conditions of life after the war it may be hoped that it will be strengthened.

It may perhaps seem odd that the English agricultural labourer should have kept any independence of soul in the conditions under which he has lived. But he does partake of the nature of a true peasantry, which finds self-respect in doing the primary work of the world and being content with it. He is removed poles apart from his employer in all secondary social conditions, but in essentials each of them recognises his common manhood. And the war has tested this manhood as no other experience could have done. They will all have gone through it together, the young men from the Hall, the Rectory, the farmhouses and the cottages; those of them leading whose right to lead has always been acknowledged, those following who have learned to do so. When they settle down again to their country work and their country pursuits, and grow older together, there will be more to bind them than there was before, though there has always been a good deal to bind them in human sympathy, when the Squires have lived in their houses, and not let them to chance tenants. The women, too, will have waited and sorrowed together, and their common humanity will lessen their sense of social difference.

It may well be hoped that in the changes which will be brought about from an increased national feeling for the value of the soil and the work done on it, the agricultural labourer, who will

so well have proved his manhood, will get a better chance. From the novelist's picturesque viewpoint it need not be desired that he shall be lifted out of his condition of peasantry. But a sturdy self-respecting peasantry need not be

apologised for as a merely picturesque survival; it is a state of life as admirable as any other, and perhaps more admirable than most. Few of us in this complicated world are our own masters, and service need not mean servility.

"JOHN BARLEYCORN" UNDER PSYCHOANALYSIS

BY WILFRID LAY

I

THE keynote of Jack London's writings, and particularly *John Barleycorn*, is manliness. "The first thing that the harpooner, aged nineteen, and the sailor, aged seventeen, did to show that they were men was to behave like men. The harpooner suggested the eminent desirableness of a drink." A quietly maturing male human will gradually grow into manhood and take the social responsibility of manhood in organised human society, by becoming a gear wheel in the social machine and not make a loud scraping noise in doing so. He will not suddenly and spectacularly shout, full lunged, that he is a man. Of course he is a man and just for that reason there will be little exhibition of the fact. On the contrary, Jack London is impressed with the fact that at the age of fourteen he is a man and tells it emphatically when, at the age of thirty-seven, he publishes *John Barleycorn*.

There are, however, two types of manhood, the noisy and the silent. To Jack London and those of his type of manhood, being a man means accepting what fate has given but not without plenty of outcry at the time, being willing to forget the incidents, but not being glad to forget the pain which accompanied them. London stresses the pain. "I shuddered and swallowed my gorge with every drink, though I manfully hid

all such symptoms." Othello, a type of sheer masculinity, tells of the "disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field" at the request of Desdemona's father; but one does not get the impression that he stressed much the "moving" nature of the accidents; and similarly Hamlet speaks of the true manliness of Horatio as that of one "That fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks." There is an evident difference between these Shakespearean types of manhood and Jack London's.

In the language of the newer psychology, psychoanalysis, an exclusively man's man is called "homosexual" which signifies that such a man takes more than the average satisfaction from the company, and in the activities, of men. Similarly a woman who has little interest in men and at the same time is exclusively occupied with feminine pursuits, shutting out men from her life, is a homosexual woman. The extremely homosexual man never marries, except in the most businesslike manner, the homosexual woman almost never.

Pairs of closely intimate men are found to be composed of a man who is excessively masculine and another who is only moderately so. If the latter succeeds in marrying a woman who is less feminine, and more masculine in temperament than he is, then we have a sort of inverted marriage, in which the wo-

man virtually becomes the husband, and the man, so-called, plays spiritually a feminine part. The same thing can be said of the fate of the extremely feminine woman, who will become homosexual in her tendency toward intimacy with mannish women. The different combinations of masculinity and femininity in the characters of married people cause most of the marital troubles of the world.

Jack London was a man's man, taking extreme satisfaction out of men's company, and exalting man's purely physical performances. A man's man, among other characteristics, rates women, horses, dogs and other animals on much the same level, objectifying them, looking at them all as animals, which is indeed the way he looks at himself. Jack London does not enter into an understanding of women as he does of dogs. In his pages his dogs live; his women do not. He is bored to death by the silly chatter of his own and his friend's women guests. He does not appreciate a woman. He gives us no picture of child, girl, lass or woman that is more than a colourless sketch. And who could expect more from his active type of homosexual? In being an oyster pirate or an able-bodied seaman or a hobo, all of which he becomes for the purpose of demonstrating his manhood among men, what opportunity does he have of knowing much about women? He frankly confesses the awkwardness of his first love-making to Haydee. To be a man he must have a girl, so he proceeds to "get a girl." In this "Arcadian phase of my history" "I didn't know anything about girls. I had been too busy being a man."

Now the man who, like Jack London, is unduly impressed with the revelations of man's character which he gets in saloons, and which is revealed only in the "white light" of alcohol, in the saloon or in the home, is developed only on one side of his character. He may, like London, revel in being a man among men. He may succeed, as does the hero of *John Barleycorn*, in being

a leader of men and in making all others his followers. If he can drink buckets of liquor, he thereby demonstrates his superiority and that he must live in a world of inferiors. Some such men will not tolerate in their social life either equals or superiors. There must at once be a contest to find out who is superior. Hence some of the pugilism of to-day and much of its athletics. It is quite as unpleasant for some men, and women, too, for that matter, to find that others are their equals as to find that others are their superiors.

This superiority over others may be either physical or mental. The feeling that one is superior either physically or mentally may be created by drink. Jack London tells us that he drank to get both kinds of superiority feeling. In him the reasons for drinking change from the purely physical one of showing that he is a man (in the early part of *John Barleycorn*) to the mental one of getting the "kick" as he calls it, from drink, so as to make human society interesting to him. He has little interest, much though he may say about his discovering the "world of mind," in purely intellectual feats. He found that preparation for college was too easy for him, and that the academic professors in the State university could not supply him with the means of writing "1899 stuff." If they had been able to do so, they would have been writers of fiction and not university professors.

Jack London saw life very thoroughly, but was it real life? Is real life entirely exhausted by being a man's man and by physical adventure? Is there no spiritual adventure? There is and Jack London quails before it. His spiritual adventure he calls his "Long Sickness of pessimism" and for that sickness the "White Logic" of drink is his only answer.

An ingenious theory of one of the German psychoanalysts, Abraham, who said that dreams are the myth of the individual, and the myth is the dream of the race, is that fairy tales are invented by the unconscious minds of persons

who are themselves physical weaklings. The physical weakling, the one pushed to the wall and over-ridden by his brothers and mates, is the one who, if he is to win any victories, must win them in imagination. Those who have little physical strength and who yet have much desire are forced to gain their sense of superiority, so essential to the pacification of the unconscious wish, by means of aggrandising themselves in their own imaginations. They dream of themselves as strong and valiant and victorious, or they must themselves be shrewd and clever and evince a real superiority in the management, cajolery or duping of their physically stronger fellows. The story of "Cinderella" is a little girl's method of getting even with her bigger sisters. "Hop o' My Thumb" is a dwarf's mental way of outmatching all the males in his milieu.

According to this principle Jack London never passed that stage of his development where he shouted for joy at finding that he had grown up. Strength is his weakness. He is always seeking to impress the reader with his virility, to show his red blood. He does not try to show his blue blood, but is so fond of exhibiting the red variety that he draws it freely from different parts of his characters' bodies. But if strength is his weakness, it is merely of the physical kind. The moral kind he repeatedly disclaims in *John Barleycorn*, and his solution of the drink question is a complete sidestepping from the moral question. He would have alcoholic liquors completely abolished. He wishes John Barleycorn had been abolished before his time. "The way to stop drinking is to stop it;" that is to legislate it out of existence. London begins *John Barleycorn* by telling the reader that he voted for woman suffrage, and ends by saying that he knew women would stop the liquor traffic as soon as they got the vote.

Novelists are made rich by the desire of men and women to read of the strength of mighty men and the beauty and fascination of women. By the sub-

limating power of the reader's imagination he is in fancy transmuted into the strength and beauty of hero and heroine. For the time being all readers and playgoers identify themselves with the heroic personages they read of or see on the stage. They get a sense of power from imagining themselves doing the impossibilities of the trick pictures of the films. London, as *Martin Eden* did on his sick bed before his beloved Ruth, is always getting the reader to feel his biceps. He tells us frequently how strong his digestion is. In all his books he furnishes his readers with a huge amount of strength and endurance to imagine, in which they glory and suffer in turn. And the novel reader identifies himself not only with the heroes but with the heroines and the villains. Each of us has, indeed, in the Unconscious, enough heroism and villainy to match whatever we see embodied in the creations of fiction or drama.

Among these villainies is suicide. At the back of the mind of everyone of us lurks the death wish if we but knew it, death for others as well as for ourselves. In *John Barleycorn* London describes the emergence of the suicide wish into his own consciousness, and in *Martin Eden* he uses it as an element of literary art, as a finale. But the suicide wish, which comes to clear consciousness only in actual or in would-be suicides, is seen in others in a certain kind of ostentatious self-sacrifice. Sacrifice is a noble trait, but it loses its nobility and becomes childish exhibitionism the moment it desires to be recognised by others. "See me die" is not all a death wish, but a wish for a different kind of life. It is a wish for the same kind of power over one's fellows, which the child has when he teases. He does not yet know that the outpouring of his spirit would best be upon the real world of things outside of him. Nor does he know that there is a difference between persons and things as an object of his craving, with the possible exception that he finds persons more mobile than things. The only effect worked by the unconscious craving that

drives to suicide is an effect upon persons. Things are not affected in the least by suicide, and only a few persons and only for a short time. So in showing us a man in *John Barleycorn* who attempts suicide, and in *Martin Eden* a man who does take his own life, Jack London is giving another example of that youthfulness, not to say childishness, of intellect, which we see in other traits of his.

Such immaturity has been outgrown by everyone who is spiritually adult. The adolescent shows it as one of the phases of adolescence more or less consciously as circumstances differ. The aim of the truly adult is to give all his power to society, to continue to be, as long as he has the strength, a contributor to the forces which make for the advance of society as an organism, to sing in the chorus of life as long as he has the voice, and if possible to train others to take his place. But to leave it or quit it never occurs to him consciously no matter how much he has it in his unconscious mind. How far we have a right to judge of a man by the thoughts he chooses to put in his books is a question depending on how far we believe he has a conscious choice of the ideas which occur to him. Psychoanalysis shows that from one point of view no man has any choice of such ideas.

II

Liquor is to London the manly thing *par excellence*, in that it gives men the excuse for knowing each other. *In vino veritas* was the clever observation of some ancient, but the kind of truth laid bare by wine is not commented on. London raises this adage to a philosophy. Only through liquor can a man experience man's greatest happiness, which is to know men through and through, not mankind, for that implies knowing the soul both of man and of woman. "So I won my manhood's spurs."

Jack London appears to have been more grown up as a boy than he was as a man. His development toward spiritual adulthood was checked if not en-

tirely stopped at the time of his drinking bout with Scotty and the harpooner. As a boy he showed adult traits of adaptation to environment in his ability to drive a bargain, even handling experienced peddlers with skill. "I could even make a junk man weep when I had dealings with him." For a short time he sold newspapers to help along the family income. But suddenly, and mark the irony, just when he was beginning to be a wage-earner and thus an integral part of the mechanism of society, just when he was really beginning to be a man, shouldering with other men the burden of society, just then was the very time when, hearing the maudlin lamentations of Scotty about the "poor old mother in Endinburgh—a lady, he insisted, gently born," he thought that he was becoming a man by throwing off all these relations, which are the most highly organised of all social relations and bursting out into the narrow world of the wide sea. By being a man's man only, he thought he was becoming a complete man. It is almost as untrue as if he thought that by getting "full" he was leading a full life. But on the contrary, by leaving the life of the village and taking up the life of the forecandle, the sailboat and the gunnells, he was narrowing his horizon. Out of sight of land where the physical horizon is the broadest is where the spiritual horizon is the narrowest and where the completest life of humanity is impossible. The seafaring life and the hobo life are both homosexual existences, equally with the monastery.

That later he did marry and have children of his own and a ranch and animals and fields and vineyards is not a proof that he had become fully socialised. He was by nature a rover and the prospect of even fourteen hundred acres and the guests that he could entertain there with lavish hand did not compensate for the "kick" of the cocktail. Humanity which to the lover of humanity becomes even more beloved as time goes on and the foibles are taken with the fortitudes, the facts with the fancies, did

not satisfy him; and he notes the "mental" need of something, that is, alcohol, to colour the atmosphere for him. He looks back with regret to the numerous "purple" occasions which the white light of alcohol makes for him, and sees before him only dissolution, only the Noseless One, and himself no better than the Italian labourer on his ranch, bent and hardened by toil.

Mental development entirely arrested in childhood results in idiocy. As it is partially arrested or retarded in all men we see the great differences between people in endowment and temperament. Some of the mental qualities tending to connect us with social life are developed in the so-called normal person, and others are atrophied and therefore underdeveloped. One of the qualities possessed in childhood by all humans and by a few retained into adulthood in an extreme degree is called, in psychoanalytic language, Sadism. Named from the noteworthy trend toward the expression of this quality in the works of the Austrian novelist, von Sade, it is the emotional exploitation of cruelty, and specifically the cruelty of man toward woman. When this cruelty is directed upon self, still for the purpose or at least with the effect of deriving a certain pleasure from the pain, it is called Masochism, from von Sacher-Masoch, another Austrian novelist in whose works this form of self-torture is remarkably developed. Both these qualities are normally present in everyone, and the varying proportion, as they develop or are checked in development from childhood to maturity makes the pronounced adult Sadist (like Harry Thaw), or Masochist. The former finds keenest possible pleasure in the pain of others, the latter a morbid pleasure in pain inflicted on himself. Both qualities are present in London in their unchecked condition. He likes to shock people and he revels also in his own human misery. He often speaks of the "sting" of a sensation as well as the "kick" of the drink.

While both Sadism and Masochism are present in the normal human, their

presence is most unchecked in children. Their remaining as a trait of the adult is an instance of arrested development, for the most human of us have grown out of them. They are shown in our childhood's torture of animals and of other children. If they remain in us, we like to make our neighbour wince, and we take care to be on hand to see him do it. Now the shocking of our readers is not of such a nature that we can see them wince. Only when we receive indignant letters from them do we perceive that we have inflicted offense, or to use another psychoanalytic expression, "touched their complexes." So that we must rate the writing of shocking literature like some of London's (and Shaw's) as only in a mild degree Sadistic.

In his thoughts of death, the Noseless One, London becomes Masochistic. Unfortunate it was for all of us that the world of mind which began to open to him during the years when he approached academic studies was not investigated deeply enough to show him the satisfaction that comes from purely intellectual activities, a satisfaction which banishes all fear of the Noseless One.

III

London's philosophy is that of the Sea Wolf. His attitude toward women is that of the Sea Wolf himself. He has not passed beyond the sophism that if you scratch a civilised man a savage bleeds forth. The Sea Wolf is a perfect physical animal with no human weaknesses, except that he is not a human at all. To him the multitudinous living things of the sea are morally as valuable as man is. In traversing the same path toward death man is as helpless as are the animals. The Sea Wolf has a mind but no soul. To him a woman is prey to be devoured as one animal does another. A great master of fiction might have created a woman to make a man out of this beast, but it would have required a very womanly woman. It would have required a woman of some

intellect, as indeed we must imagine Scheherezade to have been in order to avert for a Thousand and One Nights the spiritual death that awaited her. Bestial man is sometimes diverted by intellectual amusements into becoming human man. The Sea Wolf was not diverted by the intellect of Maud Brewster but was averted by the mechanism of the plot as any other untoward event is averted. So we must deeply regret that London's intellectual life was not permitted to develop further. Had he lived to be eighty instead of forty, what might we not have expected from an upward transposition of his great powers! For great his power really was, though exercised on a level all too low. The realm of mind did but intoxicate him, and make him deliberately desire to get drunk. His recognition of the part played in his life by his Unconscious was just beginning. He speaks of the "sleeping dogs at the back of consciousness." He "feels inarticulate affinities with self-conjured non-realities." He "knows monstrous atavistic promptings" and is "composed of all manner of shreds of abysmal and forgotten instincts." "Or rather John Barleycorn sneered for he sat with me there." "At the back of my consciousness something whispered this carousing was not all of my life." "This was the trick of John Barleycorn laying me by the heels of my imagination and in a drug dream dragging me to death."

— Thus does he grope to bring into consciousness what psychoanalysis reveals immediately to all its students. Had he himself unaided discovered the principles of the newer psychology, we should have had, but his fate intervened, a creative thinker of the highest order. It is true that he has made a book on what he calls a series of atavistic dreams. *Before Adam* is a creation from alleged dream material of his own of the fancied life of one of his ape-like ancestors, but the modern psychoanalytical viewpoint is quite different, seeing as it does in dreams always a symbolisation of something very different from what they appear to represent. Psychoanalysis would

take these dreams, if truly reported, as an indication of some trait of his life at the time when he dreamed them. Jack London professes to take the manifest content of his dreams as such, and weaves out of them a vivid picture of what our remote prehistoric ancestors might have resembled. The psychoanalyst, not having any of his dreams, would infer the state of the development of his unconscious from the nature of the ideas that he expressed in his published writings. He would find clearly indicated the traits of Sadism-Masochism, homosexuality, and extraversion in a high degree, all these being features of the infantility which is the main trouble with us all.

The high degree of extraversion is to be taken in connection with the principle of the newer psychology known as the pleasure-pain principle. A common trait of the spiritually underdeveloped is that which makes one try to raise pleasure to an acme by mechanical aid, or by efforts directed not to the thing which gives pleasure but to the pleasure itself. Through liquor London first found a new realm, namely the masculine, and later, when he had drained that dry of the kind of pleasure that he could extract from it, he used his liquor for the further purpose not only of restoring the "purple" to that kind of experience which had faded, but to ecstasise an already pleasant occasion.

All the sages have represented Pleasure as a thing that can never be caught, though untiringly pursued by all men. The newer psychology expresses the same truth by saying that the pleasure-pain principle (the seeking of pleasure or avoiding of pain) is a lower grade of interest than the reality principle, according to which one is to devote one's activities to producing a change in the external world of reality. Pleasure-pain is, in other words, a psychical quality residing in the ego and is no essential part of reality. It is projected upon reality by mental association. The dissociatedness of pleasure and things is the fact. The association of the two is but

fancy. The fat caterpillar which causes pleasure on the palate of the South American Indian would cause real pain on mine. The pleasure the Indian gets is a quality of him, not of the caterpillar. London almost discovered that principle in realising that to him at first liquor was a really painful thing. What is one man's meat is another man's poison. Now as pleasure is a quality of the ego and not of the objects perceived by the ego, it is true that the intensest pleasures are the most egoistic, and therefore the most anti-social. They are so anti-social that those who devote themselves to pleasures gradually retire more and more from all true social relations and into their own personality.

The newer psychology, according to Jung in his *Analytic Psychology*, agrees with the division of the characters of men proposed by William James in his *Pragmatism*. James spoke of men being divided into the tender-minded and the tough-minded. "The tough-minded is positivist and empiricist." "The positivist is a sensationalist, giving greater value to the specific realm of the senses than to reflection which transcends it. He is a materialist and a pessimist, for he knows only too well the hopeless uncertainty of the course of things. He is irreligious, not being in a state to hold firmly to the realities of the inner world as opposed to the pressure of external facts; he is a determinist and a fatalist, only able to show resignation."

Jack London is tough-minded, but see what a twist drink gives to his tough-mindedness! The tender-minded is an idealist and his flow of ideas is from within outward. He strives to have all things conform to his ideal and wrenches everything to fit these ideals. The tough-minded glories in an ability to wrench himself so as to fit all things, and his Masochism makes him glory in the pain of the wrenching. If the tender-minded philosopher imagines that all things *do* fit his theories, he departs far from reality, spins a cobweb out of his own brain, and in gradually blinding himself to the inadaptability of his ideas

to the world of reality, is forced to give up the world of reality and retire more and more into himself. The tender-minded man, projecting his own idealisations upon the world without, must adapt them to it or isolate himself also forever from the world and live within himself alone.

But that is exactly what happens to the tough-minded man, when once he finds out that his pleasures can be intensified by mechanical (or chemical) means. The pleasure which he unreflectingly takes as a quality of the objects which he thinks give him the pleasure he therefore merely mentally associates with the pleasure. This pleasure, which is a projection of himself upon the objects of his perception can be worked (increased or diminished) by narcotics, by excesses. But pleasure is personal; it is only your pleasure which is augmented by your excesses or narcotics, only mine, by my absorptions and dissipations. Thus it is that the man of action buries himself in his actions, loses himself in the fascinating "sting" of existence. Thus the excess of extraversion or utter abandon to physical life has a result analogous to the abandonment of physical life and a full retreat into the spiritual. Just as pleasure, when diminished becomes pain, so does pleasure when pushed too far become pain. And strong drink is and was for Jack London, as he tells us, a means for pushing pleasure to its uttermost limit. And then came the pain of the Long Sickness, which is pleasure exhausted, the cup drained dry. Pleasure being solely selfish, the effort to increase it is introversion, whether the person making the effort is tender- or tough-minded.

Introversion as a single movement of an individual soul is spiritual death. Continued introversion is destruction. So is extraversion death and destruction if it is continued. Only an alternation of the two, deep and rhythmical is the normal spiritual life. A disconnected alternation is also insanity—manic-depressive. The fruits of the introversion have to be brought out and compared

with reality, and the facts of reality have to be drawn into the soul in order that the soul may live. There are men so excessively and exclusively extraverted, that they are little better than a congeries of activities. Aimless running up and down upon the face of the earth is extraversion gone mad. And yet all hoboes and victims of spiritual tarantism as well as hermits and other voluntary shut-ins are examples alike of introversion.

IV

"The way of the water led inevitably to John Barleycorn." "At last my dream would be realised. I would sleep

on the water. And the next morning I would wake upon the water; and thereafter all my days would be on the water." With these words Jack London launches himself upon his sea life, being led thereto by the finding of the inmost soul of man—in drink. In saying that the way of the water led inevitably to John Barleycorn he symbolically expresses that his way of life is by way of alcohol. Water is the symbol of life, and his joy in waking upon the water is symbolical of re-birth. By his sea life he is re-made into a man, leaving boyish things. Had he stayed on land and received a social education, he might have become a great cultural writer.

RUSSIA IN ARMS

II. WAR LITERATURE

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I

WAR STORIES

"IT is my profound conviction that all those who write about the war neither know nor understand anything about it." There is a good deal of truth in these words which occur in a letter written from the front by a Russian artillery officer. The great Tolstoy begins one of his Sebastopol tales with the profession that the heroine of his story, whom he loves with all his heart and whom he desires to portray in all her beauty, is Truth. Few of the writers who are responsible for the war literature which for the last two years has been produced in Russia could repeat these words. Written mostly in the safety of the rear, all these stories and sketches discourage one by their noisy patriotism and ready-made psychology. The casual writings of eyewitnesses and participants in the war ring true, but they are fragmentary and sketchy, and utterly fail to give a summary impression of the great and simple thing which war is. The theme is too big and complex, and the most the writers succeeded in doing is to gather episodes out of which the epic of the great war may be built in the future.

An exceedingly small portion of these writings dealing with life and death at the front will outlive this war. Among them will in all probability be some of the military sketches, which have come from the pen of Alexey N. Tolstoy, a young and gifted writer of the post-revolutionary period. His latest work, dealing with the experiences of a Russian submarine crew, is an impressive piece of writing. It is a tale of men struggling amid the "velvety" darkness and the terrible silence of the deep, and also a story of a spirit regenerated and purified by unspeakable sufferings.

The following passage from it is symbolic of the attitude toward individualism which the Russian mind is assuming under the influence of the war:

"Andrey Nikolayevich (the central figure of the story) hit his head against the iron roof of the submarine, and two sheaves of greenish sparks flashed before his eyes. Then everything grew dark and silent. One spark, however, remained in his eyes and little by little spread into an even, pale-blue splendour. Andrey Nikolayevich contemplated it a long time.

"Then a restlessness arose in him: it was caused by the sensation of a foreign body within the light. How well would it be if this body dissolved and disappeared, but it did not. . . . The light did not dwindle down, but the joy was gone; the foreign body strangely disturbed and distracted him. Andrey Nikolayevich concentrated his mind and with surprise, which was speedily followed by fear and anguish, he became aware that the foreign body was himself. Then the mysterious light turned into a plain bluish lamp suspended over his berth, and his body began to pain in many places."

II

THE NEW POMPEII

The poets, without distinction of creed or school, have generously, in fact too generously, responded to the call of the war. As a result, the gardens of Russian poetry have been buried, not unlike a new Pompeii, under the lyrical lava of war poems. This poetic chronicle of the great days through which the country is living adds little to the treasure-house of Russian song. Both its artistic value and moral worth are very doubtful.

Hatred is like unto lust, this robber disguised
as a healer:

May I fore'er be a stranger to joyance of
hatred begotten.

These noble words of a Russian-Armenian poet could be taken as an epigraph to but a small portion of this war output of poetry. In trudging along its dreary stretches, one but rarely comes upon a crystalline lyrical expression of the finer emotions which the war stirred up in the hearts of men. Such is, for instance, this poem by Maximilian Voloshin, written early in the war.

SOWING

'Tis not the tiller
That streaming furrows drives
In chilly glades when autumn wanes,
And in her wounds the Earth
Rejoices not;
'Tis not the plow
That left these gaping traces in the glebe.
Not heavy seeds of golden wheat,
Nor Spring's sweet showers
That fecundate Earth's ever-virgin womb,
But steel and brass,
And living flesh and seething blood
The evil Sower has sown
In handfuls generous,
On days of Wrath and Falsehood.
Ears of Hate
And snakes of chaff
Will spring from out the fields
Of joyless victories,
Where Mother Earth
Was angered by her cruel son.

The war has brought into being a large amount of nameless soldier-songs, popular mourning-ballads and those short, half-improvised folk-rhymes ("chastushki") which have supplanted the old beautiful folk-songs. These artless productions are the literary counterpart of the cheap wood-cuts ("lubki"), which invaded the country with the first rumbling of cannons. Often the only source whence the illiterate peasant draws his information about the world events the greatness of which he vaguely senses, these prints reflect the ideas current in the inarticulate masses about this Second

Fatherland War. The main figure which constantly recurs in the "lubki" is, of course, the Teuton, painted blue and provided with the characteristic helmet and the even more characteristic pair of moustaches. The German soldier has supplanted in this primitive art, which has its time-hallowed technique and conventions, the traditional figures of the German apothecary and the German estate-manager. The war has, however, only enhanced the traditional attitude toward the "nyemetz" (German), which is well brought out by an old "lubok," picturing hell. Above the sinner who is most diligently tormented by the devils one can decipher this laconic legend: "Because he is a German."

III

THE BURDEN OF WAR

It is consoling that only a few of the most prominent masters of modern Russian letters have taken part in the literary profanation of the war. Neither Korolenko, nor Gorky, nor Kuprin, to mention only a few great names, have so far attempted the treatment of themes, connected directly or indirectly with the world struggle in which Russia is involved. Some have been completely silenced; others, like Bourget and Barrès in France, have devoted themselves, without great success, however, to publicist tasks; others again hold aloof from the events of the day and continue their work. The only exception is the sensitive and versatile Leonid Andreyev. Although he, too, is trying to wield the sword of the journalist, this has not prevented him from reacting to the new impressions in a manner most suitable to his artistic temperament. He is convinced that it is the duty of the writer in this grave moment to reveal to the masses the profound meaning of the events, to arouse the slumbering and bury the dead, or, as he says, "to place a stone upon the grave of Yesterday."

Leonid Andreyev is responsible for the best war book which has been so far written in Russia. It is *The Burden of*



LEONID ANDREYEV. PORTRAIT BY V. SYEROV

War; Confessions of a Little Man During Great Days (English by R. S. Townsend), supposedly a private diary kept by Ilya Petrovich Dementyev, a clerk, in Petrograd, from August 20, 1914, to January 27, 1916. Andreyev, it will be remembered, is the author of another work dealing with war experiences, namely, *The Red Laughter*. There the reader is taken to the battlefield and shown that Armageddon is nothing but madness and terror. In *The Red Laughter*, as in *War and*

Peace, the bloody game of kings and nations is viewed from the standpoint of the suffering individual, and the destinies of peoples are measured by the yard-stick of individual morality. Ilya Petrovich, too, begins by viewing war from this angle. He refuses to act the part of a "cell" in the body politic and to be converted into manure "for the nurture of some delicate person of the future." The frankness and clearness with which the Petrograd clerk protests against the Juggernaut of war will find

a responsive echo in many hearts. But, as the war progresses and lays waste his nest, he sets out on his "journey to Damascus." The hero of the tale is gradually led to discover the majestic reality of his larger self, of "this land we call Russia." "The Golgotha of the indi-

tism which has caused him to forget that, as Dostoyevsky has it: "each one is responsible for everybody and everything."

The final note of the diary is one of poignant sadness and mystic expectation. Ilya Petrovich reads in a newspaper cor-



THE LEGEND TRANSLATED IN THE ORDER IN WHICH IT IS
PLACED ON THE WOOD-CUT (LUBOK):

MANY PEOPLE DID
HE RUTHLESSLY DESTROY
FRANCE, THE CITY
OF RHEIMS

MANY CITIES DID
HE TREACHEROUSLY RUIN
BELGIUM, THE CITY
OF LOUVAIN

THE ENEMY OF HUMAN KIND

vidual," to quote a Russian critic, "is merged in the social Golgotha." He prays to God that He should spare Russia: "Not for the sake of our merits, or riches, or might, spare her, oh Lord, but for the sake of our foolishness and poverty, which Thou hadst loved so well in Thy earthly life." Another spiritual crisis reveals to him the mystery of sacrifice and suffering and completely removes from his soul the shell of ego-

respondence the description of an Armenian woman hanged by her feet. Close to her, on the ground, is her baby, stretching its arms to its mother. She, too, stretched out her arms, but the mother and the child could not reach each other. And the diary ends with these words: "Suffering is universal; hands are outstretched to each other, and when they touch, Mother Earth and her Son, the great solution will come.



A POPULAR WOOD-CUT (LUBOK): THE AUSTRIAN WAS AIMING AT RADZIVILY, BUT MET HIS FATE ON THE PEASANT WOMAN'S RAKE

. . . The only thing I can ask of Fate is that my suffering and my death should not have been wasted. I accept both submissively. . . . My heart is aglow, and I stretch out my hand and cry: 'Come, let us join hands! I love you, I love you. . . .'

Unlike Andreyev's previous works the *Confessions* exhibit a touching simplicity and a remarkable directness of style. With an austerity almost ascetic he repudiates the husk of stylisation and all manner of poetic embellishments in which he used to take so much delight. This is unquestionably a symptom of the sobering influence which the war is exerting on the minds of people in Russia.

IV

THE VILLAGE

Andreyev's drama, christened by its English translator *The Sorrows of Belgium*—the original title, borrowed from the Belgian national hymn, is *King, Law, and Liberty*—is admittedly a failure. Its defects are, however, partly redeemed by the author's faith in man's ability to rise to great heights of heroism. On the contrary, Artzybashev's *War*, which is also accessible to the English reader, is a frankly cynical

play. The war seems to have produced no change of heart in the author of *Sanine*. Neither he nor his heroes have learned or forgotten anything. Both the wife of the wounded officer, with her sexual attractions, and her mother would be repulsive, if the reader had any faith in their reality. The play cannot be denied a certain dramatic effectiveness, but it is doubtful whether the author had any other purpose than to irritate the people's bleeding wound. Such an occupation is tactless, to say the least. In days when there is so much suffering and sacrifice, an utterance which is not born of an ardent and sorrowed heart, is felt to be an abomination.

Of the works which picture the effect of the new conditions on the different classes of the Russian people—the most interesting are those dealing with the life of the village. The old order of things which found its idealised reflection in the classical literature of the country, is on its death-bed. New economic and social forces are at work in the vast masses of Russia's peasantry. A close observer of Russian rural life compares the period in the history of the village, which began with the Emanci-

pation of the serfs and was closed with the war, to Israel's journey in the desert on his way to the Promised Land. The Chinese wall which separated the peasant from the rest of the world is disappearing; the village is eagerly assimilating the new ideas which the historical events have introduced into its life.

These confused stirrings of Russian muzhikdom are well brought forth in the sketches of the young writer, Ivan Shmelev, which are collected in a book entitled *Austere Days*. The reader of these sketches is made to see in all their ruthlessness the individual tragedies engendered by the war, as well as the background with which they blend. Shmelev's book, supported by other testimonies, creates the impression that the village is more deeply convinced of the necessity to fight to the end than the city, and has more faith in the final victory. In this book we hear the very voice of true, popular Russia, weary but patient, saddened but sturdy, ever drawing on its inexhaustible stores of faith, vitality and the slow, blind wisdom born of long ages of suffering.

Some of the larger works which have seen the light of the day since the beginning of the war reflect Russia's new interest in the saner and more active views of life. They preach the gospel of a strong and clear mind, which finds its joy in the victories and defeats of an active life. In this respect V. Vinnichenko's tale "I Will" is a sign of the times. A place apart is occupied by a number of novels which deal with the revolutionary and post-revolutionary days, the epoch which now seems to be so strangely remote. It is as if the great conflagration of the old world has lit up not only the present, but also the stretches of the past.

V

AN INTERREGNUM

On the eve of the Great War Russian literature presented the rather piteous sight of an art lacking the sense of life's realities and responsibilities. At that time Neo-Romanticism, the "enfant ter-

rible" of modern Russian letters, was already on its last legs, denied even by its own eerie brood of ego-futurists, acmeists and the like. Yet a large proportion of Russia's literary output continued to be under the spell which had dissolved the universe into a chaotic phantasmagoria, and never was art more completely divorced from life in its saner and broader aspects. The literary current which remained faithful to the commandments of realism was in no better condition. At times, it laboured under the weight of a morbid pessimism, which peopled the world with Goyaesque demons and delighted in sitting among the ashes and industriously scraping with a potsherd mankind's eternal sores; at other times, Russian realism degenerated into spineless anecdotism, the kind of art which creeps into a social group whose beliefs and ideals are in the process of disintegration.

Small wonder then that this literature has not stood the test of fire. It has proved wholly unprepared to meet the demands thrust upon it by the spiritual crisis which the great conflict has brought about. The war-stricken country, thoroughly sobered and endowed with a new will to face and solve the great problems of real life, has no use for most of what before the war enjoyed a noisy and facile vogue among the cultured classes. Most of the antebellum literature has died together with its psychological and social context. But if the old has passed away, the new is slow in coming. How long this interregnum will last is hard to say. The observer of Russian literature since the outbreak of the hostilities cannot help admitting that the creative genius of the country has remained almost unquickened by the momentous experiment through which the world is living. Epoch-making events, it seems, are not necessarily accompanied by epoch-making books. But in Russia, as well as throughout bleeding Europe, men and women eagerly long for the glorious advent of a big-hearted and clear-eyed art, which would be a well for the thirsty and a granary for the hungry.

WHICH SIDE OF JORDAN IS "THE BROOK KERITH?"

BY ARCHIE BELL

GEORGE MOORE may never have visited Syria—the world has received gossip accounts of most of his meanderings—but he has succeeded in painting a remarkably accurate picture of Judea and Galilee in his recently published novel, *The Brook Kerith*. His scenic investiture, however, is modern rather than

from Rome. As Joseph (in the novel) stands on the hilltop beyond Bethany, and beyond the khan, now usually identified as the spot that prompted the parable of the Good Samaritan, he seems to have beheld the Jericho of to-day, rather than that verdant city so amply supplied with water from aqueducts



CONVENT OF MAR SABA, AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

that of two thousand years ago. He constantly refers to "desert" that "bloomed as a rose" twenty centuries ago and was not then the parched land that one observes to-day, when standing on the Mount of Olives and looks eastward toward Jericho, the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, where the greater part of the action in Moore's book transpires. Jericho two thousand years ago was the celebrated "City of Palms," but Moore makes scant reference to them and to the palatial structures in a city that copied its architecture

which still raise their arches, and which made the metropolis a pearl in the imperial diadem of Cleopatra, when it was presented to her by Marc Antony.

Despite his accurate scenic descriptions, however, Mr. Moore seems to have stumbled into a glaring topographical blunder: the location of the Brook Kerith, which gives his novel its title. Archæologists and historians have disagreed on this subject before him; but the consensus of their opinion has been that it was somewhere between Jerusalem and Jericho, somewhere in the

62 Which Side of Jordan is "The Brook Kerith?"

valleys between the Mount of Olives and the great basin through which the Jordan flows between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea. Presumably, Mr. Moore was of the same opinion when he began his book, because the title-page contains the quotation from I Kings xvii: 5-6: "so he went and did according to the word of the Lord, for he went and dwelt by the Brook Kerith that is *before* Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning and bread and flesh in the evening and he drank of the brook." This quotation might not determine the matter, but reference to the third verse of the same chapter does so. Elijah the Tishbite was commanded "get thee hence and turn thee eastward and hide thyself by the Brook Kerith that is *before* Jordan."

So, be it observed, he journeyed *eastward* and dwelt by the Brook Kerith, which it definitely places as *before* Jordan, thus west of Jordan. Joseph of Arimathæa (or of Magdala) in Moore's novel, travelled over the same route, because it is apparently an established fact that the highway has not changed its route for two thousand years. One still leaves Jerusalem, crosses the valley of Jehosephat, ascends the Mount of Olives, passes over it and through Bethany to the road of the Apostles' Pool and the Inn of the Good Samaritan. That Joseph took the route, or at least travelled in the same direction as Elijah is proved by this sentence from page 65—"he rode round the hillside, coming soon in view of Bethany, over against the desert," or "the road he said, winds around the highest of these hills, reaching at last a tableland half way between Jerusalem and Jericho, and on top of it is the inn."

This much seems established and the topography seems to have been plain in the mind of the author until he became interested in the first journey of Joseph to the cenoby of the Essenes by the Dead Sea. The youth not only halts at a distance before he reaches Jericho and beholds the metropolis, to which Moore refers as a "town," but he enters Jericho,

which the author would have us believe lies on the Jordan, while the shortest road between the two is a carriage drive of about two hours, but "he rode in full meditation and it was not until he was nigh the town of Jericho," we learn on page 70, "that he attempted to think by which ford he should cross Jordan: whether by ferry, in which case he must leave his mule in Jericho." All of which incidentally reminds us that there are no mules in Judea or Galilee and doubtless there never were any.

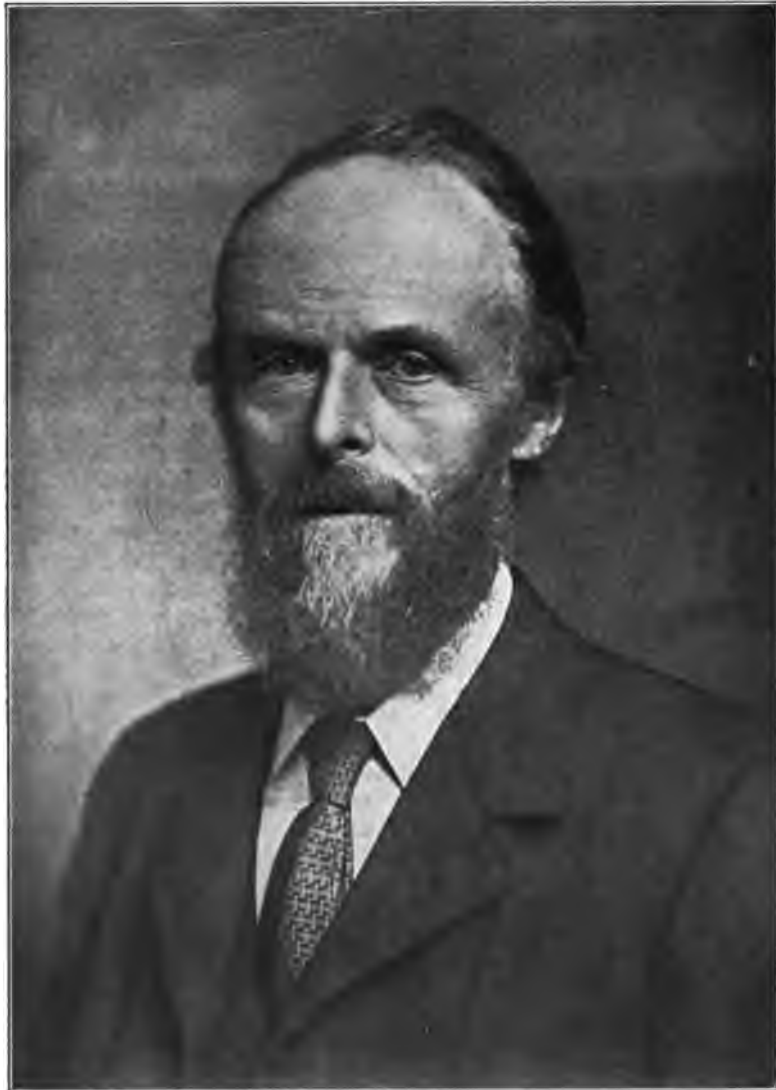
From the foregoing, it is plain that Joseph journeyed far beyond the Brook Kerith, which lay between Jerusalem and Jericho, he had a lively time of it, getting himself and his *mule* across the river,—one of those scenes that Moore delights in painting—and after some wandering, arrives at the cenoby of the Essenes! Yet it was possible to look down from the balcony of the monastery "into the plains and over Jordan" (Page 332) "on a balcony overhanging an abyss some hundred feet in depth, through which a brook sings a monotonous song" (Page 329) again referring to the location indicated in the title, and finally (Page 325) the community is referred to by the title of the book as if its location had become fixed in the mind of the reader and author—"the story reached the Brook Kerith that Joseph had been killed in the streets of Jerusalem." One finds the brotherhood not only within sound of the rippling *Brook*, mention of which appears in the novel like a Wagnerian leit-motif, but the Brook itself seems to be first one side of Jordan and then on the other. On the same page (329) in which the rocky crags and the stream's ripples are described, the reader finds that it is back *before* Jordan. Joseph need not have had the exciting and dangerous experience at the river, because the Essenes are found "comparing the wives *beyond* Jordan with the ewes of the hills." So finally, if the community dwelt at the Brook Kerith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens, it was *before* Jordan; if travellers from Jerusalem or Jericho

crossed the river to reach the cenoby, it was not at the historical location, which gives the novel its title. Which side of Jordan? Sometimes the author seems to follow the advice of the negro religious song: "All Cross Over Jordan," and then again, he assembles his characters *before* Jordan, a location made plain in the Scriptural account.

And Moore seldom strays far from the Biblical record in the selection of his characters in *The Brook Kerith*, geography, or even the exact time in which they are reported to have done certain acts. A good example of this is the exactitude of his account of events directly before and after the Crucifixion and the persons whose names appear in the Biblical record. One thing stands out glaringly, however, and he does not satisfy the reader with the stroke of a pen in which Dan makes answer to a question of his son Joseph. Perhaps because it suited his whim to account for Joseph's wealth by making his father a packer of salt fish, Moore moves the family to Magdala. They are encountered there in the early chapters of the book and in Joseph's infancy. In the novel he is known as "the son of the salt fisher of Magdala." (Page 128.) Joseph wants to know why the family changed its residence. "Why did we leave Arimathæa?" (Page 32.) "His father answered: because it suited us to do so." And on page 114, we find that "Magdala owed its existence to Dan's forethought." although we are well aware that another Biblical personage was in Moore's mind. Yet the Bible, from whom the character derives, proves that he was "a rich man of Arimathæa" (Matthew xxvii: 57), "an honourable counsellor" (Mark xv: 43) and al-

though St. Luke's account of the Crucifixion and its personages is followed closely, Moore ignores the verses that incontrovertibly declare that he was a rich counsellor of Arimathæa, a city of the Jews. And yet, as in the location of the Brook Kerith, he wavers at a crucial moment and permits the character to declare "thou art Jesus of Nazareth and I am Joseph of Arimathæa" (Page 366), while making him Joseph of Magdala through the other pages of the book.

Finally, is it not possible that Mr. Moore has mistakenly placed his cenoby of the Essenes beside the brook of which Elijah drank? That "holy men" were there long before the dawn of Christianity and that they are still there by the hundreds is true; but it is also true of the Brook Kidron, mentioned in II Samuel xv: 23 and John xviii: 1. And the author of the novel has almost perfectly described the physical conditions of the monastery of Mar Saba as it exists today. The present structure dates only from the fifth century, but it may have been built upon the site of an older retreat. And Mar Saba overlooks the Wadi en-Nar, or Kidron valley. Here flowed the brook over which Jesus Christ passed with his disciples on the way to his betrayal. "Jesus oftentimes resorted thither with his disciples," says St. John. Is it not just possible that Mr. Moore meant the Brook Kidron when a slip of the pen made it "The Brook Kerith?" Still, however, there is that crossing of the Jordan by Joseph, to reach the cenoby of the Essenes. There is almost the difference of *before* and *beyond* the Jordan that there is before and beyond the Hudson at Manhattan Island.



THE DEATH OF WILLIAM DE MORGAN CAME AS A PERSONAL LOSS TO MANY OF HIS
ADMIRERS IN THIS COUNTRY

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

BY EDWIN FRANCIS EDGETT

IN spite of himself, William De Morgan became famous. He deliberately violated all the rules made for the guidance of novelists who seek to become popular. None of his novels was addressed to the greater public that is avid for the latest thing of the moment in fiction, but nevertheless they reached that public. He was a law unto himself in *Joseph Vance*, in *When Ghost Meets Ghost*, and in the half dozen other novels that he wrote during his marvellous career that spanned only ten years. It is doubtful if in English literature, or in any other, can be found a writer whose life and literary career are comparable to his. He was an old man when the world of readers came to know him, and his age was an asset toward celebrity. At seventy he was hailed as eagerly as Kipling was hailed at twenty, and in his way he was no less a prodigy than the younger writer.

To speak exactly, he was only sixty-six when *Joseph Vance* appeared in 1906, and he energetically objected when he was frequently referred to as seventy years of age. Quite justly he resented having four years fastened upon his shoulders that did not belong there. For a long while he had been secretly pursuing a literary career. He had been a worker and a master in the arts and crafts of decoration and tile-making, but all the time he held within himself the latent genius and the ambitions of a young novelist. He was however, content to bide his time, and he found it had arrived soon after the twentieth century had dawned upon him and the rest of the world. For a lesser man it would have been a misfortune to appear in so bookful an epoch as the present, but despite the abundance of fiction that surrounded it, his work suffered nothing by being brought into contact and competi-

tion with a multitude of other novels. In him was so much of the original and the unique that he found no rival awaiting him, and encountered none after he arrived.

It scarcely needs to be said that De Morgan was primarily a discursive and leisurely writer. But that statement, however obvious, must be made as a basis for any discussion of his fiction. Although the call of the hour was for rapid-fire and sensational novels, he found a large audience that was as eager to listen to him as if a herald had trumpeted the hour of his coming. All his novels are rambling, but there is always a clear road and an ultimate end to their devious highways and byways. He deliberately exceeded the average length of the novel by one, two or three hundred pages, but there was nothing verbose in them. Much, of course, might have been omitted for the sake of the story he set himself to tell, but it was the very essence of his method frequently to stop in the course of the narrative, and to discourse unhurriedly upon life and character in all their human variations.

While the conventional novelist hastens from page to page with all the nervous energy of a chauffeur, Mr. De Morgan preferred to jog along his way as complacently as the driver of a sober country nag. He thought little was to be gained by quickening the progress of his plot, or by troubling himself with the immediate definiteness of character, and he cared nothing for the curious devourer of novels who reads only for the purpose of discovering how the story "comes out." He had no method other than the deliberate absence of method, and no style beyond an ignoring of and contempt for those elements of style which make for a veritable style in itself.

He reflected, he pondered, he chatted, he gossiped, he philosophised without regard to those essentials of time of place that were no essentials to him. It is easy to find in his novels a touch here and there of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Anthony Trollope, of Charles Reade, and even of George Eliot, but these made him no imitator. The ranges of fiction are not so limitless that any novelist, and least of all a novelist of his calibre, can avoid those types of character, of incident, of manner, of phrase, that may suggest the method of one or more of his predecessors.

To be sure, something of the quality in his fiction that suggests Dickens was congenital. His father, a well-known mathematician and a distinguished figure in the English scientific world, was an enthusiastic Dickensian. William De Morgan's first acquaintance with Dickens was made when in childhood he listened to the reading of *Oliver Twist* and several others from his father's lips as those stories came out regularly in their monthly installments. It is said that when he began the writing of *Joseph Vance*, he discovered upon looking back over its early chapters that they were too obviously imitative in matter and manner and immediately destroyed them. Beginning again, he evolved a new sort of *Joseph Vance* whose resemblance to anything in Dickens is merely superficial.

All these comparisons are due merely to the fact that De Morgan was simply an adherent of an old-fashioned school of fiction-writing, and he found many to agree with him that the older fashion deserves and should have preserved for itself a high place in modern literature. He became the apostle of its revival, and he thereby became a marked man—sometimes for approval and sometimes for disapproval—in these days of intricate problems and elaborate character analysis. While his novels are undeniably made up of complicated and involved plots, they can be read with the attention of the reader upon them or wholly away from them, according to

his desires and his mood. For chapters at a time, he forgets or deliberately casts aside his plot and wanders with his readers through devious discussions of and reflections upon morals and manners. He is entirely oblivious of his audience. He wrote always, as it seemed to many, more to please himself than his readers, or perhaps to make his reader's pleasure secondary or incidental to his own satisfaction in his imaginative creations.

Especially notable among De Morgan's methods and mannerisms with all their advantages and defects is his last novel, *When Ghost Meets Ghost*. It extends to more than eight hundred and fifty closely printed pages, its plot wandering aimlessly, its characters appearing and disappearing at his own sweet will, and with no apparent will of their own while he stands continuously in the foreground—as Thackeray often stood—discoursing as he pleases upon a multitude of things human and otherwise. "I who write," he says in one of these interpolations, "have no aim in telling this story beyond that of repeating as closely and briefly as may be the bare facts that make it up—of communicating them to whoever has a few hours to spare for the purpose, with the smallest trouble to himself in its perusal. I feel often that my lack of skill is spoiling what might be a good story. That I cannot help; and I write with the firm conviction that any effort on my part to arrange these facts in such order that this tale should show dramatic force, or startle him with unexpected issues of event, would only procure derision for its writer, and might even obscure the only end he has at heart, that of giving a complete grasp of his facts, as nearly as may be in the order of their occurrence." To any reader who knows De Morgan, these self-searchings touch the heights of the naïve.

The easiest and perhaps the most truthful summary of De Morgan's achievement is to say that he had a short life and a merry one. He lived to be nearly eighty, but all the years of his

Had I been told, ten years since, that I should live to write books that would find readers outside my own circle of near friends, I should have been incredulous. But what should I have said to a prediction that these books would be read in America and Australia?—and what to a forecast, strangest of all, that they would be thought worthy to be the subject of eighteen lines of verse as finished and skilful as yours just to hand? I don't know, but I thank their writer.

William De Morgan
 May 6/1910

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professional life as a novelist were scarcely more than ten. And they were ten glorious years alike to himself and to the multitude to whom his fiction came as something old in an age that is new, and as something new in an age that is old. Not even the most astute

chronicler of literary events can be so rash as to prophesy that he will continue to be read for an indefinite period, and that eventually he will join the immortals. No one, however, will dare say that his name may not take its place in the literary history of his era.

ARISTIDE BRIAND, FRENCH STATESMAN

BY JULES BOIS

I

THE fate of France lies in good hands; the Government, like the Nation, has risen to the heights of the Army, and the Chief of the Government is Monsieur Aristide Briand.

Aristide Briand is a son of the people; he is self-made. Of conciliatory disposition, a man of judgment, of wisdom, of kindness; his will is neither imperious nor aggressive, but calm, patient and firm.

This idealist has maintained and developed his balance, his altruism, his ability for organization through constant intercourse with the toiling and producing classes. He has been selected by the democracy to oppose his serious and pleasing countenance to the autocratic and domineering face of the Kaiser.

I have had the privilege and great pleasure of knowing him for nearly twenty years. He was born on the 28th of March, 1862, at Nantes at 12 rue du Marchix, where his father kept an inn. Perfectly free from severity or sternness, he has always been actively concerned in the problems of the day and in the immediate realities out of which the future is evolved. He has a passion for the sea, for boats, fishing and hunting. His eloquence is always an "action," unceasing and fruitful; thanks to him the people can see clearly for themselves. Politicians have very few real friends, if they have many in appearance. Aristide Briand has often been betrayed, but he never betrayed anybody. His own conduct has always been frank and just. By his charm, his worth, he conquers all with whom he comes in contact.

He once went to spend the summer at a little seaport town in Brittany. Now, who do you suppose was the man

who received the greatest pleasure from the conversation with Briand in this remote maritime village? It was the vicar of the rustic parish. . . . When Briand returned, he was much surprised to see the flag flying from the belfry of the church. The "curé" had raised it to bid him welcome at the request of his fishermen neighbours.

At the age of twenty Briand threw himself heart and soul into Socialism, of which the unselfish ideals tempted him. He founded in his department, or province, the newspaper *La Democratie de l'Ouest*, which at the beginning was rich only in thoughts. Briand went to Paris, bought a printing press at a bargain, carried it home under his arm, and himself set it up with his own hands. All this did not prevent his playing the violin, singing very well, and wielding a first-class cue at billiards. "Licenciate at Law" Advocate, then journalist, he became in Paris the political editor of *La Lanterne*. Being secretary of the general committee of the Socialist Party, he organized it, extolling with tongue and pen the legal rights of the French labour class. He strove against the preponderance of sectarian spirit. He was even then a statesman.

At political gatherings he discreetly emerged from silence only to give voice to a decisive or at least a useful word. Thus he became an acknowledged authority. In such manner, later, he made himself well known in high public offices: first Minister of Public Instruction, then Keeper of the Seals, then President of the Council, then directing the war against the Germans, acting to attain the end which he believes to be right. His clear eye with its small point of high light in the pupil, calm because he is strong, his intellectual mouth, his vigorous moustache—these

details prove to us that this great man is content to remain a man without needing to appear a personage.

Briand's temperament is a combination of expansiveness, meditation, and simplicity: we cannot be simple by the mere wishing; it requires talent and great sincerity. No one, I am sure, possesses to such a degree the gifts of the orator. His is the voice, the gesture and the style.

He finds the phrases which bring pictures to the mind's eye, and he can at the same time turn long and harmonious periods. Above all, he has to a marked extent the talent for extemporary speaking. In the first place he has no time to prepare himself, at least on paper. Freedom and liberty of spirit are necessary to him to settle the questions of such varied and complex nature that constantly arise. Then, too, he is convinced that words live only when they are self-created, so to speak, in the very company to which they are addressed, and to which in this way they are always adapted.

His memory is prodigious. It is said that during the meetings of the secret committee in the Chamber and in the Senate, he had not a single note before his eyes, when he reconstructed with the exact dates, the entire chain of events since war was declared. In the same way he recited from memory all the figures relating to the manufacture of our guns and ammunition. When I declare that he never prepares himself, I allude only to the surface of things; he does prepare himself, not so much with books as with living proofs. Like Lamartine, he knows how to make competent authorities speak and enlightens himself directly concerning events. If Clémentineau, at his best, seems to follow a rigid line of logic, if Monsieur Ribot pursues principally an oratorical opening, if Jaurès was carried away by the flood of general ideas and the waves of deep feeling, Aristide Briand is inspired by Circumstance and by Reason, and this is just where the orator rises, even above Art and above Inspiration, becomes a

sage, *the sage* who advises, foresees, chides, commands—and, this is his supreme prerogative, conciliates. Waldeck Rousseau knew how to use this power for which one must have authority over others, self-control and experience, but it may be said of him that it was his brain that triumphed, whereas with Briand it is the man's entire personality which conquers, with his gripping voice which clutches his audience while caressing it, with his spirit of sureness, his practical view of problems, his flights of mind, too. Rarely the claw shows or the tooth sinks; but when the emergency arises, "*le grand fauve*," who sleeps confident in his tranquillity, awakes. He is ruthless only toward ideas. We have seen this in his recent oratorical duel with Monsieur Brison on the subject of Kienthal.

Aristide Briand works out his speeches in the open air; quick of breath, they have a magnetism of the sun, and that wonderful adaptation to surroundings which belongs to water—to the waters of rivers, of pools, of lakes, of the seashore where, before the war, the President of the Council used to fish like the most modest citizen. He never writes his speeches or even makes notes. To use his own expression he "*lets himself go*": not without having matured his thoughts, and doubtless even his expressions of them which he polishes in that marvellous memory of his.

One of his interviewers has told us how when once he was accused of temporising he replied: "Let me alone now; I am just on the point of playing a carp." And indeed according to the same authority when told that Monsieur Fallières had selected him to form the ministry, his first word was "There goes my fishing trip! Ruined." When his friends tried to console him by citing the example of Waldeck, President of the Council, and at the same time an enthusiastic fisherman, he replied, "Yes, yes, but as soon as one is in power the fish go over to the opposition!"

It has so happened that I have had to meet a number of politicians of all

lands; many have impressed me as being the "hollow and resounding vessels" of which Homer tells us, and in which Æolus, the god of the winds, has confined useless or riotous noises. Not so with Briand! While he willingly makes merry, one feels in him that changeless gravity of the truly valiant, the gravity which in this instance frightens no one, because softened by a spirit of kindliness. I have often observed him in the midst of the uproar of Parliamentary proceedings living this deep, inner life, yet hearing and attending but without succumbing to the uproar. The following day he would ascend to the platform with the careless, dragging step of the lounge, and little by little, his voice, groping at first, would swell, dramatically asserting itself like an orchestra; would become irresistibly winning, and I have realised that this supreme height of eloquence resulted from a store of reflection and strength accumulating in the hours of meditation and silence.

II

As to politics his chief task before the war was to bring about the tolerant law on separation of Church and State. M. Aristide Briand abolished a condition of affairs, dating from the first Napoleon, and no longer in accord with our ideas and customs: the "Concordat," excellent a century ago, has become obsolete. Instead of being *in accord* it was a *discord*, satisfying neither of the two parties to the contract. M. Briand replaced it by a statute against which there was at first some protest, but which, nevertheless, resulted in religious peace. If you were to follow the debates in the Chamber at that time, you would swear that Monsieur Briand collaborated as well with "la Gauche" as the Catholics. With what result? He freed the Church and he freed the State, awaiting the day, perhaps not far distant, when he or one of his successors should establish with the Sovereign Pontiff a new Concordat which would complete the work so well begun.

Liberty is, above all, necessary to the Church. In America it has for so long enjoyed the same sort of separation and has never had cause for regret.

Having been repeatedly President of the Council, Aristide Briand has had to follow a course between the opposition of the advanced Socialists on the one hand and the Reactionaries on the other. Before the war he was the "Apostle of Reconciliation" between the parties. He is an organiser *par excellence*, a conciliator, a reformer; in critical moments he has been able to reconcile the purposes of the parties on national subjects. You remember the famous railroad strikes: he restored order among the men by mobilising them. Patriotism was the chief weapon employed, and it succeeded immediately. In time of peace France was already what she has become in war. It is logical and at the same time happy for all concerned that Monsieur Aristide Briand returned to power. This time, let us hope, permanently; at least, through the course of this fearful war which demands for its good conduct just the rare and necessary qualities which he possesses.

III

Briand is not merely a great statesman and an orator beyond comparison: he is a born diplomat, because he knows the psychology of men and of nations. He is a superior diplomat without belonging to diplomacy, as was another man of royal blood who, coming late into his own, achieved much good not only for his own land, but for France and for Europe. I mean King Edward the VII. He was a great king, because he was a man. He was unconstrained and natural; he gladly left his crown in the vestibule. It was in Paris that Edward the VII, like Briand, learned to handle men; he learned it by living—lenient to the faults of others and knowing how to distinguish their talents. Solidarity is the finest of all schools. It imbues us with the modern spirit of reciprocal concessions and is opposed to

that incomprehensible pride and to those big ambitions which can be realised only at the expense of others and of oneself. Edward the VII had long scented the dangerous project in the mind of his Imperial nephew; from the very first he kept his eyes intently upon Germany, and having a presentiment that one day he would give us trouble, he contrived and prepared the net work for the Alliance which together with our own heroism has saved us to-day.

Briand was able to say not long ago about Verdun: "Here are the walls upon which the supreme hopes of imperial Germany break in pieces. The ruins of Germanic dreams now lie at our feet. This name of Verdun, to which Germany in the intensity of her dreaming has attributed a symbolic meaning, and which must, she believed, soon evoke in the imagination of men the overwhelming defeat of our army, the irretrievable discouragement of our country for the passive acceptance of German peace—this name shines out henceforward for neutral countries as well as for Allies as all that is most beautiful, purest and best in the French soul. It has become spiritually synonymous with courage, patriotism and generosity. And throughout the centuries in all quarters of the globe the name of Verdun will continue to resound like a shout of victory and a hymn of joy, sung by liberated humanity."

IV

That which makes a success of Germany is the co-ordination of all her efforts toward one single end. Monsieur Briand has laboured to create on the side of the Allies a unity of action on the entire front, much more difficult to attain on our part than on the part of our enemies. Geographically speaking, the central powers are already brought together, whereas the Allies have not this great advantage. That is why the conferences at London, Paris and Rome from which M. Briand took the initiative, and which he has revived, have played an important part in the decisions

formed and to be formed. He has realised the co-ordination of all our resources from the military, the economic and the financial standpoints. If the Great Offensive could not repel the Germans altogether from the invaded territory, at least it pushed our own lines further forward, and proved to our soldiers that we have entered upon the third period of the war, which would prove our absolute superiority. In the first period we were forced back to the Marne, where we inflicted upon the enemy, more formidable at that time, a signal defeat. Then came the almost stationary phase of the war in the trenches, when it seemed as impossible to move forward as back. Now we know by experience, thanks to the evergrowing power of our munitions and of our artillery, thanks, too, to our valiant foot-soldiers with their scorn of death, that the obstacles contrived by our adversary—obstacles believed to be insurmountable—have been overcome. English and French, we have pierced the enemy lines at many places. That is an important point achieved, because it gives to our soldiers the assurance of a next victory. We are on the spot and although we are naturally under no delusions as to the difficulties of our undertaking, it is impossible to doubt the ultimate success of our arms, no matter how desperate the resistance.

The taking of Monastir, which on the other front, that is the eastern, also heralded the dawn of victory, is in a large measure due to the perseverance of M. Briand. He was unwilling to abandon Serbia, who, with her army quite reconstructed, maintains a constant menace on the Bulgarian and Turkish side. Our intervention on Serbia's behalf follows the traditions of the aspirations which have characterised French politics for all time. She will be of value in the final attempt which, from all sides, will subjugate the central Empires, and force upon them a just peace, which we shall impose upon their arms; whereas they have imposed upon us an unjust war. It is natural that the same

man who before the war, was the peace protagonist between the parties within, should be the first to formulate conditions of peace without. Even before the note sent to President Wilson by the Allies, the leader of the French Government had already most eloquently formulated the hopes and the vows of our country in accord with those who battle with us for liberty and for civilisation.

"Peace will come out of the victories of the Allies," M. Briand said last year; "It can only come out of our victories. Peace must not be an empty formula; it must be based upon international rights, guaranteed by sanctions against which no nation can take a stand. Such peace will shed radiance upon humanity; it will bring security for those who work and will be evolved according to their own genius; our hands will never again be stained with blood. It is this ideal which makes the grandeur of our task. It is in the name of this ideal that our soldiers fight and give themselves so valiantly to death; it is in the name of this ideal that mothers, wives,

daughters, sisters — mourning — force back their tears knowing that the sacrifice of a son, a husband, father, or brother, will not have been in vain for the country and for humanity. This is the only peace toward which we must reach. It is by this peace that our nation will grow in nobility and in beauty."

The work of justice is always slow, whereas attacks upon right are abrupt and momentarily discouraging. Credit is due to such men as Lloyd George in England and Aristide Briand in France. Their past and their origin testify in their favour. They represent, not the dominating egoism of some foresworn individualities or of a military caste; they represent nations inherently peaceful which have for their standard, in common with America, the rights of the individual and of the people. They work not for themselves; they serve the general good and they work together with that mysterious law of progress which, despite temporary reverses, leads humanity to greater unity, greater equity, more collective labour and thus more dignity and more happiness.

THE RELIGION OF RABINDRANATH TAGORE

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

ANY attempt to understand the thought and life of Rabindranath Tagore must begin with the fact that this first citizen of India is an Oriental. But it must not end there! For if there is one thing more than another for which Tagore is remarkable, it is his understanding of the alien civilisation and culture of the western world. He is an easterner of the easterners, as we shall see; but his comprehension of the significance as well as the limitations of natural science, his reliance upon education as a method of social advancement, his sympathy with the aspirations of modern womanhood, his rigorous critique of "the cult of nationalism," his curious appreciation of so characteristic an American literary product as Walt Whitman, all reveal a truly extraordinary understanding of the West. Indeed, it is just in this entrance of so typically eastern a mind into the very heart of western life, that we find the true significance of Tagore. If there is anything permanent in his work as a teacher and reformer, and I believe there is, it is to be found just here in his attempt to reconcile the apparently irreconcilable differences of East and West, and thus give a universal expression to the spiritual aspirations of mankind.

In the opening pages of *Sadhana*, Sir Rabindranath has an illuminating passage on the origins of western and eastern civilisations. In the West, he says, civilisation began in Greece and "was nurtured within city walls." In the East, on the other hand, "when the first Aryan invaders appeared in India, it was a vast land of forests;" and it was in these forests, close to the ground, beneath the shadows of great trees, "surrounded by the vast life of nature . . . that (Indian) civilisation had its birth."

In this accidental relationship to nature, suggested by Tagore, began the separation between the western and the eastern mind; and upon this relationship, as upon a foundation, all late differences were reared. The western man, for example, looking out upon a world which is separated from him and therefore alien, becomes eager to know something about its secrets, and therefore enters upon those activities of exploration and investigation which constitute so large a part of the history of western life. The eastern man, on the other hand, finding himself in the midst of a world which serves his needs, seeks not to know what is hidden, but only to enjoy in quietness and peace that which is so freely given. The western man, starting forth to explore an alien world, soon yearns to subdue it to his purposes. The eastern man, on the other hand, is satisfied to acquiesce in nature, to take what she has to give, be it good or evil, with the result that a kind of fatalism has fallen upon the eastern world like a magician's spell. Again, as another stage of development, the western man, as a consequence of his passion for knowledge and conquest, becomes intensely active, and moulds a life which is supremely one of creative achievement in the outer world. The eastern man, in contrast, turns in upon himself and becomes predominantly meditative. Ethical differences between West and East now begin to make their appearance. Thus, the western man becomes more and more obsessed with the lust of possession; he wants to acquire, accumulate, hold, use for himself, the riches which he finds so abundantly in the natural world. To all this, on the other hand, the eastern man is contemptuously indifferent. He seeks not pos-

session of the world without, but realisation of the world within. Hence the seer, the mystic, the monk, takes that place of supreme veneration in the eastern world which is held in our world by the soldier, the statesman, or the business man.

This whole problem of difference can be summed up in a single historical generalisation, and a single philosophical affirmation. From the standpoint of history, we note the undeniable fact that the East has never produced so much as one distinguished scientist, or contributed to the race so much as one original scientific theory or application of theory. The West, on the other hand, has produced not one supreme religious prophet, or one original type of religion. What we know as the world-religions—Buddhism, Confucianism, Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism—are all of them eastern not only in their origin, but in their essential genius. From the standpoint of philosophy, we note the fact that the West is predominantly materialistic in its ideas, desires and activities; while the East is predominantly spiritual. The contrast between the German scientist, evolving in his laboratory some new industrial process which increases the wealth of the world a thousandfold, and the Indian yogi absorbed in his spiritual exercises, is something of the picture that we need to embody this fact of psychological diversity and its significance in the history of mankind.

To the prodigious task of bringing the best of East and West together, Rabindranath Tagore dedicates all the variety of his poetic and prophetic genius. Always an easterner of easterners, he starts out with the characteristically oriental declaration that man is a spiritual being, and is charged in this life with the great business of finding his own soul. He does not attempt to demonstrate the proposition that "man is a spirit"; such a fact, he says, transcends demonstration. This is a matter of inward realisation, as indubitable and therefore as far beyond the need of

proof, as our consciousness of individual existence in the world. Now to realise this spirituality, to find our souls as Tagore puts it, this is our appointed task. "Man is here to find himself," says Sir Rabindranath in *Sadhana*. "Man's history is the history of his journey to the unknown in quest of the realisation of his immortal self—his soul."

In this affirmation, Tagore accepts the eastern, and eschews the western mind. "Man is abroad to satisfy needs which are more than food and clothing," is his initial defiance of the Occident. In the very next step in the progress of his thought, however, he turns flatly away from the East, and adopts a characteristically western viewpoint. For the East, he says, in its quest of the soul, has done the fatal thing of seeking spiritual realisation in the inner world to the exclusion of the outer. The eastern mind has retired within itself, and made fast the door against nature and mankind. Thereby has it deliberately shut itself off from all possibility of the best fulfilment of its ideal purposes—excluded itself from the very place where the soul has its true abode and is therefore to be found.

In following this pathway of introspection and mystic quietude, the eastern mind has forgotten, or failed to see at all, two things. In the first place, it has neglected the great fact that "it is the very characteristic of life that it is not complete within itself; it must come out. Its truth is in the commerce of the inside and the outside. In order to live, the body must maintain its various relations with the outside light and air—not only to gain life-force, but also to manifest it. . . . The same with the soul. It cannot live on its own internal feelings and imaginings. It is ever in need of external objects; not only to feed its inner consciousness but to apply itself in action not only to receive but to give." And then there is the second fact, forgotten or neglected by the introspective eastern mind, that the very essence of life is action, movement, prog-

ress, creation, expenditure, use—that the synonym of death is inaction, stagnation, hoarding. How beautifully does Tagore illustrate this fact in the figure of the river, which is a river only as it continues to flow, and thus to carry away “obstructions and dead accumulations!” Still more striking is his picture of life under the image of a lamp. “The lamp,” he says in *Sadhana*, “contains its oil, which it holds securely in its close grasp and guards from the least loss. Thus is it separate from all other objects around it and is miserly. But when lighted, it finds its meaning at once; its relation with all things far and near is established, and it freely sacrifices its fount of oil to feed the flame.”

Life, therefore, in terms of self-realisation, means activity, service, sacrifice, in the outer world. To find one's soul is not to save oneself inwardly, like a lamp its oil, but to give oneself outwardly, like a lamp its flame. It seems extraordinary, almost incredible, to find an easterner thus proclaiming the western gospel of social action, life in the outward world. And yet Rabindranath Tagore teaches exactly this principle, and thus reveals the possibility of bringing together into one universal synthesis the diametrically opposed viewpoints of Orient and Occident.

“Realisation through action”—this is the second step in the unfolding of Tagore's religious thought. But what does he mean by “action”? In what sense are we to invade the outer world and seek there the discovery and possession of our souls? It is in answer to this fundamental question that Sir Rabindranath breaks as radically with the western mind as he has already broken with the eastern mind on the matter of inward contemplation or quietude. Action is all right, is his word; in no other way can we find our souls than by seeking perpetual contact with nature and with man. But this action, this contact, must be fulfilled in a spirit and with a purpose as far separated from that manifested by the West as the north pole is distant from the

south. The West seeks action along the lines of conquest, possession, acquisition, accumulation. It plunges into the world, with the sole idea of plunder and enrichment. It seeks contact with mankind, with no higher or better object than that of exploitation and power. The western mind interprets action in terms of lust, greed, opulence, ambition, rule, wealth, fame. The western mind is hungry, and must be fed—it is lustful, and must be satisfied—it is empty, and must be filled. Eager to gain and not to give, to acquire and not to serve, to plunder others and thereby enrich itself, it misses the very treasure which it is seeking, or, if it finds it, buries it beneath the rubbish of its accumulations, or destroys it utterly by the violence of its capricious passions.

It is here, on this point of the base greed and sordid materialism of western action, that Rabindranath Tagore becomes as a veritable Jeremiah calling down woes upon our sinful generation. There is something terrible, not to say sublime, in the wrath of this gentle seer as he looks upon our western world and points out the atrocious abominations of its life. Here we are, in our individual lives, seeking that freedom which is the sign and symbol of spiritual fulfilment, and we are so gross in our idea of how to treat the world and our fellow-men that, in our very quest of freedom, we enslave ourselves to money, luxury, ambition, toil which brings no reward, activity which finds no peace. Here is nature, full of beauty for our admiration, and we plunder it; only to find ourselves the slaves of the booty we pile up and must therefore protect from the lust of others. Here are our fellow-men, full of goodness for our love, and we exploit them, rob them, abuse them, kill them, only to find ourselves linked with a “body of death” which poisons the very life we have tried thus foolishly to foster. And what is true of individuals, is even more true of those groups of individuals termed nations. How have the nations sought security in armaments, happiness in wealth and trade

and imperialistic power, the higher life in the greater force of rule and conquest—only in the end to live in fear, suspicion, and hatred, and in the end to bring upon themselves the hopeless ruin of the Great War! What wonder that Tagore is a socialist—for the essence of capitalism is the very selfishness which he finds the foe of all true “realisation through action!” What wonder that Tagore is a pacifist, for the essence of existing international relations is the very lust, deceit and pride which are as oil hoarded, unlit, and therefore hidden in cold, darkness and decay! Tagore’s whole view of western civilisation is summed up in the thirty-first poem of *Gitanjali*—and what an indictment of all our western pride it is!—which I quote in part:

“Prisoner, tell me, who was it that wrought this unbreakable chain?”

“It was I,” said the prisoner, “who forged this chain very carefully. I thought I could outdo everybody in the world in wealth and power. I thought my invincible power would hold the world captive leaving me in a freedom undisturbed. Thus night and day I worked at the chain with huge fires and cruel hard strokes. When at last the work was done and the links were complete and unbreakable, I found that it held me in its grip.”

Yes!—action is the secret of realisation, but not the selfish action of the West. Realisation means freedom, like the flight of a bird, and this is slavery. Realisation means joy, like the lilt of a song, and this is fear. Realisation means beauty, like the flashing leap of a fish from the Ganges,* and this is ugliness. Realisation means life, like love, and this is death. Love!—this is the magic word. If we are to find our souls, we must indeed “come out.” But this invasion of the outer world must be like a band of pilgrims, not like a conquering army. We must “come out” not to get but to give, not to subdue but to serve, not to hoard but to spend. We must love—that is all; love the stars,

*See *Sadhana*, page 110.

the sea, the grass; love the child, the mother, the aged man. Love is the law of life, the road to freedom, the pathway to God. For lo! as we love, we find that what we love is of like nature with ourselves. In the sun and the stars, in the fragrant rose and the singing bird, in “the poorest, and lowliest, and lost” of our fellow-men, we find our brother, our spiritual kin, our own souls. A common life, revealed and quickened by our love, is seen in them all. We become one with them and they with us. We find our souls—this higher, better, nobler self unknown before, is discovered and laid hold on—the task of self-realisation is done. We have lived, reached our goal, joined hands and hearts with God! It is this great message of (1) self-realisation through (2) social action in (3) the spirit of love, that we find the reconciliation of East and West attempted by Tagore. It is in this also that we find the content of his religious thought—the essence of his religion. Three points are here noteworthy.

(1) In the first place, Tagore, like every great religious prophet the world has ever seen, proclaims the reality of God, the universal presence of God, the life of nature and of man in God. Unity is here the great word. One life is in all and through all and over all; and thus one life is the divine life—the infinite, the eternal, God. “The same stream of life that runs through my veins night and day runs through the world and dances in rhythmic measure. It is the same life that shoots in joy through the dust of the earth in numberless blades of grass and breaks into tumultuous waves of leaves and flowers. It is the same life that is rocked in the ocean cradle of birth and death, in ebb and flow.” Tagore gives little suggestion of personality in his conception of God. He speaks rarely, if at all, of the Father. But so near, so real, so living, is this God, that He becomes to us as a presence everywhere seen and understood and loved. In sun and dust-grain, in bird and fish, in work-shop and tool,

in home and wife and child, in the secret places of the heart—here is God, a-near and far, sublime and humble, to be adored and loved and served. "Thou art the sky, and thou art the nest as well."

(2) Secondly, Tagore, like every supreme prophet of God, proclaims the gospel of religion applied, of social action, of God realised in the world of life. Not in meditation, or lonely prayer, or secret quietude, or remote asceticism, is religion rightly to be expressed. But out in the world, down in the slums, amid the dust and heat of the race, is the pathway of the soul. No exposition of this aspect of his thought is needed, in view of the eleventh poem of *Gitanjali*, so extraordinary as a product of the eastern mind:

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee! He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil! . . . Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy brow.

(3) Lastly, Tagore is the preacher of joy. Joy in our communion with God, and in our service of man! Joy in the beauty of the world, and the goodness of life! Joy in our labour, and our rest after labour! Joy in struggle, and the peace that followeth struggle! Joy in life, and joy in death! In this word, joy, is perhaps to be found Tagore's supreme contribution to the life of our time. His is a joy which is not shallow but deep, not empty but full, not trivial but sublime. It is a joy which recognises evil, but overcomes it in the good that it is in our power to

perform. It is a joy that faces death, and gives death its place in the drama of life eternal. It is a joy which makes not only glad, but pure, the heart of man, and not so much easy as august the task of earth. It is in his treatment of death, perhaps, that Tagore gives best expression to his thought of joy. Not since Whitman wrote his chants of death, has the world seen such poems of glad salutation to the eternal mystery as are found in the closing pages of *Gitanjali*. As a bridegroom cometh to meet his bride, so Tagore approaches death, "the last fulfilment of life," the guest to whom is to be offered in joy "the full vessel of life."

In these three aspects of his thought, do we find the full expression of what we may call the religion of Tagore. That this religion is a reconciliation of East and West, is evident. In his thought of God, Tagore is a true son of that eastern world which has produced every great and true religion the world has ever seen. In his thought of social action, Tagore is an appropriator of the best that the West has to offer to mankind. In bringing his thought of God to the West, he brings what the West most needs, for it is materialism that threatens to be the West's undoing. In bringing his thought of social action to the East, he brings what the East most needs, for "too much meditation and metaphysical speculation have ruined India." In bringing each to the other, and joining them in a synthesis whose name is Joy, he unites the severed East and West in that fundamental unity which is humanity.

It is here, in the higher human significance of this great synthesis, that we come in the end to what is the deeper meaning of Tagore and his teaching. "When the West discovers the East, and the East discovers the West," writes Basanta Koomar Roy, in his biography of Tagore, "humanity will discover itself automatically. Then the illumination will come to 'break the walls,' and this world will be 'one luminous whole,' 'one perfect music'." It is from this

point of view, that Tagore rises to the stature of the great universal teachers of all time. His message contains nothing new. It is the gospel of Buddha, of Jesus, of Channing—the sacred word of the life of the spirit. Old—and yet as new as man's persistent rejection of its message! How, in an age of indescribable distraction and agony, does this great gospel sound with new power in

our ears! But shall we listen and accept? If so, we shall do what no generation of men in any age has ever done. But that we must listen and accept, if our civilisation, like all others which have preceded it, is not to perish, is as certain as the movement of the stars. Tagore speaks to us the word of hope, and the curse of doom. As we choose, so shall we live, or die!

QUE LA VIE EST BELLE

BY DOROTHY HUGGINS

HERE'S a sou for butter
 Here's a sou for bread
 Thanks to God I utter
 Jeannot can be fed.
 I shall sew fine stitches
 Labour, it will sell.
 Tirra, lirra, lirra
 Que la vie est belle!

I have no sou for butter
 I have no sou for bread
 My home, it is the gutter
 And Jeannot must be fed.
 The soldiers sacked the village
 They did their duty well.
 Tirra, lirra, lirra
 Que la vie est belle!

THE NATIONAL MUSIC FALLACY

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

THAT will-o-the-wisp of æsthetic wisdom, Mr. James McNeill Whistler, asserted with his habitual and exhilarating decisiveness that there was no such thing as nationalism in art, that one might as well speak of national mathematics as of national picture making. It was the sort of iconoclasm one might have expected from the gentleman who refused "to have been born in Lowell." That Mr. George Moore (than whom there is no keener artistic intelligence in the English speaking world to-day despite his somewhat peevish hostility to Mr. W. B. Yeats) should have taken exception to the point of view, utilising it as evidence of a critical instability on the part of the extraordinary and eccentric painter, is one of the outstanding curiosities of the records of criticism.

When modesty is confronted with the somewhat abrupt fact that either it or the rest of the world is obsessed by illusion, its inclination is to assume that it is in error, and to reorganise its point of view in accordance with the opinions of the majority. Mr. Whistler, luckily unburdened with that uncomfortable encumbrance, modesty, saw nothing more nor less in the opinions of the majority than a very dreadful something to be contradicted and insulted when it could not be avoided and ignored. One cannot help seeing a considerable justice in the Whistler attitude. It must be confessed that the world thinks mostly in ruts, and that an accurate feeling for values is more rare even than Lowell's day in June. We are overwhelmed by a flood of facile appraisals and a deal of loose talk that a moment's intelligent, honest thinking would vehemently repudiate. "Light and air," for example, is pinned to the painting of Claude Monet just as though no one else in the whole wide world had ever achieved an

effect of "light and air." As a matter of fact, one could, no doubt, name a score of painters whose canvases excel Monet's in the rendering of nature's myriad intricacies and subtleties of atmospheric phenomena. What we should emphasise in Monet is a colour sense meretricious, perhaps, but audacious, and an experimental policy premeditated, no doubt, but valuable. As for "light and air," we shall find it in Corot, Cazin and an army of American landscape painters to an extent unequalled in the best of French Impressionism. Again, take the peculiar case of Brahms. "Brahms is an inexorable form maker," says the redoubtable Mr. Huneker, and Brahms is this, that and a dozen other things (all of which he indubitably is not) say his admirers, thereby doing incalculable harm to their idol. Well, I remember once analysing—I should say attempting to analyse—the Brahms Violin Concerto with the distinguished violinist, Kathleen Parlow. As much in accord as we were over the inherent beauty of the music (music of an inexpressible and lofty loveliness), we could neither of us determine the proportions of a work that she knew by heart, and had played innumerable times. Heterodoxy if you will, but a thing demonstrable in so far as anything in so intangible a matter as art can be demonstrated. Brahms a form maker! If form be that manner of expression best calculated to project with justice and accuracy the conception of the artist to another then we are not far wrong in applying the word inarticulate to the efforts of Brahms.

So however much Whistler's assertion that there was no such thing as nationality in art may have appeared iconoclastic, it was, in reality, only a negative iconoclasm, a statement that

seemed acutely and appallingly revolutionary for the sole and simple reason that it was sheerly and tritely true. As a matter of fact, this question of nationalism in æsthetics is one of the most remarkable exhibitions on record of that slovenly habit inherent in human nature of allowing itself to slip into easy formulas of thinking (or, rather, of allowing others to think for it) once these formulas are macadamised by custom and marked a state road on the intellectual map. Perhaps no idea in the history of art has clung so tenaciously to the common comprehension as this idea of nationalism, of sectionalism and of idiom. Not a month goes by but that some one or other of our periodicals proclaims this astounding fallacy. When a journalist falls short of a topic he sets himself to the facile task of upbraiding American art or American music for its lack of a national character. "So far," says one of these gentlemen, "America has produced no really distinctive painting." In other words, George Inness, whose pictures are literally saturated with the soul of our American countryside, and Winslow Homer, whose pictures are as pungently individual as the odour of a country grocery store are lacking in national character! One-half moment's thought will show us the absurdity of this contention. But let us assume that the charge is true; let us allow these professional malcontents to prove the invalidity of their own case. After having disposed of our painting with the royal irresponsibility of utter ignorance they proceed to eulogise the work of Sargent, Whistler, and Miss Mary Cassatt, three artists who have lived and worked practically their entire æsthetic lives under the influence of and in touch with influences utterly alien to anything remotely resembling a native spirit. Surely discrepancy of judgment can go no further than this. Another gentleman contributes the following: "You cannot tell an American composer's art-song from a mediocre art-song the world over." And again: "The important point is that ragtime is original with

Americans—it is their own creation, it is the one genuine American music." Well, setting aside a rather too obvious and partially impertinent retort to the effect that merely because ragtime is our own creation we have no more reason for being proud of it than we may have for priding ourselves upon iced-water, child-labour, or food adulteration, we ask ourselves if there is any indispensable significance in these points of view. In other words, is it true that our art is a hybrid, sterile art merely because it fails (if it does fail) to register a salient impression of our national characteristics? And is it true that art to be a valid, vital art must express nationality?

Besides the little fellows who will reply affirmatively, every generation possesses its High Priest of parochialism. In our immediate time Mr. Yeats, the Irish poet, has extolled and exploited the merits of an art which seeks its inspiration from the soil. Surely a superficial attitude quite calculated to appeal to an exquisite but superficial poet like Mr. Yeats. Having told us how Verlaine once cried to him in Paris "strangle rhetoric!" he proceeded to censure us, gently and I am bound to say with charming persuasiveness, for our allegiance to the Tennysonian tradition. I remember the fine scorn with which he articulated the phrase: "moral uplift." And then we listened to such an inconsequential trifle as "The Fiddler of Dooney."

The mistake committed by Mr. Yeats and the gentleman who urges ragtime upon us if we would save our musical souls is the mistake of failing to distinguish between two distinctly different kinds of art and two distinctly different kinds of reaction to art. The infallible sign of the authentic artistic attitude is that it shall be able to estimate accurately and to enjoy in equitable proportion things widely diversified and emphatically antithetical. It has a lounging room in its intelligence where it dismisses Meredith or Pater, and abandons itself with a dissolute expenditure of

sympathy to the immortal tale of Sydney Carton or chuckles over the impeccable sagacity of Chicot the Jester. Many of its most audacious moments of youthful irresponsibility are inextricably woven into memories of "Hello ma Baby" or "Under the Bamboo Tree," and to this day it will abandon Debussy for the inimitable verve of Mr. Victor Herbert, or the crude, brazen vernacular of Mr. Irving Berlin. But it does not call Chicot the Jester or Sydney Carton or "Hello ma Baby" great art. It does not call American ragtime or a Russian folksong great art. It does not rank Synge's *Playboy* as great a play as *Hamlet* or *Lear*, and it does not rank anything that Mr. Yeats ever wrote co-equal in dignity, profundity of emotion and strength of structure with the great poetic art of England at its representative best.

For if we are able to determine any one thing in so indeterminable a matter as art, it is that all the art of the world that has come down to us with the accumulated approvals of generations upon it is art that is abstract in its substance and universal in its significance. A man who makes idiom his intellectual language has necessarily impaired the scope of his intelligence and his appeal. He is working in a medium essentially transient, or, if not transient, at least limited in the range of its emotional dynamics. Force Beauty into wedlock with Idiom, and you mate a Princess to a reporter. The great poems of the world — on what have they been founded? On the love of any man for any woman, on a west wind, a skylark, a nightingale? The great pictures of the world? Surely the ones that we treasure most are idealisations, impressions, things that swim in a dream world between fact and fancy. Music? The great music of the world is not found in exploitations of Russian or Norwegian or Irish folk melodies. As a matter of concrete, ascertainable fact it is not one whit too much to claim that there is not a single trace of nationalism to be discovered in that kind of music that is

ranked by consensus of opinion the loftiest kind of music. This is not a question of personal idiosyncrasy and infirmity of judgment; it is an objective, demonstrable proposition. That hordes of well-meaning and oftentimes eminent writers on this subject should in the face of this urge, year in, year out, the indispensable necessity of our expressing nationality in our music if our music is to be other than a negligible thing is a phenomena psychical in its significance. For the astoundingly obvious fact confronts us—that is to say it confronts us if we give the matter a moment's serious consideration—that nationalism is not only a dispensable component in the art of music—it is practically a non-existent component. Why then censure American music for lacking what no other music in the world possesses?

To those persons whose eyebrows rise and whose shoulders shrug over this statement I again emphasise the following distinction: There is, undoubtedly, a kind of music that partakes or appears to partake of the characteristics of a nation. It is often music of an inexpressible loveliness, tenderness and pathos. Turn, for example, to Percy Grainger's "Irish Tune from County Derry," and note the cleverly calculated effect of the consecutive fifths in the treble, or the hauntingly beautiful D flat in place of the D natural in the harmony at the close. Here is Ireland for you!—a few miraculous sentences out of George Moore's *Hail and Farewell* or that lyric in prose *The Lake*. Turn to the Grieg Concerto with its never to be forgotten second theme full of "the sighing sound, the lights around the shore." Turn to that incomparable bit of musical effervescence "The Bartered Bride" overture, a bit of sound as breezy and blithe as a mid-May day. Turn, above all, to those moments in Tchaikovsky where he utilises with what some of us think is an unrivalled ingenuity the folk music of Russia. One may prefer these things. I, for example, sometimes think that certain moments in Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony—a symphony impreg-

nated with the moving spirit of nationalism—come closer to me than any other music in all Tchaikovsky. For a certain wistful, remote beauty—beauty literally moist with the heart-ache of the far-away—there are a few bars in the last movement which are a part of my very heart strings.

But here is the point: Aside from one's individual preferences, we are forced to acknowledge that this is not the kind of music that the world calls great music. Tchaikovsky at his greatest?—the "Romeo and Juliet," the "Francesca da Rimini," the "Pathetic" Symphony—music utterly lacking the faintest trace of national colour, music utterly ignoring national material. When Tchaikovsky frankly bases himself upon a national material, as he does in his C Minor Symphony, he is ignored, and the composition eventually falls into oblivion. Chopin at his greatest?—never the mazurkas, the polonaises where, indeed, certain national characteristics, however sophisticated, are in evidence, but, instead, the scherzos, the preludes, the etudes, the ballades—all of them music, sheerly abstract, music immaculately emancipated from a material world, music the origin of which is not a given locality, a special soil but the universal ether-world of the spirit. Wagner at his greatest?—by common consent *Tristan*, a work absolutely cosmopolitan in technical resource, in melodic colouring, in emotional appeal. Whether it be the opening bars of *Tristan*, or Beethoven's Fifth or Seventh Symphony or ninety per cent. of Chopin's incomparable music or what you will—we are confronted by a quality and kind of sound that comes out of a spiritual void and returns to it leaving in its wake no significance save that which is inherent in a sheer, intangible and disembodied loveliness.

Here are indisputable statements. An explanation of them may more properly belong to the province of psychology than to the province of æsthetics. It appears obvious, however, that the question rests on the relative valuableness of

what one might call representative art versus abstract art. The records of art, if they demonstrate anything, demonstrate the tenuous and transient quality of an art that concerns itself with local or contemporary characteristics. Contrary to the popular opinion, the validity of an art appears to be in inverse proportion to its topical and topographical significance. When the advocate of ragtime from whom we have previously quoted suggests that "the future American symphony and opera will be written in ragtime," we realise the depths of absurdity to which a fundamental fallaciousness in one's point of view can lead one. And this fundamental fallaciousness resides in the indubitable and incontestable fact that art is not the expression of an aggregate, it is the expression of an individual. It is in no way, shape or form concerned with anything but itself. It is under no obligation to express nationality, and, indeed, it is only incidentally concerned with nationality. Art is a sublimated egoism, an adroit and exquisite exploitation of individual experience and of individual emotion. In its most felicitous and remarkable instances this vehemence of personal expression is miraculously combined with a decorative quality so sheerly beautiful that we would accept it if for nothing else than for its external beauty. Whether it be a picture of Renoir's, or a poem of Keats's; an etude of Chopin's, or Wagner's *Tristan*, the tendency is unmistakably in the direction of the abstract as opposed to the concrete precisions of representation. It is a short-sighted and bigoted æstheticism that would ignore the wistful, virile, fresh, pungent charm of folk-music and vernacular, but only a mediocre or an unthinking mind can place the manipulator of an existing idiom on the same plane with the originator or transmitter of a beauty that had not been previously in the world. By the simple expedient of utilising with discretion the million and more melodies tossed out year after year by our profligate pied-pipers of the Great White Way, a composer could

achieve a not illegitimate effect of racy individualism. But this is a very different matter from the God-given uniqueness of utterance, structural beauty and emotional significance that means Genius. The great moments in music are a divine articulating of a new and intangible beauty, a beauty strangely come like a hint dropped us from eternity. They are not the stutterings of dialect. They are as far above the nasal twang of ragtime as the prose of Pater is above the vernacular of Mr. George M. Cohan. The reason we have not produced a great music maker in this country is not because we have no characteristic musical small-talk (we have oceans of it, and most of it is admirable for what it is), but solely and simply because we have had, with one exception, MacDowell, no individual temperament of a sufficient fineness, originality, intensity and inspirational vigour to create this music for us. If this music-maker comes, he will, in all human probabilities, not attempt to express the Grand Canyon or the Woolworth Building or the Steel Corporation in music. He will, no doubt, concern himself as Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Tchaikovsky and Wagner concerned themselves with mankind's enduring heritage of heartache and ecstasy, victory and defeat.

A people does not express itself in art, nor does it create art; its art is created for it by an individual who sometimes (witness our own MacDowell, Blacklock, and others) is driven into insanity over the opposition and indifference accorded him. Let it be respectfully submitted to the chronic champions of the

people in art that the people's activities in art are usually confined to an inveterate antagonism to it. The German people did not compose *Tristan and Isolde*; *Tristan and Isolde* was composed by one Richard Wagner, intellectual and emotional autocrat if ever there was one. Not only in the external quality of its appeal, but, as well, in its fundamental substance a music and the point of view back of that music is not the peculiar and inalienable possession of a country or a people. Wagner's most comprehensive and compelling effort is based upon the sheerly simple theme of a man and woman in love. The only successful setting to music of Shakespeare was accomplished by an Italian, Verdi. Byron's *Manfred* and the exotic legend of *Francesca da Rimini* served the Russian Tchaikovsky as an inspiration for what may be his greatest music. We no sooner seem to have uncovered a point of view characteristically Russian in the most tragic music ever written, Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, than we find in that extraordinary conception of the Scotch-English James Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," an analogous mood of infinite, poignant and terrible calamity. Obviously, the quality of individual conception, of individual imagination, is of a higher, keener, more precious kind than that of collective conception, collective imagination. That art, at its greatest, should serve to express and to typify the cumulative wants, passions and ideals of all human experience is an occult and fortuitous circumstance, seldom, if ever, a premeditated achievement.

SILVER GREY LAURELS: AN APPRECIATION OF W. H. HUDSON*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

FAME is sometimes as blind as Cupid and as reckless in his choice of those upon whom to bestow his favours. Else, the books of W. H. Hudson* would now be delighting the very souls of thousands of readers who have never even heard of him. All who do know his work will be glad that fame seems to be preparing to make what amends are possible at this late day for the early mistake and to lay upon his whitening head the laurels that should have been placed there long ago. For both in England and America those who love good literature are learning what a treasure lies ready for them in his books. The laurels come late to him, but, one wonders, will he enjoy them any the less because he has reached the elder years and has already achieved what will be, perhaps, well nigh the full tale of his labours? So much are we accustomed to associating pleasure in the bays with

youth or the vigorous years of manhood that one has to consider just what long-delayed but well-deserved fame may mean to a man who has lived long and done his work with but the scantiest meed of praise.

I am persuaded that to such a man late-coming fame must give far more of satisfaction and enjoyment than he could have gained from recognition earlier in life. For his wider knowledge of his fellow-men and deeper sympathy with them will endue their acclaim and regard with a richness and a weight of human meaning of which he would have known nothing in his younger life. Philosophy, too, the philosophy that comes only with years and knowledge of humanity, will help him to know just what is worth while in that acclaim so that he can easily cast aside its dross and enjoy in it that which is pure and fine. On the whole, it seems to me that one of the best and most worth having of the pleasures of life is his who has had to wait until the evening of his days for the appreciation of his fellows—if, finally, it comes to him in due, full measure. And just such silver grey laurels, it appears, in both England and America, are about to be the meed of W. H. Hudson.

But little is known, at least on this side of the Atlantic, about Mr. Hudson's life and personality. He has been writing delightful books for many years, but so little heed has been paid to them that no one has cared to inquire about their author. In addition, he is said to be a shy man and to dislike giving out information about himself. So, about all that can be said of him personally is the little it is possible to gather in a remark dropped here and there in his

*Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson. Introduction by John Galsworthy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

The Purple Land: Being the Narrative of Richard Lamb's Adventures in South America, as Told by Himself. By W. H. Hudson. Introduction by Theodore Roosevelt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Tales of the Pampas. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A Crystal Age. By W. H. Hudson. Introduction by Clifford Smyth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Adventures Among Birds. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

A Shepherd's Life: Impressions of the South Wiltshire Downs. By W. H. Hudson. Illustrated by Bernard C. Gotch. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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essays of observation and comment upon wild life. There one learns that he is an Englishman who was born in South America, apparently in Uruguay; that he grew up on a big ranch in that country and had much outdoor life; that he became, by impelling native bent, a naturalist with ornithology as his specialty, but with such consuming interest in all out-of-doors as caused him to watch with seeing and enjoying and loving eyes all of Nature's manifestations and so to acquire wide and varied knowledge about her ways and her doings; that he travelled a good deal round about South America; that, apparently in the early '80's of the last century, he went to England to live; and that he has since gone up and down that country studying birds and beasts and humans, loving all of them and finding them always worth while. He himself says that all the interesting part of his life ceased with his boyhood and that his biography ends when he was fifteen. Anyone who has read certain of his books, especially the *Idle Days in Patagonia*, will understand that he means by that somewhat cryptic remark that those early years, when he lived much out of doors on the almost uninhabited pampas, meant to him so much of soul growth, such nearness to nature, and stand out so vividly in his memory that they dwarf all the subsequent years and make them seem poor and lean.

This Hudson should not be confused, as he sometimes is, with William Henry Hudson, professor of literature and literary critic, who was for a time Herbert Spencer's secretary and afterward spent some years in the United States. While here he was associated first with Cornell University, then with Leland Stanford University and afterward with the University of Chicago. He is now a member of the faculty of the University of London.

The eight volumes listed above are the only ones of W. H. Hudson's works that, so far as I know, have been published in this country. But half a score more have appeared in England at va-

rious times during the last thirty years. Now and then one of his essays, compounded of observation of nature, deeply searching philosophy, charmingly told anecdotes, vivid descriptions, has appeared in some English periodical. But only, I am told, within the last very few years have English readers, save here and there one who recognised his fine quality and welcomed his rare spirit, begun to ask for his books. In this country one publisher tried to introduce him to the American public as much as ten years ago. But the American public was oblivious to all that he had to tell them until Mr. Galsworthy's introduction to *Green Mansions*, which was first brought out here last spring—it was published in England in 1904—began to open their eyes.

His books vary widely in their literary form but the same spirit speaks in them all. Whoever has once fallen under the charm of that spirit will not rest until he has pursued acquaintance with the author through all the forms of his literary activity. Four of these eight volumes are fiction. *The Purple Land*, which apparently was his first book and was published first in England in 1885, is a tale of adventure in Uruguay picturing life and people as they were fifty years ago; *A Crystal Age* is a fantasy of humanity perfected, a romance of ideal conditions; *Tales of the Pampas* is a collection of short stories scened in South America; *Green Mansions* is a romantic love story of the tropical forest. The other four contain collections of essays or papers, the sort of thing in which many Hudson lovers find him at his best and most enjoyable. They cover observation of wild life, especially of birds, of nature in her varied moods, of man's relation to nature, its effect upon him and his response, in widely severed parts of the earth. But intermingled with all this are graphic descriptions, illuminative anecdotes, bits of story, much deeply searching philosophy and a keen sensitiveness to beauty.

Whatever Mr. Hudson's theme and whatever his mode of expression there

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✓ runs through everything that he writes a rare spirit of oneness with nature, of close harmony with the indwelling spirit of all life, past or present, beast or human, tree or flower. It is an ever-present consciousness with him, an atmosphere in which he lives and moves and has his being, a medium through which he thinks and writes rather than something which he consciously tries to express. It is this which so anoints him with individuality and sets him apart from all others who have looked upon nature and found her good and tried to tell others about her. The hero of *Green Mansions*, long wandering under the lead of unworthy motives but at last letting himself come under the influence of a beautiful scene, experiences "a strange sense and apprehension of a secret innocence and spirituality in nature," and, yielding to nature's outstretched hand, enters into close communion with her. In one of the articles in *Idle Days in Patagonia* as he notes his own joy in some manifestation of nature he turns aside to inquire why this was so and concludes: "We ourselves are the living sepulchres of a dead past . . . and the bones rejoice and dance in their sepulchre when sounds or sights in nature bring memory of ancient time." And again he speaks of "that wild nature in which and to which we were born at an inconceivably remote past and which made us what we are." It is this pervading, thrilling, exalting sense of close and harmonious kinship with the indwelling spirit of all life, I think, that makes Hudson what John Galsworthy so truly calls him in his introduction to *Green Mansions*, "the most valuable writer our Age possesses," "the rarest spirit among living writers," and his work "the truest vision now being given to us, who are more in want of it than any generation has ever been."

The spirit of romance moves and inspires in all of Hudson's fiction, although through it all there is also the closest observation of nature and of people. In the adventures of Richard Lamb, the young Englishman who tells

his own story in *The Purple Land*, there is a long and varied series of realistic pictures of life in the "Banda Oriental" of South America half a century ago, of life in the towns, on the big ranches, among the guachos, on the long and lonely roads, in the army—it is an ever changing kaleidoscope of vivid colours and passions and emotions and of constant action. Hudson is a master of the method of making a tale convincing by attention to detail. But its spirit throughout is the spirit of romance, high, daring, youthful, questing. The young hero gives it eloquent voice in several pages at the end when he goes to "the crest of the great solitary hill" back of Montevideo, "to take from its summit my last view of the Purple Land where I had spent so many eventful days." Those days, wherein he has been "one with nature," have had a wonderful influence upon him, have made of him a different man—more human and less English—and passionately he expresses his gratitude and his devotion and his ardent hope that "the blight of our superior civilisation may never fall" on the land he has come to love so much. I feel it my duty to advise prospective readers of *The Purple Land* to pass by without even looking at the brief introductory note by Theodore Roosevelt. He has evidently read much that Hudson has written, but he has been, at least so far as he gives any sign in these two pages, deaf and blind to its spirit, its finest significance, its greatest value. His appreciation is solely for the superficial aspect of Hudson's work.

Someone has called "El Ombú," the opening story in the half dozen that comprise the *Tales of the Pampas*, "the finest short story in English." It is unthinking, happy-go-lucky criticism that indulges in such generalisation, since so superlative a creation would have to combine highest excellence of many kinds and even then the meed would be dependent mainly upon personal taste. In none of these short stories is there that closeness and compactness of construction which is supposed to mean so

much in the art of the short story. It is an artificial development of a highly specialised form of literature, and in none of Hudson's work is there the least suggestion of artificiality. The very simplicity of the construction and manner of telling in these stories brings you closer to the people and the life they depict and makes them seem all the more real. These "Tales of the Pampas" have a haunting impressiveness. After reading one of them its people linger, a ghostly but very real company, on the outskirts of the mind and with insistent hands cling to the fringes of one's thought and feeling.

For sheer, exquisite beauty of idea and scene and presentation I do not know in English fiction the equal of *Green Mansions*, which relates the quest in a tropical forest of a young Venezuelan for a bird voice which lures him on by its wonderful music, his finding at last of the lovely-souled bird-girl Rima, their love story and its ending. Not only is it a beautiful story, but it is lavishly rich in its suggestiveness, its knowledge of the wild things of the forest, its human wisdom, its meanings. One may find in it only a lovely tale of exquisite, fairy like beauty, and another may see in it a rich and beautiful allegory of the human spirit, of its unceasing quest for the ideal and of how it is forever ennobled if it live on that higher plane for but a little while, and to another the tale may have still other meaning. For anything in literature that is really great and fine has many meanings, almost as many as there are minds that respond to its appeal. It always means much more than even its author is conscious of when he creates it. But whatever the message *Green Mansions* may have, it is the kind of book of which one wants to read every line, which one keeps near at hand to touch occasionally and open and dip into with fond memory of former appreciation and every now and then to read all through again, finding each time fresh matter of interest and delight.

"The sense of the beautiful," Hudson says in one of his books, "is God's best

gift to the human soul." Thus thinking, it is not strange that the sense of the beautiful should so suffuse and make radiant his written word, whether in story or essay. His appreciation, moreover, is not merely for that which appeals to eye and ear and touch, but also for the spiritually beautiful and harmonious and aspiring. It has ardent expression in *A Crystal Age*, which was one of his earliest books. A fantasy, setting forth his idea of a perfect form of human life, with something of whimsey introduced, Puck like, every now and then, it might be called "a book in praise of beauty." But Hudson has read Nature's stern mandate in all her works and the note of poignant melancholy upon which the story closes is an inevitable conclusion, a truth which he voices directly in the last words of his preface: "Earthly excellence can come in no way but one and the ending of passion and strife is the beginning of decay. It is indeed a hard saying and the hardest lesson we can learn of Nature without losing love and bidding good-bye forever to hope."

Galsworthy says that "as a stylist Hudson has few, if any, living equals." Although it seems to me just as well not to deal in superlatives in statements that, after all, are so likely to be coloured by personal taste, the most moderate judgment must credit him with having a remarkable command of English and of being able to use it with very great effectiveness. Beauty of sound and of vision and well-nigh perfect adaptation of means to end, or, as Galsworthy phrases it, the working "of heart and brain and ear perfectly together to let one into the core of his thoughts and visions," mark his style. He is a great stylist because he is utterly unconcerned about his style and because his sense of beauty is so keen and unfailing that it will not let him be guilty of awkwardness or ugliness in his manner of speech. His style is a medium so crystal clear that it never obstructs or detracts from the beauty and the interest of what he says. He has so much to say that is

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beautiful, interesting and of consequence that it is not worth while for him to adorn with gauds the dress in which he sets it forth.

If one reads Hudson very much enjoyment of him tends to become like those intimate spiritual experiences of which one hesitates to speak, unless to those of whose understanding and sympathy one is sure. And that is very much the way I feel about the four books of essays listed above. He may be wandering over the Wiltshire Downs gathering wisdom about life and nature from the lips of an old shepherd, feeling himself "at home wherever grass grows," or, knowing of the homes among the trees, joying in that "sense of beautiful human things hidden from sight among the masses of foliage," or he may be adventuring among his friends the birds whose ways he knows so well in England or Patagonia or elsewhere, or he may be riding in the grey brush of a forbidding South American wilderness and "going back" in emotional experience to the far, dim childhood of the race, or fraternising with guachos, or philosophising on the perfume of an evening primrose and finding why smell is an emotional sense. But always he is reaching out his hand, through the known, into the guessed and the unknown, and clasping the hand of—what? Perhaps Nature? Perhaps God?

Being a naturalist of wide knowledge and high authority, whatever Hudson writes, permeated as it all is with his acquaintance with nature, has the strong and worth while fibre of exact knowledge. He is worth reading by those who care only for material things just because of all he has seen and knows. This wide, sure knowledge makes his pages

like a long series of rooms filled with curious and interesting and beautiful things, some of them brought from the ends of the earth and others, which in our blindness we have never seen, picked up at our very feet. But chiefly and very greatly is he valuable—and in Mr. Galsworthy's estimate of his worth and of this Age's need of him I fully agree—because of his spirit, which is as sane, as sweet, as wise and as youthful as Emerson's, and because he leads us into the clean, vast solitudes of nature and interprets for us the winds that blow therein from forgotten shores of time and the sights and sounds that have messages of high consequence for our souls. He knows that "Out of his heart God shall not pass" who is free of those solitudes and he leads us thither and makes us at least not afraid of them and willing to listen to that "Nature Says" that sounds in high authority through all their spaces. Whoever goes upon one of these journeys with him comes back with a new sense of values, with the feeling that his soul has been plunged in some cleansing, refreshing stream and that into his heart has been instilled a new reverence for the good and beautiful and noble and for the worth and dignity of life.

After reading one of Hudson's books one feels toward him a personal debt so great that one can discharge some small part of it only by handing on to others the news of what he is and does. And therefore I hope that, for the lessening of my own very great debt to him, all who read this inadequate account of his work will be lead to explore his writings. May America, so long heedless of his worth, quickly make rich addition to his delayed but well-deserved laurels!

THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE WORKER IN MODERN FICTION

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

IN fiction as in life the important, basal changes are those which come gradually, almost imperceptibly. We look back and realise that they have occurred, but the precise moment when becoming finally merged into being is usually difficult to discover; thus it is nearly if not quite impossible to define when the old contemptuous pity for the worker first turned into respect, and respect into open adoration. It is not so very long ago that to work and to be in more or less dire need of money were practically synonymous; then the tribulations of the fiction hero ended automatically when some kind relative bestowed a fortune upon him—usually by dying, occasionally by some less drastic method. And in those earlier, simpler days qualms of conscience seldom annoyed our friend the hero; he took the gifts without asking whether the gods who provided them belonged to the upper or the nether regions. Work implied lack of money, lack of money was recognised as the root of all evil, and inquiry penetrated no further.

But to-day we understand that work has inherent remunerative qualities entirely apart from its market value; alongside of the familiar saying "art for art's sake," we are placing another—"work for work's sake." In all the better-class modern fiction, and in a large proportion of the poorer, if the hero is not "doing something" when the novel or short story begins, the reader feels confident that the theme will probably include his development from idler to worker; no matter how rich he may be, the old ideal of "gentlemanly" do-nothingness is not for him. Politics, art, social service—he may choose any one of a dozen fields, but in that one he is re-

quired, and required by an individual once easily pleased, to use his utmost energy. For the heroine is no longer of Jane Bennet's opinion that a young man who is "sensible, good-humoured, lively," is all that a young man ought to be. If the author happens to be a person of elderly mentality and conservative ideas, the heroine will inspire her eventual lover by precept; otherwise, the chances are that she will do it by example, since she is evolving from spender to maker faster even than did the hero, though her dread and fear of work were once greater than his—which is saying a good deal. Witness, for example, the amiable and flaccid Edward Ferrars of *Sense and Sensibility*, who lounged about bemoaning his fate, receiving doles from any hand that proffered them, and finally clutched his mother's grudging largesse with all the complacent alacrity of a professional beggar; then turn for a typical modern hero to him who plays the leading part in Mr. Beresford's *Mountains of the Moon*. Or consider those four remarkable volumes in which is related the history of *Pelle the Conqueror*; here we find hailed as victor, as the prince who found the treasure and won the princess, a manual labourer, the son of a farm-hand who learned a trade, became spokesman of his union and then of his class, never left it to enter politics or the bourgeoisie, but tried to work out a scheme for its salvation, and incidentally won his own. That ancient phrase strikes in truth the keynote of much of our modern fiction; working out one's own salvation often implying the finding of salvation through work.

It is because of the spreading belief in the efficacy of this particular method that the tragedy or triumph of a modern

novel so frequently develops from work mistaken, denied, or achieved. Louis Couperus's admirably drawn Van der Welcke, "small soul" though he was, owed much of his futility and unhappiness to the fact that he had cut himself off from the career in which he really took some interest, and was obliged either to idle or to busy himself about matters for which he did not care at all. By setting him free to follow the difficult paths of the art he loved, *David Penstephen's* outlawry becomes a blessing instead of a curse; the many woes of *The Family* of Eleanor Mordaunt's brilliant and depressing novel arise inevitably from the way the well-intentioned parents force their children, square pegs everyone of them, into the round holes of correct professions and ladylike idleness. In modern fiction it is the lack of something to do which is the greatest of all evils, not only for the hero, but often for his feminine counterpart as well, and this theory, now almost if not quite generally accepted, implies the most thorough-going *volte-face* imaginable. One does not need to go back very many years to arrive at the time when the virtuous heroine forced to earn her living was regarded as one of the most pathetic of figures, sure to win sympathy if not tears. The heroine who was not quite so virtuous could rely as confidently upon obtaining pardon for misdemeanours which were the result of an attempt to escape from the hideous doom of being obliged "to do something," as can she of to-day for trespasses which are the result of an attempt to find something to do. Once we beheld the bankrupt or invalided father weeping bitterly because of his inability to maintain his lady-daughter in the "elegant ease" which he and she both regarded as her manifest right; now we see the very different spectacle of a wealthy and enraged parent whose daughter insists upon entering one of the professions or at the very least, upon giving time and money to some "movement," demanding work as persistently as she once demanded idleness, and much

more vehemently, not troubling herself a great deal about her status as a lady, but very anxious to attain a full measure of womanhood.

Before the outbreak of the Great War several very notable English novelists had written books portraying the man of weak and indolent fibre, the "slacker" and doing it in a way which inferentially contributed more than a little to the glorification of the worker; but it is the distinction of American writers, the one point in which they may fairly claim superiority over their English brethren, that they have, generally speaking, gone far beyond them in the extent to which they have shared this apotheosis between the sexes. In *Angela's Business* Mr. Harrison shows us Mary, the self-supporting worker, as the fine, truly "womanly woman," in contrast to the old-fashioned, traditions-obeying Angela; for all the sign-painter style and quality of his writing, Rupert Hughes has in *The Thirteenth Commandment* given a fairly good picture of a girl who found dependence incompatible with self-respect; Mr. Webster's *The Great Adventure* carries the theme one degree further forward, out of the material into the mental realm, sounding yet more clearly the note of happiness in work; Will Levington Comfort, sole mystic and perhaps most individual among the leading American novelists, goes further still, in that he passes beyond the need of work and the joy of it to the ultimate effect on character and in Betty Berry, "woman of the future," shows us the finely tempered free spirit of the woman to whom work has brought first material, then mental and spiritual independence, not taking from her one iota of her tenderness and generosity and power of loving self-sacrifice, but on the contrary, liberating all three. If from some points of view the apotheosis of the male worker is best exemplified in *Pelle the Conqueror*, that of the woman is perhaps most truly and winningly presented by this heroine of *Down Among Men*.

Yet she can scarcely hold this first

place unchallenged; for there is a certain quiet Englishwoman who, though she would probably never dream of doing such a thing, might well dispute it with her—Bee Sorrenford, of Leonard Merrick's *Quaint Companions*. And her creator being as essentially a realist as Betty Berry's is a mystic, Bee, with her valiant effort to adjust conflicting claims and be at once dependable daughter and worth-while landscape painter, provides an admirable illustration of a most important and perplexing problem—the same problem which Mr. Merwin has dealt with so interestingly in his *Trufflers*. For the glorification of the man who works has come easily and smoothly, without problems, defiance or revolt, because the only claims conflicting with his ambitions were those of caste, and caste is an idol now worshipped only by the more radical of the proletariat. Against the glorification of the woman worker, on the contrary, pleas and anathemas have been hurled, in fiction and without, principally because of the belief that she is one who neglects or refuses to pay due homage to images still held sacred. Rather curiously mingled with all this, however, there is a more or less tacit acknowledgment of changed standards, and so we find even the conservative type of heroine reaching out toward achievement of some sort. If all else is denied her, she falls back upon her long-ago appointed task of rescuing the hero, either from drink, from general worthlessness, or from a lady of the "rag, and a bone, and a hank of hair" species. The air of apology, if not repudiation, with which the heroine who desired or ventured "to go out into the world and compete with men" used always to be presented is not, it must be admitted, altogether a thing of yesterday.

When the working-woman first entered fiction, she was treated with much the same kind of pity we now show toward the feeble-minded or the deformed; then she began to receive a little, presently a good deal of praise. But pity and praise alike depended on this one

condition: she must work only because it was her duty, and preferably, in order that she might support someone else. There must be no question of her deserting the ranks of the "sheltered" in order to follow her personal inclinations, for she was admirable only when sacrificing herself and her own desires. The hero might pursue his profession because he liked it; the heroine, if she had one, must regard it only as a method of self-abnegation—at any rate, in the beginning. Later, she might be permitted to find in it some small measure of satisfaction, but this satisfaction was exclusively the reward of her virtue and renunciation. Even so modern and delightful a heroine as Miss Glasgow's Gabriella, enters business only when, penniless, she is obliged to provide for her children somehow, some way, and the heroine who wants a career of one kind or another and is presently taught the error of her ways, is by no means extinct. Work only because you must, and stop at the very first opportunity: but under any and all circumstances, sacrifice yourself. These have been the rules laid down for the vast majority of heroines that long succession of feminine Saint Lawrences toasting on the gridirons of whatever it might please their creators to call their duty.

In recent years, however, we have begun to consider a merely toasted heroine a trifle flavourless and old-fashioned. Something more is needed to appeal to modern taste, meekness and submission, so far from winning admiration for their own sakes and by themselves, being looked upon with some disfavour as indications of weakness, and tolerated only when there is an exceedingly good reason for their existence. The changed standards which made it possible for Mr. Locke to depict his latest hero as cheerfully throwing a napkin over his arm and serving as waiter at the *Hôtel des Grottes*, instead of rhapsodising poetically over his misfortunes while he slowly and genteelly starved to death, are giving us heroines such as Sue Wilde of

The Trufflers, young women who make as persistent an effort to do something as ever the "delicate and timid female" of Victorian days made to avoid doing anything. True, these resolute young persons have not yet been long enough a part of the general order of things to be immune from the attacks of the conscientious objector, but this fact only renders them the more interesting. The worker-hero has arranged his halo, and now wears it easily, comfortably, and without creating any great amount of discussion or excitement. The worker-heroine, on the contrary, is still busy ad-

justing hers, and there exist a few energetic and entertaining reactionaries, like that very able writer, Oliver Onions, who proclaim aloud their opinion that it is most unbecoming, that it does not fit and never will, and do their best to take it away from her, or at the very least, push it askew. But in spite of all their efforts, she is every instant settling it more firmly and comfortably upon her brow, for her day of triumph has dawned, and the apotheosis of the worker, man and woman alike, will soon be complete, absolute,—and a matter of course.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IN some sense all human experience is a quest, and all literature a record of that quest. The function of recording has been pretty consciously and seriously undertaken by Twentieth Century fiction. Witness our addiction to the "life" story, by which we mean not the escorting of a human being from start to finish of his random journey, beginning with his initial squeak and ending with the last clod sounding on his coffin, but the sharing of his great experience, his quest for the meaning of life. Such has been the theme of all the greater novels

of our time; and in them the quest is not shown to be in vain. With the lesser story-tellers, among them many of the ante-bellum British of the younger school, the quest has remained a wavering affair with no certain conclusion—as, for instance, in the *Three Sons and a Mother* of Gilbert Cannan, or the *Casuals of the Sea* of the greatly trumpeted Mr. McFee. In *The Rise of Ledger Dunstan*, of which I was speaking last month, we seemed to be headed for something, and promised satisfaction in the sequel. Another recent story, *Windy McPherson's Son*, is in no way indeterminate: when we leave our man, we feel that he has found himself, such as he is, and so fulfilled his destiny. All the greater novels, I say, show men and women groping for self-consciousness, for self-realisation, the main thing being not that they shall achieve certain things, but that they shall orient themselves, find their relation to life—what they are, and what they are for. Of these greater novels one, of course, is *Jean-Christophe*, and another, not less certainly, is *Pelle the Conqueror*.

**Pelle the Conqueror: Daybreak*. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Muir. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Ordeal by Fire. By Marcel Berger. Translated by Mrs. Cecil Curtis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Keys of the City. By Oscar Graeve. New York: The Century Company.

The Balance. By Francis R. Bellamy. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

A Soldier of Life. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Michael. By E. F. Benson. New York: G. H. Doran Company.

The Castaways. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons

With "Daybreak," the fourth and concluding volume of this modern Danish masterpiece is given to English readers. What we may know of the author has been briefly put, beyond need of paraphrase, by a compatriot, Professor Jespersen of the University of Copenhagen: "When the first part of 'Pelle Erobreren' (Pelle the Conqueror) appeared in 1906, its author, Martin Andersen Nexø, was practically unknown even in his native country, save to a few literary people who knew that he had written some volumes of stories and a book full of sunshiny reminiscences from Spain. And even now, after his great success with 'Pelle,' very little is known about the writer. He was born in 1869 in one of the poorest quarters of Copenhagen, but spent his boyhood in his beloved island Bornholm, in the Baltic, in or near the town, Nexø, from which his final name is derived. There, too, he was a shoemaker's apprentice, like Pelle in the second part of the book, which resembles many great novels in being largely autobiographical. Later, he gained his livelihood as a bricklayer, until he somehow managed to get to one of the most renowned of our 'people's high-schools,' where he studied so effectually that he was enabled to become a teacher, first at a provincial school, and later in Copenhagen."

Readers of the complete "Pelle" will perceive that many strands of the writer's own experience are woven into the narrative. If Pelle represents him in part, so also does Morten the writer, whose work, at first merely "literary," is gradually deepened and strengthened by love for his kind; and who after a flight in the healing sunshine of the South, returns to write the story of his friend Pelle:

"I think it's a lot of rubbish," said Pelle, laughing. . . . "And you'll have to lay the lies on thick if you're going to make me into a prince. I don't think you'll get the workpeople to take it for a real book; it'll all be so well known and ordinary."—"They'll snatch at it, and weep with delight

and pride at finding themselves in it. Perhaps they'll name their children after it in pure gratitude."—"What are you going to call it then?" asked Pelle.—"I'm going to call it 'Pelle the Conqueror.'"

What is this conquest? We leave Pelle possessor of a competency, master of a business, initiator of a new system of co-operative labour which promises well for the future of the workers. He has also, after years of married life, won through to a perfect wedded love. But these are merely symbols of his greater conquest, his triumph over those confused forces which, for whatever price in the world's exchange, subdue men's hands to what they work in, keep them vaguely and hopelessly fumbling for a key to the riddle of themselves. Taken by itself, as a story, this fourth part is of less dramatic interest than its predecessors. In the third, it will be recalled, Pelle sacrificed his wife and children as well as himself to his Cause, led a militant movement for labour against capital, and was jailed for his pains. Here we see him emerging, some years later, to find himself half-forgotten by his old followers, and no longer desiring to lead them along the old path. His wife has not forgotten him, and in her companionship he quietly works out a new way of being useful to his fellows; the whole book is a sort of tranquil concluding movement, summing up Pelle, though in a sense his life is just begun.

The *Ordeal By Fire* of Marcel Berger does not introduce us to a hero in the nursery. When the story begins, indeed, his quest seems to have ended, and ended negatively. On the first of August, 1914, this young M. Dreher appears to be a specimen pretty definitely cut and dried and tucked away on his shelf. He is of good birth and breeding, with that fondness for sport which the twentieth century Parisian has added to his joy in the boulevards. The family is of Lorraine, the father an old officer who lives in the hope of another accounting with Germany. The eldest son has inherited his ardour and his profession,

and is stationed near the frontier. But our Michel Dreher, at twenty-seven, confesses to no ardours. He has found a comfortable billet, can live as he chooses; his is a sensitive nature deliberately trained back upon itself. He has acquired all the manners and habits of the cynic and egoist; love, religion, patriotism are words for which he has no emotional response. This is the man as the war finds him vaguely philandering through a holiday in Switzerland: what can it do with him? What it does, of course, is to subject him to its "ordeal by fire," to rouse him, by degrees, to the realisation and expression of his true self. It is that self which, in moments of crisis, invariably wins. He has no desire to fight for France, and being in Switzerland when the order for mobilisation comes, might have avoided service. He cannot. Taking his place as a sergeant of reserves, he has no zeal to begin with, deliberately plays the part of slacker. Yet presently a sense of responsibility for his men annoys him and forces him to do his best. When the first actual fighting comes, he has all the sensations of the coward and deserter, but his conduct is that of a brave man. By degrees the crust of his egoism is chipped away, he feels the love of country, the love of comrades, and the deeper love of woman. He is disabled while leading a desperate charge in that great action which turned the tide against the invading Germans, and is invalided home, to be rewarded fitly by the love of his woman for that triumph of which we feel that his official "heroism" is but a symbol or chance manifestation. This book also is built upon direct personal experience; the author was a sergeant in the French army, and must have been invalided, or this record could hardly have been written. But it is a story, and not a series of jottings and reminiscences. It not only reproduces with amazing vividness the atmosphere of those earlier and more dramatic months of the war on French soil; it projects also a series of remarkably clear characterisations. We get to know and to

understand these men of Dreher's company, both as persons and as types. Rascals they are, many of them, Parisian guttersnipes, drunken buffoons, sulky peasants; and yet we see them slowly welded together by discipline, by the hard routine of active service, by a subtle morale which hangs largely upon the non-commissioned officers—into an efficient unit, doing its bit for France. Perhaps the most striking thing about these French soldiers of M. Berger's is their likeness to the English Tommy—the same irrepressible boyishness, the same fondness for horseplay and disdain of posing, the same casual and matter-of-fact gallantry when the moment of test comes. The Frenchman of the English stage and of English fiction will hardly survive this war—the little gesticulating monkey-like figure of Anglo-American fancy. This, evidently, is a book of deeper mood and meaning than the now famous *Gaspard*; here are Gaspards in their natural setting and relation to the great theme as a whole—the great theme of France at war, which has here its finest interpretation in fiction thus far.

Two American "first novels" of uncommon quality are before us this month. They are both "life" novels, stories of quest. *The Keys of the City*, to be sure, is of the negative or indeterminate type. David Wells, with all his groping and seeking, does not succeed in finding himself; or, at least, does not find a stable and triumphant self. The story not so much ends as ceases at a moment of fresh *impasse*. He is simply the poor boy who has gained the world and failed to master his soul. David is the son of a fisherman on a Brooklyn shore from which the rising spires of New York may be seen. From childhood the boy's ambition is to win the "keys" of that greater city, to make himself important and powerful there. He is a dreamer and impatient of first steps; and his first contact with the city results in a rebuff. He becomes a vain hunter of jobs, finds a furtive mistress in a boarding-house, and through her is

put in the way of work which really rouses him. He goes the road of the virtuous apprentice, marries his employer's daughter, and achieves unhappiness with her. Meanwhile there is Nora always in the background of his mind—Nora who has been his playmate, whom he has always "really loved." Nora's young womanhood has been blighted by the discovery that her mother is a light woman; and she has flung forth defiantly, to follow a lawless way of her own. She has suffered the usual penalties from without, but has too much strength of character to go under. It is at the moment when his own marriage has proved itself a mockery that David and Nora see each other again. It is Nora now who "really loves," but she conceals it for a time. Then comes the test of the final separation that confronts them. A strong man who knows her history offers Nora an opportunity for usefulness in the West—and offers himself, when she will have him. She explains it all to David, they agree that she may best take the new step. And then, on the eve of parting, Nora has to reveal her feeling for David. Still, they are going to be brave and noble: David's wife loves him, and it is not her fault that she is a fool. Finally, one parting scene too many is staged in the Pennsylvania Station, with Nora's train at all-aboard:

Together they reached the long platform against which the train lay with level steps. "Good-bye, my dear," said Nora, and she took her bag from him and kissed him. But he held her fast; with all his strength, one hand gripping each of her arms, he locked her to him—"David!" she cried. "This is madness!"—"Yes, it is madness," he echoed. "But it has to be."—A commotion burst around them, guards called to them; one guard shook David's shoulder. The train began to move slowly, it gained headway; like a serpent with jewelled sides it slid away. Nora had ceased to struggle; a dead weight she had fallen against David so that he had to support her. . . . "What are you going to do with me now, David?" she asked.

What indeed? And when he has done with or for her, what will he do with himself? He does not know, his author does not know; and all we are sure of is that he has muddled things again. The keys of the city he may have won, but he is as far as ever from possessing the keys of his own life.

Well, we are promptly assured, this is what happens in "real life." People do muddle things, do go through the years without finding out what anything is about, least of all themselves. But not all people: the fact as well as the idea of the Quest is the one thing we must cling to if we are to keep any sort of faith in the dignity of human life. And the seeker who finds is the real hero of our days, as well as of our romances. There is no uncertainty about the issue in *The Balance*, which deals freshly and strongly with the perennial theme of youth seeking first the false success and then the true. The book gives us the inner or "inside" story of that Sammy who (says the story-teller) has been so artfully concealed in the formal biography of S. Sydney Tappan, the dramatist. Another Sentimental Tommy in boyhood, equally given to dreams and to poses, in thought aspiring to the stars, in conduct following the line of least resistance. At the moment when his inglorious career at Williams is cut short, his mother dies, full of pride in those virtues which his letters have hypothecated. He rouses for a moment to hate himself for this, but presently slips back into his comfortable illusions. Already there is a girl to set him on a pedestal. Carrie Schroeder is the daughter of a successful and chuckle-headed business man, and of his spouse, a single-minded climber. Carrie herself has derived from some miraculous source, a nature of rare simplicity and strength. She is *integer vitæ*, a person for whom no painful search of paths is necessary. But she loves a Sammy who must do a lot of seeking, and who will many times shake her faith before he at last justifies it. Schroeder *père* will have none of

Sammy as a dreamer, whereupon Sammy throws away his little patrimony in a vain attempt to prove himself a man of affairs. That leaves nothing for him to do, naturally, but to set out for New York with a fellow-adventurer, a young musician, and to assault Broadway, that well-known encourager of penniless genius. Here our faith in the author is put to the test, for the musical sketch of the hopeful pair actually "lands," and so lays the first stone of S. Sydney Tappan's career. I think that the test is met, on the whole—that we are actually induced to believe in "our Sammy's" genius. But it is a wandering genius at the outset. Its second dramatic feat is a play written for a popular actress who has found her billet in the risky and suggestive variety of stage claptrap. *The Lady in the Lion's Skin* is a drama deliberately built around an undressing scene. Whether Sammy could credibly be fatuous enough to bring out such a play in his native Melchester and to take his Carrie to the opening night, is one of the queries which the story-teller leaves rankling in our minds. As a test of Carrie, it is effective. She promptly disowns the play and its maker, to his consternation and, we are to believe, bewilderment. But of course the play "goes" on Broadway, and Sammy is a made man. Carrie takes to settlement work. Sammy is defiant, thoroughly means to go ahead with his profitable stage business. Sylvia, the lady of the lion's skin, is no mean enchantress. But Sammy is unconsciously bound to Carrie and what she stands for: presently it is revealed to him, and he casts away profit to write a play of deep humanity. Before he reaps, in Carrie, his reward, there comes an episode of quixotic self-sacrifice of the kind which is always irritating to the reasonable spectator: Sammy marries a girl who has got into "trouble," simply to save her rather trivial reputation. He is deceived about the whole business. Ruby's real betrayer, Bantry the Irish baritone, is, to tell the truth, a pretty raw sort of villain. We might have been glad to get

on without this whole episode. But the book is full of charm and as a whole rings true. Perhaps the author is experimenting in manner a trifle, he affects the intimate, Thackerayan touch. Here are our facts and our people, he seems to say—amusing, are not they? And perhaps they mean something or other—I incline to think so-and-so—what do *you* think?

You've got to find your own faith, your own worship, your own religion, your own guiding star. Your self, really. Good luck to you, my dear fellow, in your quest. It is the quest of all men who are men.

So says Dr. Redman in *A Soldier of Life*. He is speaking to James Wood, who, like the Michel Dreher of *Ordeal by Fire*, is a crippled soldier of the present war, telling his own story. Otherwise the books are in striking contrast. Dreher, it will be recalled, "finds" himself through the war; it interprets things for him and gets him ready to live. Wood, on the contrary, is wrecked by it. He drags what is left of him out of the conflict without having had an inking as to its meaning. There has been no heroic thrill in his experience of the trenches, only a weary horror and disgust:

You awoke from boredom to sights of hell—sordid filth and beastliness—sank back into blacker depths of boredom; mud for our minds blacker than the mud in which our bodies floundered. . . . I am disabled, and still I regard the wound as fortunate, preferable to the disablement that boredom was working on my spirit. Dirt and horror bore a man more than anything in the world.

Such is his first reaction. But he is haunted by the memory of that horror and that boredom, nervously unhinged and, as he is too aware, in a fair way to go mad. A familiar spirit appears to him, offering aid, but he shrinks from it as a symptom of mental disease, and tries to fall back upon the British bulwark of common sense: he will be what

he used to be, matter-of-fact, normal, a liver in the present. And as a sign of his normality, he will marry (against the protest of his familiar) the pretty girl who is ready to make a sweet wife for him—who would, his mother says, make a sweet wife for any man. Meanwhile his extreme sensibility persists. But the physical squalour and horror of war as he has known it possesses his imagination. It seems to him that the existence of such things is intolerable proof of the essential beastliness of mankind. He cannot outlive the sensation that went with boredom in the trenches: "the mere weight of shame at being a man at all; a shame that no one mentioned; a shame that stared out of many an eye." Common-sense fails him, and he has a try at religion—a flash in the pan. Then finally, while he trembles on the brink of madness, comes the miracle of the supreme human relation, the miracle of love; and with that touchstone he is safe, everything becomes intelligible, he is himself at last. I must confess that the Corinna through whom this comes to pass is to me the least "convincing" element in the book. She walks a goddess, perhaps, we must take the author's word for that, but she certainly talks like a book, or like Mr. H. G. Wells in his most cocksure and least inspired moments. We come very near feeling that James Wood is that strange portent, a man who can be lectured into sanity. And there are certain passages in the course of their *rapprochement* which cheapen the whole, make us wonder if these people are worth all this pother.

In *Michael* Mr. E. F. Benson shows himself, as always, a very capable storyteller with no genius to disarrange his neat workmanship. One habit of his he does not outgrow, which seems to me a bad habit from the point of view of workmanship: his habit of diffuse and repetitious dialogue. When two or three of his people get to talking, we may be sure they will use ten pages to say what a playwright would make

them say in ten lines. But there are readers who like this sort of garrulity (witness the amazingly large constituency of Miss Ellen Glasgow), and no doubt they are readers to whom the general ingenuousness of Mr. Benson appeals. The Michael of this book is an English lord, very ugly and sincere, who tires of being a Guardsman and determines to devote himself to music. His father, the Earl of Ashbridge, is as highly coloured a caricature of the British aristocrat as has ever appeared on any stage. He is a snob, a martinet, a self-conscious ass, a person with no dignity of character or conduct: certainly not a gentleman. Well, of course he forbids Michael his music and orders him back into the Guards. Luckily the young man's grandmother has left him plenty of money. He sets forth for Baireuth and Munich, as the first stages of his musical journey, and falls in with a young Falbe, a brilliant musician and pianist who is to be Michael's master and friend. Falbe is half German, half English; but his German paternity determines his allegiance when the test comes. In his companionship and that of his sister Sylvia, a singer, Michael quickly finds himself. Almost at once he shows ability as pianist and composer. Friendship also comes to him, and love in the person of the beautiful Sylvia. So we have our situation. Meanwhile there have been tremblings of the earth, and suddenly the tempest of the war breaks forth. Falbe becomes all German, Michael all English, and poor Sylvia is torn between. Thus we are worked up to our catastrophe in the form of a chance encounter in the trenches between Michael and Falbe. Michael shoots and kills his friend, not recognising him until the thing is done. The slayer returns to England wounded, and Sylvia must be told. Here, evidently, is a "big scene" at hand. It is well, no doubt that Mr. Benson should not have laboured it, but he somehow fails to make anything of it at all. Michael tells the girl he has killed her brother, bursts into tears, and she tells

him it is all right. The fact is, Mr. Benson's field is that of a mild social comedy, and his efforts at dramatic intensity of mood are inadequate to the verge of banality. To a point, there is characterisation here—Michael seems real, the Falbes seem real, despite their association with that man of straw the Earl; but the action in which they are involved fails to come home to us the moment it attempts the heroic plane.

Perhaps the reader will be ready to turn for a moment from all this seriousness, or striving after seriousness, to a book of pure and simple trifling. We possess still a few entertainers who have not felt constrained to become lecturers or commentators upon the war. Mr. W. W. Jacobs is, happily, as carefree in his whimsy as ever. That whimsy, when you come to examine it, turns out to be of pretty narrow range, and this is more easily evident when he steps out of his favourite setting and cast of old ships, old taverns, and old salts, into politer scenes and circles. Strictly, one may say, he is "a comic" rather than a humourist in the venerable sense. His fun turns invariably either on practical joking or its verbal counterpart of repartee. Perhaps that is why he is, as I believe, almost exclusively a man's author. Women lack the abandon or the simplicity necessary for the enjoyment of horse-play: they will laugh faithfully and even hysterically over the slapstick of vaudeville, but it is the men whose ribs are tickled. Mr. Jacobs's brisk encounters, physical or oral, between man and man,

or man and woman, appeal to the Punch and Judy instinct in every healthy male. But, as I have hinted, the jollity sometimes rings rather thin when the master of the performance dresses his puppets a little differently. There is very little distinction between the badinage and the coquetry of Mudge the lady's maid and Biggs the chauffeur on the one hand, and that of their master and mistress, Carstairs and Lady Penrose, on the other. The idea of the story is amusing enough. Carstairs is a middle-aged man who, after clerking it for twenty-five years, suddenly inherits a fortune (it might be interesting to reckon how many recent stories have sprung from this situation). He thereupon annexes a fellow-clerk as his secretary, and starts out to enjoy the world. A squabble in a restaurant results in the addition to the Carstairs *entourage* of two young hopefuls who promptly make use of their new patron to advance their interests with the damsels of whom they are enamoured. These ladies are in charge of Lady Penrose, who does not approve the suitors. The upshot is a long yachting cruise, in which all parties are boxed up together for months, and full opportunity is given for those humourous encounters which are Mr. Jacobs's specialty. The affair ends in a grand duplex practical joke, in which the original plotters, Lady Penrose and Carstairs, are hoist with their own petard, being left (with Mudge the maid) on a desert island, for long enough to bring about a satisfactory clearing up of their own affair. It is all good fun for the reader who likes the Jacobs kind of thing.

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

INTELLECTUAL adventure, which Mr. Wells tells us is the most thrilling kind of experience, may be found to no little degree in the humble occupation of reading THE BOOKMAN's morning mail. It reminds us somewhat of the familiar old Sunday school sport of "Grab-bag," for it has all the uncertainties and dramatic surprises that pertain to that ancient and honourable entertainment—though indeed many of its results might not prove so thoroughly innocuous as would satisfy the mentors of those Sunday school days! It would perhaps be as interesting and satisfactory to publish the letters at random, but space compels a selection. The article in the January BOOKMAN on Jack London has caused considerable comment and some criticism, and the letter given below is an interesting illustration of the way some of THE BOOKMAN's readers are reacting to that paper. Miss Edna Kenton and her strictures on the Elsie books have aroused some comment from a reader who undoubtedly looks back upon the period in which she devoured those Elsie stories with much pleasure and some longing.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,

January 16, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Just a word to protest the rough treatment dealt to some old friends of mine by Edna Kenton, in your December number. Please do not imagine that I am to-day an admirer of the Elsie Books, or any of the rest of them—indeed, nothing could induce me to read one, for I know too well what disillusionment would destroy the bloom of cherished memories. Miss Kenton's criticism is undoubtedly true by all criteria of literature and common sense. But, in the language of those days which have risen up to challenge it, I cry, "No

fair." Who would judge the wax dolls of our childhood by the standard of the Venus de Milo?

Moreover, Miss Kenton apparently fails to understand that these books supplied something for which the child mind hungers—just that dramatic intensity, that thrill of emotion, born of those very improbable incidents. Their absurdities passed unnoticed, just as did the artistry of better books that we read at the same time, "digging blithely after a certain sort of incident," as Stevenson puts it, "like a pig for truffles." Children have an insatiable appetite for Life, and the throb of it seems sometimes very far off from the rather colourless existence of a properly brought-up little girl. Nor is it so easy to find it in little-girl books, especially if these cravenly stick within the bounds of probability and consistency.

Nor did we feed our morals on them, one way or the other. I'm sure I never tried to keep Sunday after the fashion of Elsie, much as I admired that heroine. A child knows perfectly well that a story is a story; his belief in fairy tales is quite a special belief and has nothing to do with everyday life.

At any rate, remembering the delight with which I first read *The Wide, Wide World*, and how that delight remained undiminished when I borrowed it again and read it the second time, loyalty demands a word in defense of it and its kindred. Even though I imperil my intellectual reputation thereby.

F. I. HUNT.

WEBSTER GROVES, MO.,

January 22, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

In an article under "Chronicle and Comment" in the December BOOKMAN, you express great surprise that the lines in an opera referring to the Howells

and James young man" should have been taken by an able and scholarly reviewer to have reference to types created by William Dean Howells and Henry James.

I have had occasion lately to write—in certain club work—a review of one of Mr. Howells's books written thirty-five years ago. In looking over the *Saturday Review* of that date I find many mentionings of the points of similarity between Mr. Howells and Henry James, also contrasting points in their writings. It seems they were both very much before the public at the same time, with their common likenesses emphasised by their many shades of difference. Nothing was more natural than that even a "scholarly reviewer" should make the mistake of thinking the names "Howells and James" referred to the two well-known writers of that day. Besides, even a professor of literature might not be up on comic opera lyrics, not to mention such mundane matters as tailoring establishments.

MAY WILSON TODD.

NEW YORK CITY,
January 11, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

As I am going to temper my reprimand with a word of thanks I shall give that first; it is for the article in the current number on Edgar Allen Poe at the University of Virginia.

Now that Jack London is dead and cannot defend himself (I doubt if he would do so were he still at Glen Ellen) all of the critics and students of the man behind the book, are taking their turn and giving to the eagerly waiting public their opinion of the man London.

I refer to the article on J. L. in the January BOOKMAN.

Must it follow as the night the day that a man believes in ghosts or is a ghost because he writes stories of them—that Poe took the teeth from his wife's body because he wrote "Berenice"—or that London knew nothing about the commercial side of life because he did not stop in the midst of *The Turtles of Tasman* and go into detail about whether "Brother Frederick" had really LIVED? One thing stands out in *The Turtles of Tasman* and that is: Tom could never have lived as he did had it not been for the remittances from The Prosaic One. I do not care what London knew or thought about commercialism, but like Cousin Egbert, "I can be pushed just so far" in this matter of the real London or the real any other man as found out by what he has written in exchange for his daily bread, then I want to protest. WRITING was his business of life—he turned out many a good story—but he forgot to say that he believed every word he wrote.

K. K. EDDY.

The contributions to last month's "The Masque of Poets" were comparatively easy to identify, with perhaps the exception of the last poem, "The Ring and The Castle." Writers of poetry themselves and others who are familiar with contemporary poetry with whom the Editor has talked, have given surprisingly accurate guesses of the authorship of these poems. The contributions in the present number are not so easy of identification, but if any of THE BOOKMAN's readers care to give their opinions of the writers of these poems this "Mail Bag" department will, with their permission, publish their letters.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Adventure

Tiger Land. By C. E. Gouldsbury. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Reminiscences of forty year's travel and adventure in Bengal.

Biography

The Art of George Frederick Munn. Edited by Margaret Crosby Munn and Mary R. Cabot. With an Introduction by J. Forbes Robertson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.25.

Contains a Biographical Sketch of an American Painter, Extracts from his written Memoranda on Art, Reproductions of many of his more important paintings, and a Catalogue of his own works.

Benjamin Franklin, Printer. By John Clyde Oswald. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A tribute to Franklin as the founder of colonial journalism. The life of Franklin as printer, publisher, writer, and advertiser, and with all the business activities of his career.

Henry Ford's Own Story. By Rose Wilder Lane. Forest Hills, New York City: Ellis O. Jones. \$1.00.

The story of the personality, principles and activities of a farmer boy who became a multi-millionaire.

Isaac Mayer Wise: The Founder of American Judaism. By Max B. May. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The first complete history of the life and work of a prominent figure in American Judaism during the last half of the nineteenth century.

Business

Thrift. By Bolton Hall. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

The author presents ideals of thrift in modern business. Some of the topics discussed are "The Foundations of Fortunes," "Personal and National Efficiency," and "Intensive Cultivation."

Succeeding With What You Have. By Chas. M. Schwab. New York: Century Company. Frontispiece portrait. 50 cents.

The steel magnate reveals the secret of his success and describes the inner workings of the Bethlehem plant.

Drama

Representative American Plays. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: The Century Company. \$2.75.

Twenty-five American plays complete, by the leading dramatists of the country, showing the development of the American drama from its beginning to the present day. An account of the playwright, the cast, and all other information precedes each play.

Three Short Plays. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

An American novelist writes three plays: "Civilization," a one-act society play; "An Ancient Dance," a one-act tragedy; and "The Wearin' O' The Green," a two-act farce.

Five Russian Plays. By C. E. Bechhofer. Translated from the Originals with an Introduction. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25.

Among these plays are: "A Merry Death," and "The Beautiful Despot," by

Nicholas Evreinov; and "The Wedding," and "The Jubilee," by Anton Chekov.

Plays and Players. Leaves from a Critic's Scrapbook. By Walter Pritchard Eaton. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$2.00.

Criticisms of plays, and papers on acting, playmaking, and other dramatic problems.

Essays

Poe. By Hanns Heinz Ewers. Translated from the German by Adele Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. 60 cents.

A little essay of sympathetic interpretation by an intellectual kinsman in Germany.

Studies in Democracy. By Julia H. Gulliver. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

In the light of present-day events, this book discusses such questions as "The Essence of Democracy," and "The Twentieth-Century Search for the Holy Grail," as illustrated by the work of American women along economic, civic and legislative lines.

Essays in War Time: Further Studies in the Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

Among the seventeen essays discussed are, "Birth Control," "Evolution and the War," "The Nationalisation of Health," "The Mental Difference of Men and Women."

Men of Letters. By Dixon Scott. With an Introduction by Max Beerbohm. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

Nineteen essays on such English writers as Kipling, Shaw, Barrie, Wells and Bennett.

Patriotic Essays. By Elroy Headley. Second Edition. Newark, N. J.: The Essex Press.

The second edition of this book sets forth some of the author's ideas of honest

citizenship of the American Republic. "Liberty and Order," "Prosperity, Preparedness and Peace," "True Efficiency," "The 'Square Deal' Issue" are some of the topics discussed.

Fiction

The Hillman. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A romance of a Cumberland hillman and a London actress.

Jerry. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A romance of a young girl's public and domestic career.

Limpy: The Boy Who Felt Neglected. By William Johnston. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A story of a lame boy of ten who is just coming face to face with the truer values of life.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

A story revealing the undercurrents of Irish character in the account of the childhood, adolescence and young manhood of a gifted Irishman of middle class family.

The Homesteaders. By Robert J. C. Stead. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

A novel of the Canadian West.

The Girl. By Katherine Keith. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.35.

Incidents and episodes revealing the development of an American girl of to-day.

The Call of the Bells. By Edmund Mitchell. New York: Menzies Publishing Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

A story of national issues such as the reconciliation of capital and labour, the dignity of toil, and the distribution of wealth.

Tales of the Pampas. By W. H. Hudson.
New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

A collection of seven tales of the South American Pampas, some of which are: "Story of a Piebald Horse," "Tecla and the Little Men," "El Ombu."

Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

The romance of the bird girl Rima.

Brandon of the Engineers. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A romance of the tropics, with love intrigue and hardship blended.

Marion. By Herself and the Author of "Me." New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A realistic life story of the Sister of "Me," who is a New York artist.

Bindle. By Herbert Jenkins. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The escapades of a journeyman furniture mover.

The Street of the Blank Wall. By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35.

A collection of six short stories, all different: "The Street of the Blank Wall," "Malvina of Brittany" and "The Fawn Gloves" are some of them.

The Spring Song. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.40.

The theme of this story is the "Spring Song of Youth."

Out of the House. By E. F. Irwin. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A story of a young girl in a strange house.

Upsidonia. By Archibald Marshall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

A satirical fantasy: the adventures of a young man in a country where every-

thing is the exact opposite of modern civilisation.

A Soldier of Life. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The theme of this story is what the war, in its after effects, means to the individual.

A Crystal Age. By W. H. Hudson. With an Introduction by Dr. Clifford Smyth. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

An allegorical story of a new and cleaner civilisation, with a real love element.

Dubliners. By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.50.

Short stories of Irish city life, character, types and traits, with Dublin as a background.

Philosophy. By Henrie Waste. An Autobiographical Fragment. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.25.

This story is the history of the development of an American girl's personality under the formative influence of love and of systematic thought in a German university.

A Daughter of the Puritans: An Autobiography. By Caroline A. Stickney Creevey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story of the ordinary life of a New England girl in the middle of the last century when religious exercise chiefly dominated the social and domestic activities of the smaller communities.

More Tales By Polish Authors. Translated by Elsa Benecke and Marie Busch. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.50.

Translations of six stories by Polish authors, among which are: "Two Prayers," by Adam Szymanski; "The Stronger Sex," by Stefan Zeromski, and "The Returning Wave," by Boleslaw Prus.

Possession. By Olive Wadsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

An English novelist tells the love story of a girl who grew from a London waif into a figure of romance and tragedy.

Betty Trevor. By Mrs. George De Horne Vaizey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A novel for girls with a seventeen-year-old heroine and a hero who redeems a past offense.

The Way Hearts Go. By Laurence Hayward. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A social comedy of the romantic complications of modern social life in a New England neighbourhood.

The Best Short Stories of 1916 and the Year Book of the American Short Story. By Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. \$1.50.

The greater part of the volume is occupied by the best twenty stories which Mr. O'Brien finds published in American magazines during the year. There is a list of the books of short stories published during 1916 and a brief critical analysis of the fifty best American short stories.

The Beetle: A Mystery. By Richard Marsh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A story of a house with an open window, a haunted man, a terror by night and day, and a pursuit.

The Balkan Freebooter. By Jan Gordon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Portrait and Illustrations. \$3.00.

A tale of the adventures and mishaps, and the true exploits of the Serbian outlaw and comitaj Petko Moritch, told by him to the author and set into English.

Regiment of Women. By Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

The story of a clash of wills between two teachers in a school for girls.

The World for Sale. By Gilbert Parker. Imperial Edition. Vol. 20. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A story of the great Northwest, in which a gypsy quarrel and feud are injected into the plans, hopes and love of a Canadian captain of industry.

General Literature

Greek and Roman Mythology. By Jessie M. Tatlock. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated.

A brief and simple arrangement of the most famous and interesting stories of classic mythology, with an index of those of lesser interest.

The Contemporary Short Story. By Harry T. Baker. New York: D. C. Heath & Company.

A practical manual of the short story.

Thomas Hardy: A Study of the Wessex Novels. By H. C. Duffin. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.75.

In two parts: The Art, and the Philosophy of Hardy.

The New Republic Book. By the Editors of the *New Republic*. New York: Republic Publishing Company, Inc.

Selections from the first hundred issues.

The Rhythm. By William Morrison Patterson. New York: Columbia University Press. Frontispiece-Cuts. \$1.50.

A Monograph: an experimental investigation of individual difference in the sense of Rhythm.

History

Serbia: A Sketch. By Helen Leah Reed. Norwood, Mass.: The Plimpton Press.

A monograph on Serbia, in which the author sympathetically interprets important characters and events of Serbian history.

A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By James Cardinal Gibbons. Baltimore: John Murphy Company.

This work in two volumes, is selected from the author's essays and sermons. It includes such chapters as "Reminiscences of a Vatican Council," "Personal Reminiscences of Pope Leo 13th," and "The Funeral of General Sheridan."

The English Civil Service in the Fourteenth Century. By T. F. Tout. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 40 cents.

A lecture delivered at the John Ryland library on December 15, 1915.

A Mediæval Burglary. By T. F. Tout. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. 40 cents.

A lecture based on the burglary of the treasury of King Edward's wardrobe on April 24, 1303.

The Days of Alkibiades. By C. E. Robinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A series of sketches, in narrative form, illustrating the life of an Athenian citizen during the Peloponnesian War, and covering incidents of both public and private life.

The Middle Group of American Historians. By John Spencer Bassett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

This work consists of essays on George Bancroft, Historian; Jared Sparks, editor of historical writings; and Peter Force, collector and compiler of historical materials. The introductory chapter is on the development of history writing in the United States, and the concluding chapter deals with the conditions under which historians published their work.

Philosophy

On Vital Reserves. By William Jones. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 50 cents.

Two essays, "The Energies of Men" and "The Gospel of Relaxation," sum up the author's ideas on how the young may best realise their powers.

Vision of the Future. By Richard Marvin Chapman. New York: The Cosmopolitan Press. \$1.00.

Comprises a "Human Bill of Rights" and presents the author's theories of how ideal social conditions may be obtained.

The Creed of Epictetus. By Ulysses G. B. Pierce. Boston: The Beacon Press. \$1.35.

A thesis developing in Part One, "The Stoic," in Part Two, "The Cynic."

Miscellaneous

Tokens of the Eighteenth Century. Connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers. By W. Longman. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Connected with Booksellers and Bookmakers (authors, printers, engravers, and paper makers).

Going Abroad Overland. By David M. Steele. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Studies of places and people in the Far West.

Poetry

Sir Walter Raleigh: The Shepherd of the Ocean. Edited by Frank Cheney Hershey. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 50 cents.

Tercentenary Edition of Selections from his Poetry and Prose.

The Last Line and Other Poems. By E. Vine Hall. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 2/6.

A collection of sixty-six poems on themes suggested by the war.

My Dickens Friends. By Frank Speaight. New York: James B. Pond. Illustrated.

Seventy-six poems on well-known characters from Dickens's novels.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1916. By William Stanley Braithwaite. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

This volume consists of an introduction by the author on the present period of poetic accomplishment; of an anthology of ninety-four poems by the chief exponents of the more important poetic groups; and of the year-book which includes indices of poets and poetry, books, articles and reviews on the poetry of 1916.

In Sunday's Tent. By Lewis Worthington Smith. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 50 cents.

A narrative in verse of the sinner's struggle to the light as it is seen in the Billy Sunday campaigns.

Lines Long and Short: Biographical Sketches in Various Rhythms. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A novel collection of short stories of typical American careers and characters, told in free verse with a keen satiric humour.

Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries. A collection of twenty poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Poetry of a modern realist, who sees the workingman as a real human being with poetic possibilities.

The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1915-16 with introduction by William S. Braithwaite. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind. Boston: The Stratford Company.

One hundred and forty of the best poems written by American University Students during the past college year, sixty colleges being represented.

Soldier Songs From Anzac. By Signaller Tom Skeyhill, 8th Battalion A.I.F. With introduction by Major-General J. W. McGay, C.B. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 1s.

Nine poems, among which are "My Little Wet Home in the Trench," "Me Brother Wot Stayed at 'Ome," and "The Holding of the Line."

Politics

The Stakes of Diplomacy. By Walter Lippman. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 60 cents. Second Edition. Popular Edition with New Preface.

An interpretation of the Wilson doctrine, with questions of constructive world policy.

The Japanese Conquest of American Opinion. By Montaville Flowers. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A complete presentation of the two great bodies of argument for and against Japanese naturalisation.

Psychology

Freud's Theories of the Neuroses. By Dr. Eduard Hitschmann (Vienna). Authorised translation by Dr. Chas. Rockwell Payne. Introduction by Ernest Jones, M.D. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$2.00.

A synthetic presentation of the Freudian theory, both in the theory and practice of psychoanalytic methods.

The Neurotic Constitution. By Dr. Alfred Adler (Vienna). Authorised English Translation by Bernard Glueck and John E. Lind. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$3.00.

Outlines of a comparative, individualistic psychology and psychotherapy. This book is addressed to medical men, educators and serious students of psychoanalysis.

The Psychoanalytic Method. By Dr. Oskar Pfister (Zurich). Authorised translation by Charles Rockwell Payne, M.D. With introductions by Dr. Sigmund Freud and Dr. G. Stanley Hall. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$4.00.

Psychoanalysis, its study and especially its practical application, has been until now almost exclusively confined in this country to the medical profession. This book introduces the new science to the educator, and makes the theme accessible to laymen.

Religion

The Dawn of a New Religious Era. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.00.

A collection of essays that reflect the changes that have been taking place in recent years in the religious world. Some of the topics discussed are, "The Dawn of a New Religious Era," "The New Orthodoxy," "The Revision of a Creed."

The Ministry of Jesus: A Harmony of the Synoptic Gospels. By Anita S. Ward. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00.

The text of the life of Christ and the story of His ministry told in the words of the gospels with modern arrangement.

Christian Certainties: A Catechism of the Christian Faith. By Brown-Perdriau. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 65 cents.

A series of questions and answers giving the author's survey of Christian faith from the modern point of view.

Christian Science and The Ordinary Man. By Walter S. Harris. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A discussion of some of the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy.

Holy Land and Holy Writ. By Rev. J. T. Durward. Baraboo, Wis.: Pilgrim Publishing Company.

A book on the Holy Land.

The Master's Way: A Study in the Synoptic Gospels. By Charles Reynolds Brown. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.75.

A series of studies in ninety chapters, connecting the life of Christ with present-day experiences.

Science

Birds and Man. By W. H. Hudson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.25.

Fifteen chapters by a lover of bird and animal life, some of which are: "Early Spring in Saverlake Forest," "The Secret

of the Willow Wren," "Owls in a Village," "Vert-Vert; or Parrot Gossip."

The Way Life Begins. By Bertha Chapman Cady and Vernon Mosher Cady. With foreword by Wm. Freeman Snow, M.D. New York: The American Social Hygiene Association. Illustrated.

A non-technical book for help in dealing with the various problems of sex education.

Glimpses of the Cosmos. By Lester F. Ward. Volume 5. A Mental Autobiography. Period 1893-1897. Age 52-55. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The volumes comprised in this series contain the collected essays of Dr. Ward, with biographical and historical sketches, and may be described as recording the evolution of his brain.

Sociology

Latter-Day Problems. By J. Laurence Laughlin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Addressed to those who look to economics for aid in solving the so-called "social problem." Some of the topics discussed are, "The Abolition of Poverty," "Large Fortunes," "Economic Liberty."

The Twentieth Century Unlimited. By Robert Fullerton. Des Moines: The Kenyon Company.

A series of twenty-two articles, dealing with comments on progressive civilisation, suggestions on educational and labour problems, and a review of the evolutionary changes in the mechanic arts.

The Declining Birth-Rate. (Being the Report of and the chief evidence taken by the National Birth-Rate Commission, instituted, with official recognition, by the National Council of Public Morals—for the Promotion of Race Regeneration—Spiritual, Moral and Physical.) New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.50.

This exhaustive inquiry is issued under the auspices of the National Council of

Public Morals. It contains the report of the National Commission, and a verbatim record of the most significant evidence.

War

Europe Unbound. By L. March Phillipps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author's ideas of liberty and its real meaning in the light of the real causes of the struggle to-day. Ten chapters, some of which are: "Ideals of the War," "Liberty and Christianity," "Modern Conservatism."

Philosophy and War. By Emile Boutroux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.75.

The author discusses the influence of thought on action. Some of the topics discussed are: "German Science," "War and Sophistry," "After the War."

A Woman and The War. By the Countess of Warwick. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

Ideas of an English suffrage leader on the influence of war in creating a new world with opportunity for advancing the work of social reconstruction.

England's World Empire: Some Reflections Upon Its Growth and Policy. By Alfred Hoyt Granger. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. \$1.50.

A condensed history of England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the present day, with special reference to the international principles involved in the present war.

The Future of Militarism. By Roland. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 2/6.

An examination of Mr. Oliver's "Ordeal by Battle," in which his theory of universal militarism without war is critically dissected.

German Policy Before the War. By G. W. Prothero. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00.

An attempt to explain the genesis of German policy; the teaching, the events,

and the conditions which combined to form a public opinion in Germany favourable to war; and the way in which that opinion influenced the foreign policy of the Empire.

International Realities. By Philip Marshall Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.40.

An analysis of the methods of international law in the light of its apparent breakdown in the War, and a stimulating proposal of new methods of applying it in the light of recognition of certain causes of war, geographical, racial, etc.

The Pan-German Plot Unmasked: Berlin's Formidable Peace-Trap of "The Drawn War." By Andre Cheradame. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With Maps. \$1.25.

The author explains the nature of the German objective; defines Pan-Germanism, and sets forth proposals to frustrate the plan.

With the Russian Wounded. By Tatiana Alexinsky. With an Introduction by Gregor Alexinsky. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 2/6.

A Russian woman's pictures of Russian life during the war, and an account of her country's struggle against invasion.

The Judgment of the Orient. By K'ung Yuan Ku'suh. Edited and rendered into Colloquial English by Ambrose Pratt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 60 cents.

Some reflections of the great War made by the Chinese student and traveller.

With the French Flying Corps. By Carroll Dana Winslow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

An account of a young American's aerial experiences and adventures, notably those of his flying trips above Verdun during the German attacks.

A History of the Great War. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

A history of the British campaign in France and Flanders, with maps and plans.

The White Road to Verdun. By Kathleen Burke. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

An account of the author's interview with the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of France, and of her visit to the besieged but unconquered fortress of Verdun.

Why Men Fight: A Method of Abolishing the International Duel. By Bertrand

Russell. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

A summing-up of the author's philosophic point of view and an analysis of the human causes of war.

The Red Watch. By Col. J. A. Currie. With the First Canadian Division in Flanders. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The story of the deeds of the Canadian Highland Battalion of the 48th Highlanders, now named the "Red Watch." The Battle of Neuve Chapelle, The Historic Salient at Ypres, The Battle of St. Julien, are some of the chapters discussed.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of January and the first of February:

FICTION		
CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Xinger
New York City.....	The Career of Katherine Bush	Lady Connie
Albany, N. Y.....	Wildfire	The Hillman
Atlanta, Ga.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Worn Doorstep
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	El Supremo
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	King—of the Khyber Rifles
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Dallas, Texas.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Georgina of the Rainbows
Denver, Colo.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Houston, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	Enoch Crane
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
New Orleans, La.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard
New Haven, Conn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Norfolk, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Worn Doorstep
Omaha, Neb.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Philadelphia, Pa.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Me.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Ore.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Providence, R. I.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta
Providence, R. I.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hillman
Richmond, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Rochester, N. Y.....	Wildfire	The Balance
St. Paul, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Heart of Rachael
San Antonio, Tex.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
San Francisco, Cal....	The Mysterious Stranger	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Seattle, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
St. Louis, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Wonderful Year	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Tacoma, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The World for Sale
Toronto, Ont.....	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Utica, N. Y.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Waco, Tex.....	When a Man's a Man	From the Housetops
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
Worcester, Mass.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through

The Book Mart

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(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Green Mansions	The Lion's Share	The Hillman	Love's Inferno
The Golden Blight	Just David	Yourself and the Neighbors	The Ear In the Wall
The Castaways	The Street of the Blank Wall	Michael	Seventeen
The Wonderful Year	Georgina of the Rainbows	The Bent Twig	In Another Girl's Shoes
When a Man's a Man	Lady Connie	The Sailor	David Blaize
Hatchways	Mary 'Gusta	Further Foolishness	El Supremo
When a Man's a Man	Wildfire	Seventeen	The Agony Column
The Worn Doorstep	Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
The Lion's Share	The World for Sale	Romance of a Christmas Card	The Rising Tide
Seventeen	Georgina of the Rainbows	From the Housetops	The Hillman
Mary 'Gusta	Seventeen	Lady Connie	Further Foolishness
The Hillman	King-of the Khyber Rifles	When a Man's a Man	Come Out of the Kitchen
Just David	Seventeen	The Rising Tide	Wildfire
Seventeen	The Hillman	Just David	Penrod and Sam
The Hillman	The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man	Fibble, D.D.!
Just David	The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard	From the Housetops	Penrod and Sam
The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	King-of the Khyber Rifles
The Worn Doorstep	Hilltop on the Marne	Romance of a Christmas Card	Fibble, D.D.!
The Lion's Share	King-of the Khyber Rifles	El Supremo	Penrod and Sam
The Short Cut	Wildfire	Brandon of the Engineers	The Hillman
Chloe Malone	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	Seventeen
Wildfire	The Wonderful Year	Fibble, D.D.!	Further Foolishness
The Last Ditch	Lady Connie	The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man
When a Man's a Man	The White People	Mary 'Gusta	Lady Connie
When a Man's a Man	The Hillman	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta
Seventeen	Enoch Crane	The Hillman	The Postmaster's Daughter
Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	Rainbow's End
Penrod and Sam	The World for Sale	Nan of Music Mountain	The Rising Tide
When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	The Worn Doorstep	Penrod and Sam
Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta	Wildfire	Georgina of the Rainbows
The Rising Tide	Just David	When a Man's a Man	The Worn Doorstep
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta	Just David	Penrod and Sam
When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	Rainbow's End	Dabney Todd
Penrod and Sam	Come Out of the Kitchen	Somewhere in Red Gap	The Leatherwood God
Penrod and Sam	My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard	Tish	Green Mansions
The Bent Twig	When a Man's a Man	The Magnificent Adventure	The Dark Tower
When a Man's a Man	The Dark Forest	Penrod and Sam	The Career of Katherine Bush
Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows	Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows
When a Man's a Man	Come Out of the Kitchen	Penrod and Sam	The Magnificent Adventure
Rainbow's End	Somewhere in Red Gap	The Worn Doorstep	When a Man's a Man
Bindle	Raymond	The World for Sale	When a Man's a Man
Mary 'Gusta	The Hillman	The Career of Katherine Bush	A Circuit Rider's Widow
The Rising Tide	Penrod and Sam	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale
Seventeen	Just David	The Hillman	King-of the Khyber Rifles
Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man		

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Raymond or Life and Death. Sir Oliver Lodge.	Poems. Alan Seeger.
The Book of Boston. Robert Shackleton.	Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. J. Muir.	My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard.
A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.	The Advance of the English Novel. W. L. Phelps.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.	Poems of Rabindranath Tagore.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.	Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110 and 111) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	387
2. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.35	229
3. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.35	129
4. Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.35..	124
5. Penrod and Sam. Tarkington. (Doubleday.) \$1.35	73
6. The Wonderful Year. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.40	62

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Advance of the English Novel. W. L. Phelps.	The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett.
The Agony Column. Earl Biggers.	Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.
The Benty Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher.	The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough.
The Book of Boston. Robert Shackleton.	Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.	Michael. E. F. Benson.
Brandon of the Engineers. Harold Bindloss.	Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
The Career of Katherine Bush. E. Glyn.	My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard.
The Castaways. William W. Jacobs.	My Lady of the Chinese Courtyard. E. Cooper.
Chloe Malone. Fannie Heaslip Lee.	The Mysterious Stranger. Mark Twain.
A Circuit Rider's Widow. Corra Harris.	Nan of Music Mountain. F. L. Spearman.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.	Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
Dabney Todd. Frank Westcott.	The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard. G. King.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.	Poems. Alan Seeger.
The Dark Tower. Phyllis Bottome.	The Postmaster's Daughter. Louis Tracy.
David Blaize. E. F. Benson.	Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
A Diplomat's Wife in Mexico. Edith O'Shaughnessy.	Raymond. Sir Oliver Lodge.
The Ear in the Wall. Arthur B. Reeve.	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man R. W. Service.
El Supremo. Edward L. White.	The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland.
Enoch Crane. F. Hopkinson Smith.	The Romance of a Christmas Card. Kate Douglas Wiggin.
Fibble D. D.! Irvin S. Cobb.	The Sailor. J. C. Smith.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.	Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
From the Housetops. G. B. McCutcheon.	The Short Cut. Jackson Gregory.
Further Foolishness. Stephen Leacock.	Somewhere in Red Gap. H. L. Wilson.
Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson.	The Street of the Blank Wall. Jerome K. Jerome.
The Golden Blight. George A. England.	Tish. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.	A Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf. John Muir.
Hatchways. Ethel Sidgwick.	When a Man's a Man. Harold B. Wright.
The Heart of Rachael. Kathleen Norris.	The White People. Frances H. Burnett.
The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim.	Wildfire. Jane Grey.
Hilltop on the Marne. Mildred Aldrich.	The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
In Another Girl's Shoes. Berta Ruck.	The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.	The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.	Yourself and the Neighbors. Seumas MacManus.
King—of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy.	
Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward.	
The Lost Ditch. Will Levington Comfort.	
The Leatherwood God. W. D. Howells.	

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THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine
of Literature and Life

APRIL

INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION: A NEW ERA

William I. Hull

THE GOD OF MR. BRITLING—AND OF OUR FATHERS

Countess of Warwick

THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

Ameen Rihani

WAS JESUS CHRIST A PACIFIST?

William Forbes Cooley

UNDER THE RABBIS' SPELL

A. S. Isaacs

FRANCE IN CANADA:

Jules Bois

Impressions at First Hand

UNDER-SEAS: A Submarine Story

Count Alexis N. Tolstoy

THE HEADS OF THE PUBLIC

Clayton Hamilton

THE VILLAGE OF SYNDICATE REVISITED

James L. Ford

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

25 cents a copy NEW YORK \$3.00 a year

NEW MACMILLAN SPRING BOOKS

ITALY, FRANCE AND BRITAIN AT WAR

By H. G. Wells

"The greatest war book yet published—tells what for two long years readers have been longing to know."—*Philadelphia Ledger*. \$1.50

AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES

By Walter E. Weyl

A highly enlightening study of our international problems and the part they will play in "The Great Society" after the war. \$2.25

MERLIN

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

A long, dramatic poem in which the Arthurian legend is treated with originality and beauty. \$1.25

ROAD TO CASTALY

By Alice Brown

A book of poems by the author of "Children of Earth" and "The Prisoner." \$1.50

WAR FLAMES

By John Curtis Underwood

A group of highly original and vivid war poems. *Ready in March*.

ALASKA: The Great Country

By Ella Higginson

A new edition of a remarkable book giving the latest information about the country. Illustrated. *Ready in March*

BRAZIL: Today and Tomorrow

By L. Elwyn Elliott

A complete picture of modern Brazil and the possibilities of its further development. Illustrated. *Ready in March*

THE DANISH WEST INDIES

By Waldemar Westergaard

A detailed and authoritative picture of our new possessions. Illustrated. *Ready in April*

THE WORLD AT WAR

By George Brandes

Translated by C. D. GROTH.
The eminent Danish critic's highly interesting analysis of the war. *Ready in April*

ST. PAUL, THE HERO

By Rufus M. Jones

A life of St. Paul, written primarily for young people, particularly the boy. *Ready in March*

PERSONALITY

By Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Some of the lectures which the great Indian poet delivered while in this country. *Ready in March*

RUSSIA IN 1916

By Stephen Graham

A record of Mr. Graham's tramping trip through Russia in the summer of 1916. \$1.25

CHANGING WINDS

By St. John G. Ervine

A novel of modern England, telling the story of four young men and the effect of the war on their lives. \$1.60

HIS FAMILY

By Ernest Poole

A new novel of American life by the author of "The Harbor." *Ready May 16*. \$1.50

REGIMENT OF WOMEN

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A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

APRIL, 1917

WAS JESUS CHRIST A PACIFIST?

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

THE pacifist in these tragic days is wont to claim Jesus Christ as the author of his creed. Is he justified therein? Is the Prophet of Nazareth, whose crucified figure through nineteen centuries has stood for poignant passion and tragic devotion, to be identified with a passive programme of life? If we are to believe many recent statements, such is the case. Says a well-known college professor, "the soldier who stands up in the trench and lets the enemy shoot him rather than fire a gun is the real Christian. . . . The Bible proves that the man who takes up arms for defence, as well as offence, is un-Christian," and Dr. Frank Crane declares his readiness in case of war to act upon this principle. He has made the discovery that "there is no patriotism in Jesus." Professor W. L. Phelps will "let safety take care of itself. If we go in for armaments, let us abandon the Church. . . . The two don't go together." Even Hall Caine thinks that according to "the peace principles of the founder of our faith . . . the only way to establish the rule of moral law is not to resist evil." R. J. Campbell tells of a fine young soldier, recently recruited, who said to him, "I just cannot hang back while other men are being smashed and killed in a cause which is as much mine as theirs. But I am quite well aware that

what I am doing is not Christian, but the very opposite, if we are to do what Jesus told us to do."* A like conclusion is reached in a recent text-book on ethics. "Christianity," we are told, "brought into the world the new principle of non-resistance." "The military spirit borrowed from paganism, which the ideal [of chivalry] apotheosised, was in absolute opposition to the spirit of Christianity, so that the perfect reconciliation and fusion of the different moral qualities entering into the ideal was impossible."† Thus Saint Louis and Jeanne d'Arc, "Stonewall" Jackson and "Chinese" Gordon, and their ilk, were all Christian failures—unnatural combinations of heavenly and worldly service.

This claim evidently impeaches the vast majority of Christians of the past, including, it is to be noted, most of those whom humanity has afterward regarded with honour—Bernard of Clairvaux, Luther, Cromwell, Washington, Lincoln, and a host of others. It cannot be without significance, and great significance, that in age after age, and with only the rarest exceptions, the noblest Christians have at times found their faith moving them to battle. A

**The War and the Soul*, p. 59.

†*History as Past Ethics*, by P. V. N. Myers, pp. 301, 308.

recent instance came from the Far East when the American Methodist Missionary Conference of Malaysia met in the city of Singapore early in 1915. Breaking in upon its peaceful discussions came the tidings that an Indian regiment in the vicinity, the very one that figured in the Sepoy revolt of sixty years ago, had mutinied, murdered its officers, and was marching to attack the city. Forthwith all the men of the Conference, including the bishop, enlisted in the hastily formed city guard, and until relief arrived two days later did full soldier duty, either on the firing line or as guards and patrols. The significant thing in this incident is that these devoted men seem not to have had a thought that they were disloyal to their message of peace upon earth. Surely the evidence must be very strong which justifies the impeachment of the vast majority of Christians of intelligence and aspiration as either ignorant of their faith or recreant to it. Especially strong should it be in view of what it involves; for back of it, and looming menacingly, is the recurring question of critical thought through the generations, whether Christianity is a faith which a mature mind can live by. It is reported that the British government recently declared that it would prohibit the circulation of passages taken from the Sermon on the Mount if used for aggressive pacifist purposes. Is Christianity possibly, in the words of another, "the Don Quixote of the centuries?"*

When we turn to the Christian sources for the evidence, the first outstanding fact is that Jesus Christ said nothing directly on the subject of the moral character of war; and this although the pages of Jewish history teem with war narratives, the people round

**Religion in Europe and the World Crisis*, by C. E. Osborne, p. 18. Cf. his remark (p. 17): "It is easy to say that the German mistake consists in the substitution of Corsica for Galilee as an ideal. But a deeper question calls for answer, and knocks at the inmost chambers of the spirit. It is that of the practicability of all that Galilee represents."

about Him were restive with the spirit of revolt, and He foresaw clearly the new conflict with Rome impending. And how good an opportunity He had for covering this point when the centurion came to Him at Capernaum, and actually saluted Him as a fellow commander! Instead of criticism of the soldier, however, we have commendation. This silence on the subject of war is significant. If inwardly Jesus repudiated the phrase "Lord of Hosts" as a title for God, was He morally free, amid the tragic issues of the times, to leave it unchallenged in the minds of His hearers?

It will, of course, be strongly maintained that there are plain teachings of Jesus that condemn war *implicitly*, if not *explicitly*. And this is entirely true, if aggressive war, or any war not required by mankind's supreme interests, is meant. Christ's faith is given unreservedly to the friendly, not the hostile, attitude among men. His clue to life is self-forgetful service; that of most war makers is self-assertion, elemental and generally brutal. He believes in giving; they in seizing. His point of view is humanity; theirs is the tribe. His maxim is the law of social justice, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" theirs, in its most plausible form, is that of David Harum: Do your neighbour as you think he is going to do you, and do it first.

Pacifism, in the sense of present day discussion, however, refuses to discriminate between wars. All wars are iniquitous and indefensible—the very nadirs of wickedness. Nothing can excuse them, and the only way to end them is for men to refuse to fight on any pretext whatever. It is for this programme that the authority of the Master is claimed. Three texts in particular are quoted in support of it: John 18:36; Matt. 26:52, and 5:39. In the first of these Jesus says to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews." On re-

flection we must rule this saying out as not to the point. The consideration urged is that the prisoner's kingdom is not a political one. His "servants" do not fight *to advance the kingdom*. They are not, and should not be, either crusaders or inquisitors. Nothing is said and nothing is implied as to whether, on occasion, they fight to save their lives, their families, and their country. In isolation the second passage—"All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword"—*may*, perhaps, be construed as a condemnation of every sort of physical conflict; but from Luke's account of the same evening that is plainly the wrong construction. There we read that Jesus said, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one."*

The third statement—the familiar bit of discourse from the Sermon on the Mount, beginning, "Resist not the evil man"—is the non-resistant's real Scripture warrant, so far he has one. If it bears upon war at all, it is implicitly not explicitly; for it has all the earmarks of individual, not collective, application. For one thing, nothing is said or suggested about non-resistance to evil done to others, as when a man sees a woman attacked, or a mother her children, or a soldier his defenceless fellow-citizens. To be noted, also, is the purely personal reason urged: "That ye [individually] may be sons of your Father which is in heaven." Yet this certainly is a striking utterance, and one most seriously meant. It is neither critical nor reverent, however, to jump at its meaning in modern literalist fashion, and refuse to consider its literary form and the circumstances of its forthgiving. That Jesus Christ was very solicitous that His followers should learn, wherever possible, to use the weapons of love, and "overcome evil with good," is indubitable, as is also unhappily the fact that His teaching in this respect has too often been scandalously neglected by the Church. To return good for evil appears to be a leading resource of His for

*Luke 22:36.

both individual and social uplift and progress. The meek—those who act thus—"shall inherit the earth."

But is true meekness always possible? What of the cases, by no means rare, where non-resistance *encourages* the wrong-doer in the wrong? The radical pacifist shrugs his shoulders over this inquiry, and naively begs the question, declaring that the Christian must "do right and leave the consequences to God." But what the right is, is precisely the question at issue! And is it right to thrust consequences upon Providence which are due to our own doctrinaire rashness? Indeed, is not this precisely the presumptuous course which Jesus refused to take in the "pinnacle of the temple" temptation—to trust His life to an unproved theory, relying upon God to take care of him? As a matter of fact, Jesus did not overlook the very real danger that non-resistance might only provoke "the evil man" to worse evil; and He provides for it by a teaching which seems out of its proper context as reported by Matthew: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you."* Precisely; a very real danger when dealing with brutish men. In such cases, it would seem, he does not mean His non-resistance teaching to be followed.

Why, then, it will be asked, did He make His injunction so sweeping? "Resist not the evil man." Because, for one thing, He was an Oriental and spoke to Orientals; and in the East vigorous speech is naturally tropical. In this passage we have a very common Hebrew trope for which there is no precise English equivalent. It consists in enjoining one thing in immediate antithesis with another which is forbidden, but forbidden with the intent of only a relative disparagement, that is, of subordination. When Wisdom cries, "Receive my instruction, and not silver,"† no real prohibition of receiving gifts is, of course,

*Matt. 7:6.

†Prov. 8:10.

intended. So in this case; Jesus unquestionably meant to exalt the ways of love above those of force; but it by no means follows that He meant to exclude resort to force on all occasions whatever.

But, it is asked, did not the Master's course at the time of his capture bear out the non-resistant rendering? It does not appear so. It is true that He did not resist His captors; but neither do a million military prisoners in Europe to-day, whom we do not therefore credit with pacifist principles. Resistance! that way lies sudden death. Nor do non-resistance convictions account for the facts of Jesus's arrest. It is plain that He expected it fully, and that it took place under circumstances favourable to flight. Now, pacifism does not forbid flight. Manifestly some sense of mission to be fulfilled, and not a feeling of the sin of forceful resistance, governed His course that fateful night. So when He was smitten at the bar of the High Priest. He did not resist; but again He could not without madness. The significant thing—and it is quite significant—is that of the two things He could do, turn the other cheek or protest, he chose to protest.

The message of Jesus is by no means a charter of supineness; it is a summons to a high and age-long campaign. "Jesus paid it all," is no saying of His. Grace there is in it, of a truth, but chiefly for the unfavoured and neglected and those who, with all their short-coming, truly strive. They who hunger and thirst after righteousness are the blessed in His opinion. If the fourth gospel be set apart, as a late account written with a theological rather than a historical motive, one who reads the teachings of Jesus connectedly and thoughtfully, noting ethical emphases, cannot but be impressed by the large number of appeals to the alert, striving side of human nature. His followers are to "strive to enter in at the narrow gate; for many . . . shall not be able." The faithful steward, the vigilant servants, and the provident virgins are to be rewarded, but the doors are to be closed against

the easy-going; while the salt that has lost its savour is to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men. Manifestly for Him religion is no mere "ambulance to fetch life's wounded and malingers in."

According to our oldest gospel, Jesus began His public career with the announcement, "The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand"—a proclamation which implied the current Messianic expectation and appealed to it. Kingdom was then the word of power in Israel. No doubt Jesus did eliminate its political connotations. To be an intelligible, and withal a candid term, however, it must have meant for Him *in part* what it meant for the people; and such evidently was the case. When He spoke in the synagogue at Nazareth, His fellow-townsmen, jealous of Him as they were on personal grounds, did not quarrel with His message; indeed, they "wondered at the gracious words." But would they have done so, if those words had included or suggested an indiscriminate condemnation of force? Would they not have been quick to note and challenge the point of difference? For unquestionably the great hope of Israel at the time included the use of force—the forcible overthrow of unrighteousness.*

The kingdom for the Prophet of Nazareth seems to have meant primarily and fundamentally very much what it meant for the best of the prophets who

*Cf., for example, Isaiah 24:21-23, and Micah 4:1-5, 11-13. Just in this fact lay a danger against which Jesus had to be on His guard throughout His ministry, the danger of the "zealot" misapplication of the kingdom idea in terms of political revolution, which to the clear vision of Jesus was madness. (Cf. Luke 19:41-44.) The people were restive under the foreign yoke, and it was all too possible that an armed outbreak might be precipitated by His very proclamation of the kingdom. The kingdom idea was at once needful to His cause and dangerous. To forefend the danger He apparently stressed the passive side of Christian conduct as He might not have done in other and different times. This point is well brought out by Dr. Charles Hargrave in the *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1916.

preceded Him and for the nobler minded of His contemporaries; that is, an ideal social order to be realized on earth, one that should be blessed because it was just. He broke with most of His nation, however, in recognising that it could not be established by political means alone or primarily, but that a constituency of the morally elect, a body of spiritually allied citizens bound to the kingdom by an ethico-religious fealty, was the first essential. It was this insight and conviction that caused His movement to become a religion rather than a society for social reform, and it led Him to put a stress upon the individual side of the kingdom which, for full many a reader of the gospels, has obscured the implied and intended social meaning. None the less, whether individual or social, was the kingdom for Jesus Christ a cause to be served, an ideal to be realised, at any cost, whether of toil or conflict or death. His allegiance to it was an unqualified and unsparing devotion, akin to the patriot's allegiance to his flag.

The pacifist, of course, will dispute these statements (or reduce them to innocuous metaphor), though, I think, without venturing to test them seriously by the gospel accounts. He will maintain that all fighting ideas in connection with Jesus are incongruous and impossible. No one, he holds, who lived like "the meek and lowly Jesus" could possibly participate in war on any excuse whatever. Think of the "gentle Saviour" leading a bayonet charge and stabbing His opponents! Imagination balks at the thought.

It does, of a truth; but that is because of the notion of a "mild and gentle Saviour" with which the pacifist has filled our minds. This is the evangelical "lamb" idea, the conception of a non-resistant person, whose rôle in life was that of compassionate ministration and in death that of the innocent and pitiful victim in the Jewish sacrifices. It is not a conception found ready-made in the gospels. It is a free construction of the religious mind in its hours of

stress and pain, and in the formation of it the feminine ideal of assuagement of human distress has been combined with that of the suffering servant of Jehovah so vividly depicted in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, an ideal (non-Messianic, however) in which suffering and submission are the principal features. Is it a *true* construction? Is this figure compounded of traditional art and evangelical sentiment, this mild and inoffensive, but withal pathetically ineffective, person, who at last faces his captors with sheep-like non-resistance—is this the actual Jesus Christ of the gospels? There are very serious reasons for a negative answer. That the finest side of woman's nature was strongly represented in Jesus is happily true; but the striving, achievement-seeking character of male humanity is quite as much in evidence.

It was not a merely "mild and gentle" person who firmly, if not brusquely, threw off His mother's control at the wedding at Cana, or that faced His jealous and dangerous fellow townsmen in the Nazareth synagogue with claims and teachings that exasperated them to the verge of murder. His compassionate temper did not prevent His repeatedly avoiding the crowds that sought Him, nor—as when He healed the withered hand in the synagogue on the Sabbath—His looking "round about on them [his critics] with anger." He appeared to find no temperamental difficulty in calling the ruler of the synagogue a "hypocrite" and Tetrarch Herod a "fox," nor in cursing the fruitless fig-tree, nor yet, whip in hand, in driving a *melée* of traders and beasts from the temple. Was it with a mild aspect and gentle tones that He charged the priests with turning the house of prayer into "a den of thieves," or upbraided the cities of Galilee—Capernaum being consigned to hell!—or assured His apostles that it would be "more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorra in the day of judgment" than for the city refusing their service and message? And what shall we say

of the unsparing diatribe recorded in the twenty-third chapter of Matthew? Staged, as the seven-fold denunciation seems to have been, in the temple, and in the hearing of His opponents, some of whom belonged to the Sanhedrin, it appears to have been quite as dangerous and quite as militant a procedure as any that a modern reformer is called upon to carry through. It is hard to think that any scribe who heard it regarded Him as a "mild and gentle Saviour."

Observe, also, the part He indicates for Himself in the future. Seated "upon the throne of His glory," He is to say unto them on the left hand, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels"—a strong suggestion of force! He it is, it would seem, who is to command the unprofitable servant to be cast "into outer darkness," the wedding guest to be bound and thrown out, rebellious enemies to be bound and slain before Him, and who as the angry king is to send "forth his armies" (!) and destroy "those murderers" and "burn up their city."* If in some of these accounts He is not referring to Himself, the agent meant can be none other than God; and Him it is whom He holds up to men for imitation! Is it conceivable that the speaker of these stern words, if placed so that the use of force was feasible—as, of course, it was not in His own time—would leave to the spoiler those whom He loved, or for whom He was responsible, on the ground of the surpassing preciousness of human blood? Can sound imagination possibly convert that speaker into a doctrinaire emotionalist who would let the sheep be torn out of tender feeling for the wolf?

The actual historic Christ was not merely, nor indeed primarily, mild and gentle, but rather a strong, forceful personality, a prophet of the noblest Hebrew type, with a compelling sense

of mission and message; one in whom service was indeed a passion and ministration a joy, but with whom conflict was an inevitable resort when men opposed His cause. Men did oppose it, and at length with deadly determination. Why they should have done so is, from the "gentle Saviour" viewpoint, hard to understand. Other physicians, even when they make fatal mistakes, are not thus hounded to death; nor does that often happen to physicians of the soul (pastors, for example), if they avoid the rôle of prophet. Jesus, however, is not the least in doubt as to the effect of His life and work, clearly seeing that He had not "come to send peace on earth . . . but a sword"—a statement that might have been made by full many another truth bearer. A new and promiscuous idea is a re-agent likely to produce strong and variant reactions in the mixed liquor of human life.

That Christ did bring a sword is, of course, sadly obvious, seeing He was its first victim. Why did He die? He foresaw what was coming, and could have escaped. Why He went to a voluntary death has taxed the minds of theologians for nineteen centuries, and hell and heaven have been ransacked for explanations. For a millennium the received theory was, that He died to lift the rightful lien of Satan upon the race! Since Anselm's day the usual view has been that His death averted the necessary wrath of God, whose prestige as supreme feudal overlord had been impaired by human sin. These metaphysical answers are sufficiently remote and unreal to present-day thought. The Christian pacifist has an ethical answer: Jesus died as a martyr to the principle of non-resistance—to furnish an ideal example of it for the guidance of His followers. This implies that non-resistance was His central message and programme, and we have seen how little the historical sources bear out that contention. But more: is the purpose of setting a good example worthy of Jesus Christ? Is there not a certain prig-

*Cf. the "shoot out of the stock of Jesse" who, with the "spirit of the Lord" upon Him, shall "slay the wicked." (Isaiah 11:4.) Cf. also, the Conquerour from Edom. (Isaiah 63:1-6.)

gishness about it, at least when it is the dominant aim? Certainly it seems to accord ill with that genuineness, that inwardness, and that objective earnestness which Jesus demands in His teaching and, prior to its close, exemplifies in His life. When, as in this case, setting the example involves the sacrifice of all life's values and opportunities, the example seems to be not good but fanatical. Not of such wilful, and intellectually goody-goody, stuff are life's real heroes made.

We do not need to look so far for an explanation of the Master's course. It lies in the imperatives of His situation, and on the strenuous not the passive side of life. Jesus believed in His gospel. For Him the kingdom was the only possible salvation either for the individual or the world. How much did He believe in it? Enough to seize the great opportunity offered by the Passover throngs which had come from all parts of the world—come, too, with curiosity about Him and His message—and proclaim it to them, despite the fact that right where the pilgrims gathered powerful foes watched like wolves to pull Him down? Desperate as were the risks, if this opportunity was neglected, He was not likely to have another like it. The popular interest outside of Palestine was at length aroused. The soil was ready for the seed; dared the sower cast it abroad? If not; if the gathering multitudes inquired for Him in vain, and learned (at best) that the hostility of the Sanhedrin had kept Him away—why, no doubt they would not have wondered; probably few would have blamed. Men understand prudence. But He would inevitably have dropped from the position of a prophet to that of a scribe, from that of a deliverer to that of a philosopher. His teachings might still have been debated in the schools (if only to be condemned), but they would not have been accepted as a gospel, to be lived by and died for. For it would have been *felt*, if not critically recognised, that their author valued His life more than their

dominance in the world. If Jesus was to succeed, or even start a movement with promise of success, He must, as He fully recognised, count His life of less moment than His mission. At that Feast "the soft ideal" that he wooed confronted Him

fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,

And cried reproachful . . .

"Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,
The victim of thy genius, not its mate."

Now, this tragic demand, this call to lead the forlorn hope, is the supreme test of the soldier spirit, and Jesus in meeting it showed that He possessed that spirit; for what is more distinctly and finely soldierly than for a man to hold his cause dearer than his life? In every age earnest believers have felt the throb of this temper in their leader, and have responded to it. Because of it, men in unfailing succession since that memorable Easter have arisen in His name and in His spirit to do battle for mankind—the real cause of Christ—

Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back.

How, then, it may be asked, is Jesus the "Prince of Peace?" It is in no merely passive sense; not as the preacher of a psychological nostrum according to which mere inaction will hypnotise the wolves of society, whether individual or national. Jesus's peace programme is not that of *quelling* the pushing, aggressive forces in men which natural selection has produced, but the far more rational one of *turning these forces to ends of human welfare* in overcoming the obstacles to mankind's advance. According to Him, men may properly, and most honourably, seek to be great, if only their personal advancement is sought, not in the way of selfish domination, but in that of the common good, the welfare of humanity—the way, not of Cæsar and Napoleon, but of Francis d'Assisi, Martin Luther, and Wendell Phillips.

To intelligent believers Jesus Christ was the Prince of Peace in the sense of

the original prophetic phrase, as the dominant figure of a better age following the victory. For them it is only through mankind's sincere allegiance to His kingdom that true and lasting peace can come. When His real gospel—of social justice and individual aspiration

—is understood and appreciated by men; when it wins out in its age-long contest with the brute inheritance in mankind, then will peace come to earth to stay, and none will begrudge its major prophet and martyr the title of Prince of Peace.

NIGHT

BY LEON HÜHNER

WHEN weary mankind is exhausted
By toil of the day and by care,
There comes forth a kindhearted fairy
With a gem in her silvery hair.

The moon is the gem she is wearing,
Her robes are a beautiful blue
All studded with thousands of jewels
Of exquisite lustre and hue.

The fairy with infinite pity
Looks down on the poor earth below
So soiled, so squalid and wretched,
So full of unspeakable woe.

Then wrapping her mantle around it
She presses it close to her breast,
And like a fond mother her infant
She tenderly lulls it to rest.

THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

I. INTERNAL CAUSES AND PURPOSES

BY AMEEN RIHANI

FOR four centuries the Arabs have been loyal to the Turks. They have been loyal because they are pre-eminently religious. To them the Ottoman Dynasty was more than a worldly power: it was an Islamic hierarchy. They cherished it, enriched it, fought for it, upheld its claims and ambitions, helped to promote its interests at home and abroad, submitted to its tyrannous rule, bore nobly, heroically, its iron yoke for no other reason than that the Sultan was the official representative and protector of Islam, the vicegerent of the Prophet.

For the sake of their religion they sacrificed their own national ambitions, their civil rights, their wealth and blood, and at times even their honour. For with the Mohammedan Arabs the Koran is the corner-stone of nationalism. It follows, therefore, that Islam, in its worldly aspect at least, must always depend more or less upon a powerful dynasty to represent it, a strong empire to uphold and promote its interests. Turkey was this empire up to the Revolution of 1908. Since then the Young Turks took the reins of power in their own hands, re-established the so-called liberal Constitution and proclaimed in pompous fashion, with alarums and excursions, the Reign of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.

But it soon became a Reign of Terror unparalleled even in the days of Abd'ul-Hamid. The Constitution failed to give the nation the threefold blessing: it worked exclusively for the Turks, and only the Young Turks at that. Liberty with them was but a means to selfish ends, an instrument of criminal power, while Equality and Fraternity, even among them and non-Turkish Moham-

medans, were but high-sounding words. The Revolution was a sham, indeed, a hollow mockery, and its leaders floundered from one wretched, criminal experiment into another, leaving in their blood-stained path the mark of their successive failures and crimes.

Nevertheless the Arabs, Christians and Mohammedans, in Egypt and Syria and the Peninsula, continued to support them and be loyal to them up to the very last stage of their unhappy adventure, still believing that they, the Young Turks, were eventually to succeed in regenerating the Empire and maintaining the integrity of Islam. They condoned their crimes, blinked at their mistakes, overlooked their broken pledges, tolerated their high-handed methods, took the loss of Tripoli and the Balkan possessions as a bitter fatality, poured their wealth into their coffers, gave their army its best officers and best fighting men, and with an infinite patience and fortitude awaited the time when the golden dream of equality and liberty, of union and progress, would be an accomplished fact.

But what happened? Instead of Turkey joining her steadfast and loyal friends, France and England, in the war, instead of remaining at least neutral and occupying herself with her own internal affairs, she cast her lot with Germany and thereby alienated from her the strongest and most intelligent element of her population. More than this and worse. The Young Turks deliberately sought to weaken Islam as a political and religious power. The basis of Arab nationalism, they said to themselves, is Islam: crush it and we crush the Arab movement.

This enraged the Arabs. Divided among themselves in the past, they became during the years of the restored Constitution a compact element in so far at least as Islam is concerned. Their national leagues and societies, however, were composed in Syria and Egypt of both Christians and Mohammedans; and their main object was to safeguard their own rights as a people and to preserve the dignity and integrity of Islam. The reforms they demanded were based upon the principle of decentralisation; they may be summed up in two words—Home Rule.

But they soon learned that with Turkey as the ally of Germany, as the vassal, in fact, of the Kaiser, the realisation of their national hopes and aspirations was no longer possible. The Turks could not give what they themselves did not possess. So, the hour for radical action struck; it struck in Arabia, in the sacred birth-place of the Prophet, in Hijaz. And the uprising of the Arabs, under the Sherif of Mecca, was inspired partly by the intellectuals of Egypt, stimulated by the wholesale execution of the intellectuals of Syria, and encouraged by the Allied Powers. It was just; it was also timely and opportune. In a few months, therefore, it was crowned with success, and it has given the world a new Arab kingdom.

The Revolution in Arabia, however, is but one phase of the Arab movement. It is in fact one of the outcomes of the awakening and struggle of Arabism in Syria and Egypt. And in each of these three countries, in Egypt, Syria and the Peninsula, the movement has a different aspect and significance and already foreshadows a different goal. In Arabia the Revolution is purely religious; in Syria it is purely political; in Egypt it partakes of both. I shall discuss in this article the Revolution in Arabia proper, its causes, distant and immediate, its purpose and claim, and the probable ultimate destiny of the new kingdom.

I said that in Arabia the movement is of a purely religious nature. And I need only cite, in proof of this assertion,

the proclamation of the Grand Sherif and that of the Ulema of Mecca sustaining him and acknowledging him as king. In these two proclamations the Koran is repeatedly quoted to justify the Revolution; the Turks are branded as usurpers of the Khalifate; and the Arabs are called upon to rise and re-establish a pure State of Islam in accordance with the Sunnah and the sacred Traditions of the Prophet. "The new kingdom of Arabia," says the proclamation, "has its sanction in the book of Allah and is destined to revive the glory and the pristine purity of the Faith."

And so, Sherif Hussein, mainly by virtue of his religious office, was the chosen leader. The function he exercises is of the utmost importance, not only in Arabia, but throughout the world of Islam. The Sherif is a descendant of the Prophet; the Khalif is not. And the Sherifate, therefore, is superseding for the present the Khalifate, still represented in a measure in the Sultan of Turkey, and may eventually accede to it. A brief sketch of its history will help the reader to understand its significance in relation to Islam and, in the past, to the Turks.

Four centuries ago (1516) the Hijaz was partly conquered by the Turks and counted among the provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Previous to that time, and since the death of the Prophet Mohammed, it was governed by one of his descendants of the house of Hashem, of the tribe of Koreich, known as the Grand Sherif, with his seat in Mecca. The Turks had to make some concessions to the Arabs, of course, principally by appointing an emir of this same house to the office, but limiting his authority to the internal and religious affairs of the tribes and particularly to matters pertaining to the Haj. He was the religious head of the administrative government, which was often, however, administered from Stamboul.

Under the Turks, Jiddah was the capital of Hijaz until 1860, when it was removed to Mecca. It was a dual

government in a way with the Vali and the Sherif, both appointed by the High Porte, exercising nominally separate authorities, but often, as circumstances favoured, usurping each other's power. The Vali was supposed to have exclusive control of the revenues and of the army stationed there, while the Sherif acted as supreme judge in matters concerning the life and strifes of the tribes. The Velayet of Hijaz, under the Turks, had a high tribunal presided over by the Chief Justice of Mecca, with the Treasurer of the Velayet, the Steward of the Kaaba, the Mufti and the Secretary of the Vali as Members. There was also established a special tribunal, wholly of a religious nature, which derived its authority from, and based its decisions upon, the Koran. But seldom if ever was either of them free from the insidious influence of Stamboul.

The Sherifate, however, was respected throughout its checkered history, but seldom did the Sherif enjoy the independence with which his office was originally invested. For the first Governor of Mecca was appointed by the Prophet Mohammed, who, in the Hadith, or Traditionary Sayings, enjoins that the Sherif shall always be of his own lineage and shall be responsible before Allah for the integrity and preservation of Islam.

At certain times, following this injunction, the Sherifate became hereditary; at others, as during the Fatemite dynasty of Egypt, it was maintained by appointment; while in the periods that marked the end of either form it was subject to the intriguing influences of ambitious chiefs, and more than once was won or lost by assassination. The Wahabis of Nejd, in 1787, waged a war for it; and they would have triumphed completely over Galeb, Sherif at that time, were it not for Mohammed Ali, first Khedive of Egypt, who, at the instigation of the Porte, sent an army under his son Teisoun, and another under his son Ibrahim, to check the advance of the Arabs of Nejd upon Hijaz, to save the Holy Cities, Mecca and

Medina, from what was considered an alien power.

The Wahabis were defeated, and Mohammed Ali rewarded himself for the success of the expedition of his sons by acquiring the right of appointing the Sherif himself and holding Hijaz up to 1840 as a dependency of Egypt. But since then the prerogative reverted to the High Porte, who appointed the Grand Sherif, bestowing upon him, as upon a Vali, the title of Pasha. It will be seen from this that while the will of the Prophet was respected more or less by the Arab chiefs and the foreign rulers of parts of Arabia, the function of the Sherifate was seldom free from outside influences or from the plottings and intrigues of the Arabs themselves.

But the ascendancy of the Sherif over the Vali of Hijaz, of the Arabs, in fact, over the Turks, may be said to have begun in 1881 when Awn ir-Rafik was in power. He was the first Sherif to justify and uphold the claims of his office, exercising almost absolute authority, overruling the Vali, at times and making his influence felt at Stamboul. A man of ability and power, of liberal views, accomplished and well informed, not unfamiliar with the trend of modern thought, he leaned toward Wahabism in his religious beliefs, but indulged nevertheless in the rare luxuries of both the Orient and the Occident. He was the first Sherif, we are told, who rode into the city of Mecca in an automobile; and his gardens were a marvel of Oriental magnificence and splendour much praised by Henry Doughty, who records in his excellent book, *Arabia Felix*, a very interesting conversation he had with him at his home in Taief. The successors of Awn ir-Rafik were imbued with his spirit of independence and his love of power. They chafed under the yoke of the Turks, often clashing with the representative authorities of the High Porte. Soon enough their attitude became irksome, intolerable to the Vali and untenable in a way to themselves. One of

them was exiled to Rhodes, the other was assassinated.

And now Sherif Hussein, the first King of Arabia, of Hijaz rather, who is a descendant of the Prophet from his daughter Fatimah and her husband Ali, has realised the dream of his predecessors. For over thirty years, therefore, the spirit of revolution has been brewing among the Arabs of Hijaz, but was more or less repressed chiefly for religious reasons. What then are the causes, it will be asked, of its outbreak, at this time, and of its success? In a general way I have already answered this question. But to be more definite the causes might be classified as permanent and passing—those born of the relations existing between the Arabs and the Turks on the one hand and between the Turks and Islam on the other, and those born of the present abnormal conditions of the world. Among the first might be named the wonted despotism of the Turks, their short-sighted policy, their blackmailing and terrorising methods, their broken pledges of reform, their indifference especially since the Revolution of 1908 to the welfare and integrity of Islam, their attempt to Turkify the Arabs and abolish their language from the courts and the schools, the loss of their prestige as the defenders of the Mohammedan faith and the repositories of its sacred authority, and last but not least the educational movement in Syria and Egypt which relighted in Arabia the torch of freedom:—all these have helped to bring the Revolution in Arabia to a head.

On the other hand, the alliance of the Turks with Germany, the success of Duke Nicholas in Armenia, the invasion by England of Bosra, the fall of Arish, the blockade of the coast of Hijaz, which threatened the country with famine and rendered impossible the yearly pilgrimage, and above all, the execution in Syria of hundreds of notables and intellectuals, mostly Mohammedans, and the persecution and exile of their families, the confiscation of their estates,—

these are chiefly the causes of the breaking-out of the Revolution at this time and of its brilliant success.

Of course, the Arabs were well supplied with arms and ammunition. Besides the large stores which Germany had concentrated in towns along the Hijaz railway for the projected Turko-German attack upon Egypt, they got a considerable booty from the Turkish garrisons that surrendered to them and they were also supplied with heavy cannon by England and France. It should be mentioned, too, that the armies of the Sherif and his sons Faisal and Abdallah are not altogether without organisation and discipline; for, judging from the despatches, they are waging, not a Bedouin warfare, but one based on modern principles and tactics. The Turkish soldiers, too, are modern, that is to say, German, in their methods. They have aroused the fanatical fury of the Arabs of Mecca and helped to consolidate the forces of the Sherif by emulating in frightfulness their Teuton masters. From their forts they fired at the Kaaba, destroyed a part thereof and killed many innocent non-combatants while performing their devotion. This was conclusive proof to the Arabs that the Turks are infidels at heart, and that they are fighting not only to subjugate them as a people, but also to destroy their religion.

But what is the significance of this new kingdom of Arabia, how far does it now extend, and what hope is there of its resuscitating the ancient glory of the Khalifate? Unlike the small States in Europe that have been conquered by Germany to-day and that may recover their independence to-morrow, Arabia, by virtue principally of the religious and sacred places in it of Islam, will continue to hold a unique position as a free and independent State, or a group of such States, even though under the protection of some European power, and eventually realise its religious, if not its national, dream. The liberty of the Arabs, though under the Turks, has never been in some parts of the Penin-

sula suppressed or curtailed, and it has always been genuine. Abnormal world conditions, as I have remarked, may have helped to produce the new kingdom; but Ibn ir-Rashid of Shomar, Ibn Saoud of Riad, the Sultan of Oman, Sheikh Mobarak of Kweit, Imam Yahia of Yaman, El-Idrisi of Asir—they all have maintained their independence more or less of the Turks and of each other: which is the natural outcome and expression of an irrepressible feeling in the Arabs for freedom and of their unwillingness to acknowledge, even nominally, a foreign master.

There is a saying among them that Allah's blessings upon the Arabs are four; namely, that their turbans shall be their diadems; their tents, their castles; their swords, their fortresses; and their poems, their written laws. This is more than a saying with the Arab; it is a conviction. And in it lies the secret of his weakness and power; in it is an explanation of the fact that he has never accepted a foreign civilisation and that Arabia was never wholly conquered by any one of the great nations of the past. The Assyrian Empire never got a footing among the Arabs; the Persian monarchs, in spite of all their friendly advances, could never make them tributary; Trajan only subdued a part of the North down to Petras and contented himself with striking medals in memory of his expedition; Aelus Gallus, under Augustus Cæsar, after losing a part of his army in the desert, returned to Rome as a Young Turk general might return to Stamboul to-day; and of all the nations that stood in awe of Alexander the Great the Arabs alone did not send ambassadors to him. But the times have changed, it will be observed, and any one of the great powers of Europe to-day might succeed in the future where Rome and Assyria failed. Very likely this, if we are to consider as pyrotechnics of diplomacy the pledge of the Allies to the small nations of the world.

The danger of Arab solidarity, however, to the integrity of an Arab king-

dom, would seem at present to be more from within than from without. As it is now, King Hussein rules only over Hijaz, which has a population of about two millions and a half, most of whom, except in Mecca and Jiddah and Medina, are Bedouins; and as King of Hijaz, not of Arabia, has he been recognised by England and France.

But in Yaman, the most fertile district of the Peninsula, Imam Yahia is still supreme; in Asir, the district adjacent to Hijaz, El-Idrisi, while maintaining friendly relations with the Grand Sherif, still maintains his own independence; in Nejd, the birthplace of Wahabism, which has always been proud of its spiritual heritage and can always boast of the greatest religious fanatics and the best fighting Arabs, Ibn ir-Rashid and Ibn Saoud are absolute masters of their own respective spheres; on the eastern littoral of the Peninsula Sultan Teimour ibn Faisal, sovereign of Oman, might at best send an envoy of peace to King Hussein; Abdallah ibn Kasim of El-Katr, might strike out against the Turks or the English, as he best sees fit, but not unlikely on his own account; so might Sheikh Isa of Behrein also and Jaber ibn Sabah of Kweit; while the Syrian desert in the north is inhabited by various tribes that never paid tribute to any master.

As Mohammedans, however, all these independent princes of Arabia have hailed with joy and thanksgiving the victories of the Grand Sherif and his valiant sons; for the victory over the Turks was their own in a way as well as their brothers of Hijaz. Even the Sultan of Morocco and the Bey of Tunis have sent delegations to him, offering their congratulations and their tribute as right Muslims. But as independent rulers it is a question yet whether they will recognise the new King except in matters pertaining to the Haj. And they may go a step further. They may join the majority of Mohammedans in recognising King Hussein as Khalif of Islam. On the other hand, there are those among the independent

rulers who also claim to be descendants of the Prophet and who have set up a sort of Khalifate of their own. Moreover, there is a belief among certain advanced thinkers and doctors of the law that after the four immediate successors of the Prophet Mohammed, who are called the Orthodox Khalifs, no ruler in Islam is justified in assuming this sacred function and arrogating to himself the right of being the successor

and vicegerent of the Prophet. So stands the religious and political situation at the present writing; what it will develop in the future, it is not safe to prognosticate. Hussein ibn Ali, Grand Sherif and King of Hijaz, might well cherish meanwhile the dream of becoming one day King of all Arabia—a federation of the Arab States is not impossible—and Khalif of Islam.

The second article in Mr. Rihani's discussion of the Near-Eastern question will appear next month under the title of "The Revolution In Arabia. II, Political Considerations." There have been three agents involved in the political pressure in the Near-East: The Arab Nation, The Ottoman Government and the European Powers. It is Mr. Rihani's thesis that every movement of the Arabs, especially of the Christian Arabs, depended upon, or was instigated by, one or more of the great Powers of Europe. That is why this Arab question is so fraught with conflicting interests, and is of great significance in its final and proper solution to the whole world. Mr. Rihani will discuss fully and analyse these three political agents.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

IN DAYS of old when knights were bold,
the Teuton Barons of the Rhine Valley
held their piratical
The Teuton sway upon the theory
Barons that Might makes
Right, and treaties
were so lightly regarded in those days,
that they did not even make any. It
was the custom of these debonair gentry
to sally forth from their fortress-castles
and, doubtless quite without any warn-
ing and equally regardless of any sense
of fair play, descend upon an unwary
traveller who had ventured within their
cruising radius: they would then relieve
him of his goods or his life as might
seem most expedient at the moment.
Such overt acts made it highly indis-
creet for any citizen of foreign parts,
pacifist or patriot, to enter the prescribed
zones of danger without an adequate
convoy; and we may be assured that
these Barons, in high feast in their an-
cestral strongholds amid their devoted
followers, must have had many a broad
smile over notes and protests regarding
the freedom of the high-road from their
royal contemporaries. All this excellent
energy, however, was being diffused in
sporadic, local raids, and it required a
statesman of Bismarck's stature to con-
vince his fellow Germans that co-opera-
tion against the world outside would be
more advantageous. The ensuing sorties
against Austria in 1866 and France in
1870 were both highly profitable ven-
tures, and convinced the Baronial gen-
tlemen of the wisdom of Prussia's
policy. Then followed those long, try-
ing years of waiting, during which the
German over-lords marched and coun-
ter-marched, reversed and wheeled
across Germania in preparation for the
greatest of all raids—Der Tag. With
the bursting of the storm and with all

the new weapons of scientific warfare, the
old traditions and methods of the Teu-
ton Barons of the Rhine Valley have
not changed one jot or tittle, and barba-
rism in the guise of scientific efficiency
becomes one of those world-scourges
against which the whole of society must
needs unite.

• • •

German thoughts are not our
thoughts, nor German ways our ways.

The Lesson of This is thoroughly
the Ages demonstrated—if fur-
ther demonstration
there need be—by

Herr Zimmermann's Mexico-Japanese
intrigue that he was conducting through
our late friend, von Bernstorff, while
his Janus-faced government was dis-
cussing platitudes about that "priceless
heirloom from Frederick the Great"—
meaning Germany's friendship with us.
The German leaders may be incorrigi-
ble, they may be blunderers, but in the
last analysis—just as indeed the philoso-
pher Maeterlinck would have us believe
—a government is but the projection,
the epitome, of the will of a people and
can last only approximately during the
time it is supported by that will: Na-
poleon flourished while he expressed the
aspirations of the French people, he
succumbed when France no longer
wanted him. So we must judge Ger-
many by her leaders—and by such a
measure German life seems incompatible
with our Anglo-Saxon society. Is there
room in the world for two such antag-
onistic sets of folk-ways? Well, times
and customs change. We look back a
hundred years and stand amazed at the
explosive force of the French spirit that
drove her armies out over all her borders
to over-run Europe like a pest. Then
mankind combined against the menace

and France learned her lesson. To-day that explosive force to which the human spirit seems liable has seized upon Germany and mankind is rapidly combining against this threat. Will Germany learn the lesson? Undoubtedly, and in another hundred years our descendants, looking back over history, will be equally amazed at the virulence of the German threat as we are at the Napoleonic storms. But such speculations need not blind us to the problems of the hour. *Somebody must teach Germany the lesson.* Are we to stand idly by and let others do the world's dirty work while we scrape up the profits, present and future? Is our sense of responsibility so blunted, or is our mind so devoted to lofty ideals of human peace, that we cannot see that the way of all flesh is through struggle to its goal? A condition of human environment to which we are adapted by the process of the ages is "struggle" and we cannot, just by taking thought or by a couple of Hague conferences, sublimate that struggle from the physical into the purely intellectual and moral realms. Let us by all means look forward to that as an ultimate goal, to be planned for, to be worked for, but in the meantime: German barbarism must be destroyed.

• • •

And should America enter the struggle against this barbarism it would be the height of imaginable folly for us to "go it alone" as has been all too often suggested.

Our Part

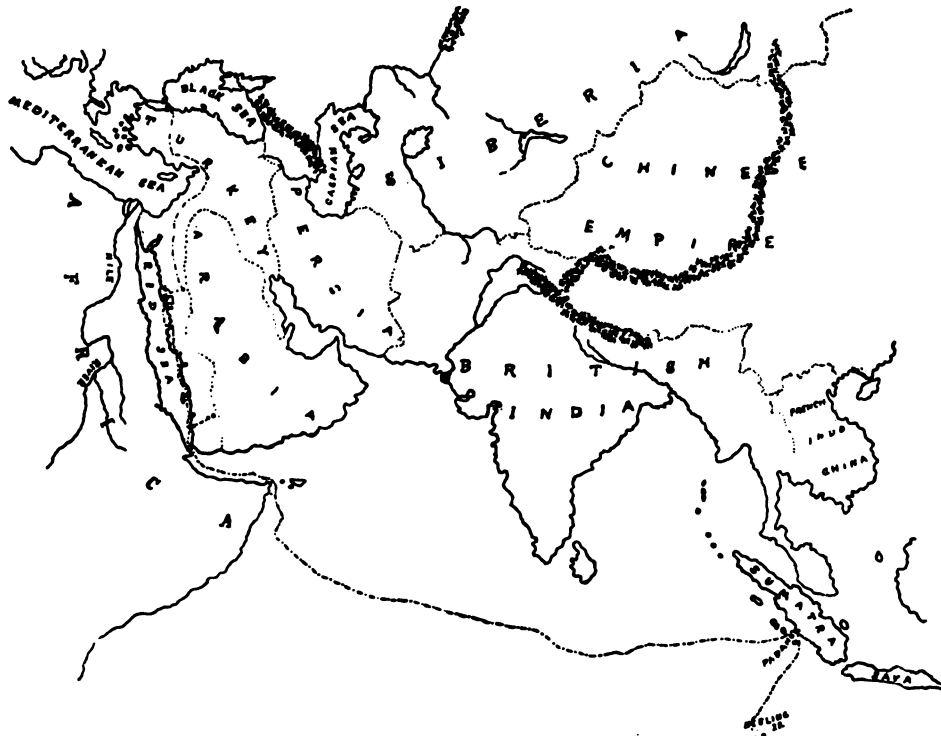
Warfare against Germany is no half-hearted contest of forces staged in far corners of the world such as our farce-comedy Spanish war, but it would mean for us a death-grip with a foe that knows no law, no honour, no sense of fair play—it would mean the organisation of every ounce of effort of which we are capable to protect our homes, our lives, our faith in humanity, and all with the avowed end of stamping into the earth, once and for all, this surviving barbarism of the Middle Ages. With

such purposes well in view we would quickly find ourselves in accord with the Allies both in the spirit of their effort and in the method and tactics of that effort. To fail to co-operate fully would mean to lengthen the war criminally and also to throw away our best chance for success; and then without our full support, the Allies might well suspect our friendship toward them and our moral and practical weight in the final peace settlement would be severely jeopardised. We must join the Allies heart and soul, finance and supplies, ships and men, and our General Staff need not feel any humiliation in accepting directions from the men who have learned the best methods of meeting the needs of the struggle. This list of our "supports" to the Allies is in the order of importance: first our moral support would be tremendous and the effect on the Germans equally strong in the reverse direction; next with a wealth in money and resources nearly equal to that of all the Allies put together, the stream of our supplies to Europe could be immediately augmented under government direction and could reach vast proportions; and lastly our navy and the volunteers that we could send under the American flag to the trenches of Europe might be just enough to turn the balance of submarine and land warfare immediately and strongly in our favour. Were there a man in our Senate to-day of the stature of the Cato of old, the warning would go forth to all our people in no unmistakable terms: German barbarism must be destroyed!

• • •

Like an Arabian Night's entertainment is the story of one of the little incidents of this great war which took place in a forgotten corner of the globe and which has just been brought to light. In the early months of the struggle, the curiosity of the world was focussed for a few short weeks upon the exploits of the German raider, the *Emden*, and in par-

The Fortunes of War



----- THIS LINE MARKS THE APPROXIMATE COURSE OF THE JOURNEY TRAVELLED BY LIEUTENANT VON MÜCKE AND HIS MEN

particular upon the fate of the little landing party left on Keeling Island when the *Emden* fled out to fight the Australian cruiser *Sydney*. The little deserted party of forty-nine Germans was soon forgotten in the on-rush of the great events on the European stage, and few of us would again have thought of them, but for the publication of a little book by their commanding officer, Kapitänleutnant Hellmuth von Mücke. The title of his book, *The Ayesha*, is taken from the name of the little, half water-logged sailing vessel in which he began his adventures. Von Mücke and his party sailed from Keeling Island with four machine guns, a few rifles, and an abundant supply of provisions. Starting their course toward the neutral harbour of Padang in the Dutch East Indies, dodging British cruisers, sailing-out tropical typhoons that threatened to

swamp their little boat at any moment, pumping their vessel out day and night, living in quarters adapted for only six men, were but a few of the adventures and difficulties encountered. At Padang, von Mücke succeeded in getting his vessel the reception accorded to a German man-of-war, and after provisioning her and staying the twenty-four hours allowed by international law, he again set sail into the big Indian Ocean. Further adventures and hardships, until the little crew despaired of ever again seeing the Fatherland; when finally they met and boarded the German supply ship formerly used by the *Emden*—the *Choising*. There was not very much to choose between the two vessels, but the *Choising* was more reliable and so with a sharp lookout for the enemy's cruisers, the *Choising* set out on a roundabout course for almost any good landing-

place in Arabia. Up the Red Sea to Hodeida they did as a matter of fact proceed unmolested, and landing at what was little better than a tent-village, where none of the Arabs could understand them, they set out on foot and by camels through the Arabian Desert following the general direction of the Red Sea, but far enough inland to be out of range of British cruisers.

Then followed encounters with Bedouins and with the terrible climate as well—a part of their trip that reads like the adventures of the most daring explorers of old—until they finally got word to the Turkish forces, who had by that time joined Germany, and were rescued on the verge of starvation. The train ride from El Ula to Constantinople was a triumphal procession for the little band now equipped with real European clothes, letters from home, bands playing, and flags waving. Probably the Imperial German Navy can produce no more unimaginative or machine-made officer than this Kapitänleutnant,

but even he with his bare statement of fact and achievement cannot spoil the wonderful and romantic story of adventure and privation endured by himself and his comrades. There will be many tales to come out of this war, but we prophesy that none in their essence can be more thrilling than the story of the landing party of the *Emden*. And if any of these men survive the war, they will have a tale to tell their children that will surpass any of the "famous victories" of ancient lore.

• • •

To unroll the pageant-scroll of human history and to conceive of it as the Supreme Adventure of which we are the inheritors and in which we play our little parts with our exits and our entrances, is one of the most fascinating and incidentally self-developing diversions which the gods in their wisdom have permitted to the human mind. And it is all the more

**The Glory
That Was
Greece**



THE MARKET-PLACE. FROM "THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES"

Among the figures may be noted a gentleman driving a bargain with a dealer, his negro slave-boy in attendance; in the foreground a peasant with his rough cloak tucked up in a typically bucolic fashion. Alkibiades and his dog advance in the centre, his richly embroidered cloak trailing behind him. On the right a banker sits at his table, folding tablets in hand. Behind him enters a stranger in travelling hat and cloak.



THE PROPYLAEA. FROM "THE DAYS OF ALKIBIADES"

The West front of the Akropolis is entirely masked by the Propylæa, with its two massive wings and its pillared central porch, above the gable of which may be seen the colossal bronze statue of Athena. The projecting bastion upon the right holds the little temple of the Wingless Victory and behind is the Parthenon. The Panathenaic Procession is winding up the zigzag approach to the great porch. The steps leading downward to the left descend by a steep slope to the market-place. The roofs of Athens are seen below, and beyond them rises Mount Lykabettos.

welcome a relief when the conditions of life about us become intolerable to contemplate as in this ghastly period of "the last stand of autocracy." History is not a dull succession of dates and dynasties—it is the Romance of Humanity, full of passion, colour, ambition, stirring ideals or sapping and profligate luxury, as the Human Spirit moves through its great cycles of exuberance and decay. And one of those periods of exuberance—one of the most brilliant ages of the flowering of the human genius—centred about the Athens of the Great Age: the Empire under Pericles and Alkibiades, the Athens of Art and Oratory, of Philosophy and "new thought," of Empire and Democracy, of the Renaissance of the Spirit of Individualism from the gossip in the market-place and gymnasia to

the scandals at the drinking bouts among the Athenian "younger set." It is this life of the men and women of Athens during this wonderful age that an English scholar, Mr. C. E. Robinson, has re-created for us in a book just published, *The Days of Alkibiades*, a book more fascinating than most novels, more delightful than most romances. Through his narrative we visualise the leading historical personages of the time and their setting: we argue with Socrates in the gymnasium, we walk with Thucydides down between the Long Walls to the Port to get a first-hand story of the great sea fight off Corinth, we saunter down the Street of the Tripods with some young Athenian gallants to listen to the gossip in the barber shop and to be duly shocked at the repartee and the wagers set down there,

we attend a performance at the great Dionysiac Theatre, we wind up the steep slope of the Akropolis in the Panathenaic Procession, we spend a little visit in an Athenian home of culture and talk with the Athenian ladies about their duties and their "lords," we are invited to a select dinner at which the city's buffoon becomes the butt of the wits of Athens—a dinner at which, too, the guests, becoming over-merry with the good Chian wine, threaten to disrupt the peace of the law-abiding, staid citizens; we stroll in the market-place in the shade of the marble columns, meeting many of the great personages of Athens and learning the latest joke or tit-bit of scandal of the day; we journey with all of Greece to the Olympic games; we attend the celebration of the Mysteries of Eleusis, the most important rite in the Greek religion; we take part in a great land battle against the Thebans and in the ensuing rout of the hoplites join Alkibiades in the rescue of Socrates or flee with the fat Kleonymos, the joke of Athens for many a day; we haggle with the Spartan envoys over the peace terms; we attend a great jury trial and listen to the impassioned speeches of the pleaders on both sides: in fact, we see the life of the Athenian gentleman as he acted, thought, played, fought and sinned in the little world that gave to mankind the priceless treasures of the Art and Philosophy of the Great Age of Athens.

...

Robert Louis Stevenson's early years were fully as stormy in their love affairs as one might expect from such a sensitive, eager genius, if we may judge by the early poems of his just given to the world in book form. Mr. George S. Hellman has edited and annotated two volumes, published by the Bibliophile Society, containing over one hundred hitherto unpublished Stevenson poems, and that they were not given to the public be-

fore, Mr. Hellman explains in his introduction:

Why did not Mr. Balfour or Mr. Colvin, to whom this great mass of manuscript material was probably known, make use of it? The reasons are perhaps not far to seek. In the first place, many of the earlier poems have to do with amatory attachments of the poet in his Edinburgh days; many others are addressed to Mrs. Stevenson, and motives of delicacy may have prevented their appearance during her lifetime. So consistently fine is the spirit of these personal tributes, however, that only the sentiment that such revelations of conjugal love were not for the eyes of the contemporary public could have kept them from being published. A third reason—which applies only to some of the poems of youthful years—is the comparative inferiority of the verses written in the early seventies, and yet even these have a special autobiographical interest.

...

While the poems range over the entire period of Stevenson's productivity, most of them were written in his younger manhood and are of an amatory character, revealing the inner, erotic life of those early days. It is Mr. Hellman's thesis that the writing of poetry was not merely an entertainment for Stevenson—or for his friends—as Mrs. Stevenson stated in a preface to her husband's verse: that he was first something of a master of this form of art before he entered the prose realm on which his fame rests, and that as a poet he was "the consistent expositor of a philosophy of art and a philosophy of life." "His poems were conceived and executed in the spirit of an artist who had in mind a definite purpose—that purpose being to give pleasure and cheer." One of the earlier poems, dated in 1873, is addressed to "Claire" and was written in the south of France where he had gone at his physician's advice—it is worthy of note that even at this period part of his treatment was in taking doses of opium.



"HURRY!" FRANK W. BENSON. FROM "ETCHINGS AND DRYPOINTS BY FRANK W. BENSON."
BY ADAM E. M. PAFF

The poem follows:

Swallows travel to and fro
And the great winds come and go,
And the steady breezes blow,
 Bearing perfume, bearing love.
Breezes hasten, swallows fly,
Towered clouds forever ply,
And at noonday you and I
 See the same sunshine above.
Dew and rain fall everywhere,
Harvests ripen, flowers are fair,
And the whole earth is bare
 To the moonshine and the sun;
And the live air, fanned with wings,
Bright with breezes and sunshine, brings
Into contact distant things,
 And makes all the countries one.
Let us wander where we will,
Something kindred greets us still;
Something seen on vale or hill
 Falls familiar on the heart;
So, at scent or sound or sight,
Severed souls by day and night
Tremble, with the same delight—
 Tremble, half the world apart.

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To the student of Stevenson and indeed to his many super-enthusiastic admirers, these poems will be a real treasure and a revelation to be studied carefully of the man, Stevenson. To the great public of readers that Stevenson has reached and will continue to reach for generations, these poems, we venture to say, will mean little; they will be little read and will add little to the reputation of this great world-wide story teller.

• • •

In the field of American art the etchings of Frank W. Benson have won a distinguished place.

Benson's Many of the hundred
Etchings and ten illustrations of
Mr. Paff's catalogue
of *Etchings and Drypoints by Frank W. Benson* are portraits, landscapes, and water scenes, but it is the birds that remain vividly in one's memory. A quick review of Mr. Benson's paintings also leaves a chameleon-like impression of many variations on a single theme,—

youth sitting contentedly in the sunshine,—but this pre-eminence is due only to sheer force of numbers. These water-birds, however, owe their prominence among his etchings to one of those rare harmonies between the artist and his subject which are based on sympathy and knowledge and extend through skill of hand and choice of medium and method of expression, and which often produce an acceptable substitute for perfection. Mr. Benson is thoroughly familiar with both the anatomy and the psychology of mallards, whistlers, yellowlegs, pelicans and wild geese. He is aware of the infinite variety in ruffled, rippling and swirling water. He is master of a crisp and delicate line which is capable of expressing not merely the forms of nature but her stimulating freshness. And, best of all, the picture-loving artist and the nature-loving man within him are here so evenly balanced that neither can bend the other to his own ends. The dividing line

between picture and subject becomes invisible.

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Professor Killis Campbell of the University of Texas in examining the Ellis-Allan Papers in the Library of Congress, recently made the important discovery that in 1816-1817 Edgar Allan Poe attended a school in Sloane Street, Chelsea, London. Dr. Lewis Chase of the University of Wisconsin, by consulting the Rate Books in the Chelsea Town Hall, has been able to identify the spot as No. 146 which is next door to Trinity Church of Upper Chelsea, and is itself on the corner of Sloane Square. The school-house was torn down about thirty years ago, but the site as it is to-day, which is occupied by a branch of Parr's Bank, is reproduced here. Incidentally, Poe's London teacher was a Miss Dubourg, a name he later made use of in his story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*.



EDGAR ALLAN POE ATTENDED SCHOOL AT THIS LONDON STREET CORNER. THE SITE OF THE SCHOOL-HOUSE IS NOW OCCUPIED BY A BRANCH OF PARR'S BANK

Lady Warwick, who has written for THE BOOKMAN an article on the religion of her "friend and neighbour" Mr. H. G. Wells (and on a few of her own religious ideas), published in another part of this number, has been for upward of thirty-five years one of the interesting personalities of England. To-day she is generally regarded as the most brilliant woman writer on social and socialistic subjects in the English-speaking world. Since the early seventies when, as a child—and a marvellously beautiful child—she was taken by Benjamin Disraeli to see *Romeo and Juliet*, she has been constantly before the public. Emperors, kings and princes have been among her close friends but this friendship has heightened rather than lessened her belief in republican forms of government. She herself says that when she was eighteen her moods were distinctly pessimistic. But when she became older, knowledge brought her new views of life and because of what she learned and by putting her experiences and knowledge to the best uses, she soon understood how to enjoy to the full the days that were given her. A few years ago she was asked by an American interviewer what she considered the best time of life and she replied: "Always after the age of thirty. Better than that, after forty. The very best time is fifty—which is my age."

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Before her marriage Frances Evelyn Warwick was Miss Maynard, generally considered the most beautiful girl in England. Her grandfather was the last Viscount Maynard, her father dying before the viscount. She is a half sister of the Duchess of Sutherland and the Earl of Roslyn. She married Lord Brooke in 1881; her husband succeeding to the Earldom of Warwick twelve years later. Lady Warwick herself has written the story of the famous castle in her book,

Warwick Castle and Its Earls which makes fascinating reading. Warwick Castle stands high above the River Avon, a little less than a hundred miles from London. Within its massive walls are extensive lawns and gardens, the walls being flanked by towers measuring one hundred and seventeen feet in height. The view from the castle along the Avon, with its deeply wooded banks, is one of the most beautiful in England. The castle was the scene of a fire in 1871, but the Great Hall and the other apartments which suffered were restored. For many years the castle was involved in England's early wars. It was strengthened after the Norman Conquest and much of the pile as it stands to-day is of more recent date than the Battle of Hastings. The first Castle of Warwick dates back to the time of Ethelfreda, daughter of King Alfred. Henry III made the castle his headquarters in the wars against the barons while Edward IV was imprisoned there. Other sovereigns have been more hospitably entertained within its walls. Queen Elizabeth was one of these, magnificent pageants being arranged for her especial edification.

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In 1899 Lady Warwick became a socialist and since then has well earned her title of "the radical Countess." In one of her campaigns she toured England in a motor car and delivered speeches in some forty-five parliamentary districts in which representatives of organised labour were offering themselves for election and at the same time she was speaking for the state education of children and adult suffrage—she is a tireless organiser and a brilliant speaker. Some years ago she founded an agricultural college for women and the demand for its graduates has always been larger than the supply. She also helped to form the Anti-Dress League, members of which pledged themselves to have, besides one tea gown, only two dresses a



**THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER SON. A FAVOURITE PICTURE OF LADY WARWICK'S
TAKEN A FEW YEARS AGO**

season, one for day-wear and one for evening. Lady Warwick is still one of the most gifted and attractive women in England. Distinguished as a painter, a musician and an author she was in her youth an intrepid rider to hounds, a four-in-hand whip and has always been a sparkling conversationalist. To-day, although she probably no longer rides to hounds or tools a coach, she is a dominating figure in the social life of Great Britain and a trenchant writer on all subjects which call for reform.

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"F. P. A." (Mr. Franklin P. Adams) in his "Conning Tower" in the *New York Tribune* has

We are again discovered a
Flattered number of typographical errors in THE

BOOKMAN—there were twelve of these little offences in the March issue and the fact of this discovery by Mr. Adams is a source of extreme gratification to us. We write our editorials and collect our articles in the forlorn hope that the Big Public will be interested—and some of them are kind enough to write us let-

ters appreciating or criticising this or that part (we wish there were more of such kindly people: we like letters). But to feel that there is at least *one* subscriber who reads our magazine from cover to cover is inspiring and comforting and brings an added sense of responsibility to us to make the magazine worthy of this delightful attention. And, too, it is our sincere hope that the contents is proving attractive in itself; so interesting that our critic would continue to devour it *in toto* even though by some lucky chance there should not be a single typographical error in a whole issue. More power and keenness to F. P. A.'s all-discerning eye!

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In the February "Chronicle and Comment" a poetical tribute to Raemaekers was quoted from "The Sun Dial," the column in *The New York Evening Sun* conducted by Don Marquis. It has been called to our attention that we should have added that the responsible author is Miss Luella Stewart and not Don Marquis as might be assumed from the paragraph of acknowledgment.

INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION

BY WILLIAM I. HULL

A NEW ERA

IT is widely believed that the world in our time has come to the dawn of a new era. On the one hand, the World War is expected to solve many problems of European politics which are hoary with the dust of centuries, or bristling with the acerbities of modern imperialistic colonisation. On the other hand, it is expected that a new international organisation will emerge from the existing chaos and anarchy, and that it will prevent forever all further attempts to cut the Gordian knot of international disputes by means of the sword of national armaments.

TWO SETS OF PROBLEMS

Facing these expectations, the world's statesmen are grappling with two sets of mighty problems. The solution of a full score of national, infra-national and sub-national questions in the Eastern Hemisphere is engaging the absorbed attention of most European thinkers. The thought of the New World, on the contrary, has turned away from the wreck-strewn diplomacy of the past and is seeking to devise means of settling all present and future disputes among the nations by civil instead of by military process. Peace through victory, justice after triumph, is the watch-word of the first group; peace without war, justice by means of law, is the maxim of the second. The ancient confession of *Inter arma silent leges* is being challenged in a new and promising way by the demand that *Arma cedunt togae*.

THE MODERN NATIONALITIES

When the Roman Empire of the West had fallen before the onslaughts

of the Teutons, the imperial unity of the civilised world was replaced by inchoate nationalities. These nationalities waxed definite, strong and independent during the thousand years that followed, until first one and then another of them made unsuccessful attempts to conquer their neighbours and to restore the imperial unity of ancient Rome. Hundred Years' wars, Thirty Years' wars, Wars of Aggression, stained Europe's annals with blood and filled its homes with death and misery.

INTERNATIONAL ORGANISATION

Out of the ashes of this incessant warfare there arose, in the seventeenth century, in France, Holland and England, a great idea. It gradually crystallised in the minds of such men as Emeric Crucé, Hugo Grotius and William Penn. This was the belief that a new *Pax Humana* could be organised, and that, unlike the old *Pax Romana*, it could exist in the midst of a society of independent, sovereign states. For two hundred years this great idea has been slowly assuming tangible and potent reality. It has had to struggle for existence in competition with such theories as the Balance of Power, The Holy Alliance, the Concert of Europe, and Offensive and Defensive Alliances. Territorial expansion, commercial supremacy, colonial empires, land power and sea power, have sharpened its struggle for existence. But it survives stronger than ever, even in the midst,—and largely because,—of the present wholly unprecedented war; while to its speedy triumph are dedicated the efforts of many virile personalities and several vigorous societies in almost every land.

PROTAGONISTS OF THE NEW INTERNATIONALISM

Our own country, standing aloof from the war, its causes and its animosities, and attentive to the prime lessons of American history, is the mother of most of the noteworthy societies that are grappling with the task of world organisation; but the land of Hugo Grotius, the Founder of International Law, has fathered an international committee devoted to the same task, and some of the seers and practical statesmen of France, Germany, and England are enlisted in the same cause.

The American Peace Society, founded a century ago for the purpose of promoting international arbitration; the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, and its more popular counterpart, the World's Court League, which arose from the inspiration of the two Conferences at The Hague; and the more recent League to Enforce Peace, which sprang from the terrorism of the present war, are the most prominent societies now engaged in promoting the new international organisation which is to rule the future. Many individuals and societies in Europe are working, even during the Great War, along the same lines of constructive peace; and the Central Organisation for a Durable Peace, which was organised in Holland just after the war began, is seeking to unite the unofficial wisdom and strength of a half-dozen lands in one grand effort to prevent causes of warfare in the future and to substitute judicial for military measures in the settlement of such disputes as will inevitably arise.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S SPEECH TO THE SENATE

To this work of constructive, world-statesmanship, the President of the United States in his recent address* through the Senate to the peoples of the world, has given an impulse of inesti-

*President Wilson to the Senate of the United States, January 22, 1917.

mable value. His appeal for "a universal covenant," "a community of power," based upon a new international organisation and consecrated to peace through justice, has not only voiced the judicial experiment of the American people, as exemplified in the Supreme Court, and the best traditions of American history, but has also given expression to the ardent aspirations of "liberals and friends of humanity in every nation and of every programme of liberty."

NATIONALITY VERSUS INTERNATIONALISM

The "programmes of liberty" most prominent to-day—in so far at least as programmes of international organisation are concerned—have one fundamental characteristic, namely, the project of curbing overweening nationality in the common interests of the entire family of nations. None of them deems it possible or desirable, of course, to swing the nations back across fifteen centuries into the political unity of a world-empire, or even to urge them forward some unknown centuries into a world-republic. But, having read in every modern nation the history of that process by which the rights of the individual were made consistent with the welfare of the people as a whole, the internationalists are determined that the same process shall be repeated, though in less degree, among the nations themselves, and that the rights of each nation, however powerful or however weak, shall be brought into harmony with the welfare of the entire family of nations.

THE FIRST GREAT STRUGGLE

A full appreciation of the long and illustrious growth of modern nationality and of its present great strength will bring with it a realisation of the sharpness of the struggle which must be fought to a finish before the nations can be brought to consent to any diminution whatsoever of their respective sovereignty. Already the alarm has been sounded, the big stick of nationality has

been flourished, and the battle is on. We Americans, especially, who recall the strength of States' Rights and the severity of the struggle which preceded the triumph of Washington, Hamilton, Madison and the other founders of our Union, can estimate aright the character of the initial contest which confronts the exponents of the new internationalism.

On the other hand, the internationalists have rightly regarded excessive nationalism as the very citadel of international strife, and they count with confidence upon the international organisation being "wrung," as was our Constitution, "from the grinding necessities of a reluctant people." However reluctant the peoples of the world may be, to-day, to forego one iota of their national sovereignty, their international necessities are undoubtedly more grinding than they have ever been before in human history, and they hold promise of being even worse in an unreformed future. The warning of William Penn to the nations of his time lest the great Fish eat up the little ones has become many fold more ominous in view of recent and prospective events; and the words of President Wilson that "mankind is looking now for freedom of life, not for equipoise of power," and that the nations must be "free to live their own lives under a common protection," have made a strong appeal to the minds of all thoughtful men and to all hearts that respond to human weal and woe.

THE INTERNATIONAL STATE

The "common protection" which internationalists are seeking, they are all agreed, must be found in some form of political organisation. They accept as axiomatic Kant's dictum that "the natural state of peoples, like that of individuals, must be abandoned in order to enter a state regulated by law." But this political organisation, or "state regulated by law," is as yet of a very loose and largely undefined character. None of the programmes for its development has demanded a separate interna-

tional executive, or anticipated much more of an international legislature than came into being with the two Hague Conferences, or agreed upon the constitution and sanctions of the world court.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXECUTIVE

The nearest approach to an international executive is made in the programme of the American Peace Society, which advocates the creation of a permanent committee of the Hague Conference for the purpose of procuring ratification of, and action in accordance with, the conventions and declarations adopted by the conference itself.

This step would be analogous to the appointment by the Continental Congress of a Committee of the States, composed of one representative from each state and charged with the administration of continental affairs during the intermissions of the congress itself.

THE INTERNATIONAL LEGISLATURE

All of the programmes include the retention and development of the Hague Conference. It is natural that this should be the common starting-point, the *sine qua non*, of the new peace movement; for the two meetings of the conference which have thus far been held are the great outstanding *faits accomplis* of the internationalism of our time. Although they were in session only nine months in all, they accomplished a truly remarkable task in the codification of large blocks of international law relating to war and neutrality, and above all in the organization of pacific means of settling disputes among the nations. The third and successive meetings of the conference are universally demanded, and they are confidently expected to solidify and carry forward the "unfinished business" of their predecessors. There is a growing demand, also, that this international legislature shall hold its future meetings periodically and automatically, and not be dependent upon the will of a single sovereign, like the Czar of Russia,—as was the case with its first two meetings,

—or upon the exigencies of international events,—such as the Great War in Europe.* There is a demand, also, that the rule of equality among all the states, great and small, shall be departed from, and some form of proportional representation be adopted; or, at least, that it shall be modified, and some form of our own "Connecticut Compromise" be applied to a bicameral legislature for the United States of the World.

THE INTERNATIONAL COURT

The creation of the Permanent Court of Arbitration stands *facile princeps* among the achievements of the Hague Conference. Relying upon the successful arbitration of more than two hundred international disputes by means of temporary tribunals, the conference realised in part the dream of William Penn in the erection of an international court to which all the nations of the world should come as suitors. During the dozen years between the adjudication of its first case in 1903 and the beginning of the Great War, seventeen of the forty-six nations have knocked at the doors of the Permanent Court, and fifteen cases have been decided by it. All of the eight Great Powers, with the exception of Austria-Hungary, have come as suitors before it,—our own republic four times, Great Britain and Italy five times each, Germany three times, France eight times, and Russia and Japan once each. Some of its cases have been of grave importance or of long standing, and one was between France and Germany.

THE COURT OF ARBITRAL JUSTICE

So successful was the Permanent Court, so convincing is its proof of the practicability of international arbitration, that a noteworthy effort was made at the second Hague Conference to take another step in the development of international jurisdiction by creating the Court of Arbitral Justice. This court was designed to supplement the Perma-

*The third meeting of the Conference was due in 1915.

nent Court of Arbitration, which is only a permanent list of judges from whom temporary tribunals are formed for the adjudication of cases as they arise. It was therefore provided with judges who should sit permanently at The Hague and by adjudicating successive disputes build up a body of precedent which would greatly increase the prestige and the attractive power of the court itself. It was also designed to bridge the gulf between arbitration, which usually includes a large element of compromise, and genuine justice, which disregards the policy of give and take and follows law and equity regardless of consequences.

This court was agreed upon in every detail with the exception of the method of selecting the judges. It was universally agreed that a real court was impossible with more than fifteen judges sitting at one time on its bench. Hence the problem arose: How can a court of fifteen judges be constituted so as to give each of forty-five or forty-six nations equality of representation upon it? This question proved unanswerable at the conference and the project of establishing the court was deferred until a satisfactory answer should be found.

Our own Supreme Court, with its nine justices representative of forty-eight states, seems to show that *judicial* representation does not necessitate either numerical equality of representation or the proportional representation which is usual in legislative assemblies. Hence our Supreme Court is being held up to the nations as an exemplar of the World Court, in this particular as in others.

Meanwhile, the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes and the World Court League have been formed with the express purpose of developing and popularising the idea of the Court of Arbitral Justice as the keystone of the arch of international organization.

THE SCOPE OF INTERNATIONAL JURISDICTION

An attempt was made at the second

Hague Conference to bind all the nations together in a single world-treaty of obligatory arbitration, which should take the place of the two thousand and seventy treaties between the nations in pairs, which would otherwise be necessary to complete the circle. Another attempt was made to remove the exceptions of independence, national honour, vital interests, etc., which have heretofore greatly restricted the scope of international arbitration, and by greatly widening that scope to bring under arbitral settlement a much larger number of international disputes. Both of these attempts failed at The Hague, but they are both regarded as "unfinished business" for the next conference.

In 1911, President Taft negotiated two identic treaties of arbitration with Great Britain and France, which provided for the arbitration of *all justiciable* disputes, that is, all disputes capable of being decided by law or equity. These treaties were a noteworthy step toward widening the scope of arbitration; but the hyper-nationalism of the United States Senate prevented their ratification. They set up the standard, however, and the pacifists have striven ever since to rally our own and the other nations to it.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF CONCILIATION

The provision in the 1911 treaties for the arbitration of all "justiciable" disputes implies that there are disputes between nations of a non-justiciable nature; among these are supposed to be questions relating to foreign commerce, colonisation, immigration, and such national policies as the Monroe Doctrine, Pan-Slavism, Pan-Germanism, etc. For such disputes, conciliation rather than arbitration, and the creation of an International Council of Conciliation, is being advocated.

The germ of this institution is to be found in the International Commissions of Inquiry, which were agreed upon at The Hague in 1899, and which have

operated since that time repeatedly and with success. The Taft treaties of 1911 added to the function of investigation, possessed by these commissions, the function of deciding upon the justiciable or non-justiciable character of disputes, and of referring disputes of the former character to arbitration. The Bryan treaties, which have been negotiated between the United States and thirty other countries, provide for the creation of commissions of inquiry and report; and now it is proposed that they shall receive the function and name of conciliation, and that one International Council of Conciliation shall function side by side with the International Court, and that the two together shall cover the entire field of international disputes.

THE INTERNATIONAL SANCTIONS

The most important, and almost the only, point on which the pacifists of today differ is in regard to the sanctions, or guarantees, which they deem it necessary to put behind the international organisation. The Hague Conference left its international organisation upon a purely voluntary basis; that is, it left to the disputant nations themselves the initiative in proposing and agreeing upon the arbitration of their dispute, and in abiding by the arbitral award.

The League to Enforce Peace proposes to prevent a resort to war as the means of settling a dispute; and for this purpose, it would use, first, the economic boycott, and then, if necessary, the armaments of the other members of the league.

The World Court League, on the other hand, believes that the peaceful adjustment of some two hundred and forty-three disputes proves the sufficiency of the sanctions which have operated in the past. Among these are the prestige of judicial settlement, the high character of judges, the good faith and national honour of nations that have bound themselves by treaty, and the national and international public

opinion which has become one of the outstanding characteristics of our time. These sanctions the World Court League would strengthen, develop and organise; but it believes that to place military force behind them would both vitiate them and at the same time make war inevitable.

There is a third group of pacifists, numerous but unorganised, who reject the alliance of national armaments proposed by the League to Enforce Peace, but insist that back of the sanctions relied upon by the World Court League there must be placed as a last resort a genuine international police force. This proposal would require the development of an international executive and the reduction and limitation of national armaments.

THE REDUCTION AND LIMITATION OF NATIONAL ARMAMENTS

Many of those who do not believe it possible or desirable to establish an international police force,—since the legal compulsion of a sovereign state is both impossible and undesirable,*—have come to believe it necessary to reduce and limit national armaments.

The members of the League to Enforce Peace believe, or hope, that the adoption of their plan would set up so successful a rival to war, in the shape of a well-sanctioned court, that national armaments would be gradually reduced. Many members of the World Court League share this view of the situation, and do not believe it necessary to take any active steps to relegate national armaments to their predestined innocuous desuetude.

The most advanced international thinkers, however, have become convinced that the new international organisation can neither be successfully developed nor be enabled to work successfully after it is developed unless and until an end is put to the constant, competitive

increase of national armaments and a reduction is made in the huge armaments which have already been built up. President Wilson gave expression and great momentum to this conviction in his address to the Senate, in which he said:

The question of limiting naval armaments opens the wider and perhaps more difficult question of the limitation of armies and of all programmes of military preparation. Difficult and delicate as these questions are, they must be faced with the utmost candour and be decided in a spirit of real accommodation if peace is to come with healing in its wings and come to stay.

Peace cannot be had without concession and sacrifice. There can be no sense of safety and equality among the nations if great, preponderating armaments are henceforth to continue here and there to be built up and maintained. The statesmen of the world must plan for peace and nations must adjust and accommodate their policy to it as they have planned for war and made ready for pitiless contest and rivalry. The question of armaments, whether on land or sea, is the most immediately and intensely practical question connected with the future fortunes of nations and of mankind.

THE PRESENT CRISIS

With such a programme of international organisation challenging the best thought and supreme effort of our common humanity, there is room for no wonder whatever that the world's real seers and statesmen are eager to bring the present war to as speedy an end as possible. They realise fully, on the basis of both reason and experience, that militarism cannot be killed by militarism, that law cannot be established by anarchy, and that every continued day of the present war places one more obstacle in the path of the new internationalism. It is not solely, perhaps not chiefly, because of the infinite miseries which the war entails, that it is to be condemned and executed as soon as possible; but precisely because it is the worst conceivable foe of just and adequate international organisation. It

*Cf. an article by the author in *The World Court Magazine* for January, 1917, entitled "Our Supreme Court as the Exemplar of the World Court."

might as well have been hoped to adopt the Constitution of the United States and create the American Union in the midst, or as a consequence, of a war between or among the thirteen states as to hope for further international organisation until the present war shall have stopped and its evil results shall have been at least partially effaced.

Our own country, too, which is the natural and perhaps the destined leader of the world along the path of international organisation, is face to face with a crisis fraught with measureless consequences to ourselves and all the world. The campaign for so-called "preparedness" which has swept over us during the past two years has been inimical in the same way, if not to the same degree, to the programme of international organisation, as has been the Great War in Europe. Appropriations for the army and navy unprecedented in our history and in all history; the attempts in forty-one states and in the nation to introduce compulsory military training in the schools, and universal compulsory military training and conscription among adults; and various other factors of the "preparedness" campaign, have been not only evil in themselves and expensive in many ways to the American pocket-book and the American character, but they have

turned the minds of our people away from a consideration of the judicial settlement of international disputes, and, worst of all, have caused them to lose or minimise their faith in such settlement.

If our country should permit itself to be dragged in at the tail end of the present war, it need not be surprised to find the links of militarism which have been forged thus far separately, welded together into a single chain which will bind for a time both the American spirit and the attempt to promote the international organisation in line with the American experiment of a Supreme Court and the reduction and limitation of armaments as between the States of the Union.

It is natural, then, that the best wishers of the new internationalism should view with grave anxiety the double crisis which confronts our own country and the world; but they are far from having lost hope for the future; and their determination that "wars shall end in our time" has been invincibly strengthened by the present emergency.

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!

Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

THE GOD OF MR. BRITLING—AND OF OUR FATHERS

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK
(Countess of Warwick)

IN HIS latest book, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, my friend and neighbour, Mr. H. G. Wells, has discovered God. There is a certain difficulty in associating the creation of a novelist with the creator and it may be quite wrong to suggest that Mr. Wells has created Mr. Britling in his own image, but of all living writers who count no man draws quite so much upon himself. His novels as I see them are in a very large measure views of personal experiences and emotions; he provides the first *milieu* that comes to hand, plunges into the heart of things and carries the reader with him. The secret of success is the possession of a vivid intelligence that sees to the core of things and a certain lively style that holds the reader all the time. Between Mr. Wells and his books there is such a marked family likeness that even when Boon and Bliss conspire to obscure plain issues, the attempt ends in failure. In view of these facts it is at least clear that there is a certain affinity of thought between Mr. Britling of *Matchings Easy* and Mr. Wells of *Little Easton*, and I propose to make the one explain the other. But in order to observe the necessary decorum I will write only of Mr. Britling.

That gentleman, an easy going, prosperous, kindly man, is stirred to the depths of his soul by the war. His eldest boy, the apple of his eye, dies for his country, his secretary is reported "missing, probably dead," the harmless little German tutor of his younger lads dies in Russia, a prisoner of war. A great cloud settles upon the pleasant life of Mr. Britling and there issues from the cloud a still small voice.

Mr. Britling recognises God, but not

a God of universal recognition. Mr. Britling's God is a kindly soul as anxious as Mr. Britling himself to see it through. One suspects that He has been a little intrigued by the Hun. He is willing to help, but His capacities are clearly limited. The devil is not mentioned, but one can envisage somewhere in the background a figure with horns and cloven hoofs, dominating the general situation. Against his machinations one feels that Mr. Britling's newly discovered Friend must needs play a losing game. Nothing that He suggests or inspires suffices to justify or even to explain the awful sacrifices of war, but Mr. Britling is so amazed by the unexpected revelation that he straightway finds comfort. "God's in His Heaven, All's right with the World." This suffices Mr. Britling, and leaves me very cold indeed. [There is nothing consoling in the existence of a Supreme Power that is not all powerful, that "impotently moves as you or I."] There is a faint suggestion of an elderly and kindly gentleman who hopes that Mr. Britling will do his best, now that the sorry scheme of old time is shattered, to "remould it nearer to the heart's desire," but it seems to me that the world tragedy would not have been less to any appreciable extent if Mr. Britling's son and secretary had returned safe and sound with a V.C. apiece, and the German tutor, in the best of health, had received one of the million odd iron crosses in the gift of Kaiser Wilhelm II. In short, Mr. Britling's God does nothing to account for the war or to hint how humanity may profit in the future from the world tragedy of the present. An amiable, well-intentioned, seemingly

ineffective Deity, Mr. Britling is remarkably fortunate in being able to gather consolation and hope from such a source, but I would venture to assert that Omnipotence is made of sterner stuff.

Man has ever made God in his own image and we must return to a far earlier conception than Mr. Britling's if we would seek an explanation of the woes that have made so many millions the co-heirs of a boundless legacy of suffering and disaster. I find an explanation in a very familiar definition. "The Lord thy God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generations." There is surely no need to go further than this. The anthropomorphic conception can stand or fall, an old-time necessity it is at least a modern convenience. But whatever the formula we use for expressing God, we do know at least that God works through Moral Law and that the moral laws of the Universe are as essential to its order and progress as the simple rules of physical health are to the individual. The man who runs amok and is ruled by his desires, comes to a bad end, or if his constitution was a robust one he transmits a legacy of disease in one form or another to his children. If a nation departs from sane living, it marks itself out for destruction and if a civilisation fails, that, too, goes under. Here at least is a reasonable development of the quotation that defines the God of the Hebrews and the more closely we examine the whole European situation the more readily shall we be able to see that the definition covers it. It is very absurd for us to expect that any nation can defy with impunity the laws that rule the world; it is rather bad form to disregard these laws and hold the Law Giver responsible when disaster follows. Action and reaction are equal and opposite and dumb acquiescence in the evil done by one nation involves its neighbours in catastrophe, for the moral law works independently of physical boundaries. When a civilisation goes

astray it must pay the penalty, call that penalty by what name you will. If humanity on this planet persisted in wrong-doing, in defying the moral law, I am convinced that every civilisation we boast would disappear. Day by day, hour by hour, there are new worlds in the making, the Milky Way is the great factory of the Cosmos and I think we take a gravely exaggerated view of our own significance, we inhabitants of an insignificant planet who are apt to believe that the whole stellar system was designed for our benefit. I am convinced that some form of moral law pervades the creation we know and the creation beyond our ken. This is why I am inclined to take exception to Mr. Britling's very gentlemanly and rather helpless God, I doubt if He would fill Matchings Easy, I am quite sure He would not be large enough for Essex and I realise, however reluctantly, that there is a world beyond this delightful and little known county. It is best to be in the strong hands of Power than in the feeble hands of kindly Incapacity. Let us see whether the state of Europe justified war or rather if it made war inevitable.

With due apologies to every British apostle of the comfortable doctrine of self-righteousness I must decline to regard Germany as the villain of the piece. I can only see her as the sharp knife that lanced the festering ulcer of modern "progress," a progress that was travelling hard in the wrong direction. I see Germany as the unconscious agent, the dangerous remedy by which a desperate disease may yet be healed, and it seems to me that this disease was spreading fast over all Europe to say nothing of the New World that must work out its own salvation. The disease was the pursuit of riches and power at any price. To this end millions of men in Germany and Austria had been dragooned out of all proper semblance of humanity, they had become the brute force by which autocracy with the aid of prostituted science sought to register its evil decrees. In England the pur-

suit of power and riches took another form. Of militarism we had little or none, but from ten thousand factories and workshops, from a thousand slums the cry of the worker uprose to God. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground." There is no rhetoric about this, merely the plain unvarnished fact. Statesmen have spoken of so many millions living on the poverty line, housing commissions have spoken of the vile dens in which men, women and children are condemned to live. Great doctors have described the unending war against infant life to which every sweater and slum landlord is a party—and England is, or was before the war, the richest country in the world. The facts are patent. So we have seen for long years past the slow deliberate throttling of democracy, by force of arms in Central Europe, by force of industry at home, while the control of the world has passed more and more into the hands of an unstable, degenerate and often diseased group of men whose claim to rule over humanity is founded upon their blood! Reformers preached only to the converted and every act of the world's rulers was aimed at making the rich richer, the poor poorer and the servile more servile than before. In the midst of riches men and women starved, in the midst of peace millions were shut up in barracks. Science became above all things the servant of destruction, and the national wealth instead of easing the burden of those who have most to bear, was devoted to the piling up of armaments that should crack the fabric of civilisation from base to summit. That such conditions should endure was im-

possible, to believe that they could was as blatant a form of atheism as the thinking mind can devise. To those of us who have seen destruction coming, nothing remained unrevealed save the definite shape that destruction would take. In the midst of seeming prosperity, Europe was rotten to the core. The time came, the time that was bound to come and now because of our own misdoings the cities have become desolate, and the Jealous God has visited the iniquities of the fathers upon the children so completely that there can hardly be a street in belligerent Europe wherein no house of mourning is to be found. The nations have been chastened because of their iniquities and by the God who works through the Moral Law. To this awful and supreme God Mr. Britling's Friend does not appear to me to bear the slightest relation. He is rather like the Master Potter of the Persian tentmaker, "He's a good fellow and t'will all be well." I think if Mr. Britling were to pursue his story he would find himself rather disappointed in his Friend after the first rapture of acquaintance had died down. If we are to placate the real God, and to see that the iniquities of the fathers are not visited upon the third and fourth generations we must see to it that after this war democracy becomes a living thing, that men and women have the fullest freedom and that they are no longer forced to hate their fellow creatures to oblige rulers who have no valid claims upon existence. Mr. Britling will find a sterner taskmaster but the reward for the difficulties of obedience will atone.

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

FAR UP IN THE MYSTERY HILLS

FAR up in the Mystery Hills
Lies hid the little stone,
And I must climb the Mystery Hills
On the grey day, alone.

Under the aching sky at noon
Blows a vast wind and cries
Dead hours and their solemnities:
Ah, they were still and wise.

And is it this, the little stone?
Oh, my poor brother, see
The broken things, the broken things,
That will not let me be.

CLOUDS

THE clouds rise over the high mountains,
They rise over the rim of the sea . . .
While I was looking away, the first one rose.
Swift, swift, swift,
Still like birds, silent like thoughts, inexorable like time . . .

I have tried—I cannot stop them!
It was all light a while ago—all clear:
Now they have put out the sky.

I should not have looked away.

**This series will continue throughout the year, and in it will be published many of the best examples of contemporary American poetry. At the conclusion of the series the authors' names will be given, but in the meantime THE BOOKMAN Editor invites opinions regarding the poems and their authorship. In the "Mail Bag" department this month is published a letter giving a critical estimate of the first section of this series that appeared in the February issue. Many of THE BOOKMAN readers may agree with the opinions expressed therein—and again they may not!—Editor's Note.*

DRUMNOTES

DAYS of the dead men, Danny.
Drum for the dead, drum on your
remembering heart.

Jaures, a great love-heart of France,
a slug of lead in the red valves.
Kitchener of Khartoum, tall, cold, proud,
a shark's mouthful.
Franz Josef, the old man of forty haunted
kingdoms, in a tomb with the Hapsburg
fathers, moths eating a green uniform
to tatters, worms taking all and leaving
only bones and gold buttons, bones and
iron crosses.
Jack London, Jim Riley, Verhaeren, riders to
the republic of dreams.

Days of the dead, Danny.
Drum on your remembering heart.

RAINY DAY

THE patient rain falls in a hush
On the poor little town;
All night long it fell on the street
Where the leaves lie dead and brown.

The drug-store shines with wet,
And behind the glass panes stare
The pale eyes of the palsied woman
Who lives by her kind son's care.

Nobody goes out at all;
But the little ships at sea
Sail wisely through the mist of rain
And this night they will be

Rocking at the wharves
Of the poor little town,
And the strong captains shouting Ho! Ho!
After the sails come down.

THE VILLAGE OF SYNDICATE REVISITED

BY JAMES L. FORD

THE Nobel Prize of forty thousand dollars had been awarded to the author of "Amaryllis," the most exquisite poem of the year—"of the century," declared more than one of the judges—and Dr. Ole Lucknoi, whose "Epic of the Anchovy" is known throughout all Scandinavia, had come to this country for the purpose of bestowing it. Unable to find any traces of the fortunate prize winner, of whom nothing was known save that his name was Henry Envoi and that his verses actually rhymed, Dr. Lucknoi called on me for advice and assistance in his search.

Instantly I thought of the "Village of Syndicate," founded by Mr. S. S. McClure some twenty odd years ago on the banks of the Hackensack River as a model literary community. I had not visited the place in many years but I well remembered its rows of neat cottages, a tree in front of each and a pump for every two; its common kitchen, dining-room and recreation hall; its docks on the river bank piled high with bales of fragrant literary wares; and, above all, its air of cheery industry and content, for Syndicate was a democracy in the true sense of the word, knowing neither the luxury of extreme wealth nor the misery of bitter poverty.

Dr. Lucknoi gladly accepted my invitation to visit this remarkable community. When we arrived there I looked in vain for the old familiar signs of social and professional equality. All was changed. The village resembled the ordinary New Jersey suburb, save that the contrast between the squalour of its meaner quarter and the luxury and wealth of the superb mansions that occupied the wooded heights above the town was painfully apparent. Directed by the station agent to the stately home

on Best Selling Heights occupied by Susan Scuttleworth Scraggs, the author of the "Mary Mushpot" Series, said to be the most profitable brand of literary goods on the market, we were ushered by a liveried servant into a wide hall, luxuriously furnished, and adorned with priceless collections of the originals of magazine covers, many of them of great antiquity dating back to the early days of the Munsey conquest of the newsstands. The morning breeze swept in through the open windows bearing the scent of the magnolia blossoms. No sound broke the silence save the falling water in a marble fountain and the persistent click of a typewriter in an adjoining room.

The door opened and Mr. Scraggs entered, introduced himself as the husband of the author and courteously inquired the purpose of our visit. He shook his head sadly at the mention of Henry Envoi's name saying: "I doubt if you will find him here. Certainly he is not a person of any social standing, such as one of my class would be apt to know. It is just possible, however, that he lives inconspicuously in the poets' quarter in the poorest section of the town."

"But," exclaimed Dr. Lucknoi, "I supposed that all was equality here. Will you kindly explain to me the social structure of your very interesting community?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Scraggs: "The members of our literary aristocracy occupy the mansions here on Best Selling Heights. We owe our exalted position to the fact that we have long since discarded those qualities of truth, wit, spirituality and poesy which are not in accord with the spirit of the modern book counter. The Sob Sisters rank next to us, though we rather look down

on them as *nouveaux riches*. This term, however, does not apply to that genuinely gifted imaginative writer, Wee Winnie Weepy, the author of that exquisite *Idyll of Disaster* beginning: 'I sobbed my way through the closely guarded lines, past the grim-visaged soldiers, who stepped aside with a muttered, "God speed you," when they saw the great loaves of bread in my arms and knew that I was the bearer of Mr. Hearst's bounty. "God bless Mr. Hearst," cried a little child as she looked up at me and smiled and died. I placed one of our blessed comic supplements over the still pale face and went on to the relief of the suffering ones.'

"A little lower in the social grade," continued Mr. Scraggs, "are the historians and writers on scientific, industrial and religious subjects, very worthy folk for the most part but not, of course, on a par with us. In fact we regard them as distinctly middle class, especially the historians who frequently relate things as they were, which is almost as bad as portraying them as they are now. In our very lowest grade, meaning the hopelessly poor and truthful you will find such unfortunates as satirists, poets and other literary anarchists, the avowed enemies of our better element. But we do not turn a deaf ear when they cry for aid. At this very moment my wife is preparing a basket of food and other necessities for the family of a starving satirist and I must soon be on my way to deliver it. Perhaps you would like to go with me?"

We gladly accepted his invitation and in a few moments his automobile was bearing us down the smooth avenue, past the ornate villas of the Sob Sisters, through the quiet street where stood the humble cottages of historians and scientists, and thence down to the squalid alley where grim poverty stalked hand in hand with literary vice.

During our short drive Mr. Scraggs explained to us that the satirist was also a literary anarchist who had tried to sap the vitals of best selling fiction by his blasphemous truthfulness. He had

sought to undermine the simple faith of the public in the great gospel of mush. He had denied the monkey dinner, the backbone of all novels dealing with fashionable life, and had even declared that no brat of eleven ever converted a whole town by the simple magic of her "gladness."

In a grimy attic chamber we found the satirist engrossed in the work of demolishing that favourite motto of cheery, best-selling optimism, "God's in His heaven; all's well with the world." A baleful look came into his face as he recognised his visitor. Then he caught sight of the well-filled basket and his face softened, as the faces of even the best of men soften in the presence of food and drink.

"My poor misguided friend," said Mr. Scraggs, as he placed bread, meat and wine before the hungry family; "why do you persist in following this will-o-the-wisp called truth? It can lead you nowhere. We would gladly welcome you to that happy hunting ground of mendacity and mediocrity called Cheery Optimism and to companionship with the best sellers who inhabit it. I trust that you are not bringing up your innocent children to the pernicious craft of portraying life as it is? You might as well make poets of them."

The anarchist shuddered. "No, not that," he cried hoarsely, "I was a poet myself once, but my poems *would* rhyme no matter how hard I tried to prevent them. *Vers Libre* controls the market now, but I—well I cannot write like this:

The city wakes to its daily tumult and the
work of the toilers is resumed once more.
Soft slides the banana peel from the garbage
box filled to overflowing.

Loud rings the galvanized iron can on the
sidewalk.

What comes rumbling down the dreary street
—the street that is without song?

It is the ash-cart.

Oh ho! the ash-cart's din!

I sing the epic of the ash-cart, thundering
down the street!

"You are a poet and your verses rhyme?" cried Dr. Lucknoi excitedly, "Then surely you must be——"

"Henry Envoi," replied the satirist in mournful accents.

"Thank God that I was not too late," exclaimed the bearer of the great Nobel Prize as he raised his eyes to heaven in devout gratitude.

The rest of this little tale is quickly told.

Henry Envoi was welcomed to the innermost circles of Best Selling Heights, not on account of his wealth, but because of the Happy Ending to his own sordid life story. Free from care and anxiety he has repented of his evil

ways and no longer writes the truth in the witty, amusing fashion that led to his downfall. Seated in his study, which is artfully decorated in a manner designed to prevent all concentrated thought, surrounded by shelves rich in vellum-bound, hundredth editions of his own works, he cheerfully guides the hands of his little ones as they write editorials for the *New Republic* and smiles approvingly and lovingly on his faithful wife as she prepares her monthly budget of bad advice to foolish girls for the *Woman's Home Gaxoo*, which employs her at a large salary.

His is indeed, a Happy Ending calculated to bring tears of envy to the eyes of the most hardened publisher.

COMPENSATION

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

SOMETIMES I hammer my songs out of the hot steel of my hatred;
And sometimes I carve them out of the cold marble of my envy.
In answer come sounds of scattered applause, as from a remote distance;
But no one approaches.

Sometimes, without motive, I weave my songs out of the playfulness of my heart,—
And find the whole world at my door!

THE HEADS OF THE PUBLIC

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE seems to be a general assumption—on the part of editors and managers and publishers—that the reading and theatre-going public is made up, for the most part, of fools.

Several years ago, the present writer was invited to prepare a series of instructive articles for a magazine whose circulation amounted to a million copies every month. "Remember, first of all," remarked the editor, "that our magazine is planned to appeal to the women-folk of Muncie, Indiana. Don't use any words that the women-folk of Muncie would not be likely to understand; don't refer to any authors that they haven't heard of. Write down to them. Don't talk above their heads." The answer was, of course, inevitable. "Have they read Sir Thomas Browne? Have they seen the lovely little jewel-box of Nimes? Do they know the difference between Savonarola and a brand of soap?" "I'm afraid not," said the editor, and sighed. At this point, the writer retreated from the office, with a dignified adieu—for that was many years ago, and he accepted the editor's opinion of the public of Muncie, Indiana. But he knows better now.

Only a month ago, a paid-for page of advertisement was printed in *THE BOOKMAN*, in which Dr. Frank Crane [of *The New York Globe*] was quoted as asserting that a book called *Susan Lenox*, by the late David Graham Phillips, "is vastly more vivid than Dante." It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Dante is the greatest man who ever lived and the most vivid author who ever wrote a line. Yet the publishers of *Susan Lenox* have spent their money to tell the public that the work of David Graham Phillips "is vastly more vivid

than Dante." The only obvious presumption is that—somehow or other—they expected the public to believe this printed statement.

Whenever a prospective theatre-goer picks up a Sunday paper in New York and scans the page devoted to the catalogue of current plays, he will find himself informed [at a cost of many dollars for every advertisement] that each of no less than twenty plays is "the hit of the season," and that nearly every play in New York, without exception, is "the greatest play of the century." The simple fact that nearly all the managers pay money for the printing of these contradictory announcements affords us ample evidence that their estimate of the general intelligence of the theatre-going public is preposterously low.

The fact is that many editors and publishers and managers assume a state of imbecility in the general and public mind. Their advice to authors, nearly always, is couched in some such phrase as this,—*"Be careful, do be careful not to talk above their heads!"* That other danger [thanks to thee, Maurice Donnay, for lending us the phrase!],—that other danger of talking *underneath* the heads of the public is a matter that they seldom seem to think of! It never occurs to them, apparently, that the public may know more than they know themselves, and that the public may care more about the calling of high matters than they themselves have ever learned to care.

No author who really is an author can ever be successfully advised to "write down" to the public. The only reasonable thing to do—as every author knows—is to "write up" to the public; for every artist who has mystically listened to the elusive but imperious in-

sistence of the harmony of words knows that nothing can be gained by a deliberate destruction of the predetermined pattern, and that everything is to be gained by a frank and free appeal to all the ears of all the world that are capable of hearing. As Lincoln said, in an apostolic moment, "You can't fool all the people all the time." Why not, therefore, take a chance and trust them?

Many, many years ago [for this was long before the period of moving pictures] the present writer attempted to compose, in collaboration with a man who has since become a noted poet, a melodrama of the type designed to appeal to the public of Third Avenue. It was called *The Mad Dog*—if memory is not at fault—and the villain was a wicked doctor whose special business in life was to assault the lives of heroes and of heroines by inoculating them with germs of hydrophobia. But, after the first act had been sedulously planned, the poet said, one evening,—“The trouble with this job is that we haven't learned how not to laugh about it. Owen Davis doesn't laugh: Theodore Kremer never laughed in his life. For Gawd's sake, let's be serious!” And then we tried—very, very hard—to be serious; but, after many weeks, we discovered that this consummation devoutly to be wished could not be achieved by merely taking thought. We did not know how not to laugh: we could not capture the mystic secret of “writing down” to the public of Third Avenue. We discovered, incidentally, that such masterpieces as *Bertha*, *the Sewing-Machine Girl* or *Chinatown Charlie*, *The King of the Opium Ring* can be written only by authors who are as certain of their mission and their message as Mr. Percy MacKaye; and we learned also that the only way to do a job successfully is to care about it, and to care about it absolutely. *The Mad Dog*—needless to say—was never written; but it served its momentary purpose in the scheme of things by teaching two young authors that the

general and public mind is not a thing to be despised.

Why should it be despised, when so often—so very, very often—it has shown a disposition to stand up and to salute the momentary passing of anything at all that may be looked upon as offering an intimation of immortality? The heads of the public loom far higher than our managers or editors or publishers imagine. The problem is not how to talk down to them, but how to talk up to them! The only proper aspect for the author is the attitude of any of those favoured saints of Perugino's painting, who look upward at they know not what, and smile, and wonder, and believe, and—in consequence—convince.

For nearly twenty years our theatre has been hampered by the fact that it has been commercially controlled by a little coterie of managers who—lacking education, lacking culture, lacking taste—have neglected to perceive the simple fact that, in these respects, the heads of the public have towered higher than their own. They have approached the public not humbly and with due respect, but arrogantly and with the sort of scorn which accompanies incompetence. They have based their business on a bland assumption that the people who support the theatre have no brains.

It took the managers a long time to learn that Mr. Bernard Shaw—whose humour they could not appreciate—was funnier than Mr. George V. Hobart—whose humour they themselves could understand. Even now, a number of these managers would not believe that high-class comic writing pays, if they were not convinced against their prejudices by the records of their own box-offices. For six years after the publication of *Justice* and the initial productions of this play in Manchester and London, the piece was frowned upon by all our managers, because it was “too serious,” because it had been written by a great man, because it was “literary” and had been printed by Charles Scribner's Sons,

—because, to sum the matter up, it was “over the heads of the public.” When, at last, *Justice* was put into rehearsal by a new *impresario*, Mr. John D. Williams, his own partners withdrew from participation in the enterprise, because they were convinced that a composition so earnest, so thoughtful, and so harrowing in its appeal to the social conscience could never “get by” with the theatre-going public. When the piece was “tried out” in New Haven, no less than seven New York managers “looked it over” and refused to run the risk of “booking” it in their theatres. One manager—and only one—knew enough about the public to perceive that *Justice* was not a “failure.” This was Mr. Sam H. Harris. He immediately made arrangements to expel one of his own productions from his own theatre in New York, in order to provide a stage for this earnest and uncompromising composition by a great man overseas. The success of *Justice* in New York was instantaneous. The play ran for weeks and weeks to crowded houses; and thousands of dollars were poured into the coffers of the two men—Mr. John D. Williams and Mr. Sam H. Harris—who had had sufficient faith to look up to the public.

There have been many recent indications that the dominance of the American theatre is passing rapidly from those managers whose habit has been always to look down upon the heads of the public to a younger and a newer group who have adopted the more salutary habit of looking up to heads which they mystically hope to find somewhere in those higher regions which have remained, for such a long time, unexplored. Such managers as Mr. Williams, Mr. Winthrop Ames, and Mr. Arthur Hopkins have paid the theatre-going public the unexpected compliment of assuming that the public is equipped with culture and with education and with taste. In all their undertakings, these new managers have been actuated by a motive which may be defined—in philosophic terms—as “a daring to believe.” They have dared

to expect the public to enjoy such plays as *Justice* and *Pierrot the Prodigal* and *A Successful Calamity*; and this daring has been appreciated and rewarded by a public which enjoys the quite uncus-tomary feeling of being approached with that degree of courtesy which arises from respect.

The most impressive lesson to be learned from studying the records of the recent and still-current theatre-season is the lesson that no play by any author of importance has failed to be supported by the public, and that nearly all the failures of the season were meted out to plays of the so-called “popular” variety, in which the authors had deliberately tried to “write down” to the public. Among the most impressive failures of the year may be recorded a number of productions whose titles, even now, are somewhat difficult to recollect:—*Broadway and Buttermilk*, *Somebody’s Luggage*, *A Pair of Queens*, *A Little Bit of Fluff*, *Fast and Grow Fat*, *His Majesty Bunker Bean*, *The Intruder*, *Rich Man Poor Man*, *Object—Matrimony*, *Our Little Wife*, *Mile-A-Minute Kendall*, and *In for the Night*. It scarcely seems unfair to assume that all these compositions were written to satisfy the managerial conception of “what the public wants”; for, otherwise, it would be extremely difficult to imagine any reason why they were ever written at all.

While plays like these were falling by the wayside—upon stony ground, a positive and undeniable success was achieved by a great author who has never visited America, and has never met such magnates as Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert, and has never considered for a single moment the problem of trying to write badly because of the assumption that most people have no taste. There is no denying that Lord Dunsany has been more talked about than any other author who has contributed to the recent and still-current theatre-season in America. No less than five of his plays have been acted in New York within the last six months, and

his name is now upon the lips of thousands of the people who support our theatres with their patronage. But the practical success of Lord Dunsany has been achieved by such "insurrectionary" institutions as the Portmanteau Theatre and the Neighborhood Playhouse. *The Gods of the Mountain* was first presented in America by a manager of the earlier [and now nearly obsolete] persuasion, Mr. William A. Brady. This production was "tried out" in Buffalo in April, 1912. After only six performances [in Buffalo and Rochester], Mr. Brady made up his mind that this masterpiece was "over the heads of the public" and abandoned the project of presenting it. When the play was resumed in October, 1916, by Mr. Stuart Walker, it immediately scored a great success which has been confirmed already in many different sections of this country.

Only four years ago, the continuance of the most beautiful play that has ever yet been written in America—namely, *The Yellow Jacket*, by George C. Hazleton, Jr., and J. Harry Benrimo—was cut short by a lack of foresight on the part of two or three hard-headed business men who had adopted the contagious habit of looking down on the heads of the public. After its initial "failure" in New York, *The Yellow Jacket* was successfully produced in London, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Moscow, Madrid, and Montevideo; for, in these foreign capitals, the magnates who control the theatre are accustomed to pay their patrons the compliment of looking up to them. Last autumn, a new manager, Mr. Charles D. Coburn, decided to attempt the great adventure of bringing *The Yellow Jacket* back to Broadway. He offered his production tentatively at a series of ten special matinees; but the triumph of the play was so emphatic that it had to be presented subsequently for more than a hundred and fifty nights. In this instance, Mr. Coburn was signally rewarded for his daring to decide to "talk up" to the public.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's *Magic* has been printed and published for many, many months; but all the older managers have shied away from the proposition to produce it in America, because of a superstitious fear that it was "over the heads of the public." Their argument appeared to run as follows:—*Magic* was written by a great man—therefore it was "high-brow"; it was written unusually well—therefore it would bore the "tired business man"; it was mystic and poetical—therefore it would be incomprehensible to the general and public mind.

When *Magic* was finally produced in New York by a new manager, Mrs. Emilie Hapgood, it was received with favour by the theatre-going public. The celebrated name of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton attracted more people to the box-office than it could possibly have kept away. The managerial superstition that the public would refuse to patronise a play by an author who was generally recognised as a man who had something serious to say was impressively exploded.

The experience of the past year goes to show that the surest way for any playwright to succeed in New York—and subsequently throughout the length and breadth of the United States—is [as Sir Philip Sidney said] to shoot beyond the moon, by aiming above the altitude which is commonly assumed to house the heads of the public. Those of us who write plays should cease to think of Mr. Erlanger and Mr. Shubert; we should think only of ourselves and God, since the public has clearly manifested a desiring to be accepted as a contributory and conclusive corner to this mystic and eternal triangle. The people who constitute the drifting population of Broadway have—in the slang language of the theatre-district—emphatically "come across." No longer is it possible to reap an easy harvest of success by "talking down" to them: the only logical procedure is, henceforth, to "talk up" to them and to remove our hats in graceful deference to heads that are more lofty than our own.

UNDER THE RABBIS' SPELL

BY A. S. ISAACS

WHAT a treasure-house it is—that almost inexhaustible Orient of legend and homily! If the one debt which we owed to the East was for its Scriptures which the greater part of mankind holds sacred, that were obligation enough; but there is the long procession of epics, stately and profound, of romances, that still move the cultured reader, of poetry—lyric, dramatic, and didactic—now secular, now theological; a variegated *mélange* of fable, homily, jest, narrative, and proverb. No wonder Eastern fairy tales have a universal appeal. They caught the colour of life in every shade. They respond to the call of every human emotion. They serve as source book for many modern writers and appear in fresh garb in the novel and on the stage, while they furnish endless themes for the composer and the artist.

Out of the Orient, saved happily from the fate of many of its treasures whose decipherment still baffles the inquirer, and which, perhaps, will always remain fragments hard to read, is the wonder-work of the early rabbis: those creations and compilations of the rabbinical brain which constitute what is known as Talmud and Midrash. Both words weave a mystic spell of their own. They embody that peculiar quality of moral and mental fibre, of logic and sentiment, which formed part of the rabbis' heritage and trained them to bear with perfect self-control the shock of exile or the catastrophe of national ruin. It was a self-control, too, which had little in common with self-surrender or dumb submission to fate. It implied resolute endeavour to rebuild the ancient foundations and utilise each fresh opportunity to learn and to teach. As Browning writes in his *Ben Ezra*, the rabbi's function was to

. . . welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never
grudge the throe!

On the return to Palestine after the Babylonian Exile, with undeniable changes and adaptations in its train, the new conditions made necessary vigorous measures for the maintenance of traditional customs and institutions. The nation had to be restored, and nothing at first seemed to daunt the courage of the leaders or the loyalty of the people. Gradually system and order developed from confusion and uncertainty, and in addition to the national constitution—the Law—there arose a mass of by-laws, "hedges to the law," to strengthen the ancient structure. The sages built cautiously and might have succeeded amid the sharp conflict of opinion, and the menace of domestic corruption and foreign strife, when Jerusalem fell before the Roman legions. Vanquished on the battle-field, the Jew proved the victor in his academy where transformed from warrior to student he reared a new Temple—a Temple of study—which was to resist the enemy in every age. To-day after twenty centuries it attracts its votaries throughout the world, not only those of its own creed, but non-Jewish scholars in many lands, while it is made the subject of special research at numerous universities, it is edited and interpreted in different languages, and from its literature famous modern poets select thoughts and parables for their melodious theme.

It was a far-sighted rabbi, Johanan ben Sakkai, who after the fall of Jeru-

saalem gathered together at Jamnia a band of disciples and began anew the study of the law and tradition so abruptly disturbed by the clash of Roman arms. It was not only the problem of adaptation of old ideals to the new environment but of preserving the old methods and principles amid troublous times. Under Johanan and his successors was evolved the Talmud, signifying "learning," which received its final redaction about 500 of the common era. Besides its main stream of legal decisions and discussions based on the oral law, it contains an immense number of parables and stories that illustrate moral and ethical ideals. The passion for preaching gave rise to the Midrash, originally a method of exposition of Scripture, which means "expound" or "study," and came to refer to extensive collections of homilies, based primarily on the Pentateuch, but extended later to other books of the Bible. The Talmud may be called the legal digest or commentary—the Midrash, the ethical exposition or interpretation, although such definitions can hardly be termed exact.

These works, then, embodying history, literature, ethics, and religion, stretch over fully six to seven hundred years and re-echo the opinions and moods of several hundred authorities of varying importance. Here is a judicial code of serious import and table-talk which forms a kind of rabbinical day-and-night's entertainment. Here are law and fantasy, logic and sophistry, history and legend, philosophy and mysticism, penetrating common sense and childish exaggeration. Here are text and pretext, truths of universal application and "trifles light as air." It is a kaleidoscope, with its ever changing points of view, gems of preciousness and of paste, a picture gallery of famous people—king, priest, scholar, commoner, hero, heroine—a fragment of a world's chronicle in which appear Rome, Persia, India, Judea, Greece, Asia Minor and the isles of the sea. Strange to say, while the Talmud and rabbinical litera-

ture were often put under the ban, and their study proscribed by Council and Ruler in the Middle Ages, to-day the broader world of learning is unmistakably under their spell. Despite formidable difficulties in language, phrase and arrangement, with so many intricate Oriental windings and bewildering secret-chambers not so easily entered save by the initiated,—in Talmud and Midrash can be seen a repository of a people's tears and sorrows no less than of their ideals and sympathies, their hopes and visions that extend from past to present and are coloured by gleams of the future.

The rabbis who appear in the early centuries are usually portrayed by more or less profound critics as rigid casuists, strictly adhering to the letter of the law, mere formalists, without breadth or spirituality. With no discrimination, it is as a Pharisee of the Pharisees in the current superficial meaning of the term that the typical rabbi is known. That he was intensely human in his weaknesses need not be denied, that he concealed nothing, extenuated nothing, and uttered his opinions with perfect frankness may also be admitted. But he was more than legalist or sophist. He could forget his dignity and be a child again, as he told or heard the tales or parables that so wondrously beautify the olden codes and homilies, and are replete with such ethical charm as to retain their point and freshness in every generation.

Let us take some of those parables and narratives and present them more or less unvarnished to the reader. Without their context, they may appear bare and fragmentary. It is as if you would stage *The Midsummer Night's Dream* without woodland and moonlight. So you will have to draw upon the imagination to furnish background and atmosphere, now in Palestine, and now in Babylonia, with the students eagerly listening or debating in the academy or the rabbis earnestly expounding the scriptures on Sabbaths and holy days to devout gatherings. Practical benevolence, rather than sentimental almsgiv-

ing, is the *motif* in many a rabbinical narration.

A kindly surgeon carried his humanity so far as to place a box in a retired corner of his office, and each patient unnoticed could put therein the fee, small or large, while the needy who had nothing to give would not be ashamed. In fact he never took money from poor scholars, but gave them help that they might recover the more quickly after treatment. Now the head of the academy, knowing well his character, sent him one day as patients two learned rabbis, who were properly attended to and remained over night. In the morning, without bidding their host farewell, they returned home, taking with them the handsome bed coverings. On the same day he noticed them in the market place. They drew near, showed him the coverings and asked him to state their value. They thought his estimate too low, but he assured them it was correct. Then they confessed it was his property, which they had taken only to observe his demeanour. "Now tell us," they added, "what did you think of our action?" He told them that he thought they wished to ransom some innocent prisoner and not venturing to ask him for a contribution, took the necessary amount. When they begged him to receive back his property, he refused on the ground that already in thought he had destined it for charity.

Hillel sat in the circle of his students, who listened eagerly to his words of wisdom, which quieted every doubt and instilled ardent hope. What was hidden, he made clear; what was crooked, he made straight. He was the gentlest of teachers and full of the cheeriest optimism. No wonder the people, old and young, loved to gather around him, forgetting as he spoke the flight of time in the fullness of their rapture. So passed the hours that day and the shadows were lengthening. Yet the discussion continued, illumined by many an anecdote that made still clearer the teacher's thought. Suddenly he arose and said with an earnest look, "I must attend to my guest. Tomorrow we shall meet again." At the same hour each day he made similar utterance

to the people's wonderment. All knew how poor he was and how could he invite a guest to share his poverty! His pupils resolved to solve the riddle, and entering his home, found him at his meal, but no guest was there. They were vexed that he should deceive them. Then he told them in his winning way: "My body is here at home, but do I know how long my soul will remain its guest? I give you much of my life and strength but not all of it. I must take good care of my guest."

There lived a rabbi whose greatest delight was to visit his teacher and give him a few hours of happiness, as they chatted about olden days. Once, however, a long time passed before he made the accustomed journey and the teacher felt anxious. Then one day he appeared and was asked why he had remained away so long. "My life," he replied, "has wholly changed. Those that were formally near are now far; those once far are now near. Instead of two are three and the household's peace has vanished." When his teacher asked him to explain the riddle of his words, he rejoined: "The explanation is very simple. My eyes which once could discern the light so far, now deny it when it is quite near. My ears which once quickly caught each word need now to be told a hundred times. My two feet which bore me forth each day require a staff. Thus two have become three. At home there is no peace, for I have lost all relish for the joys of life, and my age deters me from olden habits that brought happiness. It is time for me to think of my last long journey."

It was Rabbi Meir, a sage of much insight, who claimed that we find our support everywhere and happy the one whose parents had him learn an honourable trade. Let him teach his son a worthy occupation and entreat mercy from Him to whom all wealth belongs. You never saw a lion carry burdens, or a fox take to trade, or a wolf sell pots, and yet they support themselves without worry. They were born to serve me, but I was made to serve my Creator. If these formed for my service maintain themselves without anxiety, how much more

should I, made for the service of my Creator, support myself without anxiety? But what, continued the rabbi, has compelled me to maintain myself with anxiety? Is it not my sins? It is because I have acted wrongly that my maintenance is embittered. The sages were insistent on teaching the young helpful handiwork. Who fails to teach his son a trade, they said, teaches him murder. As a consequence the rabbis were not ecclesiastics in the narrow sense, but followed various handicrafts, which enabled them to enjoy some degree of independence and teach their traditions without fear or favour. They could not more trenchantly state their views as to the need and dignity of labour than in the words: "Strip dead cattle in the street, take your wage for the work. Do not say, I am a priest, I am a great man, and that occupation is odious to me." The workman engaged in his task need not rise, not even in presence of a sage, such was one of labour's privileges.

As a rabbi was explaining the law with masterly skill before his scholars, a woman entered the hall of study. It was the rabbi's mother who bitterly complained that his learning brought him little profit with all his zeal, and although his scholarship was lofty, he disobeyed the ten commandments. He honours not his mother. The school was silent in its amazement at the accusation, and the rabbi himself in his sense of shame lowered his eyes. But she continued undisturbed and gave the reason for her assertion. She was proud of his genius and ever sought to show him reverence. When he came from the academy, she blessed him as if he were a conqueror and wished to anoint his feet. But he would have none of her devotion and cast her away in dishonour. All were moved at her words, while the rabbi strove to control his feelings, until finally he laid the case before the sages, who answered: "The earth is the Almighty's footstool; the vast sea laves his feet. Honour to Him alone, the Creator; to Him rapture and praise. Consider, woman, what thou desirest. Couldst thou honour thy son more gloriously than by honouring his humility?"

The profession of teaching stood in highest reverence, although it yielded

little material reward. If art was the ideal of the Greek, education was that of the Jew. It was the duty of the father to be instructor as well as parent of his child, and the teacher was always the honoured guest. There is a somewhat familiar story—but one that merits further repetition—which illustrates the teacher's rank in rabbinic days, a rank still recognised in large measure.

It seems that there had been no rain for many months and the drought was producing much misery. The fields, the wells, the streams alike suffered. All vegetation had withered. Impelled by the crisis, the people came together to pray. The famous sages prayed ardently, but no rain fell. Rabbis of the greatest dignity were devout suppliants in vain. The prophet, before whom all bowed in awe, the ruler in his royal robe, were fruitless in their appeal. The sky remained obdurate, not a solitary cloud appeared. At last there came a man of quiet manner, wholly unknown to the multitude, and he offered prayer. The words were few, but at once the welcome clouds gathered and soon the rain was falling in plentiful showers. When the people, who were as inquisitive as grateful, asked him who he was, "I am a teacher of little children," was the reply. Heaven had heard him in preference to the ruler, the sage, and the prophet.

"Know how to answer an Epicurean," was the advice attributed to an eminent author, and many are the replies recorded which were given skeptic or heathen inquirers, who liked to express their doubts or air their disbelief. One of these parties, hearing the verse from the Psalms: "He telleth the number of the stars," said there was nothing wonderful in such an achievement. He could do it himself. Rabbi Gamaliel, who was an adept in handling such boastfulness, ordered a number of small quinces to be put into a sieve, which he now caused to revolve. "Now count the quinces, my good man," the rabbi exclaimed, but the man could not with any success guess the right number. "You cannot count a few quinces in a revolving sieve," Gamaliel said quietly,

"how much less can you count the spheres ever in rapid motion." On another occasion, Gamaliel was met by a doubter who said, "I know what your God is doing." The rabbi vouchsafed no answer but a deep sigh, and when the man asked why he sighed, the rabbi replied that he had a son across the sea about whose health he was very much concerned. "Can you not tell me how he is?" But when the skeptic rejoined that he could not, Gamaliel rebuked him sharply: "How can you know what happens in Heaven, when you are ignorant of what occurs on earth?"

How often the narrow legalistic character of rabbinical writings is emphasised, to the exclusion of that breadth of view and kindly sympathy which are never absent. When an Israelite meets a heathen sage, he is to repeat the blessing, "Praised be the Almighty, who has given wisdom to mankind." A still more effective illustration is the story of Rabbi Joshua. He met a heathen one day, who said: "Your festivals are not ours. When we give ourselves over to happiness on our holy days, you do not follow the example. When shall we have such joys in common?" "We have joys in common," came the answer, "when the fruitful soil grants us its treasures. In the enjoyment of such bounty, God unites not merely the priest, the levite, and all Israel to offer Him recognition, but He unites all humanity."

It is always possible to exaggerate the significance of a parable, for we interpret it from our point of view, and not always from that of the original writer. Yet some rabbinical ideas as to Adam are full of poetic meaning that must have been realised by the rabbis.

When man was formed of dust, it was taken from all over the earth, and not from one locality, so that no nation should boast of its superiority. When Adam was created, his size filled the whole world—after his sin he became small indeed. As the days grew shorter, an intense fear seized him, for he thought the entire earth was being darkened on account of his sin, and it

would soon be destroyed. The dreadful fate so close at hand aroused keen agony until the days began to grow longer, as the season changed, and then his hopefulness returned. When the first death occurred, he did not know what to do with his son's body. It was a new experience. But he noticed how a raven dug a hole in the earth for its dead young one, and he did likewise. Man is not too important to receive a lesson from the dumb creation, whether birds or bees.

No less of present worth are many rabbinical apothegms, although similar sayings may be found in other literature.

Throw no stone into the well from which thou didst drink. It is not enough to feel pure in the sight of God; we must feel pure also in the sight of man. Do not appear as wishing to buy when you have no money in your pocket—but that was before the era of charge accounts. When we are without guilt we see our neighbours bow respectfully to us; but when we are guilty we bow tremblingly before our neighbours. Old men for council, young men for war. When you buy a field, do not delay, but when you plan to marry, be deliberate. Everything is in the power of God except the fear of God. The feeling of penitence within us is of greater worth and efficacy than a thousand voluntary penances. There is no hell, but eternity itself is a hell to the wicked. Every good deed creates an angel which never forsakes us. Unhappy the man who thinks himself lost; unhappy the man who thinks he has attained perfection. Love him who points out your mistakes more than the one who always praises. He gives very little who gives much but unwillingly. He gives much who gives little but with a kindly countenance. Poverty of judgment is real poverty. What you feel toward your friend, your friend feels toward you. Who causes others to do good deeds has more merit than he who performs such acts himself. He who has compassion on mankind will receive compassion from Heaven. We see all errors except those of our own. It is our own deeds which gain for us foes or friends. He who prances about in the scholar's mantle, without being

a scholar, will never enter the presence of God.

When we consider how the rabbis' spell has worked on modern poets of the first rank, and how Browning, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, to mention a few, have frequently resorted to rabbinical themes and characters, there is little doubt that with increased study and popularising of Talmud and Midrash a further impetus will be given to the paraphrase and adaptation of their tales and legends. Making every allowance for vital differences in conditions and points of view, the human element is strong enough in rabbinic ideals,

which were not for their age alone, to awaken more than transient interest. In a memorable passage, Ruskin writes of fairy palaces of thought which we may build in youth. Cannot the words, with but slight changes, be applied to those palaces of thought which the early rabbis built to keep young the heart and mind? "Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts"—these are surely for the souls of a people to live in, of which they cannot be robbed, and whose weird spell poverty, persecution, exile can only intensify.

UNDER-SEAS: A SUBMARINE STORY

BY COUNT ALEXIS N. TOLSTOY

I

FOR two days *Kate* took the waves easily, now riding them and now ducking. Strong and swift, connected with the world by mysterious silent voices, she gladdened Andrey's heart. It seemed to him that she was impregnable, and that she had a higher calling than to sink ships. In daytime he either slept or sat at the wireless apparatus. Leaning back with eyes closed, he listened to fragments of reports about battles in Champagne and at the Divna, on the Austrian frontier and near Constantinople. A man by the name of George was vainly trying to send a kiss to his wife who was sailing for America; she probably was on the steamer which an hour ago had telegraphed that it was sinking. In the evening three Austrian army corps were routed, and in the morning the ocean resounded with the hysterical voices of exchange brokers.

The entire world shrank down to the tic-tac and the clicking of the apparatus. The past was like a dream, the future did not go beyond the mine-field which the submarine was soon to reach. There was neither fear, nor joy, nor regret in Andrey's mind—nothing but the image of this steel box crammed with human beings and the dots and dashes of the wireless.

At sunset the sea was all lilac, and the trace of the boat on the watery knolls sparkled with iridescent red. Later on the moon rose and traced a silvery path on the waves. This hour of twilight filled Andrey's heart with vague uneasiness and anguish. The sunset in its infinite beauty somehow threatened his calmness and self-assurance. In the face of its splendours, seemingly so useless and unimportant for a seaman, he felt himself a miserable

mortal being, a helpless child starting out on its life-career. And standing on his bridge Andrey was indignant and angry, for it seemed to him that this feeling was like a yawning cleft in *Kate's* armoured side.

On the third day in the afternoon, Andrey hurriedly left the telegraph compartment and gave an order to get ready to submerge. Men were placed at the water-pumps, the oxygen containers, air-purifiers and distilling machinery, and all the hatchways were thoroughly examined; the gunners took their place at the torpedo tubes. The order was to move about as little as possible, to keep to the berths when not on duty, not to talk or laugh. Then the watchman left the conning tower and the main hatchway was hermetically closed.

Andrey gave the order to submerge and went over to the navigating compartment. The water rushed into the ballast tanks, the inside of the boat grew heavy and the rolling and pitching ceased: *Kate* sank and ran under-water, steering by the periscope. Andrey pushed a button, the electricity went out, and a cone of pale-blue rays poured from the tube. Then the screen of the periscope grew alive with tiny waves, clouds and a tail of smoke on the skyline. With chin resting on his arm, Andrey scanned the image of the sea which lay before him. Soon the smoke vanished, and on the right appeared the hazy line of land.

At night the boat rose to the surface, taking advantage of the darkness, and sailed without lights. All through the night Andrey stood on the bridge. The seas were placid, the stars were screened by a light mist, and in the south far away the pale blue ray of an enemy searchlight glided through the clouds.

Before the dawn, a flock of wild ducks flew low overhead with a hiss. Then the submarine *Ni* telegraphed that it had submerged completely. *Kate* was rapidly approaching the mine field. One after another the submarines disappeared under it, possibly forever.

At dawn when the greenish-orange light was slowly pervading the fleecy clouds, *Kate* began to sink to a great depth at a definitely determined point. Then steering solely by compass and map, *Kate* started picking her way under the mines, compressed by a watery mass of hundreds of thousands of pounds. Yakovlev was in charge of the steering apparatus, while Prince Byelopolsky calculated the side drift and reported to the chief engineer in charge of the motors. Andrey, leaning over the map, gave sharp orders to the man at the wheel. There was no sensation of movement and it seemed that *Kate* was motionless amid eery darkness. The men were mostly stretched on their backs, taking care to consume as little oxygen as possible. Nevertheless, the air was heavy and thick, and there was a tingling sensation in the ears. Now and then one of the husky peasants would mumble, "Lord! Lord!" and would heave a sigh—perhaps there came into his mind the thought of his little farm on the steppe, his buckwheat field, a neighing colt and the wind in the bushes.

Suddenly the boat's keel hit against something hard and a grating sound broke the stillness.

"Halt! Halt!" called out Andrey, dashing forth from the navigating cabin.

The pinions cracked and the motors ceased to pulsate. Immediately it became hot, as in a Turkish bath. Andrey penetrated into the water-tight conning tower, flooded with diluted, greenish light which came through the ports with which this compartment is provided for scanning the surrounding waters. He peered through the glass-pane. Gradually, vague, blurred forms and shadows became visible in the twilight of the deep. One of the shadows

wavered, glided along the window, and the round tragic eyes of a fish glanced at Andrey. The fish moved aslant, and disappeared deep below the boat. Evidently, *Kate* had not run aground; nor were there any under-sea reefs in that place. Without ceasing his observations, he gave the order to raise the boat several feet. Then numerous shadows leaped aside and scattered, and Andrey plainly saw a jumbled heap of ladders and ropes, among which quietly rocked, feet upward, a human body, half devoured by fishes. It was obvious that *Kate* had blundered into the remnants of a sunken ship.

This halt might prove fatal. The uniform motion of the boat was disturbed, the orientation lost; the inevitable small error of the point where the boat had sunk under water must have increased during the course. *Kate* had lost her way both in space and in time. Andrey drummed nervously against the window-pane. It was impossible to stay under water any longer, but to rise to the surface was equivalent to being noticed and attacked by the enemy warships. Yet this was the only way of determining the exact position of the boat.

He gave the order for the boat to rise slowly and returned to his observation point. The water gradually grew clearer. And suddenly he saw a dark ball move down to meet the boat. "A mine," flashed across Andrey's mind, and overcoming the torpor which oppressed his brain, he ordered the boat to be swerved from its course. The ball moved away, and another one appeared on the right. Another change of direction. But everywhere in the depth of the greenish twilight lay in wait cast-iron shells. *Kate* was in the midst of a mine net. . . .

II

Seen from a great height sea water is so transparent that one can sight in it even large fish. It is owing to this that *Kate* was espied by two enemy hydroplanes, when she was trying to rise

among the mines to the surface of the bay. But having noticed the aircraft circling over it the boat again dived to a deep level.

Now *Kate* was blindly groping her way forward. The motors worked at their top speed, and the body of the boat trembled. Hundreds of demons called horse-powers fiercely turned the various wheels, pinions and shafts. The air was hot and stuffy, and the men at the engine, stripped to the waist, worked feverishly. An amount of oxygen sufficient to sustain the crew for only one hour remained in the lead cylinders.

Yakovlev was still sitting at the compass, with his elbows on his knees and his hands pressing his head. In the mine cellars, the cabins, the corridors, lounged the men, their faces livid with suffocation. Prince Byelopolsky was still leaning over his logarithmic tables, now become useless. From time to time he wiped his face, as if removing a net of invisible cobwebs; finally he rose to his feet, took a few steps and fainted dead away.

Giving the order to proceed at top speed, Andrey hoped to pass the mine zone, even if some of the men would have to succumb for lack of air. Pale and excited, his hair in disorder and his coat unbuttoned, he seemed omnipresent, and his voice sustained the failing strength of the half-suffocated men. Having noticed the Prince stretched on a berth, he poured a few drops of cognac into his mouth and kissed his childlike, wet forehead. Finally, in making too rapid a movement, lurid flames began to dance before his eyes, and he bent back, striking his neck against a sharp angle of an engine. He felt no pain. "Bad!" thought he and crawled over to the emergency oxygen container. He opened the faucet and inhaled the fragrant stream of gas. His head began to swim and a sweet fire ran through his veins. Then, with an effort, he rose to his feet. The outlines of the objects around him were strangely distinct, and the faces of the men which were imploringly turned to

him—some of them bearded and high-cheekboned, others tender and child-like—appeared to him infinitely and poignantly human. . . .

In the corridor Andrey came across one of the men. The latter stood against the wall and gulped the air like a fish. Noticing the commander, he made an effort to cheer up, and mumbled: "Beg pardon, a bit unwell." Andrey leaned over him and looked into his eyes. A film of death was beginning to veil them. Andrey cursed under his breath and, turning sharply toward the telephone tube, gave a command to rise. *Kate* shook and dashed upward. The ascent lasted four minutes and a half. Suddenly, *Kate* stood still, and light fell on the screen of the periscope. The men crawled up to the main hatchway and unscrewed it. Cold, salt air rushed into the boat, swelling the chests of the men and turning their heads. Andrey leaped on the bridge uttering an involuntary cry as he met the strong light. The evening sun was solemnly suspended above vast masses of warm clouds, and the sea was all peace and quiet.

Holding the sextant in his trembling fingers, Andrey began to take observations. Soon a loud buzzing was heard in the sky. It was followed by the measured slight crackling of a machine gun, and from the hull of the boat came a sharp rat-a-tat, as if someone was throwing dry peas on it. A hydroplane was circling above *Kate*.

Andrey bit his lip and kept on working. About him a squad of his men were loading their rifles. The hydroplane almost reached the surface of the sea, then soared with a shrill "F-r-r-r," and flew right over the boat. A young, clean-shaven pilot sat motionless, his hands on the wheel. Below him an observer gazed down, waiting. Suddenly he lifted up an oblong bomb and hurled it into a tube. The shell flashed in the air and plunged into the sea at the very side of the boat. One of the men fired. The observer threw up his leather-covered arms with spread-out

fingers; and slowly circling under the fire of the submarine crew, the aircraft soared upward.

Over the ridge of reddish mountains there appeared another aeroplane, looking like a long thin line. *Kate* picked her way with grace and ease across the orange-coloured waters as if cutting through molten glass. Andrey buttoned his coat, pushed his cap over his eyes, and, walking a few paces on the bridge, said with a grimace, "Well, Yakovlev the mines are behind us, but what are we going to do now?"

"This region, sir, abounds in underwater reefs and sandbanks."

"That is just it, and I would not risk sailing under water. . . . Wait a moment. . . ." He raised his hand.

The sun was already in the clouds and, replete with its orange glow, they lit the waters. A violent whizzing sound came from the west. Training his observation glasses on the sunset Andrey ordered greater speed. A grenade hissed on the right, and a jet of water appeared on the quiet surface. *Kate* tacked sharply toward the darkening mountain ridge, and behind, in her shadowy wake, another bomb burst and blossomed out into a small cloud. *Kate* then turned east again, but now in front of her, on both sides, everywhere, shells burst and sputtered fire. The scouting hydroplane dashed above the submarine like a bat, two pale faces looked down and disappeared. Then right above the stern a grenade burst and the bearded Shubin dropped his rifle, clutched his face, toppled over the railing, and disappeared under the water.

"All hands below, to the devil!" cried Andrey, and watching where the shells fell thickest, began to give his orders. *Kate* circled like a run-down hare. All along the darkening skyline were seen smoking stacks of mine-layers and destroyers, and their ruthless ring was rapidly tightening about her.

Having lost her wireless mast which was shot off by a shell, *Kate* was now dashing toward the rocky shore, run-

ning awash. Six sparks blazed up in the dark below the rocks, and six steel-clad demons hissed above the boat. The oblong shadow of a ship was gliding along the coast. *Kate* shook, and a sharp-nosed, blind torpedo detached itself from her body and glided under water to meet the silhouette of the ship. A moment passed, and a fluffy, mountainous mass of fire and water rose where formerly projected the stacks of the mine layer. Then the mountain sank, and the silhouette disappeared. *Kate* entered into a baylet among the rocks, submerged, and lay down on the sandy sea-bed.

III

Two weeks *Kate* lay in the sea inlet, completely cut off from the rest of the world. By day she hid in the deep, and only under the cover of night she rose to the surface to get a supply of air. It was necessary to take the greatest precautions, for there was little hope that the enemy believed her to be destroyed by the mine-ships. Here are excerpts from the diary which Andrey kept during those days aboard the submarine:

"The excitement of the battle lasted three or four days, then all the recent events at once became strangely remote. We all live somewhere on the borderland between life and death, beyond the pale of time and space. I begin to understand the flies which in winter doze between the frozen window-panes. Most of the time the men stay in their berths half asleep, half awake. As for myself, I often lie on my couch with my eyes open and without a thought or a simple image in my head. One feeling pervades me with limitless power—that of sheer *being*. I feel *being* not as a tangle of separated episodes and fragmentary pictures, but as an unbroken infinity stretching somewhere above me, beyond the watery wall and beyond the precinct of Time itself. I cannot make it plainer. At times my heart begins to beat faster, as if trembling with the

foreboding of a deeper understanding of what *being* is. It is such a strange and eerie feeling! I envy Yakovlev: he sleeps and dreams of battles and flag-bedecked havens, of stormy seas and women; he leans over his berth which is right on top of mine and recounts to me all this nonsense in detail.

"The Prince is very ill. The absence of sounds has been preying upon his mind all this time. To-day, the eleventh day of our stay here, he became delirious, and fell down from his upper berth. The men bring him extra allowances of food, and I pretend not to notice it. Our food supply will last us for one week if we keep to a starvation diet. My lads have grown lean and have almost stopped all conversation. They are a meek sort and if they once grasped the reason why, they would die without a murmur. May God spare them unjust suffering. They greatly pity the sick boy.

"Two days later Prince Byelopolsky died. At midnight we rose to the surface with great precautions. Our deceased comrade's body was wrapped in linen, and a shell was tied to his feet. The crew chanted a prayer over him in muffled voices. The first thing I saw when I found myself on the bridge was the stars: huge and thick sown, they shone in the heavens and in the waters of the bay. On the right rose the steep seacoast, the black battlements of its rocks and the dwarfish trees above them looming high into the heavens. From the heights came wafting a strong fragrance of juniper, wormwood and flowers.

"The Prince was taken to the deck of the boat. His sharp profile was noticeable under the linen. The corpse glided overboard and disappeared in the water without a splash. The sailors silently crossed themselves. A bat scurried by.

"Suddenly beyond the mouth of the bay the silhouette of a four-stack ship slid by. 'They' have not yet given us up. From afar off blazed forth a searchlight beam and plunged into a ra-

yine behind us, lighting up crooked twigs, stones and mossy rifts. Then the beam swept the sky and began to search the bay. The birds twittered querulously, and the water sparkled. The beam stopped at a distance of several yards from us. Had the man at the searchlight turned the light but a hair's-breadth to the left, we would have been discovered.

"The bluish light illuminated the water and in the depth a shoal of bewildered fish. Again did a startled bat dart through the air, and night butterflies hovered in the light. Then the beam hesitated for a while, and leapt to the summit of the rock; its jagged edge flared up and the scream of a discontented eagle came down to us. We plunged again into darkness and non-being.

"The Prince is dead.' I repeat this phrase many times without understanding it. To die on the earth is to cease seeing, hearing, feeling. To die is to remain all alone, in absolute solitude, as Jonah was in the whale's belly. Here I am lying motionless, surrounded by velvety darkness and dead silence in a steel box resting on the bottom of the sea. If I grew cold and ceased moving altogether, what would the change amount to? Almost to nothing. Perhaps all the difference would be that my spirit, now still chained to the round of daily duties would become entirely free.

"Eating has become repulsive to me. With great efforts I force myself to swallow a few spoonfuls of thin soup. I barely manage to pick my way to the dining-room and to see to it that all the men are at the table and eat. I have discovered that the feeling of hunger is painful only at first. Later on a crisis occurs, when the body appears to melt away, as it were; all your vital force is transferred into consciousness, and all your perceptions are strangely sharpened. In such a state a full stomach is loathsome.

"This feeling of physical decline has moments of ineffable beatitude. They commence with a light fever and then

the most delicate chill pervades me, and I cease feeling my body. A sensation of freedom and sadness rises in me, and it is as if the whole universe, with the grass stalks and stars, is in me, and I am dissolved in it. I have a feeling of freedom and yet I am sad, as if I have not done my supreme, most important duty. But what is this duty?

"I told all this to Yakovlev. He kept silence awhile and then cried. All day long he lies stretched on the Prince's berth and does not tell me any more of his dreams.

"The days are eventless. The scout ships keep on watching the seacoast. Our food supply is out. The only provisions left are the emergency ration for one day, which we can touch only when *Kate* herself will be in imminent danger. If we succeed in catching some fish, we shall be able to hold out a few more days before attempting to save *Kate* or explode her in case of failure to reach the port N. My men are pining away without a murmur, like children. Yakovlev says he cannot die on his berth; he understands that this is perhaps his supreme duty, but how well would it be to do a little shooting and sinking, and then die from a bullet. The child!"

Here Andrey's diary ends abruptly. For three days the crew fed on the fish which Kuritzyn, one of the men, caught at a great risk. Then Andrey took the decision to leave the bay and make a supreme effort to run the enemy's cordon.

IV

At daybreak as *Kate* was nearing the surface of the sea the crew became aware of a powerful muffled cannonade, and when the boat emerged into the white fog, the coast was reverberating with the roar and the crash of a sea-battle. Mighty broadsides and explosions alternated with the crackling of guns. It was as though sea-devils coughed and blew and roared at each other. A bewildered sea-gull dashed over the boat.

"Quick, sir," shouted Yakovlev holding on to the railing, "now we can break through!" His teeth rattled.

The preparations were completed. A strong gale swept the fog and drove its torn masses over the seas, laying bare the rocky shore. Andrey waved his hand and *Kate* dashed out from the bay into the open. The firing was heard from behind and on the right, and the road to the port N. was free. All that the crew went through during the last two weeks was now transformed into one will, which was more impetuous than *Kate* herself who was rushing along, ripping in twain the misty morning waves.

To run the line of the enemy's ships and to bring *Kate* safe to port, to do one's duty, this seemed too little. The burning will demanded something palpable. What now guided these men was not calculations or enthusiasm, but a greediness, a longing to possess, strangely mingled with a yearning for destruction.

"We cannot make our get-away like this—turn back or I will shoot myself!" shouted Yakovlev in Andrey's ear. Yakovlev was completely beside himself and his pale, sallow face was twisted convulsively. . . . Finally, the large ball of the sun arose, and touched the seas rolling beneath the fog into a dull orange. Near at hand invisible ships thundered and chased each other. The gale grew stronger. And suddenly a grey mountainous mass loomed up and emerged from the fog, enveloped in clouds and smoke. Above its turrets, stacks and masts fluttered the flag bearing a black eagle.

Unable to control himself any longer, seeing that the opportunity has finally presented itself, Andrey rushed down the hatchway and, knocking down Yakovlev on his way, he proceeded to load the torpedo tube. *Kate* submerged a little and, sailing awash, headed straight at the enemy's vessel.

The shadow of the hostile ship rocked and glided along the periscope screen, every now and then wrapping itself in

a cloud pierced with fiery needles of shots. *Kate* fired a torpedo, but missed her aim. Leaning over the screen and biting his lips to bleeding, Andrey examined the tiny image of the ship, one shell from which struck its target with the force of twelve hundred million pounds. The distance between *Kate* and the enemy ship kept on decreasing; its image occupied already a half of the screen when it suddenly started tack-ling. . . .

"Another one!" shouted Andrey.

At that very moment a blow fell on the boat, a loud crash resounded throughout her and the periscope screen grew dark. Andrey ran out from the navigating compartment and shouted:

"The periscope is shot off! Top speed forward!"

The engineer seized the handle of a lever and without turning about, asked: "Which way?"

"Forward, forward, to the devil!"

Andrey went over to the conning-tower. Straight before him foamy streams eddied furiously. Finally, the dark bottom of the ship appeared, screening the light.

"Halt!" ordered Andrey, "Fire another one! Full speed backward." He closed his eyes.

For a moment it seemed to him that the end had come. He was hurled into the corridor, lifted up, then dashed against the wall and dragged down. The outcries of the men and the crash of the hull were drowned by the muffled thud of the intruding water. The light went out. *Kate* began to rotate and sink.

By the force of the explosion *Kate* was cast far away from the sinking ship and dragged down by the vortex to a great depth. The hull began to leak in several places, and the motors went out of commission. In general, the submarine was now much like a large buoy in the dark inside of which dazed, maimed men were groaning and gasping their last. But she did not stay long in the deep; freed from the weight of two torpedoes, she began slowly to rise,

stopped before reaching the surface and started going down again as the water leaked into her hull.

The first to recover his consciousness was Kuritzyn. With an effort, he rose to his feet and crawled over to the engine-room. By the light of matches he found the engineer and began to rub his ears. As this proved of no avail, he opened the faucet of an oxygen container right over his face. The engineer revived and the first thing he did was to clutch his wounded knee.

"Never mind the knee," said Kuritzyn. "Do you hear the noise of the water? We are sinking. Can you fix the engine?"

"Cannot tell," answered the engineer hoarsely.

Kuritzyn lighted a candle and opened the faucets of all the oxygen bottles. The men began to show signs of life. Andrey was found in a narrow passage. Kuritzyn somehow dressed the captain's wounds, but could not bring him to his senses. Another man tried to revive Yakovlev, but soon saw that the officer was dead. All the available hands worked at the pumps, while the engineer and his two assistants busied themselves with the engine, and everybody listened with anguish to the clanking of the instruments.

Kate was somewhere near the surface, but, as the periscope and the indicator were destroyed, it was impossible to tell precisely where she was. On the other hand, to unscrew the hatch and look out would mean to subject *Kate* to the risk of being flooded.

Finally, the engineer reported that it was necessary to replace the cylinder, but that this was hardly possible to do because the supply of candles was giving out. Kuritzyn started cursing the engineer, the candle factories, the motors and their inventor. Then he swooped down on the men at the pumps and ordered them to drop dead, but raise the boat at least one yard. The men kept a grim silence. Finally, the last candle went out. The engineer spat, cursed and threw away his controller. "It's

all over, boys!" said someone, and the pumps stopped. The only sound which now broke the silence was the monotonous, deadly splash of water leaking down on the periscope screen.

"Follow me," said Kuritzyn hoarsely to two of the men. "Let us unscrew the hatches. What's the use of monkeying with it any longer."

Feeling their way, several men followed him into the corridor, and up the spiral staircase in the main hatchway. Reaching the top, they grasped the bolts of the lid. "Here's our finish," said one of the men.

"Shut up, mind your business," answered Kuritzyn sternly.

At that moment the sound of footsteps on the outside of the boat reached their ears. Someone was walking on *Kate's* hull. Kuritzyn said hurriedly, "Down to the ballast tanks! When I fire, blow them out. We are ordered not to surrender the boat."

Then, his revolver between his teeth, he pressed the bolt. The lid yielded, and light and air rushed into the opening. "Hey, who is there?" shouted Kuritzyn.

"Russians, Russians," replied a lazy voice.

"Lord!"

When Andrey had hit his head against the iron wall of the submarine, two sheaves of greenish sparks flashed before his eyes. Then everything grew dark and silent. One spark, however, remained in his eyes and little by little

spread into an even, pale-blue splendour. Andrey contemplated it a long time with a quiet and profound delight. Then a restlessness arose in him: It was caused by the sensation of a foreign body within the light. How well would it be if this body dissolved and disappeared, but it did not. . . . The light did not decrease, but the joy was gone, the foreign body strangely disturbed and distracted him. Andrey concentrated his mind and with surprise, which was speedily followed by fear and anguish, he became aware that the foreign body was himself. Then the mysterious splendour turned into a plain bluish lamp suspended over his berth, and his body began to pain in many places. When he felt the pitching and tossing of the submarine and the noise of the engine, he tried to turn over but could not. He groaned, and soon plunged into the living darkness of natural sleep.

Meanwhile, *Kate* was being towed by a mine-layer. On the orlop-deck a group of sailors was clustered around Kuritzyn. He was sipping rum and telling stories about sea-battles and his own deeds. He tried hard not to swagger or lie, but his efforts were crowned with but little success: the rum was too strong. Besides, only a few hours before the commander of the mine-layer slapped him on the shoulder, mentioned all the devils in addition to both his own and Kuritzyn's nearest relatives and wound up with saying: "Fine fellow! I'll recommend you for a medal!"

FRANCE IN CANADA

THE "MIRACLE" OF QUEBEC

(Impressions at first hand)

BY JULES BOIS

THE Dominion of Canada and the United States are in constant touch with each other from an economic standpoint, and the boundary line between the two countries is so extensive that it is very easy to travel to and fro, to interchange interests, to trade, and to cultivate a friendly feeling. I must say that the Canadians possess distinctive characteristics, having customs, laws, aspirations, and a mode of life of their own. They form a national type by themselves, requiring special study, which gives me a new opportunity of instructing the readers of *THE BOOKMAN* regarding the French language, and the French *esprit*. The province of Quebec especially claims our attention, because the inhabitants who are British subjects—and consequently enjoy great freedom—are mostly of French descent, and have conserved the language, the type, the manner of living, and thinking which they get from the land whence they came.

In giving our readers a right idea of the actual condition of the new France of Saint Laurent, another opportunity presents itself of acquainting them with certain attributes of the French race, and of showing them that, near by, they may find a telling example of executive ability, endurance, perseverance, resourcefulness, and of faithfulness to traditions and also to ancestral religion.

For several centuries Quebec has demonstrated that French blood has not lost its characteristics, but on the contrary has fully developed the Gaulic and Norman strain, even when transported to a far distant land, having had,

for many years but occasional and intermittent communication with the mother country. France conserves her ethnical value physically as well as morally, notwithstanding the change of climate and the contact with another race.

Quebec, like all the other provinces, has done its duty toward England, France and the Allies. We may truthfully say that the Canadians of French extraction, while remaining faithful to their forefathers, have long since set an example to France of the cordial relations that France now entertains with England and that this war has made indissoluble. In an article entitled "The Lesson Taught by Canada," Theodore Roosevelt has shown the extent to which the Dominion has proved her alertness, generosity, sacrifice of blood and money, from the beginning of the war. These constitute the virtues "of determined and unshakable patriotism." Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, when in New York, delivering an address before the Lawyer's Club, expressed not only the opinion of his own country, but I imagine that of the United States as well, concerning the relation of the citizen to the country, and of the country to humanity. He says: "Just as the citizen who fails to realise his duty of service to the State has not attained the highest conception of citizenship, so the nation which does not realise and fulfil its duty of service to the world has not reached the highest conception of national life."

I have just made two trips lecturing on "La Culture Française," in this wonderful country, so rich in its land, industries, commerce, and the willing-

ness of the people to exert themselves, and therefore my impressions are recent. French culture is always advancing there. The inhabitants of the province of Quebec not only speak French, but they are governed by a statesman of French descent. Sir Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, has for the last twelve years or more been beloved and respected by everyone for his competency, character, energy, and his zeal in the economic development of the province. The Lieutenant Governor, Sir Evariste Le Blanc, is also of French descent, and represents His British Majesty in the province of Quebec. He is a self-made man, and in addition to being very intellectual he has a kind heart which makes even the most humble esteem him. The Honourable Adélard Turgeon, whose position corresponds to the high post of President of the Senate, is one of the most faithful followers of French traditions. I would like to give you other examples, but lack of space prevents. However, I must not forget to mention Sir George Garneau who devotes his attention to furthering the "bonne entente" (cordial relations) between the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, Judge Mc. Corquill, the Honourable Mr. Taschereau, and the Honourable Dr. Grondin.

In Laval University, the oldest and most celebrated, all instruction is given in French. The courses are under the charge of distinguished professors. Science, literature, sociology, are taught there with the earnest liberal-mindedness of the best European and American universities. Laval University has its counterpart in the Canadian Institute, where lectures are given by Frenchmen from abroad, so that the intellect of the country may keep in touch with the thought of France, herself. The actual President, Mr. Joseph Sirois, is a very learned man. He succeeded Dr. Vallée, an expert psychologist, whose predecessor was the lawyer, Mr. Ferdinand Roy, who recently published in the *Revue du Parler Français*, a most remarkable summary of the persistence

of our tradition. Laval University, itself, is in Quebec, but it has a flourishing branch in Montreal. Mr. Edouard Montpetit, general secretary of "France-Amérique," in Canada and member of "L'Alliance Française," teaches there with merited success.

"L'Alliance Française," affiliated with the "Canadian Institute," has numerous centres in the Dominion, for instance: in Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, as well as in other cities; for the enterprising general secretary of the federation, Mr. Delamarre, professor in the College of the City of New York, is most indefatigable. The Montreal branch, for many years has been presided over by the well-known lawyer, Mr. Gonzalve Desaulniers, an independent thinker, and a poet. Sometimes—as in my case—lecturers give a course of French conferences in the large and beautiful hall of Royal Victoria College, belonging to McGill University; and the fact illustrates the bond between the French Canadians and the English Canadians. The Directress, Miss Hurlbatt, encourages, develops the study of French literature, which is taught by Mlle. Gréterin in this important college.

Montreal, and especially Quebec, are indeed French cities in the midst of the new world. I do not exaggerate when I say the "Miracle" of Quebec, because nobody can "a priori" imagine such a survival of the old World in the new. The traveller walking along the picturesque streets of Quebec finds it as Norman in character as certain cities in Northern France; this devotion to the memory of the past appeals not only to the Frenchman, but to the European and the American as well. In 1760, there were but sixty thousand Frenchmen in Canada, while to-day, 1917, there are more than four million French-Canadians. They have taken possession of the province of Quebec, dwelling not only in the cities, but also in charming villages, resembling the French villages of Normandy and Picardy, and they still constitute an im-

portant minority in the other provinces of the Dominion. Another million of them have emigrated to the United States, and have become useful and loyal citizens under the "Starry Flag." These emigrants have mostly located in New England, which especially attracted them and where they have prospered. Some of them have filled, and are filling government positions—for instance, Alphonse Gaulin, American consul, and Mr. Pothier who was governor of Rhode Island. In accordance with the liberal spirit peculiar to the United States, a Catholic Canadian-French School has recently been founded in New England, and authorized to confer Bachelor Degrees.

The French-Canadian is especially devoted to his own language, and to his own religious faith, which is Catholic. All honour to these peasants of Normandy, Picardy, and Basque, who have not only succeeded in tilling the virgin soil, but also in cultivating their minds and in clinging to the traditions of their forefathers and who have laid the foundation for economic and intellectual prosperity! All honour to the Church who has gathered her parishioners together in harmony of spirit under the luminous shadow of wisdom and kindness! The Canadian clergy, for instance, His Eminence Cardinal Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec; H. G. Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; and several bishops of French extraction, while upholding the dogmas, and maintaining the prosperity of the churches, have also furthered the diffusion of the French civilisation which both city and country curates consider a privilege to teach. The French press, French booksellers, French clubs (such as the Saint Denis); technical schools established by Sir Lomer, schools, and universities have preserved the intellectual life of France in Saint Laurent, at its best.

Senator Dandurand, President of the "France-Amerique," said on a state occasion before the Duke of Devonshire: "With a cry of joy we Canadians heard that England was going to take part in

this present war, and in the following week Canada, by the unanimous consent of the Canadian parliament arraigned herself on your side." The Honourable Dandurand, one of the best statesmen in the Dominion, was the spokesman for his compatriots on this occasion.

Living close to the soil, the French Canadians have not always had time for dreaming, for writing, or for indulging in meditation and art. But what we must especially congratulate them on is, that they were not satisfied with the first attempts at written literature, and that by unremitting energy, and in spite of a rigorous climate, they have been able to build cities, and good homes; to conserve the language, the customs, and the churches, and increase the number of factories. Action must precede art, which is the culminating point of initiative, patience, and ambition.

Intellectual culture in Canada has, however, produced excellent results. Mr. Edouard Montpetit and Mr. Gonzalve Desaulniers lead this movement. Let me also mention that the French press in Montreal and Quebec has much influence and is very prolific in good writers. In Quebec, *Le Soleil*, *L'Action Catholique*, *L'Evenement* are all edited by eminent personages. In Montreal, *La Patrie*, *La Presse* and *Le Canada*, directed by men of remarkable capacity, have a large circulation and treat of both political and social problems. They are in touch with their English colleagues, such as *The Montreal Gazette*, *The Telegraph*, and the *Chronicle* of Quebec. Among the younger writers let me mention Charles Gill, Emile Nelligan, Albert Ferland, Paul Morin, René Chopin, Albert Lozeau, Alphonse Beauregard, Louis Joseph Doucet, who with Mr. Jean Charbonneau, a poet and a historiographer of poets, form a most interesting pleiad.

Mr. Ulrich Barthem has written a charming romantic essay entitled *Similia Similibus*, or "The War in Canada." Mr. C. L. de Roode, a Frenchman residing in the Dominion, has

sounded the praises of Franco-Canadian heroism in a volume of verse entitled *Nos Gloires et nos Deuils* (Our Glory, and our Grief). Mr. Louvigny de Montigny's literary ability is well known beyond the frontier. Mme. Henriette Tasse, who has compiled the thoughts of the best French writers, under the title of *La Vie et le Rêve*, is both a poet and an essayist. Mr. A. D. de Celles, conservateur of the library of the federal parliament of Canada, and president of the Ottawa branch of "L'Alliance Française," is a learned man, and his essay of the "Constitutions of Canada" is profound. Most all the authors I have cited, and many others, retain the French influence but draw, from their inner soul and from this magnificent soil, the native art of the Dominion. Doubtless, there will spring, some day, a *chef-d'œuvre* sane, direct and from the heart—like the "Mireille," by Mistral, this poetic effusion of French Provence.

I can do no more than bow with admiration and respect to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of French descent, and head of the Liberal Party, whom everyone—even those opposed to him—considers the greatest statesman of Canada, and

one of the brightest lights of modern civilisation.

In a French novel entitled *Maria Chapdelaine*, the author interprets the sound of bells, the clamour of organs, the piercing cries of foresters; in other words, the voice of Quebec, as follows:

We came here three centuries ago, and we have remained here. . . . Those who brought us here can return among us without bitterness or anger, for if we have learned but little, we surely have not forgotten anything.

In the Province of Quebec nothing has changed. We are a proof that nothing can change. In regard to ourselves and our destiny, we have had but one duty clearly before us, and that is—perseverance . . . self-preservation. . . . And we have sustained ourselves. Perhaps after the lapse of centuries the world will look at us and say: These people belong to a race that cannot die. . . . We are a proof of this.

This is why we must stay in the province where our forefathers lived, and live as they lived, in obedience to an unexpressed command heard in their hearts, which has been transmitted from them to us, and which we, in our turn, will transmit to our numerous progeny. In the Province of Quebec nothing will die, nothing will change.

A NEW ORTHODOXY IN FICTION

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

LIKE everything else in this world, from painting to patriotism, that is concerned to any extent whatever with ideas, fiction has its orthodoxies and heterodoxies, its conventions which are worshipped to-day and disdained to-morrow. In this of course, it often merely reflects the life about it, the varying beliefs and opinions of men and women; but occasionally it moves on ahead, not so much of the actual as of the spoken thought of the time, putting into words that which many men think, yet either cannot or will not utter aloud. This is true in regard to very many subjects, for if the poets and fiction writers are frequently the reflectors or expressers of the obvious life and the current beliefs, they are almost as often the crystallisers of the nebulous ideas gathering cloud-like and indistinct just above the horizon of the average man's consciousness. Sometimes one or two such writers will stand alone; sometimes a number, working separately and with very different methods yet to a certain extent along the same lines, will thereby render those lines ones of little, if not of the least resistance; others then and therefore follow them, and—they become those of convention. Thus it is with that movement from the materialistic toward the spiritual which is even now creating a new orthodoxy in fiction.

During the latter years of the nineteenth and the opening ones of the twentieth century, novelists displayed an attitude of mind which was the direct if somewhat tardy result, partly of the industrial revolution but principally of those scientific and historical discoveries which had altered the entire aspect of the world. Science preached the much-needed gospel of investigation and of demonstration; men saw theories and beliefs long accepted

as matters of course bowled over like so many nine-pins by proofs which came from what they, ignoring Huxley's protest, chose to call "the material universe." And so "realism" became the cry; but it was a one-sided realism, a realism concerned almost exclusively with things of the five senses, confounded with materialism, and often with materialism in its ugliest phase. This point of view presently became the orthodox one of such fiction as made any claim to be worthy the attention of intelligent people. Religion—using the word in its very broadest sense—was not so much condemned as ignored; not flattered by abuse, but treated as something in which only those who were ignorant, hopelessly behind the times or mentally deficient, could possibly take any interest. This orthodoxy of materialism was accepted by many of the most thoughtful as something from which there was no escape, a conclusively proven truth; and their view was before long adopted by that numerous troop of the waxen-minded who go about looking for an impress which shall stamp them as belonging to the modern and the advanced. Devotees of catch-words, liking to think they think profoundly, but unwilling to make the austere effort or to undergo the discomfort which genuine thought not infrequently entails—such persons, writers as well as non-writers, seek out the most novel variety of ready-to-wear opinions, and by sheer force of numbers often succeed in making fashionable what was once regarded as outlandish if not outrageous.

Materialism, thus made the acknowledged and respected mark of intelligence, reigned supreme so long as that which had to do with the spiritual was interwoven with a quantity of

more or less discredited dogmas, and therefore popularly confounded with them. For a fictionist to write of it was to proclaim himself either thrall, mentally, to the Middle Ages, or akin to those weak-brained sentimentalists who then—as indeed they do now—produced innumerable rosy-hued, thickly-sugared, goody-goody tales which bore no resemblance either to realism or to true romance. But within the last few years a change has begun. With all the courage which an avowal of materialism once implied, certain of the foremost writers of the day have explicitly or tacitly declared their allegiance to a new realism, a realism the very crux of which is spiritual, as that of the old was material—and the waxen-minded are already beginning to use the freshly carved seal.

Of all the innumerable novelists of the present day, Mr. H. G. Wells is the one who possesses to the greatest degree the gift of crystallising into definite form the more or less vague ideas which are afloat in the mental atmosphere of the day. To follow his development is to see very clearly the trend toward the spiritual and away from the mechanistic and the material. For many years Mr. Wells gave expression to theories of the universe which were almost, if not quite wholly mechanistic. His wildest romances had to do with such things as *The Food of the Gods*, the accumulation of wealth so vast that *When the Sleeper Wakes* the entire fabric of society is in danger—or in hope—of being destroyed, the discovery of *The Time Machine*. And as it was in the romances, so in the novels; only in them we are aware of a growing consciousness of need, a growing consciousness that there is something wanting. *Tono-Bungay* ends with the well-nigh despairing cry of "Waste! Waste!" Trafford, the hero of *Marriage*, deplores the fact that he and his wife can give their children "no sense of a general purpose." And this consciousness of need develops and increases until in *The Passionate Friends* Stephen Strat-

ton, sick at heart, sick too in soul, passes through an experience which is even and actually mystic; "It was as if the great stillness that is behind and above and around the world of sense did in some way communicate with me," he writes. This mystical experience, moreover, is very real to him, so real that the commands given to him by "the great stillness" absolutely transform his life, inspiring him to the effort he presently makes to become "a world-man." Though there is still "a fear of bathos . . . a certain hesitation of soul," the change has come, a change which resembles the passing along a road from one point to another, rather than the bridging of a gulf.

That the once far-away point has been reached, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* avows definitely and with great distinctness. Social reform, a new and better understanding between men and women, the ideal "Great State"—these are achievements greatly to be desired now as always, but achievements to be attained only by remembering that "Religion is the first thing and the last thing." For without it a man "begins at no beginning and works to no end," declares the philosopher whom many have identified with the author's self. From one point of view to another has this most open-minded of novelists passed, telling the truth as he sees it, quite unhindered by the bogie of consistency.

Mr. Wells represents better, perhaps, than does any other writer the changed direction of thought. If, however, he were alone in the region where he now abides, there could be no question of a new orthodoxy in fiction, for the man mentally alone is therefore and of necessity a heretic. But many others are standing more or less closely to Mr. Wells—J. D. Beresford in the epilogue to the last volume of the Jacob Stahl trilogy, Marion Hamilton Carter in her notable book, *Souls Resurgent*, to instance two very unlike examples—some of whom reached that ground at about the same time he did, while others fol-

lowed or preceded him. And they are not the extremists; seeking these one may turn to two writers, one English, the other American, who have long occupied positions at, so to speak, the ultimate pole itself, ignoring the material side of realism almost if not quite as thoroughly as the more devout followers of the old materialistic orthodoxy did its spiritual: Algernon Blackwood and Will Levington Comfort.

It is very significant of the shift in the general viewpoint—for it is altogether impossible to write of marked changes in fiction without some allusion to changes in the ideas of the public at large—that Mr. Blackwood, long known only to the discriminating few, is now actually becoming "popular." And this not because of any alteration in his work, either for better or for worse. Fascinating, absorbingly interesting as is that wonderful story, *The Wave*, it is not one whit more ingenious in plot, not one whit more—or less—subtle and poetic in style than are *The Lost Valley*, *The Willows* or many other of his tales. It may indeed even be questioned whether his art is not at its exquisite best in the short story, instead of in the novel. Nor is the theory of reincarnation upon which both *The Wave* and its successful predecessor, *Julius LeVallon*, are built, unfamiliar to this author, for several of his earlier tales have it as their foundation. Rather is it the reawakened interest in all that lies beyond the borders of what we call, clumsily enough, ordinary human experience, which is manifested by the increased attention given to the work of this especial writer. Mr. Blackwood would hold the few by his beauty of style, his gift for expressing the almost inexpressible, under every possible variety of circumstance; but the many must care about the matter, quite apart from the manner of a writer, if they are to yield him their full approbation. Choosing his themes almost exclusively from that supernormal which for years has been practically taboo in fiction,

Mr. Blackwood was among the early exemplifiers of an unconventionality which is now beginning to win the applause the unconventional receives only when the swing of the pendulum is carrying the opinions of many toward it—and thereby automatically transforming it from the heretical to the orthodox.

Very different, and in a way perhaps even more significant, is the American mystic, Will Levington Comfort. Like Mr. Blackwood, he has gone his own way, though that way was for a long time opposed to the accepted ideas of what was intellectually admirable in fiction. To write of psychic forces, of soul-development as the one thing really worth while, of a man whose duty it was to become an instrument to interpret "God's love to men," was simply to invite ridicule. It wasn't conventional, it was indeed scarcely respectable or even decent, to talk about such things. How a man won economic freedom was a proper and commendable subject for a novelist; but to write about a man's struggle to obtain soul-freedom, was to run the risk of being damned with that most opprobrious phrase, high-falutin'.

Now consider these three as they stand to-day, not isolated phenomena, but representatives in their very unlike ways of a strongly marked trend of modern fiction. One, passing in his own person from one point of view to another, giving clear expression to a very great deal of the confused and inarticulate thought of the hour, not so much creator, perhaps, as crystalliser. The other two, differing from him and from each other, choosing themes strange and long unpopular, alike only in this, that they were interested principally, almost exclusively in the psychic, in the relations of men's souls to the universe and to God. And so one of them writes of that search for the splendid hider whose signs, "deep, tender, kind and beautiful," were all about, the search in which *The Extra Day* culminated, while the other tells how a man and a

woman, adrift in an open boat with death staring them in the face, made of that journey which might well have driven them mad a veritable "pilgrimage to Mecca," thus cleansing their souls of all the meannesses and cowardices symbolised by the firm of *Lot and Company*. These the extremists, whom few others will follow to "the realms of the boreal pole"; nor is it indeed desirable that many of those others should go to that far end. Devotion to *La Princesse Lointaine* is very beautiful, but disaster would inevitably ensue should troubadours of all and every kind of temperament and vision strive to go as did French Rudel, on pilgrim-

age to the Lady of Tripoli. Yet brave voyagers, though they may have no ambition to journey to distant Tripoli, desire occasionally to sail on unaccustomed seas. The novelist-adventurers who dared to sally forth upon the "illusory" oceans of the spiritual were once condemned and laughed at as feeble-minded heretics; now they are the exponents of that new orthodoxy which is beginning to displace the old dogmas of materialism, so long supported by those two most powerful props, the fear of bathos and the dread of ridicule—than which there are no greater terrors known to man, woman or author.

TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

THE reading of these books has been a thrilling, arresting experience. For they are all concerned in one way or another, by direction or implication or inquiry, with matters that come very near the heart of all true Americans. Each one of them, in whole or in part, endeavours to take earnest thought for the morrow of this country, or deals with problems of the utmost importance to us. Each one of them endeavours to cast a searchlight ahead into the darkness of the future and by means of that illumination help to direct present progress. Two of the books are by Englishmen, but one of these is concerned with problems which we also must consider and the other points out possibilities of American action upon which we shall presently have to make decision and asks what we are going to do about them. Several of the American books deal with that question of

*Leadership of the New America. By Archibald McClure. Illustrated. New York: George H. Doran Company.

America and the New Epoch. By Charles P. Steinmetz. New York: Harper and Bros.

Creative Intelligence: Essays in the Pragmatic Attitude. By John Dewey, Addison W. Moore, Harold Chapman Brown, George H. Mead, Boyd H. Bode, Henry Waldgrave Stuart, James Hayden Tufts, Horace M. Kallen. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Possible Peace: A Forecast of World Politics after the Great War. By Roland Hugins. New York: The Century Company.

Essays in War Time: Further Studies in the Task of Social Hygiene. By Havelock Ellis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A League to Enforce Peace. By Robert Goldsmith. Introduction by A. Lawrence Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Italy, France and Britain at War. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

American World Policies. By Walter E. Weyl. New York: The Macmillan Company.

questions that America must soon face and decide, whether or not we are willing to change that historical attitude of ours toward the rest of the world which has been bred in the bone of the belief of most of us and, if so, what new relation can we work out that will safeguard us from entanglements in European quarrels and at the same time enable us to co-operate with forward looking forces in other countries and so add the impulsive force of our great democracy to the progress of humanity. All Europe is already asking us this question and presently we shall all be asking it of one another and of ourselves.

Too few are the books of such sort that are concerned with any but material affairs, that recognise the power and the importance of the things of the spirit, the influence over action of what we believe and hope and think and feel and aspire toward. For, in the last analysis—and one does not have to go far to reach it—neither individual nor nation lives at all but by the spirit and for the spirit. Individual or nation, it is always the spirit that leads. And so it would be always the wisest of wisdom, when we take thought for to-morrow, to test the spirit which is guiding us, to ask with searching questions what kind of a morrow we desire. If one may judge by the consensus of many writers upon the immediate future what the whole world is looking forward to is an industrial to-morrow, a world which will be organised for production and filled with the whirr of machinery and peopled by machines, a world that will be one vast factory. Doubtless it would be a most efficient world and also a most unpleasant one to live in.

Most of these books are especially interesting because they do deal with our future, that future whose foundations

must be laid by present day actions and decisions, as a time in which to bring about a brighter, better, happier nation, in which to realise those ideals which every American in his heart holds to be true and fine and precious even if he does often forget them in his daily life. The volumes concerned with matters wholly or chiefly national are considered in the early part of the article which then goes on to those that deal with international affairs. All of them discuss subjects of high consequence to every American, man or woman, who feels it both his duty and his privilege to help, by thought and speech and act, to preserve and refine and better the aims and purposes of our democratic heritage. Our special national problems we have always with us and, as for the others, however long the war may continue, the day of peace will come, and so the time when we must make momentous decisions. Therefore it behooves us all to be thinking about them.

"LEADERSHIP OF THE NEW AMERICA"

Many books have been written about what we have always been pleased to call, with a certain condescension, our "immigrant problem," but among them all there is none that more deserves reading than does this by Mr. Archibald McClure. For it deals but little with material conditions, and very much with conditions of the spirit. Without minimising in the least the very great necessity of doing everything possible to better the material conditions of newcomers to the country, it is imperative for us to recognise the fact that we have been too little concerned with the varied phases of thought and feeling among them and with the significance of these things of the spirit for us as a nation. The value of Mr. McClure's book is that, by patient study at first hand of different national groups of immigrants, he has tried to find out about these things and to report them to the rest of us. His studies were carried on during the year 1915-1916 under the Ber-

nardine Orme Smith Fellowship of McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, and included investigations in immigrant communities from the eastern to the western seaboard. It is evident that his method everywhere was to get into close personal touch with the people themselves, as individuals and as groups, and to find out what ideas are moving them and to what leadership they are looking.

One section of the book is devoted to the Slavic nationalities, in seven subdivisions; another to the non-Slavic, also in seven racial or national sections; and another to the Asiatic races. In each of these groups Mr. McClure studies the forces, racial, religious, national, intellectual, that are stirring its members, the types of men among themselves that are coming forward among them as leaders to connect them with and translate them into American life and their reaction to the influences and forces that pour upon them in their new surroundings. He considers also, but briefly, the consequent results for the contents of the melting-pot. In the introductory chapters he discusses some matters of consequence concerning the attitude of too many native Americans, especially those of long American descent, toward these newcomers. They and their children will have much to say about the spirit of the America of to-morrow and if we would have that spirit bear a bright, high, benignant countenance we must interest ourselves in their thoughts and feelings as well as in their wages and their housing. That is why Mr. McClure's book seems to me to be of such importance. It is the humanest book the immigrant problem has given us.

"AMERICA AND THE NEW EPOCH"

Mr. Steinmetz has been known for years as one of the foremost American electro-physicists and an authority upon electrical engineering. So it is of interest and moment to learn what is the contribution to the discussion of our future of the man of science whose ob-

servations and thought have been governed by the scientific method. Mr. Steinmetz, who is by birth and training a German—of Prussia—eliminates, both in his historical surveys and in his study of America's present conditions and future possibilities, all consideration of spiritual forces. He interprets history, and therefore of course the present situation in the United States, solely in terms of material tendencies, material forces, material results. The contribution which he brings, and it is evidently the result of profound conviction, is concerned with governmental policies and the industrial organisation of society. He is a socialist and therefore his philosophy is somewhat imbued with socialist doctrines, but his mental horizons are too wide for his speculations to be limited by its principles. An American citizen for a generation, it is evident from his book that he is a good American and wishes to see democratic America endure and grow greater and more powerful. To bring about that result he is sure that industrial co-operation to the fullest extent interlinked with governmental policy must be the goal toward which we develop. He thinks that after the war the monarchical governments of Europe will be able to destroy this country by reason of the high economic efficiency of their co-operative industrial organisation. He argues that all the governments of Europe, France, England and Germany alike, are essentially monarchical because in them all the forces that produce movement work from above downward while here they work from below upward. And since this method is slower, though surer in the long run, it is necessary for us to hasten upon this work of bringing about industrial co-operation and friendly relations between all the elements of society. He looks forward to the gradual evolution, through these means, of a dual government, somewhat analogous to that of the Roman Republic, of which one element would be a co-operative organisation of the industrial corporations, including all the industrial life of

the country, permanent and self-perpetuating, apparently an evolution from the system of control by commission. The other element would be political and democratic, having supervisory power alone and the absolute veto, but no administrative or executive power. Along these lines he thinks we must grow if the only great democracy in the world is not to be swept out of existence.

"CREATIVE INTELLIGENCE"

Come now the philosophers and from the high, clear realms of thought in which they dwell send forth into the darkness ahead of us a beam of penetrating light to guide our thinking—and, therefore, if not our own living that of our descendants. For one of the most important lessons of history is the surety with which systems of thought, the philosophical handling of problems of mind and life, sink down through the collective mind of a nation and colour its whole being. So now these eight American university professors, leaders in the philosophic thought and discussion of the country, offer their contribution for the guidance of our way of life. But the book is specially noteworthy for its importance as a contribution to American philosophic thought. It carries still farther the principles that William James put forward in the pragmatic philosophy which he fathered and constitutes the first endeavour to formulate it into that somewhat vague consensus known as a "school." This first definite contribution of an American school of philosophy to the philosophic thought of the world insists upon the need that philosophy should concern itself with every phase of man's life and activities, that all our thinking and doing should be made to bear the tests by which the pragmatic philosophy measures purposes, ends and values. "Philosophy," says John Dewey in the initial essay, "recovers itself when it ceases to be a device for dealing with the problems of philosophers and becomes a method, cul-

tivated by philosophers, for dealing with the problems of men." He argues for the recognition of the importance of "the pivotal position of intelligence," the enforcement of which he thinks is "the peculiar problem in the problems of life" for us here in the United States in the twentieth century. With us there is such a continuously novel situation as the national life unfolds that if we rely upon precedent we shall always find "some class interest guiding us by the nose whither it will." We cannot follow fixed rules without being false to our hopes for the future. We cannot drift, as is our tendency, into a loose and ineffective optimism, a sort of sentimentalised idealism about which we talk while we assent to the doctrine of "take who take can" without landing in a deification of power, a complete acceptance of brute force. We must put our faith in the power of intelligence to project the kind of future which we would wish our nation, our descendants, to enjoy and then train our life, in the present time, toward its realisation. And the task of American philosophy, he thinks, is to nurture and make articulate that faith.

Each of the other seven men takes up some phase of interest, some of them purely intellectual, such as "The Reformation of Logic," by Addison W. Moore; and others of daily practical application, as Henry Waldgrave Stuart's "Phases of the Economic Interest." But throughout the argument is for the freeing of life and thought from the domination of academic methods and *a priori*ism and the constant testing by pragmatic methods, that will prove their real value to humanity, of all purposes, ends, aims and means. For the most part the discussions take place in that high, thin air wherein most people who have not had a training in the technique of philosophic writing find more or less difficulty in breathing. Why do not the pragmatists apply some of their own tests to their phraseology? Until they do they are not likely to meet with full

success in their desire to make philosophy a matter of everyday life.

"THE POSSIBLE PEACE"

Mr. Hugins's book is a judicial and admirably dispassionate survey of the unfolding of recent European history, culminating in the war, with discussion of its significance for us and its possible influence upon our future. He thinks that no individual or group of individuals, no nation or group of nations, is to blame for the cataclysm, which, he holds, had its cause in the system under which all Europe lives, the combination of national rivalries, enmities and bargainings which has made up its international policy for centuries. He gives an illuminative review of what each one of the important nations at war has done in recent years in the way of exploiting, oppressing and subjugating small and helpless states. So fair-minded and impartial is he in his review of outstanding events that one regrets to find him ignoring the spirit, purposes and ideals which have guided and inspired Germany, according to the testimony of her own spokesmen, for the last generation. For no survey of recent European affairs can be either complete or just without full recognition of that spirit and its consequences—a spirit and consequences that deserve to be held up before all the nations of the world as an example and warning for all time. Mr. Hugins comments upon and deplores the ignorance and indifference of too many Americans concerning European history, even of recent years.

It is pleasant to find in a chapter on "Yankee Ethics," in the face of the cynicism and downright abuse concerning ourselves that Americans are prone to indulge in, a sober and judicial summing up of our virtues as a nation—but with frank recognition of some of our faults—a summing up that the author makes also a warning to us that we must not forget our ideals, that we must not depart hereafter, as we have some-

times done in the past, from the straight and narrow path of honesty and good faith in our international dealings. "The thing that counts in the end," he says, "is the ideals for which nations stand, and the ideals of the United States are the most respectable in the world." In the settlement of the great question of preparedness he would have us keep clearly in mind the fact that a great army with a large body of officers is likely to exert pressure in favour of a militaristic policy and to become the organ of sinister private interests. He thinks that the United States ought to make without delay a straightforward and unambiguous statement of its foreign policy—a thing which no nation has ever done before. Among his suggestions for such a statement is that if the nation enters upon any international organisation purposing to diminish war it should be with the stipulation that such a league be recruited upon so broad an international basis as would make it impossible for any group of powers to combine for the coercion of another group.

"ESSAYS IN WAR TIME"

Written from the standpoint of the scientist who would like to see the race set itself, or be set into, ways of living that would evolve, not the super-man, but super-humanity, Havelock Ellis's collection of nearly twenty essays upon a variety of subjects has as much interest for readers in the United States as for those in England. He is concerned mainly with social improvements upon those large scales that include great bodies of people, the levels of living in a whole nation, and so what he has to say upon these questions is of import in our own endeavours to look forward and direct our course with intelligence for desirable ends. He is a good deal concerned with the question of rising and falling birth-rates as they affect not only the nation itself in which the movement occurs but all of civilisation. He finds one of the causes of the world war to have been Germany's too

rapid increase of population and he insists that everywhere and in all time a high birth-rate has meant, finally, disaster of some sort, local or widely disseminated. That conviction leads him to a long consideration of the problem of birth control and the conclusion that the community or the nation that regulates its birth-rate is likely to produce better citizens, to enjoy more general prosperity and to live on a higher grade of life. He believes also that the time is approaching when the progressive nation must nationalise its health service and so co-ordinate all the immensely developed knowledge and instrumentalities for preventing and dealing with disease, largely because these have so advanced and multiplied that the private practitioner cannot possibly provide them. Several chapters deal with the effect of war upon various phases of social progress, such as war and eugenics, war and democracy, war and the birth-rate. In these studies, as well as in the others, he holds constantly to the conviction that human society has only to know what it desires and then to work for that desire if it would mould itself, the race, the civilisation it produces, into any wished for form. That we make our own social destinies, is the central message of his book, that spirit is the lord of matter.

"A LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE"

However long the war may continue and whatever may be our connection with it, the day of peace and of settlement will come, the day when the nations must decide what they are going to do to lessen the danger of such another cataclysm, and Americans are already beginning to ask themselves what share they ought to take in the measures that will be decided on. Of the plans which have been suggested for co-operation for peace among the nations that which has had the widest consideration and the most general approval is the scheme of the League to Enforce Peace, of which ex-President

Taft is the head. Of all the many ways in which we are taking thought for the morrow of America the purposes and proposals of this League are among the most important and every American who makes any pretence whatever to thinking for himself and to interest in the welfare of his country owes it to his own self-respect to know what they are.

The author of this comprehensive discussion of the subject is a working member of the League and his book has had the examination and approval of several of its officials. It has particular value and interest because it not only makes a thorough exposition and discussion of the proposals and principles of the League, but also considers with fairness, calm temper and wide information the conditions out of which the League grew, its practical workability, its significance in connection with the foreign policy of the United States and the arguments in favour of war. Throughout the book the author quotes copiously from the works of the leading philosophers, publicists and statesmen of this country and of Europe, so that his pages present a sort of review of recent influential thought upon war, peace, international morality, international co-operation and allied subjects. He takes up the criticisms that have been made of the League's plan of work and answers both those who object because they think it does not attempt enough and those who object because they think it attempts too much. An appendix contains some forty pages of endorsements of the League, including the full text of President Wilson's address to the Senate on January 22d. Nine pages of bibliography, including books and magazine articles, and a full index add much to the usefulness of the book for those who wish to obtain more than a superficial knowledge of the question. Mr. Goldsmith writes with earnestness and an optimistic outlook and he has, moreover, a pleasant gift for the turning of a neat phrase and the compact and striking statement of an idea.

"ITALY, FRANCE AND BRITAIN AT WAR"

On its face Mr. Wells's volume would appear to be a book about the war. But we all know that if Mr. Wells were to set out to write about the Stone Age, or the fashions in Timbuctoo, or the habits of coral insects he would soon be adventuring brilliantly among the thoughts with which the people of Europe and America are beginning to busy themselves and in which they are likely to be immersed by the day after to-morrow. So now, having taken a trip along the battle fronts in Europe last summer, he has a great deal to say about what the people in England and France, and himself in particular, are thinking about many questions connected with the ending of the war and what will come after the war. The particular consequence and interest of his book in connection with these volumes that deal with our own future and endeavour to throw light upon the direction in which current ideas and discussions will carry us lie in the fact that in the latter part of the work he has something to say about the possibility of America joining with Europe in certain united efforts that he thinks ought to be undertaken after the war is ended. He points out that any political co-operation to prevent war in the future, such as the League to Enforce Peace or any sort of international tribunal, political or judicial, will not be sufficient unless industrial and economic questions also are included in its jurisdiction. Therefore, as he presents the matter, if we wish to enter into political co-operation in Europe we must consider also whether or not we are willing to join the European nations in the regulating and co-ordinating of these other matters.

Mr. Wells believes that the mechanical developments and industrial organisation necessary for modern warfare have become matters of such huge consequence and cost that not more than eight of the nations of the world are capable of carrying on warfare. And he asides that our literature upon "preparedness"

shows that we have no realisation of the fundamental revolution that has taken place in military methods during the last two years. These eight powers, of which he counts the United States as one, being the only ones "capable of warfare under modern conditions" should, he insists, take over and completely control the manufacture of all munitions of war in the world. He endorses the plans of the League to Enforce Peace, but he says that it is necessary to go farther and give to some international tribunal or council the power to pass upon and revise national economic measures, such as tariffs, quarantine, alien exclusion, and other matters of serious irritation between nations. It should have some sort of control over the production and distribution of all staple products, and it should administer the sea law of the world and control and standardise international freights. He insists that the principle of common welfare in trade matters is bound up with the ideal of permanent peace, and that to attempt to leave it out in the settlement after the war will be merely laying down the sword to take up the cudgel.

In the laying of the basis for future peace on solid ground Mr. Wells sees "a supreme opportunity" for this country to help in the furthering of the hope of the world. But he is doubtful of our ability to see the importance of the opportunity and of our courage to undertake the work.

"AMERICAN WORLD POLICIES"

Mr. Weyl sees our present attitude and gesture as the outgrowth of what he calls "our idealistic past" and he expects us, as we step forward into the future, to be still governed by that spirit in which we had our birth and which has ruled our life and become a part of our national being. He writes of the influence of that spirit during the last few years, as inspiring our attitude toward the European war, with understanding and with lucid, judicial state-

ment. To find so fine and true and well reasoned an interpretation of that attitude, which has been so shockingly misrepresented at home and deplorably misunderstood abroad, is something to be thankful for. Moreover, it gives one confidence in the author's insight, penetration and sanity of judgment when he goes on to speak of our problems at home and our relations with the rest of the world. His treatment of these matters is noteworthy for the way in which he relates the latter with the former by means of the common basis he finds for both in the economic situation and tendency. He sees in imperialism, whether political or of that industrial kind which has its source in accumulations of capital, a danger against which we must guard. In a very interesting chapter, called "An Antidote to Imperialism," he points out or suggests a multitude of activities, betterments, evolutions of our social life, which would counteract the impulse to imperialistic ventures of either sort, create a broader economic basis by increasing the prosperity of those at the bottom of the social structure, make the life of the whole nation fuller, freer and more active and enable us to follow a disinterested foreign policy. One after another he takes up the problems of international relationships, as they concern us, which will presently be pressing for settlement and examines them in the light of their probable effect upon us according as they are settled one way or another. But he takes it for granted always that we, as a nation, will want each and all of them to be settled in accordance with our ideal of the welfare of the many rather than the wealth of the few. Finally, he shows that the United States stands now faced with the necessity of making a great decision. "Either it can cling hopelessly to the last vestiges of its policy of isolation, or it can launch out into imperialistic ventures, or, finally, it can promote, as can no other nation, a policy of internationalism, which will bind together the nations in a union of mutual interest and will

hasten the peaceful progress of the economic and political integration of the world." It is a book that will make for far-sightedness, for clarity of thought and sanity of judgment in the deciding of many of our problems, and the direct-

ing of our course. Nor, although it is so much taken up with material concerns, is it without that insight into the heart of things, that gleam of the spirit, without which we shall surely die.

EVENING

BY POWHATAN JOHNSON WOOLDRIDGE

BELOVED! Let us rest
Where the water lilies glow,
And idly watch the river flowing past.
Our day is at its best
For the lengthened shadows grow,
Sure promise that the night is near, at last.

The livelong summer day
We have worked and thought apart,
But sun-set brings an end to lonely toil;
A little time for play
Comes to ease the work-worn heart,
A moment that the world of care can't spoil.

We'll watch the sunset fade,
And, as night comes on a-pace,
Forget the world and all its warring art,
Beneath the willow shade,
As I gaze upon your face,
I'll press you close and closer to my heart.

AN ANALYSIS OF FICTION IN THE UNITED STATES 1911 TO 1916

BY FRED E. WOODWARD

THE publication of fiction in the United States presents a fascinating problem, alike to the publisher, book-seller, the librarian and the student of affairs, but to each one from a different point of view. The two first mentioned are apt to view the question with a commercial eye, while the latter are more or less utilitarian in their ideas and approach to the question.

"THE FLOOD OF FICTION"

There is a well-founded belief, prevalent in cultured centres of population, that we are in danger of being swamped or submerged by "the flood of fiction," which issues from the presses of our publishers in an unrelenting stream. The stigma of reproach which attaches to the publication and reading of fiction is a survival from an earlier prejudice, and with it we have no quarrel. It is well, however, to be reminded that even in fiction there is such a thing as *quality*, as well as *quantity*, and while we may be a trifle uneasy concerning the seemingly large quantity of fiction which is placed before us, we may also take heart and rejoice in the fact that the flood bears some choice cargoes, and in fact, the measure of good fiction is constantly improving.

FICTION IS DECLINING

It will surprise those who have not

kept in close touch with the statistics of the book trade, to be assured that while the population of the United States has increased from seventy millions in 1895 to one hundred and one millions in 1916—and while the total number of books published in the United States during the same period has increased from 5,469 in 1895 to 10,445 in 1916, the publication of fiction has not kept pace, either in percentage or in actual numbers, with the publication of books in the remaining classes. This statement is so clearly at variance with the general belief that actual figures are appended.*

A glance at the table shows that, including the year 1911, and to the present time, the proportion of books of fiction, issued in the United States, has been less than ten per cent. of the whole output, and that of every one hundred books, more than ninety are in classes other than fiction. The combined figures for these years 1911-1916 are as follows: total books in all classes, 66,445; total fiction, 6,094; percentage of fiction to whole 9.17.

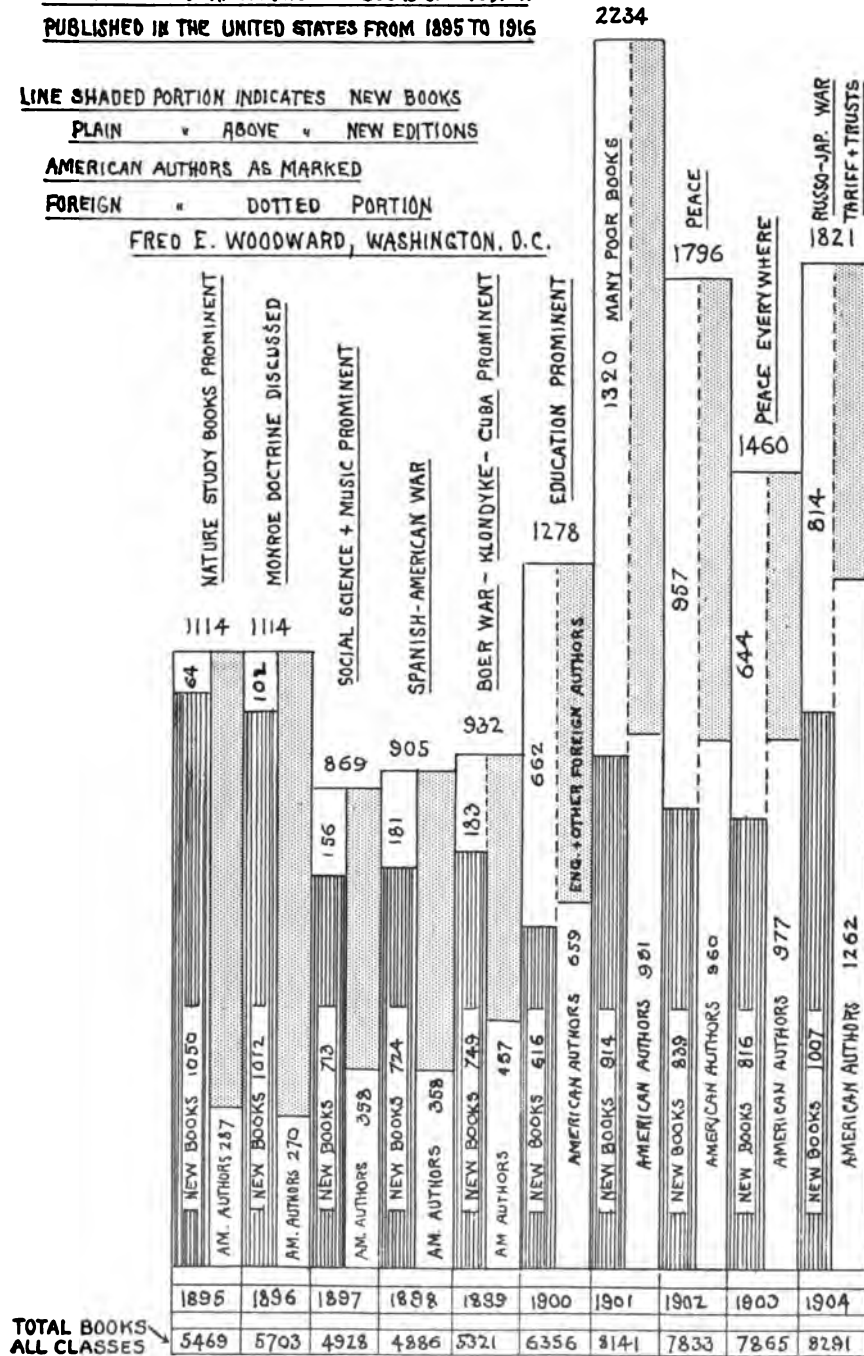
One is constantly reminded that many works of fiction are issued in large and repeated editions, while the more substantial books have a materially smaller issue and circulation, and this cannot be well denied. We maintain, however, that the comparison is a legitimate one, as we are comparing the records of

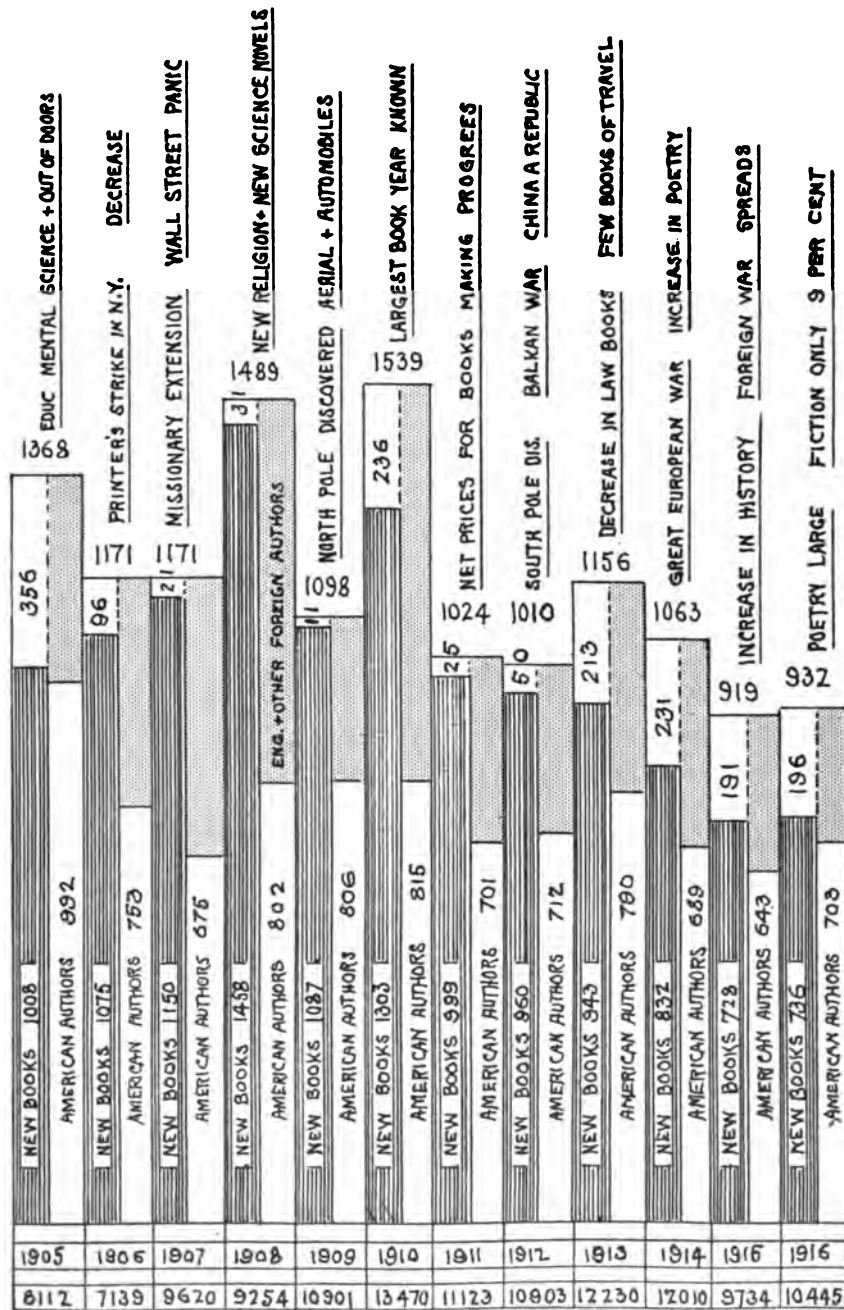
*In 1895 the total number of new publications, fiction, was 1,114 or 20.3 per cent.

1896	"	"	"	"	"	1,114	19.5	"
1899	"	"	"	"	"	932	17.5	"
1903	"	"	"	"	"	1,460	18.6	"
1906	"	"	"	"	"	1,171	16.4	"
1907	"	"	"	"	"	1,171	12.2	"
1911	"	"	"	"	"	1,024	9.1	"
1913	"	"	"	"	"	1,156	9.45	"
1914	"	"	"	"	"	1,063	8.75	"
1915	"	"	"	"	"	919	9.5	"
1916	"	"	"	"	"	932	8.91	"

CHART SHOWING AN ANALYSIS OF BOOKS OF FICTION
PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES FROM 1895 TO 1916

LINE SHADED PORTION INDICATES NEW BOOKS
PLAIN " ABOVE " NEW EDITIONS
AMERICAN AUTHORS AS MARKED
FOREIGN " DOTTED PORTION
FRED E. WOODWARD, WASHINGTON, D.C.





the present day with the records of a score of years preceding, and because the large sale of popular novels or best sellers is no novelty, as 1895, the first year shown on our chart, marked the advent of *Quo Vadis* and *The Seats of the Mighty*, and *Honourable Peter Stirling*, which sold in overwhelming numbers, quite equal to any of the selling records of to-day. The few preceding years witnessed the triumphs of *Dodo*, *The Yellow Aster*, *The Little Minister*, *The Window in Thrums*, *Ships That Pass in the Night*, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *Trilby*, *The Manxman* and *The Prince of India*, the sales of the latter amounting to 100,000 from August to December, 1893. During the years mentioned prior to 1911, the proportion of fiction was from 24.5 per cent. to 16.3 per cent. of the whole, with the total number in all classes about one-half the number at the present day, General Literature, Education, Law, and Religion being the only classes other than Fiction, having large registration.

RAPID GROWTH OF SOLID BOOKS

The growth of our country in the last score of years, as reflected in the books which we make, buy and read, has largely developed the classes of History, Geography and Travel, Biography and Genealogy, Philosophy, Physical and Mathematical Science; and especially is this true of Applied Science, embracing Technology, and Engineering, Sociology and Economics, Theology and Religion and in the last ten years to a degree hitherto unknown, Poetry and Drama, this class issuing eight per cent. of the books of 1916, a total of 860 out of 10,445.

NEW BOOKS OF FICTION

Our chart shows a very irregular and varying outline: for instance, the number of new books in 1895 was 1,050 in a total of 1,114, only 64 being re-issues of older books. The largest number of new books was in 1908, when 1,458 were recorded,—with 31 re-issues. The

smallest number was in 1900 when the new books in any one year numbering 616, were outnumbered by the new editions, which counted 662.

NEW EDITIONS

The largest number of reprints was in 1901, when we recorded the unusual number of 1,320 out of a total of 2,234, the largest number ever recorded in the United States. This was the year when a flood of books descended upon us from England, many of them reprints of poor novels. The smallest number of re-issues was in 1909, when only eleven were recorded in a total of 1,098.

FICTION BY AMERICAN AUTHORS

A further division shows the largest number of books of fiction written by American authors to be 1,264 in 1904 out of a total of 1,821, and the smallest number in 1896, 270. The average for the whole period is a little over 700 annually.

BY ENGLISH AND OTHER FOREIGN AUTHORS

The largest number of books written by English and other foreign authors was in 1901 when the number was 1,258 out of 2,234. As we have already mentioned, this was the year when the largest number of new editions of old books was published. The smallest number in any one year was 229 in 1916, and the descending ratio of numerals in this class seems to indicate, for the present at least, a decreasing number of books by other than American authors.

The additional chart (No. 2) gives in compact form for future reference, if such reference is ever needed, the chart figures (of No. 1) in tabulated form. The columns following the totals call attention to one popular book of that year and this is followed by some of the important events in world history. The political administrations are shown on the dotted spaces.

An Analysis of Fiction in the United States

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ANALYSIS OF FICTION PUBLISHED IN THE U.S. FROM 1895 TO 1916

ARRANGED BY FRED E. WOODWARD, WASHINGTON, D.C.

	AMERICAN AUTHORS	FOREIGN AUTHORS	NEW BOOKS	NEW EDITIONS	TOTALS	BOOKS OF THE YEAR	EVENTS OF THE YEAR	POLITICAL
1895		287	827	1050	64	1114	LARNA DOONE.	
1896		270	844	1012	102	1114	QUO VADIS.	CLEVELAND ELEC.
1897		358	511	713	156	869	IN HIS STEPS.	
1898		358	547	724	181	905	DAVID HARUM.	SP-AM. WAR
1899		457	475	749	183	932	RICHARD CARTEL.	BOER WAR
1900		659	619	616	662	1278	EDEN HOLDEN.	EXPAN. OF ARMY
1901		981	1253	914	1320	2234	ALICE OF OLD VY.	ROOSEVELT, PRES.
1902		960	836	839	957	1796	MRS. WIGGS.	PEACE
1903		877	483	816	644	1460	CALL OF WILD.	
1904		1262	559	1007	814	1821	THE CROSSING.	RUSSO-JAP. WAR
1905		992	372	1008	356	1364	GARDEN & ALLAN.	
1906		753	418	1075	96	1171	CONISTON.	PRINTERS STRIKE
1907		675	496	1150	21	1171	L. OF DECEPTION.	WALL ST. PANIC
1908		802	687	1458	31	1489	THREE WEEKS.	TAFT ELEC.
1909		806	282	1087	11	1098	BELLA DONNA.	NORTH POLE
1910		815	724	1303	236	1539	THE ROSARY.	
1911		701	323	999	25	1024	QUEED.	
1912		712	298	860	50	1010	CEASE FIRING.	BALKAN WAR
1913		790	366	943	213	1156	INSIDE THE COP.	
1914		689	364	832	221	1053	POLLYANNA.	EUROPEAN WAR
1915		643	276	728	191	919	MOONET MASTER.	E. WAR SPREADS
1916		703	229	736	196	932	MR. BRITTLING.	WILSON. ELEC.
TOTAL	15650	11789	20719	6730	27448			
AVERAGE FOR 22 YEARS	711	536	941	306	1247			

TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

EDWARD H. BIERSTADT'S "DUNSANY THE DRAMATIST"; ERNEST A. BOYD'S "THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF IRELAND"*

The sudden and emphatic popularity of Lord Dunsany, which has been caused, in this country, by the successful exhibitions of his plays in the Portman-teau Theatre and at the Neighborhood Playhouse, has occasioned a demand for further information concerning this apostle of those fabulous and dateless kingdoms which "seem to lie in the twilight beyond the East of the World." The publication of *Dunsany the Dramatist*, by Edward Hale Bierstadt, is therefore particularly timely. If this book disclosed no other title to acceptance, it would still be welcome by reason of its subject-matter.

The many people who admire Lord Dunsany are seeking mainly for information in regard to this great author about whom so little has, as yet, been written. Mere comment is beside the mark, and even criticism seems superfluous. Those of us who have seen *The Gods of the Mountain* do not need to be told that it is a great play. All we really want to learn is a catalogue of further facts concerning the career of a dramatist whose life has been hidden in obscurity. On this account, it is unfortunate that Mr. Bierstadt's book is weakest on the score of information. In his introductory chapter, entitled "The Man," this biographer tells us very little more than had been told already by Mr. Edwin Björkman in four sentences of his preface to the volume called *Five Plays*. Mr. Bierstadt tells us, to be

**Dunsany the Dramatist*. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. By Ernest A. Boyd. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

sure, that Lord Dunsany is "the worst dressed man in Ireland," that he has a wife and child, and that he writes with quill pens and usually late at night; but those of us whose spirits have been stirred by the compositions of this noble dramatist remain unsatisfied by such details as these and cry out for further information concerning the career of that "unknown warrior" who has forced us reverently to our knees. Since Lord Dunsany, even now, is only thirty-nine years old, it may be taken as a matter of course that further information concerning the mere facts of his career has not yet been disclosed for the benefit of a biographer; but, in a way, it seems a sort of pity that a man's life should be written and set down in print before the time when it was possible to tell the truth about him by studying a multitude of correlated facts.

The second chapter of this book is devoted to critical comment on the eight successive plays of Lord Dunsany. This criticism, in the main, is sound; but much of it—as has already been suggested—is superfluous. Why should any commentator write a book to gild refined gold or paint the lily? The most interesting point that Mr. Bierstadt makes is a clear division of the total field of drama into a discussion of the relation between man and the universe, a discussion of the relation between man and himself, and a discussion of the relation between man and his neighbours. This definition helps us easily to understand the different endeavours of Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Ibsen, and makes evident at once the interesting fact that the plays of Lord Dunsany must be considered in the same category with the plays of Sophocles. This writer has deliberately chosen to regard life from the ancient point of view, instead of from the mediæval or the modern.

Mr. Bierstadt has devoted many pages to a labourious attempt to prove that Lord Dunsany has not, thus far, confined his talents within the limits of the one-act play. The question, of course, is merely whether Lord Dunsany has, or has not, aimed in every instance to achieve that "totality of effect" which Edgar Allan Poe pointed out as the desideratum of the kindred art of the short-story. If Mr. Bierstadt chooses to consider *The Gods of the Mountain* as a play constructed in three acts instead of one, if he chooses to regard *King Argimenes* as a two-act play instead of a one-act play, he is, of course, at liberty to do so. Whenever a playwright has achieved a sudden and a single impression of totality, he cannot possibly be interested by the fact that some theoretic critic has devised a reasonable argument for dividing his composition into three or four or half a dozen acts.

The most interesting section of Mr. Bierstadt's book is the chapter which records the recent correspondence between Lord Dunsany and Mr. Stuart Walker, the proprietor of the Portman-teau Theatre. Mr. Walker's letters are delightful; and Lord Dunsany's answers must be treasured as spontaneous and utterly unconscious exhibitions of a noble mind. The simple record of this correspondence, in itself, would make the book worth reading.

A section also is devoted to the plays of Lord Dunsany in *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland*, by Ernest A. Boyd. There is no dearth of information in this handbook. Mr. Boyd knows all the facts and all the names and all the dates that are deserving of a place in that strange, eventful history which he has chosen to record. The only thing that is lacking in this little book is the element of style. To write without eloquence about such masters of the art of eloquence as Lord Dunsany, John M. Synge, and William Butler Yeats is to cheat the reader of the better half of criticism. Mr. Boyd, for instance, has

given up a page to a careful summary of *Riders to the Sea*; but nobody who merely read this page would feel like spending money to see this masterpiece upon the boards. Criticism should be not merely informative, but persuasive also. What is the use of setting down in print such uncontagious statements as "Keats writes well" or "Tennyson is a master of versification"? The only way to make the reader feel the thing you wish to tell him is to pretend, a little while, to talk of something else and then suddenly come at him with an unexpected sentence which embodies that immortal phrase, "The morning stars all sang together."

Mr. Boyd has told us, concerning Lord Dunsany, that "the author made free use of the fabulous Orient which is the scene of his dramas, and whose description gives such poetic colour to his prose." Now let us listen to the language of Lord Dunsany himself:—"Only I get further east than Babylon, even to kingdoms that seem to lie in the twilight beyond the East of the World." Why should anybody who lacks ears to hear presume to tell the public anything about a master of the mystic art of prose?

Clayton Hamilton.

III

CARDINAL GIBBONS'S "A RETROSPECT OF FIFTY YEARS"*

Few men in America wield such unobtrusive yet real and powerful influence for good as the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. His venerable age; his exalted office; his active, beneficent career; his varied interests, sound judgment, and unfailing tact; most important of all, the moral value of his blameless life, made but the more resplendent by "the fierce light that beats upon a throne," make Cardinal Gibbons merit and receive the respectful admiration and even the heartfelt affection of his countrymen.

*A Retrospect of Fifty Years. By James Cardinal Gibbons. 2 Vols. Baltimore and New York: John Murphy Company.

tion of all classes and creeds. For more than a quarter of a century the leading American official of the Catholic Church in America he has borne a responsibility such as few could carry so successfully. Dealing with problems the most momentous and the most delicate, he has never been rash, injudicious, or reactionary. He has had many opportunities to do unwise things; that he did not do them is more than a negative sign of wisdom. Repeatedly called upon to aid in the forming of public opinion, he has never hedged nor been silent; but more often than any other churchman in America he has lifted voice and wielded pen to further the interests of religion and humanity, to expound the teachings of the Catholic Church, to spread Christian morality, to promote social progress, to inculcate civic virtue. He has had the unusual good fortune to continue to say the right thing in the right way at the right time. By temperament prudent, by training conservative, he has retained the open mind of youth and a willingness to consider evidence against even long-settled views. Most loyal to Rome, he has been equally loyal to America. A prince of the Church, he is beloved for his unaffected democracy. An honoured citizen of Baltimore, devoted to its welfare, he received there in 1911 a civic testimonial to his patriotism of greater dignity, magnitude, and universal enthusiasm than is recorded of any other personage not holding an office of state.

Cardinal Gibbons's former books have been mainly concerned with religious subjects; of *The Faith of Our Fathers* over nine hundred thousand copies have been issued and the sale is still going on. The larger part also of these latest volumes is taken up with allied subjects, though exhibiting clearly his genuine devotion to his native land and his optimistic confidence in its future. Over half of the first volume is devoted to reminiscences of the Vatican Council, reprinted from *The Catholic World* and *The North American Review*. At that time he was the youngest

Bishop at the Council; to-day he is the sole survivor of over seven hundred members. The prelates came from every corner of the globe and to venerable years added profound learning, wide experience, and apostolic virtue. To some it will be a surprise to learn that "the most ample liberty of discussion prevailed in the Council." This freedom the Holy Father pledged at the opening of the synod, and the pledge was religiously kept. The members were extremely varied in type and interesting. Cardinals Manning, Deschamps, Bilio, Schwarzenberg and Simor; Archbishops Kenrick, Dupanloup and Darboy; Mgr. Hassoun, Bishop Pie and many others are portrayed in a few vivid sketches. One Chinese Bishop had travelled twenty-three thousand miles to attend the Council. Several had been exiled from their sees; "others were the successors of martyrs and were destined themselves to wear a martyr's crown." Cardinal Gibbons gives a picture of the daily life and private apartments of Pope Pius IX; describes in detail the discussions on the various questions, and devotes to the ceremonies of Holy Week, a chapter worthy to stand beside Cardinal Wiseman's famous essay.

The essay on the Knights of Labour is one of the most important, as the part played by Cardinal Gibbons in their behalf is one of his noblest achievements. "Numerous societies for the protection of the working man rose during the administration of President Cleveland—societies to which working people began to adhere more and more steadfastly as their only protection from economic slavery, but which were vehemently attacked upon the other side as destructive, revolutionary, and even anarchic." The Canadian Bishops were so alarmed that they obtained from the Holy See a condemnation of the society in Canada. But Archbishop Gibbons (as he then was) and all but two of the twelve American Archbishops "were equally alarmed at the prospect of the Church being presented before our age as the

friend of the powerful rich and the enemy of the helpless poor; for, not only would such an alliance, or even apparent alliance, have done the Church untold harm, but it would have been the *bouleversement* of our whole history. The one body in the world which had been the protector of the poor and the weak for nearly eighteen hundred years, could not possibly desert these same classes in their hour of need." When the Archbishop sailed for Europe in 1887 to receive the Cardinal's Hat, he accordingly presented the plea of organised labour in the form of a document to the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda; the Knights of Labour were not condemned; and a few years later Pope Leo XIII "enun- ciated the principles which underlie the Church's moral teaching with regard to economics, in his famous encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*."

Perhaps none of the essays is more scholarly and thoughtful than the address delivered at the silver jubilee of the Catholic University of America in Washington held in 1916. For the University, of which he has always been the Chancellor, His Eminence has always had a special affection. Influential in founding it, he was the one whose courage and faith in God kept its doors opened when financial difficulties urged others to wish them closed. And so he not only had reason to rejoice at the successful outcome of his confidence in this institution's future but, as was appropriate, he here saw a vindication of the Catholic theory of education and the value of a Catholic University to our whole civic and social life.

It would be only partially to represent Cardinal Gibbons's interest not to make especial mention of the essays on "The Church and the Republic," "Patriotism and Politics," and "Will the American Republic Endure?" Here he gives free scope to his intense patriotism, for, as he says in his Introduction, "My countrymen and my fellow-Catholics will forgive me if I seem to yearn over this Church and this people, but I do so because I believe both the American

Church and the American people to be precious in the sight of God, and designed, each one in its proper sphere, for a glorious future."

Although these volumes make no claim to be an autobiography, many valuable details are given as to the Cardinal's own history and the progress of the Church in this country. In every essay, however, the character of the man is unconsciously made clear. And one rises from such reading with the conviction that this man is greater than any of his writings or deeds, and that such a man is one of the greatest assets of a nation or a church.

Francis P. Lyons, C.S.P.

IV-V

FREDERICK PALMER'S "MY SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR;" PHILIP GIBBS'S "THE BATTLES OF THE SOMME"*

A reader who knows the splendid, swinging style of *My Year of the Great War*, who has felt his blood stir in response to its graphic battle pictures, will eagerly seek a renewal of his pleasure in Frederick Palmer's latest book, *My Second Year of the War*. And, for the most part, that reader will not be disappointed. The style is the same, and here and there, vivid vignettes flash up from the pages to fire the imagination as of old. There is the storming of Contalmaison, clearly seen in the bright sunshine, and as clearly recorded. And there is the picture of the guns during the night attack on the Ridge.

Guns ahead of us and around us and behind us as usual, in a battle of competitive crashes among themselves, and nearby we saw the figures of the gunners outlined in instants of weird lightning glow, which might include the horses of a caisson in a

**My Second Year of the War*. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Battles of the Somme. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company.

flicker of distinct silhouette flashed out of the night and then lost in the night. . . . The thing was majestic, diabolical, beautiful, absurd—anything you wished to call it. . . . You might think of your little group of observers as occupying a point of view in space where one planet hidden in darkness was throwing aerolites at another hidden in darkness striking it with mighty explosions, and the crashes and screams were the sound of the missiles on their unlighted way.

A different type of sketch is found in Mr. Palmer's description of those unique battle machines, the British tanks. "Unquestionably," says Mr. Palmer, "the tank resembles an armadillo, a caterpillar, a diplodocus, a motor car, and a travelling circus. . . . No pianist was ever more temperamental; no tortoise ever more phlegmatic." Nor can one omit the incident of the tank reported as "walking up the main street of Flers surrounded by cheering British soldiers," with a sign displayed on it bearing the legend, "Extra Special! Great Hun Victory!" Although the army to a man promptly personified the tanks and to a man refused to regard them otherwise than as huge, ungainly jokes, they proved their worth, if in no other way, by stamping out hostile machine guns, those terrors of the attacking infantryman, and saved the British thousands of casualties. Unfortunately, many of Mr. Palmer's descriptions lose effectiveness because they are very much like similar descriptions found in *My Year of the Great War*. It seems hardly necessary for the author to draw again with so much detail scenes varying only slightly from other scenes he has drawn before. To say this, and to suggest that his apotheosis of the British army, pleasant as it will be to the majority of his readers, is a trifle too Kiplingesque, is to sum up the possible defects in Mr. Palmer's work.

On the whole, the strongest appeal of the book is to the thoughtful mind. The clear-cut account of the great British drive on the Somme, to which the

volume confines itself pretty closely in spite of its general title, is very good to read, after the vague lavishness of the daily press. Again, what the author has to say concerning the training of the new British army for this vital test of its power, this trying-out of an emergency-made force against the finished product of years of militarism, brings enlightenment to one who may have wondered why England did not "do something" earlier in the war. Finally, Mr. Palmer's scattered commentary on what he has seen is extremely valuable in that it contains the mature reflections of a man better acquainted with the whole ghastly business than some others who have ventured to write about it. *My Second Year of the War*, in short, is fundamentally not an emotional book. It is rather a record that one turns to for clear and accurate information about what really happened. The seeker for impassioned rhetoric, for outpourings of feeling, must direct his search elsewhere.

It is profitable to compare with Mr. Palmer's volume Philip Gibbs's *The Battles of the Somme*. The two books cover practically the same ground; but Mr. Gibbs confines to a brief introduction what he has to say about the prologue, and plunges with his first chapter into the stupendous drama itself. Mr. Palmer, one might say, has written an excellent book about the war. Mr. Gibbs's book is the war. He takes the reader with him into the battle region, and as he himself saw and sensed, the reader sees and senses the horror and the nastiness and the incredible folly of it all; but, shining through the sombreness, the glory of those golden lads who, knowing war and hating it like the hell it is, went steadfastly forward into the flames with smiling eyes and a jest on their lips. It is the individuality of the author's style, the success of his passionate desire to make others see and feel as he saw and felt, that lifts his group of battle pictures into something more than just another war book.

The interest is in the separate scenes,

rather than in the whole, and this makes any generality concerning the work rather difficult. A reader, however, unless he is rabidly pro- one side or the other, will appreciate the spirit of fairness Mr. Gibbs displays in his often recurring tributes to the Germans, tributes gathered largely from the mouths of men fresh from fighting the Germans. "They are wonderful men," he quotes an officer as saying, "and work their machines until they are bombed to death." "We had white men against us, and they let us get in our wounded without hindrance as soon as the fight was over." And again, "Two German doctors helped to dress our wounded, and worked bravely and steadily under shell-fire for many hours. One of them objected to having a sentry put near his dugout. 'I am not a fighting man,' he said, . . . 'My work is for humanity, and your wounded are the same to me as ours.'" There is something nobler in that than the vulgar invective of the civilian partisan, something finer than the bitter exaggerations of the stay-at-home cartoonist, something one instinctively likes. One likes, too, the incident of the young British officer, a boy of nineteen, who, after his superiors had fallen, called to his company, "Come on, lads! I'm only a kid, but I'll show you the way all right!" And his men laughed at the words and followed him. There is an interesting sidelight on the fundamental humanness of mankind in the sketch of the two bandaged soldiers, a German and an Englishman, trudging side by side to a field dressing-station. Said the Englishman, "This chap tried to gouge out my eye with his fist, and I did the same to his with my elbow, and now we get on famously together."

The faults of the book are the natural outgrowth of its virtues, the outgrowth, too, of the fact that the incidents are given just as they were written down in the field "at great speed, sometimes in utter exhaustion of body and brain." The language, at times vivid and rich

with colour, at times simple and direct, occasionally becomes strained and melodramatic. The logical order of events is often broken into, and the author is often compelled to refer the reader to preceding pages for a clear understanding of what is coming next. This repetition not only grows tiresome, but, together with the interest and lavishness of the details, successfully prevents a clear understanding of the operations as an organic whole. In this matter of clearly presenting the development of the great drive, Mr. Palmer's book is decidedly the better of the two. But probably no one man, even—although the statement is a bold one—the late Mr. George Steevens, could produce a perfectly balanced account of the present war; and that may be offered as one excuse for the constant additions to the tremendous accumulation of war literature.

Allen R. Dodd.

VI-VII

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S "WHY MEN FIGHT"; PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN'S "INTERNATIONAL REALITIES"*

The fundamental differences between General Wood's followers and the pacifists is not after all so great. Both base their conclusions on the immutability of the structure of life. The first believe that war is bad but inevitable in human nature, and human nature cannot be changed: hence prepare to make war as effectively as possible. The second believe that war is bad and the product of the evil machinations of capitalists and national rivalries—in other words, "the system:" hence establish checks and new machinery.

In the rough classification of the British War Office Bertrand Russell is a pacifist. As such he has been both

*Why Men Fight. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company.
International Realities. By Philip Marshall Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

prosecuted and curbed by the British government; he has even, as we know, been deprived of his fellowship in Cambridge and prevented from coming to this country to deliver a course of lectures at Harvard—with the inevitable result that his audience has been immeasurably widened.

But *Why Men Fight* is not a negative argument for pacifism. It makes none of the naïve assumptions of pacifists; it even regards passive pacifism as worse than war, because less vital. Nor is it, notwithstanding its title, primarily a book on war. It is an analysis of the elements of life, an analysis made with fine vision and daring constructiveness. It sees war as only one of the evil results of the maladjustments of those elements and peace as impossible until new adjustments are effected. The state, private property, the industrial system, education, religion, marriage—to every institution in modern society Mr. Russell applies the test of whether it furthers or thwarts the “central principle of growth of human impulses,” which is freedom for complete development. Each he finds to be based on authority, to rest on a past that men have outgrown, with the result that their living, creative impulses are warped and restricted. Those impulses, thus restricted, seek outlet, as restricted impulses always do, in destructive forms, the worst of which is war.

No international court, no league to enforce peace, no arbitral body, no other programme that leaves the foundations of society untouched will free mankind of that evil. To that extent he agrees with those who say it is human nature for men to make war; but, as he sees it,

it is a human nature cramped and perverted by men themselves and their institutions. Those institutions, however, deeply rooted in habit and custom, he refuses to accept as immutable or permanent or merely by the fact of their existence as best.

Professor Brown in *International Realities* sets for himself a narrower scope. His book deals only with the politics of international relationships. Though unduly obsessed by “realities,”—which is to say, existing phenomena—and unnecessarily patronising in tone toward the “emotion and sentiment” of those who seek a more idealistic and visionary solution, it is nevertheless a valuable analysis of the bases of international law.

His plea is for the creation of a body of international law that shall define more clearly than in the past the legal rights and interests of nations and the obligations those rights and interests entail. If the foundations of international law have crumbled in this war, he says, it is because there were no such foundations. And he holds it futile to create international agencies to administer and enforce law on nations until those nations have agreed on what that law is to be. For that reason he is opposed to an international executive of any kind, even a league to enforce peace, or an international court to settle disputes. He favours instead occasional and informal congresses to draw up codes on special subjects, such as the rights of foreign creditors and the status of aliens. From such conferences a beginning might be made toward the creation of practical international legislation.

Nathaniel Pfeffer.

VIII-IX-X

ADLER'S "THE NEUROTIC CONSTITUTION;" HITSCHMANN'S "FREUD'S THEORIES OF THE NEUROSES;" PFISTER'S "THE PSYCHOANALYTIC METHOD"*

Indications of an increased interest in psychoanalysis in this country are given by the simultaneous appearance of translations of three books from the German following shortly upon the publication of Jung's *Psychology of the Unconscious* and his *Analytical Psychology*. Pfister's book is designed to equip educators with the knowledge necessary to enable them to carry on psychoanalytic treatment of subnormal pupils as well as to foresee and prevent later abnormalities, the causes of which are operative, even in the earliest years, and may be detected only by means of the psychoanalytic technique. Hitschmann's book is aimed primarily at physicians, although it is by far the most readable, and most clearly expressed of the three, while Adler's is a work almost polemical in the defense of his own contribution to the theory of psychoanalysis and contains, incidentally, sharp criticism of some of Freud's positions.

Psychoanalysis is the psychology of the twentieth century, and differs from all previous forms of mental science in the emphasis placed upon the recognition of the Unconscious. The psychology that we had to study in college

*The Neurotic Constitution. Outlines of a Comparative Individualistic Psychology and Psychotherapy. By Alfred Adler. Authorised English translation by Bernard Glueck, M.D., Director, Psychiatric Clinic, Sing Sing Prison and John E. Lind, M.D., Senior Assistant Physician, Saint Elizabeth's Hospital. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Freud's Theories of the Neuroses. By Eduard Hitschmann. Authorised translation by Dr. C. R. Payne, with an introduction by Ernest Jones, M.D., M.R.C.P., of London. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Psychoanalytic Method. By Oskar Pfister. Authorised Translation by Charles Rockwell Payne. With introductions by Sigmund Freud and G. Stanley Hall. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

twenty years ago, and which is still continued in most colleges to-day, is the old style conscious psychology which bored us to death with its generalities, where it did not swamp us with its mathematical particularities, and shied with horror at the mention of anything subliminal or subconscious, as it looked askance at the members of the societies for psychical research. But in the newer psychology, which took its beginning from the work of Sigmund Freud, all that is changed, and the conscious thoughts are seen to be determined by the psychical processes which go on outside of consciousness. "Mental" is now seen to include not only "conscious" but "unconscious," and the dynamic and quantitative relations of these two elements of mental life show us that we have for centuries been looking at the smaller and less important part of the mind. No thought that occurs to anyone but is the result not merely of previous conscious mental states but of a much larger number of states and activities of which we have not been conscious and of which we could by no possibility have become conscious until the advent of the newer psychology, psychoanalysis. It may be stated that no act of ours is really caused by the small number of perceptible causes which we assign for it, but that all the reasons that we give for doing anything that we do, are mere pretexts or rationalisations, as Ernest Jones has called them, or "reason-fabrications," to enable us to square our acts with our conscious point of view. Now psychoanalysis comes along and shows that the actions of everyday life and of all special sorts, even insane ones, cannot be aligned exclusively with the conscious thinking but are necessarily connected with the states of mind which are not only not conscious but in ordinary circumstances (that is, outside of psychoanalytic research), can never enter consciousness. Examples of the unconscious determination of conscious states are universal. There are no exceptions. Literary and artistic creations

are apposite illustrations. Not only does a poem of Coleridge take form in a dream and is written on awaking exactly as it occurred in the sleeping state, but the ideas for a novel or a play are thought out unconsciously and enter consciousness already outlined, if not elaborated in detail.

Psychoanalysis began as a medical research on the part of physicians who were trying to fathom the mysteries of the neuroses, but it has now been extended to the inclusion of all expressions of the human psyche. Naturally the greater part of the literature on the subject is still concerned with the problems of psychiatry. Pfister's book is almost the only one that has a practical application to human problems outside of therapeutic ones. Adler's book is concerned to prove the thesis that all nervous diseases and many of the other kind are caused by an effort on the part of the psyche to compensate for a feeling of inferiority in comparison with other persons. This feeling of inferiority he thinks originates from a real physical inferiority or subnormality in some of the organs of the body. Thus, if there is an inability in the eyes to perceive certain sensations or to perceive them less keenly than other persons do, the psyche unconsciously devotes a great deal of energy to make up for the defect. A defective vision thus will make an artist, because his comparative inferiority in this particular makes him sensitive to it and arouses a desire to excel in that very sphere. He must be an artist in order to demonstrate his superiority, to show to others that in the characteristic where he feels himself to be deficient he is able to evince a remarkable superiority.

This attitude, it will be seen, is only a feature of what Adler calls the "masculine protest," which means that according to his theory, we all wish to be excessively masculine, whether we are men or women, because the position of the male in modern society is one of power, and the position of the female is considered to be one of weakness. This

attitude, which he calls a "fictive guiding line" is something which has no real cause or reasonableness in the nature of things, but which is imposed upon the world of reality, or is universally attempted to be imposed, by human thought. Adler sees every manifestation of human striving as an expression of the "masculine protest," not only all symptoms of disease, but also all other expressions of the unconscious, all breaking out of it into conscious life. Nothing, according to him, is thought or done except with regard to whether it increases our superiority over other persons. Thus people make themselves sick in order to control other people, to make them attendants and caretakers, to put it plainly, so that the sick ones may be the centre of activity and that as much as possible may revolve around their own personality. This "masculine protest" causes women to avoid marriage so that they may not be required to do a woman's part in bearing and bringing up children, this being the real cause of all the masculinity which is so carefully developed in some women; and it is what really causes men to avoid marrying and fulfilling their parts as fathers and heads of families, because they, too, in shrinking from responsibility which would be theirs if they had families, are showing their superiority to the customs and requirements of society. They fail in their duty to their wives if they do get married, so as to show their superiority by means of denying their partners what the latter have a right to expect. They are superior because they control. They control because they disappoint. They disappoint in falling below the expectations of other persons. If they acted as other persons wished or expected them to, they would be following the suggestions and accepting the directions of others. Adler instances the case of a young pianist, who made a deplorable failure at a concert. Her hands suddenly became stiff and she could not play. It would seem hard to see any triumph for her in this situation. But

there was. Her mother, whom she unconsciously hated, had been the one who had started her on her musical career, and the disappointment of the mother thus came to have a value, a state of affairs which of course was morbid. Nothing could be more exquisite than this punishment of the mother, and nothing could have been a greater victory for the unconscious of the daughter, which thus "gained some private end," than the resulting humiliation of the mother. Thus, according to Adler, does the unconscious work. The daughter showed a "masculine protest" in not being ruled by the mother, and fulfilled her wish to make her superior position secure ("craving for security") by showing her ability to reject her mother's suggestions.

The book is not pleasant reading, and one has, all through, the impression that Adler is trying very hard to defend himself in a position, which really does not need such valiant efforts, to gain the fulfillment of his own craving for security. The more mellow moral that he is really aiming to point out is frequently obscured, namely that this security and superiority feeling is a kind of fallacy. We do not need to take such heroic steps to insure our security as he is taking in this long book to double-nail and clinch the security of his tenets. They are only an episode in the larger theory of Freud.

Much more interesting to the reader of books is the part of Pfister's treatise where he points out the applications of the Freudian theory to literature, art and religion.

The content of the poetic production also proves to be a manifestation [of the unconscious craving] . . . Grillparzer describes in many works the man divided between two women; Richard Wagner, the woman divided between two men and passing over to the new-comer, because both authors thereby expressed their own erotic situations. Grillparzer remained for a life-

time devoted to the Frohlich sisters, of whom he was engaged to Kathi to the end of his life; from inner reasons he could marry neither. Like Goethe he remained (unconsciously) attached to his mother. Wagner has Senta go over to the Dutchman . . . Brunhilda to Siegfried; because he himself desired the love which prejudiced a third person . . . Ibsen's constant handling of the marriage problem may be elucidated from the history of the poet's marital conditions.

Pfister shows how the creative artist, no matter what the medium of his expression, is saved by his art from being a neurotic, which he would be, were it not for his ability to use his art as a social and therefore safe outlet for his otherwise diverted unconscious craving.

It is intensely interesting to examine the writers of any age, but particularly those of the present, with the standards afforded by psychoanalytic research. In doing so we begin to understand the enormous popularity of many modern novelists, when we realise that they appeal to a kind of spiritual immaturity in human character, which few or none of us escape. We begin to see why Shaw, for instance, is so unconvincing, in spite of his being so brilliant, when we find many of his utterances to be a manifestation of what the newer psychology calls a form of exhibitionism; and why Wells is so inconclusive, while at the same time so far-seeing and prophetic, when we realise that he states problems which, on account of the necessary incompleteness of psychological research, are at present impossible of solution. The growing attention given in America to the newer psychology is an encouraging sign, which presages a much more thoughtful and adult attitude toward life—an attitude which becomes a study and an effort to illuminate the multitudinous social conditions which are still, and particularly in this age of belligerent madness, a distracting muddle. *Wilfrid Lay.*

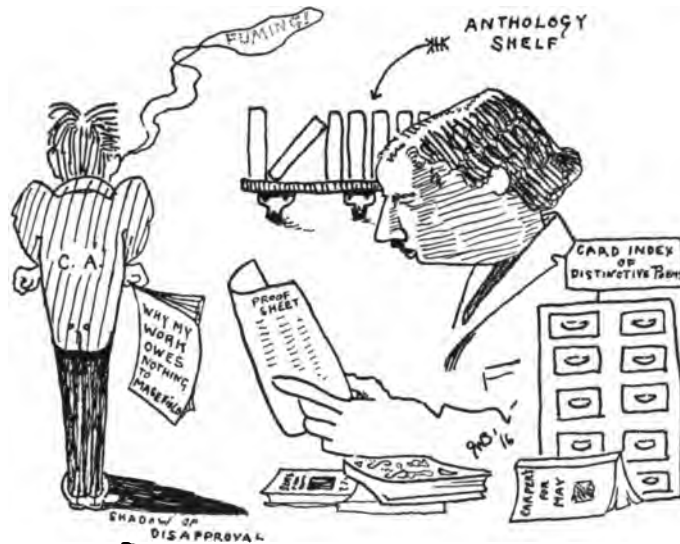
THE MASQUE OF POETS AS SEEN BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT



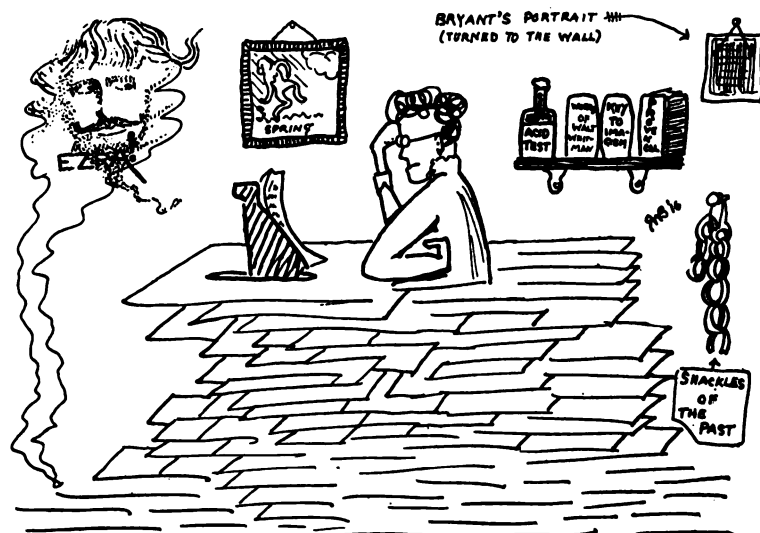
AMY LOWELL APPEARING TO A
POETRY SOCIETY



The Masque of Poets as Seen By William Rose Benét 203



MR. WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE
 READS 17,894,631 MAGAZINE POEMS FOR
 HIS ANNUAL LIST, A PURSUIT WITH WHICH
 MR CONRAD AIKEN REFUSES TO HAVE ANY
 THING TO DO.



AS I IMAGINE MISS HARRIET MONROE EDITING
 "POETRY"

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

WE HEAR it said now and then that one reason why current criticism is of little account (current criticism, to be sure, has never been of much account, according to current "authorship") is its neglect of questions of form and style. Suppose we keep those questions in mind, in looking over the rather miscellaneous group of novels that lies before us this month. Here, to begin with, is the *Mendel* of Mr. Gilbert Cannan. From the translator of *Jean-Christophe* and the author of *Round the Corner* and *Old Mole*, we cannot look for trim and squared-off construction; probably the last thing he would care to do would be to turn out "well-made" fiction. In *Mendel* he is doing a portrait, or a portrait-group with a central figure, rather than telling a story. Or, if you like, he is cutting off a very carefully selected slice of life and laying it, not without imaginative garnishing, upon the public platter. He is at no pains to polish off his Mendel, or to dismiss him, at the end of these pages, as destined to be happy or unhappy ever after. Here, rather, he is a fellow-being whom we accompany for some distance on his road and who, when our ways part, appears to be decisively turning from a qualified addiction to life, toward

an unqualified devotion to art. Yes, he is the fellow with the temperament once more! Mendel Kühler is son of a Jewish immigrant from Austrian Poland. The parents are orthodox Jews, and have no vision beyond the boundaries of their London Jewry. The boy Mendel has beauty and genius. Between mother and son there is a bond which is never broken or even strained, though he is soon beyond her mental and æsthetic range. Of his talent there is no doubt, and he is early set in the way of commercial and conventional success. But his genius revolts, and he leaves the easy path to pursue, blindly at first, the hard road of self-fulfilment. When we see the last of him he has, at least, a firm foot upon the rising slope, and has turned a ruthless shoulder to all other objects in life, including his long dream of happy love. In a way he has found himself, and in a way, therefore, his story is complete. There is a good deal of dinginess in the chronicle, the dinginess of egotism, of drink, and of sex. Whether it is all worth while for us depends upon whether we are able to believe in this youth,—not merely in his genius, but in the essential force and integrity of his nature. Mr. Cannan's style (in the narrower sense of verbal expression) has, like that of several of his contemporaries among the younger British school of novelists—notably Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Walpole—more distinction than that of their brilliant but chatty elders, Messrs. Wells and Bennett. It is, if you choose, more "literary." In narrative it is simple but never haphazard, and in description it not seldom achieves beauty: "They were unwilling to let their deep thoughts emerge until they had been caught up in the beauty of the place, the serene lines of the comfortable folding hills, the

**Mendel*. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Unwelcome Man. By Waldo Frank. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

In the Wilderness. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Bittersweet. By Grant Richards. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Thoroughbred. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Wave. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Lydia of the Pines. By Honoré Willsié. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Thorgils. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

farmsteads tucked in the hollows, the rich velvet plow-lands, the blue masses of woods, the gorse-grown common, and the single sentinels the trees, and the hedges where the birds sang and twittered, "Tit-a-weet! tit-a-weet!" . . . And over the hills hung the wide sky, vast and open, with great clouds that seemed to be drawn from the edge of the earth and set floating up and up to show how limitless was the space above the earth."

The style of *The Unwelcome Man*, like its philosophy, is a thing to be consciously accepted or surmounted if one is to read the book at all. It is pretentious, formal, often inflated, sometimes turgid. It has the portentous quality we are familiar with in the work of Mr. James Lane Allen and Mr. Robert Hichens. Occasionally it achieves impressiveness: on the whole it is an obstacle rather than a vehicle between the writer and the reader. Its total lack of humour reflects the author's chief lack; by humour I mean, of course, not wit or fun, but insight and the flexibility of sympathy that goes with it. At eighteen, the boy Quincy has a vision of himself, of what his life has been. This is how his chronicler renders it: "All of it was a Pattern to him, once it was behind. And in the process of its unfolding, he was the unit that recurred persistently within it. He was the dark part of the design: richly, suavely black. About him fell burstings of colour, scatteredly composed and half-drawn toward him, as if a slightly stronger force prevailed against the colour's impulse to fly clear. The whole was restless. The dark centre-part — himself — seemed strangely unmoved. It was Quincy's first intensive lesson in the design of spirit—that mad craftsman who hurls strident clashings into a harmony so fluent that all the world, if one step back and look, falls to a monochrome." There is, I feel, a veritable imagination at work here, but an imagination enfevered and in some sense possessed. And this is what I feel about the book as a whole. With all its "realism" of

scene and episode, it is less a story than a parable; and it is a parable based upon despair. Quincy Burt is an unwelcome child, but this is merely symbolic of his status in the world. And that status, the author seems to tell us, is the status of every human being now born into the world. For what the world welcomes is not a man, a free being who may go his own way in the image of God, but a conformer, a serf, a cog in the social and industrial machine. Quincy Burt has his childish and boyish dreams, his potentialities, and makes his fight for them, and is conquered. That he makes his fight at all stamps him as a crank or a freak, and life becomes tolerable for him only on terms of surrender. In the end he sees that men are permitted to live only when they are dead: "They ate and laughed and danced—the dead. They builded cities on the murmurous hillsides and haunted the free waters of the sea—the dead. He—had been alive. He had not been one of them. He had suffered. He had been unwelcome. But now? What was the easeful languor through him? the warmth that swathed him, the fellowship that buoyed him? He no longer suffered. He was one of them. He was dead also! He had found the way!" . . . Requiescat Quincy!

Mr. Hichens takes a more cheerful view of life than this, but, alas, it is his wont to lead us through miry places on our way to that view. There is always a trace of prurience in his solemn fervour. He would exalt the spirit, but what he dwells on is the flesh. *In the Wilderness* betrays the same old preoccupation, and will, I fear, be snatched at in the name of its moral by a multitude of curious souls who will know what dubious entertainment they may look for by the way. Exotic scenes are again made use of, scenes symbolic of the opposing forces of sexual purity and impurity which, as usual, with this writer, are the real protagonists. The forces are humanly embodied in the two women of the story. Between the in-

human purity of the one and the inhuman impurity of the other, Dion Leith, the base of the triangle, is very nearly robbed of his soul. He marries the angel of Elis, who turns out to be but a wooden angel. She is supposed to become all mother, and when, by dreadful chance, her husband becomes the slayer of their son, she casts him off without ruth. Therefore he falls prey to the harpy of Stamboul, and is nearly done for in this world and the next when the angel changes from wood to flesh, and goes to his and her own rescue. The reader gets his money's worth of this: it runs to nearly six hundred black pages, perhaps four hundred of them frankly through the mire. I have just been citing Mr. Hichens as a master of the portentous style. All of his virtuous parts are done in it and are, to tell the truth, pretty dull going: the first book of the present story, before we get comfortably into the mud, is deadly. It solemnly assists at the chaste and interminable commerce of the gutta-percha man and the wooden angel, upon the occasion of their alleged honeymoon in the shadow of the Parthenon or before the statue of Hermes and Dionysos at Elis. All that intensity and rhetoric can do is done, and done in vain, to persuade us that these two are anything more than two rather ordinary persons who take themselves and their relation excessively to heart. There is more mooning than honeymooning for them, more spouting than talk. Under the test of life which follows they both (for all the clever passes Mr. Hichens makes to distract us from the fact) comport themselves, in their several ways, like stupid children. That might be the moral, if we did not leave them, after all their troubles, once again mooning and spouting and professing great matters beneath the long-suffering pines of Elis. In pure description, Mr. Hichens's style is at its best: there solemnity becomes seriousness, there one's sense of strain is eased and half-forgotten: "Over Elis the twilight was falling, a green twilight, sylvan and very ethereal,

tremulous in its delicate beauty. It stole through the green doors, and down through the murmuring pine trees. The sheep-bells were ringing softly; the flocks were going home from pasture; and the chime of their little bells mingled with the wide whispering of the eternities among the summits of the pine trees. Music of earth mingled with the music from the distance that knew what the twilight knew."

Place counts for much with Mr. Grant Richards, also. Indeed, it may fairly be said that *Bittersweet* is written around the night-scene of Montmartre, as (if my memory holds) his earlier story *Caviare* was written around the equally garish and artificial scene of Monte Carlo. It is hard to make this writer out. His style is not hectic, he seems to go about his business quite simply and coolly. He appears to have no obsession to conceal beneath the portentous manner, nor would one say that he is frankly catering to the curious. But it remains a doubtful business. It here concerns the passionate affair of a middle-aged Englishman with a dancer in the night-haunts of Paris. Gerard Blundell is a well-to-do London wine-merchant with a wife and three children. He is fond of his family, but marriage has passed its exciting phase, and, quite unconsciously, he is ripe for further adventure. Despatched to Aix for a cure, he strays by chance into a night restaurant, and falls in with the girl Illona. He is shocked by the sordidness of her trade of professional money-snatcher from the dissolute male in his cups, but succumbs to her strange charm, and she is presently his mistress. He is the one love of her life, and brings out what is best in her and that seems to him very good indeed. But it occurs seriously to neither of them that she shall change her way of life! By day they meet and love, by night she continues to ply her trade. And this arrangement holds when, after an attempted separation of some months, they meet again in Paris. Our precious Gerard now does his

business there, with his wife and family at St. Cloud. Ensues the double life—days at his office, dinner at home, and, under the plea of industry, nights amid the costly and vulgar debauchery of the cafés where Illona dances and begs her way into the pockets of all comers. Now the only way, it is clear, in which a long course of this kind of thing could be made anything better than disheartening and disgusting to the healthy reader, would be by inducing him to believe stoutly in the inherent virtue of the technically guilty persons. For Illona Mr. Richards does succeed in making out something of a case—the victim of rearing and circumstance, the night butterfly with the heart of gold,—a Camille of other times and manners, deliberately sacrificing, in the end, her own chances of happiness for the welfare of her half-wearied lover. But for the man there is no case at all: he is and always will be a selfish cad who, after his squalid little fling, is enabled to go back to his wife and his children and his respectable comfort without a qualm and without a jot of penalty. If there is any “moral,” it would seem to lie in the implication that his domestic happiness has been finally confirmed by what he has done: hereafter he is to be the matchless spouse and paterfamilias. We incline to think he will be,—in so far as his selfishness and caddishness permit.

Without speaking puritanically, I may note (what might be noted almost any month of half the books given space in this department) that the four novels “handled” or mishandled above would none of them have been passed about one’s family twenty years ago. So great a change in so short a time has seized upon the spirit of Anglo-American fiction, through the Continental influence, and through what I must confess seems to me excessive reaction against “Victorian” prudery. Decency and reticence are not always the same things as hypocrisy and repression; and literature may recognise sex as the mainspring of life without becoming its phallic symbol.

It is pleasant, for a change, to be able to rate the other four books in our group as wholesome by the elder standards. A passage or two in *The Thoroughbred* might have been frowned over by the arbiters of our youthful reading, unversed as they were (despite a Rossetti here and there) in the baring of the conjugal relation. But it contains no episode such as defaces Mr. Webster’s *The Real Adventure*. There he followed a current fashion by which the romancer seems to feel bound to show himself “up” on real life by hurling in, now and then, a splotch of ugly “realism.” *The Thoroughbred* is a wholesome bit of domestic romance. Here, as in *The Real Adventure*, are a man and wife falling out and coming together again. Here again what first separates them is their failure at comradeship. He makes the money, she spends it in the idle ways of society, always “supposing there is enough” until the moment when he tells her that he is ruined. She really loves him, is “in love” with him, but her habit of coldness has kept them apart. He thinks she does not care for him, and offers her release from himself and their marriage as twin failures. This she takes to be an insult, and determines to prove that she is not the frivolous and mercenary person he has thought her. He thinks he can get a job as draughtsman at twenty-five dollars a week, and she coldly insists upon sharing his lot,—as it were, at that price. But when it comes to the actual business of their new life, her coldness vanishes; they proceed to be ridiculously happy in their ridiculous flat, and after the secondary mess of misunderstandings and cross-purposes which is necessary to the “plotting” of the story, their happiness proves to be of a sort which bids fair to stand the wear and tear of their recovered prosperity. They have proved the delights of love in a flat, with the result, at least, that we leave them floating upon wealth instead of wallowing in it. Mr. Webster writes in what may almost be called the magazine dialect of American-English. It is the

Saturday-Evening-Post style, a talky style which conveys an impression of being like real talk, and is very little like it. It employs abbreviations, is jocular and confidential, and is liberally laced with long words, those flatterers of the man in the street which newspaper men have always recognised as worth their board and keep. A recondite allusion now and then is not out of place. It is not so much a style, as a standard tool—O. Henry, maker.

Mr. Blackwood's *The Wave* is in his now familiar vein. The idea, indeed, is almost exactly the same as that of the recent *Julius LeVallon* by this writer, though it is much more effectively handled. Here are much the same group, and much the same situation—a woman and two men who have come together in a former incarnation not altogether happily and who now have a second opportunity to work out the problem of their relations. These people are much more credible than the people of the earlier story, the whole affair drags less, and a "happy ending" is rather unexpectedly permitted. There is so much menacing in the index, so continual a forecast of tragedy, that the supreme moment and its dénouement have an effect of tameness, almost of flatness. The subtitle, "An Egyptian Aftermath," gives more than a hint of the theme. Egypt has been the scene of the original coil, and there its secondary solution is to be made. In *Julius LeVallon* the mystical symbol out of the past was the sun; here it is "the wave." From early childhood the Tommy of the story, a sturdy, unimaginative boy, has puzzled his parents and himself by his subjection to a recurrent dream or vision involving a vague wavelike portent which seemed to threaten his existence and that of two others. At fifteen, he half recognises one of these others, in a young girl who comes into his life for a moment and seems to pass out of it again. Later he hears that she is married, but he still has a feeling that in some strange way they belong to each

other. Much later again, when he has become a successful engineer, he meets her in Switzerland; and there, with the arrival of his cousin Tony, the historic triangle completes itself. Not till some time later, when fate has brought them together in Egypt, does the ancient pattern reweave itself. Tony turns out to be the malign and disruptive force, though a charming fellow: he becomes an undeclared rival of his solidier and, to tell the truth, somewhat stodgy cousin. But the old tragedy is not to be fulfilled, though there is a perilous moment of crisis, involving the physical realisation of the wave-dream—a huge billow of sand, reared by the desert wind, which almost overwhelms the three. The upshot is the passing of Tony's influence over the woman, and her final and complete union with the worthy and much-enduring engineer. Mr. Blackwood knows how to give these stories of reincarnation an effect beyond mere creepiness. But his method is so leisurely that he is often "slow," in the sense of dull and long-drawn-out; and his manner is formal and ponderous and unleavened by humour: common frailties of philosophical romance.

Lydia of the Pines seems to me, despite its catchpenny title, an American novel of uncommon merit. It is a romance of girlhood, of schoolgirlhood even, which quite escapes silliness on the one hand and goody-goodiness on the other. Lydia is not a paragon of beauty or cleverness, nor is she professionally "glad." She does not even undertake the function of showing all her elders the way to deportment and salvation. We might like to see them credited with a trifle more virtue of their own; but her influence with them is the influence of a healthy child and not of an inspired (and complacent) lecturer and leader of men. Her place, "Lake City," is described as somewhere in the North Mississippi Valley, in a country of green hills and wheat lands. Its first people were pioneers from New England, to whom time has added all that miscellany

of races and traditions which of later years have peopled the Middle West. There is a taint of corruption about the place (not least about its Yankee element) which centres in greed for the possession of certain rich Indian lands and forests to the north of the city. The Indians of the Reservation are diseased, pauperised, victims of a venial Agent, and of surreptitious robbery on the part of many of the leading citizens of Lake City. Lydia's father is a gone-to-seed Yankee who is not above taking his share of the spoils, when the chance comes. His and Lydia's chief friend, John Levine, is half Yankee and half French: it is he who openly advocates taking over the Indian lands, gets himself sent to Congress on that issue, and actually succeeds in his purpose. Among Lydia's school friends is an Indian youth, a manly fellow, son of a chief; and from him, as well as from her own heart, she learns the other side of the case. If she had been a cheaper heroine, if this had been a conventional story, the girl would have persuaded Levine from his purpose, and brought about the restoration of the exiles. She does nothing of the kind. Levine cannot see the matter as she does. And he is of the type which, believing that one thing ought to be done, is utterly unscrupulous as to the means of doing it. He has a cruel and ruthless side which Lydia is forced to see; but she does not hate him for it, he is too much a part of her life. This is the way things really happen; and it is true that a Levine, loving a young Lydia deeply and with hidden passion, respecting her honesty, and suffering because he makes her suffer, may still cling grimly to his own practical conviction and his own dingy ethics. This is the way things really happen; in little of that strange paradox of public depravity and private virtue which so often seems to rule the realms of finance and of politics. But apart from the "idea," it is an excellent story of a human and lovable girl learning to be a woman. Its style, especially in the dialogue, is uncommonly sincere, the

real vernacular, without exaggeration or codification.

It is a long jump backward from this Middle Western America, with its complex social and racial problems, to the old Iceland of Mr. Hewlett's new tale. The hero of *Thorgils* is the boy-man of primitive story, so much more a man, after all, than the woman-man and the beast-man with whom, one sometimes feels, sophisticated fiction is chiefly concerned. Thorgils is a strong, simple, utterly human and lovable figure. He is not a prophet or a dreamer or a man ahead of his time: he embodies that time, and so reminds us that sound character and solid living are not exclusive assets of "civilisation." From childhood he is conscious of his destiny not so much to conquer others, as to be himself. The way of the viking is to be his, since it is the way of his fathers. He prospers in adventure and in wedded love, and then the malice of nature and his fellow-men strikes him down. His wife is treacherously slain in an alien land, his boy-child is torn from him by the cruel sea. His reason totters; but the strong, sane basis of his nature withstands grief and despair. He takes up life again, and fights it out to the end, a being worthy of his place beneath the sun—*integer vitae*, the man we all would be. It is notable that his story is told with the firm simplicity it deserves. Mr. Hewlett's earlier style was highly coloured, often deliberately archaic. At its simplest, it had the apparent artlessness of a composition. In *Frey and His Wife* and *Thorgils*, especially in the latter, we get no such effect. He seems to tell his tale without effort or self-consciousness, with a bare vigour which fits his theme; with hardly a trace of verbal archaism, but rather in the English of to-day, tinged, one might say, by the faintest of Northern accents. Here is the whole story of the death of the boy Thorfinn: "Then came the ninth wave, and that the biggest of them all. It struck Thorgils full in the back and drove him from the helm. Thor-

finn had been between his knees; but when Thorgils was seen again in the volume of that water, Thorfinn was not with him. His father's grey face was a pity to see—but just then the backwash of the wave threw Thorfinn on board again. Thorgils clasped him with a cry and held him close. Thorfinn was as brave as could be. "That was a

brimmer, father!" he said; and his eyes laughed. But Thorgils had no laughter in him. "Bale as you may," he said, but he himself had no more care for sea or land." If the reader would value to the full the masterly reticence of this scene, let him imagine it in the hands of one of our popular magazine storytellers.

MOON-WANDERING

BY JAY LEWIS

Did you never, when the light
Of the moon enriched the night
With a thousand misty shadows on the road,
Go a-wandering on the highway,
Go a-fancy-wandering my way,
With a roving eye about you as you strode?

Did you mark the meadows lying
Like the rolling ocean trying
To lull its lofty billows to a calm;
And some little hillock seeming,
With its tree-tops, to your dreaming
Like a sandy tropic island crowned with palm?

Did your fancy then go flying
To some pirate ship a-plying
Its black traffic in the seas beyond the line,
Men with swords but ne'er a sheath,
Extra daggers in their teeth,
And a love of tossing captives in the brine?

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

WE ARE labouring under a tremendous responsibility. A month or so ago we received a paid up subscription to *THE BOOKMAN* from Canton, Ohio, for five years in advance. Our readers, therefore may be assured of no lapses in *THE BOOKMAN* for at least five years—and we can assure you that we could bear up under a few more such “responsibilities.”

Mr. Bergen Davis, of the department of Physics of Columbia University, calls our attention to the fact that in his article in the March *BOOKMAN* on “The Philosophy of Militarism,” Professor Woodbridge Riley confused Mr. Austin Chamberlain with the “renegade Englishman” also of the name of Chamberlain. Mr. Davis writes: “Mr. Austin Chamberlain is the son of the late Joseph Chamberlain of Birmingham and he is a loyal English statesman.”

In acknowledging the criticism Professor Riley writes the Editor: “I was glad to receive your letter enclosing that of Mr. Davis. It was certainly a piece of carelessness on my part in confusing Austin Chamberlain with that sorry specimen, Houston Stewart Chamberlain. I trust you can make this sort of posthumous apology of mine in the next number of *THE BOOKMAN*.”

A few of the interesting letters received this month are printed below—we wish we had space for more of them.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.,

March 3, 1917.

EDITOR OF *THE BOOKMAN*:

The news of William De Morgan's death, so sorely regretted by American lovers of his stories, suggests that a recent letter of his may prove interesting. Two years ago I wrote him asking if

his accuracy in describing the sensations of drowning was due to his having undergone the experience himself. This was his answer:

VIALE MILTON No. 31

FLORENCE, ITALY,

19/4/14.

DEAR MR. MOORES:

Thank you very much for your letter. I cannot tell you how much pleasure it is for me to hear that my books are giving real satisfaction. It is the sort of thing that comes back to one to solace a sleepless night, wherefrom I sometimes suffer, but happily seldom.

Your confirmation of my reference to drowning is particularly interesting because all I say on the subject is *theory*. I have never been nearer drowning than having to hold my breath longer than I expected on coming up from a deep dive. But the terrible misgiving that I should never get to the top in time was quite enough! That my views should strike anyone who has gone through it as true reminds me of a letter I once had from a gentleman who had all but gone off a precipice into the sea like Alice-for-Short and her friend the doctor, and had been saved the same way. He wanted to know when and where I had been in a like pickle to know so much about it. I ascribe my success in dealing with these (to me) unknown terrors to a fine, rich, constitutional cowardice. It is the same faculty that makes me image the passage of a motor-car over the body of any of my family who is half an hour late. I could do without a good deal of this faculty as far as comfort goes, but I don't think my books would benefit.

I hope I may manage yet one more before I join those among whom many will be found whose resuscitation from drowning failed, some of whom will I

hope remember enough about it to confirm (or contradict) my text further and also that you may live to read it.

Thanks again from

Yours very truly,
WM. DE MORGAN.

Let us hope that the book he mentions in his last paragraph may have been finished.

CHARLES W. MOORES.

CLINTON, IOWA,
February 28, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Is it permissible for an author who introduces real characters in a work of fiction to misrepresent their characteristics, mental, moral or physical? This is what Stewart Edward White has done in *The Gray Dawn*, especially in regard to W. T. Coleman and E. D. Baker. Coleman was a quiet unassuming business man, and not a semi-desperado, with a "sweeping moustache." In *The Century Magazine*, November, 1891, is an article by him in regard to the "Vigilance Committee," and with his portrait as he was at that time. In contrast see the picture in the *Saturday Evening Post* (omitted in the volume now out).

As for Baker, Lincoln's friend, United States Senator from Oregon, and who was killed at Bulls Bluff when Brigadier General, nothing can be more erroneous than to give him "lack of scruple" and "insincerity" and say that a San Francisco crank ever jeered or called him an "old reprobate"—he was only forty-five at the time and was popular, and well liked by all. Neither did he sympathise with the Terry faction, and was one of the most lovable and interesting men the writer ever knew. By the way, how could Bayard Taylor's "Bedouin Love Song" be sung in '52, when it first appeared in *Poems of the Orient* in '54?

J. C. W.

One who remembers when the water of the bay "came to line of Montgomery Street."

OUVROIR AMERICAIN HOLOPHANE,
156 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN,
PARIS, February 1, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

The American Ouvroir Holophane, for which Gertrude Atherton wrote such an interesting appeal in the December BOOKMAN, has no "branches or ramifications" whatever, in France, and is in no way connected with the "Madame Waddington Ouvroir," which was started at 107 Rue de la Pompe in 1915 by Mme. Waddington's daughter-in-law, Mme. Francis Waddington, for the relief of the village of Mareuil, where her country house is situated.

Early in August, 1914, Mr. Otis A. Mygatt started the American Ouvroir Holophane, and loaned to it the ground floor of his office building at 156 Boulevard Haussmann, agreeing personally to defray all running expenses, such as rent, heat, light, stenographers, bookkeepers, publicity, etc. These expenses so far total over thirty thousand francs paid by Mr. Mygatt. Mrs. Mygatt and Mme. Waddington were the lady founders, and during the first period of fifteen months the "Mme. Waddington Relief Fund" contributions represented a third of all the amounts received. Since then, however, Mme. Waddington having become interested in many other war relief works, such as the Ouvroir of her daughter-in-law mentioned above, the contributions from this source have fallen to one-twentieth of the total receipts.

In November 1915 Mr. and Mrs. Mygatt went to New York and started the "American Ouvroir Fund," the office of which is at 681 Fifth Ave. with Mrs. Henry P. Loomis as chairman, and with branches in Boston, Baltimore, and Cambridge. All funds contributed to French war relief, through the American Ouvroir Fund are distributed through the following well-known French societies, in the relief work special to each:

1. *The American Ouvroir*, 156 Boulevard Haussmann,—to give employment to women out of work, in

making clothing to be forwarded to needy soldiers at the front.

2. *Association Nationale pour la protection des Familles des Morts pour la Patrie*, 5 Rue du Pré aux Clercs,—for distribution of yearly funds for individual French war orphans.

3. *Fédération Nationale d'Assistance aux Mutilés des Armées de Terre et de Mer*, 28 Quai de la Rapee,—for re-education of mutilated soldiers.

4. *Association Valentin-Haüy*,—for re-education of blind soldiers.

5. *The St. Cyrienne*,—for yearly funds for war orphans of French officers.

6. *Paroisse de l' Aisne*,—for aiding refugees from the invaded districts.

It is the "personal" element which should make this work of interest to Americans, since all money is distributed through these societies which are in direct contact with those helped. They see that the money is properly expended and that contributors to the Fund get letters from those they have helped and are put in touch with them.

Through the American Ouvroir Fund, prior to November 1916, about one hundred and eighty thousand francs had been distributed in war relief in France. The running expenses, of over thirty thousand francs, have been entirely defrayed by Mr. Mygatt.

All checks should be made out to "J. P. Morgan & Co. for account American Ouvroir Fund" and mailed to 23 Wall St., New York,—or else to "Morgan Harges & Cie., for account American Ouvroir Fund" and mailed to 31 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.

ELLA MESNARD TAYLOR, *Secretary*.

KANSAS CITY, MO.,

FEBRUARY 10, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

May I express my sincere thanks for Florence Finch Kelly's article "A Political Coming-of-Age" in your February issue? To one acquainted with Western politics, and especially the situation in Kansas, it seems altogether the most intelligent contribution which has

been made so far to the discussion of President Wilson's election. I believe most of the Western readers of THE BOOKMAN will agree that it is one of the most interesting of the many able articles which Mrs. Kelly has contributed to your pages.

ALICE MARY KIMBALL.

FORT SMITH, ARK.,

FEBRUARY 21, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

A contest for supremacy in poetry cannot be as easily disposed of as a horse race, for the winning horse is a determination of fact, but the "best poem" is a matter of opinion, and can only be approximated. And yet, some things in poetry may be judged as accurately as the prize winning horse that passes the wire first.

I desire to express my appreciation of the high quality of these first poems in the series to be published—they were all sired (or damed?) by thoroughbred poets. Taking advantage of your invitation to the masses to sit as judges on the performance of these verse-racers I shall cast my vote as one of the judges.

In order to arrive at a decision I adopted the method of elimination—I should first decide against the short poem written in *vers libre*, because I do not appreciate that class of poetry. My education is not sufficiently advanced for me to appreciate either *vers libre* or "futurist" paintings. But of its kind I think it is not a whit worse than many I have read. If the same thoughts and metaphors should have been written in the most melodious rhythm, the poem would not appeal to me because I am not fond of a lyric style achieved by the omission of ideas. Although "suggestion" delights me, nevertheless I am old-fashioned and prefer a pretty complete framework for the suggestion. Considering the cadence of this poem, It seems to me the line,

The thin chime of my watch tells the quarter after midnight

would read better if it were written as two lines, thus,

The thin chime of my watch
Tells the quarter after midnight—

Perhaps a meticulous criticism; and many will not agree with me—but as a self-elected judge, that's the way I feel about it. If the division of lines in *vers libre* is not important, and if the way the lines are divided has nothing to do with that very elusive and desirable thing, the "cadence" then, I ask, why shouldn't they be printed in prose form, from start to finish? I have a secret little suspicion that this very small item of the exact reason for the proper division of lines in *vers libre*, would prove embarrassing if followed to a rigid conclusion. It should be understood, however, that although personally I put this poem in the last of the race—I appreciate the fact, that considered as one in its particular class it is decidedly good—I simply cannot appreciate that class.

I should next eliminate the ballad, "The Ring and the Castle" from the race, but before doing so would give it generous applause. There are many beautiful things in this poem, but I would censure the line—

Then I lied to that white-faced knight, and
told him the lady had never been seen
by me;

alas, that line is flat prose—it lacks even the lilt or cadence of most *vers libre*; and when read with the lines surrounding it, it is even more flat. And

the word "Lord" when forced to rhyme (?) with "abroad" is atrocious. Toward the last, the laughter expressed by the sounds "Hee! Hee! Hee!" seems lacking something essential. Even if the reader is to infer that the subject's mind is unbalanced, I should still have that undefinable feeling that something is wrong about it. But in the criticism of the poem, I do not wish it to be thought that I condemn it as a whole, or that I do not appreciate its beauty. For I derived much pleasure from its perusal, and I am sure I could take up much more space cataloguing its beauties than I have used in pointing out the few things that to my sense are not perfection.

I then would eliminate the exquisite lyric, "Moment Musicale" from the race, not because of imperfections, for in this gem it would puzzle me to point out a faulty line. But taking it as a whole I cannot consider it equal in conception to "The Return of Jeanne d'Arc."

So by this method of elimination I have cast my vote for "The Return of Jeanne d'Arc" as the winner of the race. And I do not hesitate to class it as a poem of rare perfection. One of its many beautiful lines,

To ruffle rivers into gold

had been singing in me ever since I read it. One cannot fail to notice a classical restraint throughout its correct numbers; which makes it in my opinion a charming performance. The author is indeed a consummate craftsman.

BROOKES MORE.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Biography

Masters of Space. By Walter Kellogg Towers. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A story of the great inventors and their work: Morse, Thompson, Bell, Marconi, Pupin and Carty.

The Life of Ulysses S. Grant: A New Popular Biography for the American Statesman Series. By Louis A. Coolidge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated with Portraits. \$2.00.

The interest of this story of Grant's career lies largely in the series of portraits.

Russell H. Conwell and His Work. By Agnes Rush Burr. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The authorised biography of Dr. Conwell, containing the full text of his lecture, "Acres of Diamonds."

Business

How To Get Ahead: Saving Money and Making It Work. By Albert W. Atwood. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.25.

Workable methods of saving and investment, discussed in such topics as: "Saving on Small Wages," "The Small Investor," "Safety and High Income."

Business Law for Business Men. By Utley E. Crane. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

Covering all the states and territories in the Union; with abstracts of commercial law in every state and territory and legal forms for many transactions.

Drama

Dunsany The Dramatist. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A critical appreciation, in which eight plays are outlined and discussed, and their history and place in the scheme of things discussed.

Mogu the Wanderer, or The Desert: A Fantastic Comedy in Three Acts. By Padraic Colum. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00.

A Persian drama in which the beggar and the King are puppets of fate.

Three Welsh Plays. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00.

Three one-act Welsh plays: "The Merry Merry Cuckoo," "The Deacon's Hat," and "Welsh Honeymoon."

The Contemporary Drama of England. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Little Brown & Company. \$1.25.

Things theatrical in England from 1866 to 1900, with discussion of various phases and authors.

Economics

The Principles of Natural Taxation. By C. B. Fillebrown. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. With Portraits. \$1.50.

Essays

A Student in Arms. By Donald Hankey. With an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

Published originally in the *London Spectator*. Short articles, sketches and essays written by a man in the trenches, on such subjects as: "The Beloved Captain," "The Indignity of Labour," "The Making of a Man."

The Hidden Happiness. By Stephen Berrien Stanton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Twenty-two chapters, some of which are: "Joy's Neutrality," "The Marrow of Existence," "The Specific Gravity of the Soul."

Great Companions. By Edith Franklin Wyatt. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50.

A collection of essays on the personalities of various authors from DeFoe to

The authors of the present day. Among those included are: James Whitcomb Riley, Charlotte Brontë and her sisters, and Henri Fabre.

A Virginian Village and Other Papers: Together with Some Autobiographical Notes. By E. S. Nadal. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Reminiscences of a little country village; of such famous people as Lincoln and Lowell; and of a visit to the "old" Texas.

The Californians. By Inez Haynes Irwin. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. Frontispiece. 75 cents.

An essay on California.

Fiction

The Man Next Door. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story of a ranchman's experiences in Chicago with his next-door neighbour.

The Wave. An Egyptian Aftermath. By Algernon Blackwood. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A story of reincarnation, in which an Englishman is involved in mystical adventures.

Mendel: A Story of Youth. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

The story of a young Polish painter who leaves the slums of London for Bohemian Paris.

Our Next-Door Neighbours. By Belle K. Maniates. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A comedy of five youngsters whose parents were too busy in research and study to pay any attention to them.

The Safety First Club. By W. T. Nichols. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A story of a boys' club which tries to live up to its name, but finds that words are easier than deeds.

Ross Grant, Gold Hunter. By John Garland. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The second of a series of adventures in which a lost gold mine plays an important part.

The Matchmakers. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A romantic comedy of matchmaking at cross-purposes, in which the villagers of

a small town try to marry off the Rector's daughter.

The Thoroughbred. By Henry Kitchell Webster. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A novel of American home life.

Greenmantle. By John Buchan. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

An adventure of an English major and a German religious leader.

In the Wilderness. By Robert Hichens. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A tragic romance of eastern cities and deserts, with a realistic solution.

Lydia of the Pines. By Honoré Willis. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

A love story of the upper Mississippi pine forests, in which the heroine blazes her own trail to success.

The White People. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.20.

A story of a young Scotch heiress and a famous writer.

Bittersweet. By Grant Richards. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.40.

A realistic story of an English merchant and a Parisian dancer.

Thorgils. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35.

A tale of Iceland in the old Norse days—of love, of youth and of adventure.

Joan. By Amelia E. Barr. New York: Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A romance of a middle-class English girl and the Yorkshire coal mines.

"Short Sixes," Stories To Be Read While the Candle Burns: "The Suburban Sage, Stray Notes and Comments on His Simple Life." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

Thirteen "Short Sixes," among which are "The Tenor," and "An Old, Old Story." "The Suburban Sage" is in sixteen parts, such as: "The Suburban Horse," and "The Evolution of the Suburbanite."

More "Short Sixes," "The Runaway Browns." By H. C. Bunner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

Ten more "Short Sixes," among which are "The Cumbersome Horse," and "My Dear Mrs. Billington." "The Runaway Browns" is in twenty-three chapters.

- Piccadilly Jim.** By P. G. Wodehouse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.
A farce in which a young American from Piccadilly has many amusing adventures in the home of his New York millionaire uncle.
- The Stars in Their Courses.** By Hilda M. Sharp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
A story of a gambler by inherited instinct, and of his rivalry in love.
- Gullible's Travels, Etc.** By Ring W. Lardner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
A humorist's account of five episodes.
- The Gay Life.** By Keble Howard. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30.
A theatrical novel of a provincial English actress and the American stage.
- The Way of the Wind.** By Eugenia Brooks Frothingham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.40.
The love story of a young New England woman and a wayward youth, several years her junior.
- Bullets and Billets.** By Bruce Bairnsfather. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50.
The author's description of the joys and sorrows of his first six months in the trenches.
- The Middle Pasture.** By Mathilde Bilbro. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
A story, by a harum-scarum tomboy, of the Crawfords, two families who live on either side of the middle pasture of a little Alabama town.
- Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise.** In 2 Vols. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton & Company. With a Portrait of the Author.
The author's last work, giving an extraordinary picture of an important phase of our modern society. The heroine achieves a moral and social salvation through struggles of character.
- The Yeoman Adventurer.** By George W. Gough. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.40.
A historical novel of a young Staffordshire farmer at the time of "Bonnie" Prince Charlie's Jacobean Rebellion.
- What He Least Expected.** By Holworthy Hall. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.
A romance of mystery whose hero is a young Harvard man who answers a New York newspaper advertisement.
- Plunder.** By Arthur Somers Roche. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
A modern "crook" story with hero and heroine of the under-world.
- Father Payne.** By Arthur Christopher Benson. Second Edition with New Preface. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
A series of episodes and ideas, with the thread of a single personality running through them: the story and opinions of "Father" Payne, who maintained in Northamptonshire a little brotherhood of men who were learning to be writers.
- Only a Dog.** By Bertha Whitridge Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.
The autobiography of an Irish terrier driven from his French home by the advance of the Germans.
- The Highwayman.** By H. C. Bailey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.
A tale of Queen Anne days: a romance of villainy, misunderstanding and high-hearted love.
- Greater Than the Greatest.** By Hamilton Drummond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.
A romance of the thirteenth century contest between the Pope and the Emperor, in which love and ambition are the basis of intrigue.
- The Job.** By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.
A novel giving the real day-by-day life of women on the job, in the world of offices—and in love.
- The Mark of Cain.** By Carolyn Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
A new Fleming Stone detective story, combining love and humour with the mystery element.
- The Stingy Receiver.** By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.
A romance of a wealthy bed-ridden woman, a Norway girl, and a poor young doctor.

No Graven Image. By Hilda P. Cummings. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A tale of the spiritual development of a young Anglican divine whose struggle is the old one of love and duty.

Madame Prince. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A story, by the "Mark Twain" of England, of a woman who courageously faces the problem of self-support.

Wildfire. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.35.

The story of a wonderful horse.

General Literature

The Mythology of All Races. (In 13 Vols.) Vol. 6. Louis Herbert Gray, Editor. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Illustrated.

Nine chapters on Indian mythology and seven on the Iranian, with notes and bibliographies.

The Celtic Dawn: A Survey of the Renaissance in Ireland. By Lloyd R. Morris. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A discussion of the recent Irish literary movement, with attention to the different literary forms, and leading writers such as Russel, Yeats and Synge.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. By Orton H. Carmichael. New York: Abingdon Press. Illustrated. 85 cents.

An account of the writing and delivery of this famous classic.

The Contemporary Drama of Ireland. By Ernest A. Boyd. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.25.

An analysis of the so-called Irish Literary Movement and the Irish theatre, with discussion of the methods and aims of the pioneers in the movement.

Shelley in England. (2 Vols.) By Roger Ingpen. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$5.00 the set.

New facts and letters from the Shelley-Whitton papers.

Euphues: The Anatomy of Wit, Euphues and His England. By John Lyly. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.25.

A definite edition of this Elizabethan classic, with Introduction on "The Sources of the Euphuistic Rhetoric," copious annotations, Bibliography, and Index of Memorabilia.

History

Sixty Years of American Life. By Everett P. Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A social and legal history of the period of 1850-1909.

Early Narratives of the Northwest, 1634-1699. Original Narratives of Early American History: Reproduced Under the Auspices of the American Historical Association. Edited by J. Franklin Jameson and Louise Phelps Kellogg. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With a Facsimile and Two Maps. \$3.00.

Such narratives are included as "The Journey of Jean Nicolet," "The Pageant of 1671," "The Voyage of St. Cosme."

The Fight for the Republic. By Rossiter Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With Maps and Battle Plans. \$2.50.

A narrative of the more noteworthy events in the War of Secession, presenting the great contest in its dramatic aspects.

The Celt and the World. By Shane Leslie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

A study of the relation of Celt and Teuton in history, including such chapters as "A View of Irish History," "The Teutonic Family Split."

The French Revolution and Napoleon. By Charles Downer Hazen. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated with Maps. \$2.50.

An introductory chapter on the conditions in eighteenth century Europe culminating in the French revolution; another chapter on the Old Régime in France, and nine chapters on the revolution and the Napoleonic era.

Juvenile

East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon. By G. W. Dasent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Thirty or so tales of the Northland for children, and for the folklorist.

Baby Kangaroo and Lilly Lamb. By C. E. Kilbourne. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated.

An animal story of interest largely for its illustrations.

The Mary Frances First Aid Book. By Jane Eayre Fryer. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A humorous story to inspire children with a desire to relieve suffering—also a reference book, telling what to do in cases of accident or illness.

Philip Kent in the Lower School. By T. Truxtan Hare. Philadelphia: Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The second of a series of books for boys, relating the contests and adventures of a schoolboy.

Little Mother. By Ruth Brown MacArthur. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story for grown-ups as well as for children, of a waif who finds shelter with a wealthy cousin.

Miscellaneous

The Woodcraft Manual for Boys. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated.

An official manual, giving full information as to the carrying on of the work of the Woodcraft boys.

Memories of the Fatherland. By Anne Topham. London: Methuen & Company, Ltd. Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

Reminiscences of German social life by a governess of the Imperial family.

Letters to a Young Housekeeper. By Jane Price. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.35.

Practical suggestions on such subjects as economy in the house, the budget, the management of servants.

The Book of Boston. By Robert Shackleton. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Twenty-four chapters on old and new Boston, among which are "Boston Preferred," "A Woman's City," "An Adventure in Pure Romance." Decorated with pen drawings and sepia plates of famous places in Boston and its environs.

Hawaii, Past and Present. By William R. Castle, Jr. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated and a Map. \$1.50.

A guide-book on Hawaii for the tourist.

From Dartmouth to the Dardanelles: A Midshipman's log. Edited by His Mother. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 60 cents.

A boy's story of ten months of the Great War as he saw it.

Pirate Bridge: The Latest Development of Auction Bridge. By R. F. Foster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

An explanation of the theory and practice of Pirate Bridge, with the full code of the official laws.

In Canada's Wonderful Northland. By W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.50.

A story of eight months of travel by canoe, motor boat and dog-team, on the Northern rivers and along the New Quebec coast of Hudson Bay.

Confessions of a Social Secretary. By Corinne Lowe. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.25.

Real experiences giving insight into the intimate life of the "Four Hundred."

Music

Scientific Singing. By E. Standard Thomas. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Company. Frontispiece.

A study of the voice from a logical commonsense basis.

Beethoven. With a Brief Analysis of the Sonatas, the Symphonies, and the Quartets by A. Eaglefield Hull, and 24 Musical Illustrations, Four Plates and an Introduction by Edward Carpenter. By Romain Rolland. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A discussion of the man more than of his music.

Philosophy

The Amateur Philosopher. By Carl H. Grabo. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

A discussion of problems such as "Youthful Heresy," "Free-Will and Determinism," "Social Ideals."

Religion

Religion for To-Day. By John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

A forecast of the "new religion."

Sources of Faith and Hope. By Herbert H. Mott. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 75 cents.

Seven chapters on such subjects as "The Soul," "The Soul and the World," "The Conduct of the Soul."

Exact Science of Christianity, or Mystery of the Subconscious Mind Revealed. By L. Buckland W. Thompson. Garden City, N. Y.: The Country Life Press.

The author's ideas on the Christian religion as based upon exact laws.

Whatsoever a Man Soweth and the Race of Life. By W. Howard Snyder. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

Two articles which the author calls layman's sermons.

The Spiritual Ascent of Man. By W. Tudor Jones. With an Introduction by A. L. Smith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A consideration of some scientific, philosophical, and religious questions, such as "The Scope and Limits of Science," "Body and Mind," "The Nature of Spirit."

The New Life. By Rev. Samuel McComb. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Eleven essays giving the author's ideas on the secret of happiness and power.

Idle Words. By Raymond Calkins. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 50 cents.

A sermon to students.

Poetry

Across the Threshold. By Baron Vane. Middletown: Harold McNair.

A collection of a hundred or more poems on various subjects such as mortality, patriotism, love.

Chinese Lyrics. By Pai Ta-shun. Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh, Ltd.

A collection of thirty-three songs.

A Woman Free and Other Poems. By Ruth. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham. Los Angeles: J. F. Rowny Press.

Seventy poems of socialism, with emphasis on the relation of woman to the new civilisation.

Paul Verlaine, His Absinthe-Tinted Song: With a Biography and Index. By Bergen Applegate. Chicago: The Alderbrink Press. Illustrated.

A monograph on the poet, with selections from his work, arranged and translated from the French.

All's Well. By John Oxenham. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

Lyrics of spiritual faith.

The Little Golden Fountain and Other Verses. By Mary MacMillan. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$1.00.

Poetry of love, some of which is reprinted from various magazines.

White Fountains. By Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

Thirty-three odes and lyrics, some of which are reprinted from various magazines and anthologies.

Afternoon. By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Charles R. Murphy. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

A volume of love songs—reminiscences of youth—on the press at the time of the Belgian poet's tragic death.

Out Where the West Begins. By Arthur Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A collection of Western poems, some humorous.

The Broken Wing: Songs of Love, Death and Destiny. By Sarojini Naidu. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25.

An Indian woman's vision of Hindu life and scenes from the inside.

Sociology

Labour and Liberty. By Samuel Rabinowitz. Brooklyn: Samuel Rabinowitz.

A model constitution embodying all the benefits of collective industry without the loss of individual liberty.

Hygiene in Mexico. By Alberto J. Pani. Translated by Ernest L. de Gogorza. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A study of sanitary and educational problems.

The Public Defender: A Necessary Factor in the Administration of Justice. By Mayer C. Goldman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00.

A plea for the square deal for every person accused of crime.

Science

The Sexual Crisis. By Grete Meisel-Hess. New York: The Critic & Guide Company. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul.

A critique of our sex life, in thirty-four chapters.

Cell Intelligence the Cause of Evolution. By Nels Quevli. Minneapolis: The Colwell Press. Illustrated.

Ten chapters discussing the Cell as a conscious, intelligent being, planning and building all plants and animals.

Natural Painless Child-Birth and the Determination of Sex. By Filip Sylvan, M.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Seven chapters of discussion and exercises specially suited to the purpose for which the book is written, but adapted to general hygiene.

War

Alsace-Lorraine: A Study in Conquest. By David Starr Jordan. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.00.

A record of things as they were in Alsace-Lorraine before the crash came.

The Adventures of the U-202: An Actual Narrative. By Baron Spiegel von und zu Pecklesheim. New York: The Century Company. \$1.00.

A day-by-day narrative of a hunting raid against Germany's arch-enemy, England.

Getting Together. By Ian Hay. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

An open-minded discussion of the questions which most vitally concern the average American and the average Briton.

Right and Duty, or Citizen and Soldier. Our Security Lies in Our Defense. By Frederick A. Kuenzli. New York:

National Defense Institute. Illustrated.

A lesson from the Swiss on preparedness as the need of the hour.

The Battles of the Somme. By Philip Gibbs. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00.

The author's explanation of the meaning and real progress of the British offensive on the Somme.

My Second Year of the War. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

By the only accredited American correspondent who had freedom of the field in the battles of the Somme.

Via Pacis. By Harold F. McCormick. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. 60 cents.

A suggestion offered by an American as to how terms of peace can be automatically prepared while the war is still on.

The War of Democracy: The Allies' Statement. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$2.00.

Twenty-one chapters on the fundamental significance of the struggle for a new Europe, with an introduction and two chapters by Viscount Bryce. Among the sixteen other contributors who give authoritative statements of the aims of the war are Prof. Gilbert Murray, "Ethical Problems of the War," and Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, "What Britain is Fighting For."

The "Ayesha." By Hellmuth von Mücke. Translated by Helene S. White. Boston: Ritter & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The adventures of the landing squad of the *Emden*.

The Revolt in Arabia. By Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje. With a Foreword by Richard J. H. Gottheil. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

An account based on the author's first-hand knowledge of conditions.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of February and the first of March:

FICTION		
CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Just David	Wildfire
New York City.....	The Lion's Share	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Albany, N. Y.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Greenmantle
Boston, Mass.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Worn Doorstep
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Seventeen
Birmingham, Ala.....	Wildfire	The Thoroughbred
Chicago, Ill.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Dallas, Texas.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Denver, Colo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Detroit, Mich.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Detroit, Mich.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hillman
Detroit, Mich.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Bent Twig
Houston, Tex.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Philip Dru
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Jacksonville, Fla.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Louisville, Ky.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Sailor
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
Minneapolis, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Susan Lenox
New Orleans, La.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Norfolk, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Portland, Me.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Providence, R. I.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Richmond, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Michael
St. Paul, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Heart of Rachael
San Antonio, Tex.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Oh Mary Be Careful!
San Francisco, Cal....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
St. Louis, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Tacoma, Wash.....	Wildfire	Penrod and Sam
Utica, N. Y.....	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta
Waco, Tex.....	Wildfire	Lydia of the Pines
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Penrod and Sam
Worcester, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Lady Connie	Jerry	Postmaster's Daughter	Career of Katherine Bush
In the Wilderness	Possession	Michael	Till the Clock Stops
Wilt Thou Torch	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Cleek's Government Cases
The Castaways	The Beetle	Michael	Adventures of Jimmie Dale
Mary 'Gusta	Michael	Way of All Flesh	Jerry
Wildfire	The Hillman	Oh Mary Be Careful!	El Supremo
When a Man's a Man	Wildfire	In the Wilderness	The Beetle
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Rainbow's End	Penrod and Sam	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	The Thoroughbred	Penrod and Sam	Enoch Crane
King—of the Khyber Rifles	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Brandon of the Engineers	The Thoroughbred
The Hillman	The Thoroughbred	Possession	Mary 'Gusta
Mary 'Gusta	Georgina of the Rainbows	Just David	Seventeen
The Hillman	Possession	When a Man's a Man	Penrod and Sam
The Thoroughbred	Mary 'Gusta	The Hillman	Oh Mary Be Careful!
The Thoroughbred	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta	The Heart of Rachael
Wildfire	Come Out of the Kitchen!	Oh Mary Be Careful!	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	When a Man's a Man	The Hillman	Enoch Crane
The Balance	The Thoroughbred	The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man
When a Man's a Man	The Worn Doorstep	The Bent Twig	The Brook Kerith
In the Wilderness	The Worn Doorstep	The Brook Kerith	The World for Sale
Possession	Kildares of Storm	The Hillman	Brandon of the Engineers
Limp	Mary 'Gusta	The Balance	The Thoroughbred
El Supremo	Wildfire	When a Man's a Man	Magnificent Adventure
The Hillman	The Wonderful Year	The Rising Tide	When a Man's a Man
Invisible Balance Sheet	Casuals of the Sea	Wildfire	The Sins of the Children
The Thoroughbred	The Hillman	Lady Connie	David Blaize
When a Man's a Man	Mary 'Gusta	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Michael
The Wonderful Year	The Hillman	When a Man's a Man	The Castaways
Mary 'Gusta	When a Man's a Man	The Rising Tide	Just David
The Hillman	Brandon of the Engineers	The Blue Envelope	Oh Mary Be Careful!
Wildfire	Possessions	The Thoroughbred	The Wonderful Year
The World for Sale	Wildfire	Mary 'Gusta	Kingdom of the Blind
The Grizzly King	When a Man's a Man	The Woman Gives	In the Wilderness
The Sailor	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year	The Agony Column
The Hillman	Rainbow's End	When a Man's a Man	Just David
When a Man's a Man	Georgina of the Rainbows	The Border Legion	The More Excellent Way
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man	Somewhere in Red Gap	Magnificent Adventure
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man	The World for Sale	The Worn Doorstep
Career of Katherine Bush	A Circuit Rider's Widow	From the Housetops	Somewhere in Red Gap
Wildfire	Lewis Seymour	The Hillman	The Worn Doorstep
Wildfire	Just David	Lady Connie	The Dark Forest
Oh Mary Be Careful!	Wildfire	The Thoroughbred	Adventures of Jimmie Dale

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

- | | |
|---|---|
| Men of the Old Stone Age. H. F. Osborn. | Getting Together. Ian Hay. |
| Raymond, or Life and Death. Sir Oliver Lodge. | Succeeding with What You Have. Charles M. Schwab. |
| My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard. | Italy, France, and Britain at War. H. G. Wells. |
| Poems of Alan Seeger. | Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson. |
| The Intelligence of Woman. W. L. George. | My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer. |
| Why Men Fight. Bertrand Russell. | Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope. |

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 222 and 223) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " "	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	379
2. Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.35..	268
3. When a Man's a Man. Wright. (Book Supply Company.) \$1.35...	118
4. The Hillman. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown and Company.) \$1.35.....	81
5. The Thoroughbred. Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill Company.) \$1.35.	73
6. Mary 'Gusta. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.35.	69

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

- | | |
|--|---|
| Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard. | Lewis Seymour. George Moore. |
| The Agony Column. Earl Biggers. | Limpy. William Johnston. |
| The Balance. Francis R. Bellamy. | The Lion's Share. Arnold Bennett. |
| The Beetle. Richard Marsh. | Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie. |
| The Bent Twig. Dorothy Canfield Fisher. | The Magnificent Adventure. E. Hough. |
| The Blue Envelope. Sophie Kerr. | Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln. |
| Brandon of the Engineers. H. Bindloss. | Men of the Old Stone Age. H. F. Osborn. |
| The Brook Kerith. George Moore. | Michael. E. F. Benson. |
| The Career of Katherine Bush. E. Glyn. | The More Excellent Way. Cyrus Townsend Brady. |
| The Castaways. William W. Jacobs. | Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells. |
| Casuals of the Sea. William McFee. | My Home in the Field of Honor. F. W. Huard. |
| Cleek's Government Cases. Thomas W. Hanshew. | My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer. |
| Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller. | Oh Mary Be Careful! George Weston. |
| The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole. | Philip Dru. Anonymous. |
| David Blaize. E. P. Benson. | Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse. |
| Eat and Grow Thin. Vance Thompson. | Poems of Alan Seeger. |
| El Supremo. Edward L. White. | Possession. Olive Wadsley. |
| Enoch Crane. F. Hopkins Smith. | The Postmaster's Daughter. Louis Tracy. |
| Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson. | Rainbow's End. Rex Beach. |
| Getting Together. Ian Hay. | Raymond. Sir Oliver Lodge. |
| Greenmantle. John Buchan. | The Rising Tide. Margaret Deland. |
| The Grizzly King. James Curwood. | The Sailor. J. C. Snaith. |
| The Heart of Rachael. Kathlee Norris. | Seventeen. Booth Tarkington. |
| The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim. | The Sins of the Children. Cosmo Hamilton. |
| In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens. | Susan Lenox. David Graham Phillips. |
| Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope. | Till the Clock Stops. J. J. Bell. |
| The Intelligence of Woman. W. L. George. | The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster. |
| The Invisible Balance Sheet. Katrina Trask. | The Way of All Flesh. Samuel Butler. |
| Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells. | Why Men Fight. Bertrand Russell. |
| Jerry. Arthur Stanwood Pier. | When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright. |
| Just David. Eleanor H. Porter. | Wildfire. Zane Grey. |
| King—of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy. | Wilt Thou, Torchy. Sewell Ford. |
| The Kingdom of the Blind. E. Phillips Oppenheim. | The Woman Gives. Owen Johnson. |
| Kildares of Storm. Eleanor M. Kelly. | The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke. |
| Lady Connie. Mrs. Humphry Ward. | The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker. |
| | The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood. |

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Nann Clark Barr

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Mrs. Larz Anderson

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY: A PARADOX
Countess of Warwick

RUSSIA RESURGENT Abraham Yarmolinsky

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MAY, 1917

THE PHILOSOPHY OF WAR AND PEACE

BY CHARLES M. BAKEWELL

THE German philosopher Nietzsche once wrote: "They say a good cause will hallow any war. I say to you that a good war will hallow any cause." A damnable doctrine this, and one that surely will never find an echo in any free nation, least of all in America. We know that war is not a good in itself, and that it is an utterly irrational way of settling disputes. We are committed to the ways of peace. Nevertheless, when the issue is a conflict between two utterly incompatible ideals, a situation may well arise where there is no other means of settlement save by the appeal to force. And then the good cause will hallow the war.

We are all lovers of peace. But the pacifist who is not willing and eager to draw the sword for the maintenance of the conditions without which peace is impossible is a mere dilettante. He is an arm-chair pacifist, enjoying a security for which others pay the price, and dreaming a fair dream of the nations of the earth living together in amity and sweet reasonableness, while closing his eyes to things as they are. In our western frontier communities when the spirit of outlawry broke loose, as sometimes it did, the peace-loving citizens did not propose a joint high commission for the settlement of disputes. They knew that

the price of peace was war to the death, and gladly assumed their share of risk, and shot that shootings might cease. There was no other way. And it is the same with nations. Thus it happens that the peace-loving Americans are now filled with a solemn joy that at last they are to be allowed to take their part and bear their share of the risk in putting an end to the spirit of outlawry among nations, and in fighting that fighting may cease. There is no other way. And it is war to the death. The snake must be killed, not scotched!

Every true American breathed more freely and stood a little straighter when he read President Wilson's noble address to Congress. At a stroke it cleared the atmosphere, leaving no shadow of a doubt as to where we stand or why we stand where we do. We seek no private gain; we expect no compensation. We are entering the war in order to give—to give of our best and without stint, and to hazard all, not because our commerce has been interrupted and our ships sunk, nor merely because our citizens have been murdered and our honour assailed; but because militant Germany of to-day, egotistic and ruthless, has proved herself the common enemy of humanity, and we must take our place in the ranks in the service of mankind. We are fighting in

order that "the world may be safe for democracy." We are fighting for "the truer union of mankind and for the future of human brotherhood."*

We are, therefore, fully in accord with our allies in the determination that this war shall not cease save under conditions that will secure a league of nations which shall make the recurrence of such a world catastrophe forever impossible. The hope of such a league can, however, never be realised, as the German philosopher Kant saw long ago, unless the nations that enter into that league are nations in which the people rule through their chosen representatives, and in which the people alone decide the question of war. The nations participating must be democracies. And the spirit that governs their relations to one another must be the same as that which governs the relations of individuals within a democracy. There must be one and the same code of morality, international and infranational. The humbler nations must enter in on the same footing with the greatest, and all must be free and equal before the law of nations. There is no room in the community of nations for any state that confuses might with right, and recognises no higher moral law binding on all states alike. And that for the simple reason that for such a state treaties will always be "scraps of paper" when so-called military necessity and private interest dictate; and past friendships, historical alliances, and moral principles will count for naught.

Even with such a league firmly established, it is not at all likely that wars shall be no more. But at least we may reasonably hope that if the free nations of the world band together, ready at any time to use their combined strength in freedom's cause, wars of conquest, wars fought for the aggrandisement of one nation at the expense of others, will cease, or be kept within narrow bounds. But will the family of free nations continue

to dwell together in unity? It is hardly probable. Nations have the weaknesses of their constituent citizens. There is always the danger that misunderstandings will arise, dissensions, jealousies, and that group may combine against group, when the issues may be so complex as to give each side the conviction that it is standing disinterestedly for the ideal of freedom. One could even now mention an issue that might cause such an unhappy alignment, but perhaps it is best not to do so. It is well, however, to try to make clear to ourselves what is the prerequisite to the success of such a world league. The answer is not far to seek, once we admit that the principles that are to govern as between nations are the same as those which hold between individuals, for it is precisely the same thing that must be realised if there is to be unity of purpose within the nation. It may be put in a word. Negatively, it is the destruction of the spirit of egotism; positively, it is the domination of the spirit of fair play.

The nations that enter into a league for peace will be no better, no worse, than the citizens that compose them. And the only way to make sure that the principles which make peace possible will prevail as between nations is to see to it that they shall prevail within the boundaries of the individual nations. When we look at the conditions in our own land, the plain fact is that they do not by any means universally prevail. And so far as they do not, our democracy is still on trial, is still an experiment in freedom. And there is by so much the danger that we ourselves might introduce the element of discord into the league of nations.

No better illustration, for example, of the baneful egotism that is the curse of German autocracy could be found than in the recent behaviour of some of our professional pacifists. A handful of senators, the small group of "wilful men," by filibustering tactics prevented a vote on the armed neutrality bill. They happened to have the power, and did not hesitate to use it to defeat the will

*I borrow this phrase from Josiah Royce's second *Lusitania* address, published in *The Hope of the Great Community*.

of an overwhelming majority. No doubt they thought that they were right in their opposition to the proposed legislation, as the pan-Germanist thinks he is right in seeking to dominate the world for the world's good. And they were fully entitled to their convictions. But when they took advantage of the power that the rules gave to force their point when their arguments failed, they gave a perfect exhibition of that egotism which is the fertile source of wars.

Similarly Mr. Bryan, who has recently been defending peace-at-any-price with the same specious plausibility that characterised his earlier advocacy of free silver and similar fanciful remedies, betrayed the same egotism, this time national, when in a recent published utterance one of the reasons he gives for opposing the plan of a league to enforce peace is that, in the council of the nations, the United States would not have the deciding voice. His position strikingly resembles that of the German militarist who declared that Germany was quite ready to place herself at the head of a league to enforce the peace of Europe.

Again, when our relations with Germany were finally broken, a small group of pacifists proceeded to spend large sums of money on full-page broadsides in our larger dailies, breathing an egotistical self-righteousness, filled with specious arguments, sometimes bordering on the treasonable—a procedure which vividly recalled the earlier days of Prussian propaganda under the leadership of Dr. Dernberg.

When this fell flat they resorted to the easier method of vilification. In the mass meeting held in New York under the auspices of the Emergency Peace Committee, some of our most respected citizens, whose eminent public services place them beyond the reach of petty calumny, were contemptuously referred to as the "minions of Wall Street." And the resolutions passed on that occasion impugned the motives of all who did not agree with this particular group of men,—a procedure that strikingly

recalls that blindness of Prussian egotism that has kept insisting that the press which is opposed to Germany has been bought up by the Allies.

Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean by what has been said to imply that our militant pacifists are the only, or the chief offenders. I mention these instances partly because they are striking and recent, and partly because one might reasonably have supposed that it is precisely in this group of men that we should find those who are free from that egotism that stands in the way of peace. But unfortunately it is an all too common human failing. It is manifest in any industrial dispute when either party, thinking that it has the whip-hand, uses its power to enforce its interests, refusing to submit to arbitration; it is found in some of the practices to which "big business" still finds it possible to resort "within the law"; it is found in every instance of exploitation, and it appears in our daily life in countless minor ways. And so long as this spirit exists there is danger that it may become consolidated in the purpose of a nation, and menace the peace of the world.

We may take it as an assured fact that when the war is over we shall have some sort of a league of nations formed in the interest of peace. If we are to do our share in contributing to the permanent success of that league, once it is established, we must work incessantly within our own borders for the elimination of this unbrothering egotism. In its positive form this means that we must work for the triumph of the spirit of fair play. This precept, which lies at the basis of social morality, as of all efforts in democracy, is as simple in meaning as it is difficult to put into practice. It means not merely that men should be tolerant, but also that that tolerance should be based on mutual sympathy and understanding, and should result in effective co-operation in the effort to bring into harmony the conflicting aims and ideals of men. That is, the first requirement is that one should make real to oneself the inner life of the other fel-

low as it is real for him. How rarely this is done! It is only in the case of those who are nearest and dearest to us that we succeed, and then imperfectly. Most of our relations to our fellow-men are purely external. So long as this is the case they are not strictly speaking human relations at all. And yet we shall never have that unity which will insure the internal peace of our nation until our relations to our own fellow-men are of this sort. The precept, in other words, is a counsel of perfection. The state must become a community of friends. Nor will it be a true democracy until this consummation is reached. This goal is indeed far removed, and our progress toward it is painfully slow. We have, however, fortunately a second string to our bow. It is hard for us to make the inner life of a fellow-man as warm and vital to ourselves as it is to him. But it is not so difficult to be less hot about our own inner lives. We have, in fact, been learning to be more detached in our attitude toward our private concerns; to play fair and in the open. Our sports have been of inestimable value here in making a habit of that spirit of fair play which scorns a victory won by trickery or by any unfair advantage. This gives us a practical formula of freedom, and a working unity, failing that higher and closer unity of our aspirations, and strengthens our present hope of peace.

It is by acquiring this habit of friendship and fair play in the relations between individual citizens, or groups of citizens, within a state that the secure foundation is laid for its extension to the relations between nations, thus insuring the peace of the world. If we fail on the one side we shall fail on the other. The conditions of world peace are thus made plain. Each nation must strive to make real to itself the inner life of the other nation. For every nation has its inner life, its soul, which finds its own unique expression in its language, its literature, its customs, its history and its ideals. And if, sometimes, it is impossible for one nation to show

this intimate understanding and sympathy for a sister nation, it must at least be possible for every nation to view its private interests with a certain detachment, to view itself objectively as a member of the community of nations, to play the game, and not to insist upon being the judge in its own case.

The spirit which must rule if peace is to be permanent is diametrically opposed to that spirit of national egotism which is so perfectly embodied in official Germany of to-day. We are in the habit of distinguishing between the German people and the German Government; and indeed the worst that can be said of the people is that they accept their rulers, and that they do not and never have governed themselves. But the Junkers and pan-Germanists are in the saddle. They succeeded in capturing the army, the court, and even representative professors and clergymen, and blinding them with the vision of a world dominated by Germany divinely appointed, because of her superior qualities, for this task. Everything that Germany has done is explicable from this premise—not only the long chapter of savage barbarities beginning with the rape of Belgium and continuing with ever-increasing ruthlessness down to the recent enslavement of the daughters of France, but also her diplomatic blunders. There is no sympathy, no understanding, no detachment, no spirit of fair play, for the simple reason that she recognises no equal. She is alone in the world she has built in her dreams.

Look now from this picture to another. One of the most surprising things of the war, and one of the most hopeful signs for future peace, is the splendid way in which the English colonies have voluntarily rallied to the support of the mother country, contributing so generously both money and men. For the external bonds that tied these colonies to her were of the very flimsiest sort. These are in effect free and independent countries. England has had the wisdom in her colonial policy to respect the independent life of the constit-

uent members of her Empire. The spirit of fair play which dominates her sports has controlled her policy. And the result has shown itself in the way in which the Empire has proved to be a community of nations, held in unity by a spiritual bond far stronger than any that a mailed fist could have fashioned.

But there is another phase of the philosophy of war and peace that must be considered. We have been speaking so far of the conditions of permanent peace. A word must be said about the positive value of war. The plain truth is that wars have served the cause of mankind, and that the sturdy and manly virtues have resulted from the wars that have been fought. "Its [war's] horrors are a cheap price to pay for rescue from the only alternative supposed, of a world of clerks and teachers, of co-education and zo-ophily, of 'consumers' leagues' and 'associated charities,' of industrialism unlimited, and feminism unabashed. No scorn, no hardness, no valour any more! Fie upon such a cattle-yard of a planet!" These words were written by William James, one of the gentlest souls that ever lived, and one of the keenest psychologists, and are found in an address delivered at a peace conference. As the occasion of its deliverance implies, James does not draw from these facts the monstrous conclusion that we must foster wars for the sake of these benefits. But what he does insist upon, and rightly, is that if wars are to cease, as cease in time they must, some "moral equivalent" must be found which will develop the same sturdiness, the same loyalty and devotion, the same greatness in man. With that moral equivalent I am not here concerned. It must be found, or nations will wax fat and flabby and luxurious, and need the chastening of war. In the meantime let us remember that, failing the better method not yet found, war does, in spite of all its horrors, bring blessings in its train. If one wishes for proof let him look to England, to France, or to any of the warring nations. But best of all to France, which has given us the second great sur-

prise of the war. It may be remembered that shortly before the war broke out one of our most loquacious pacifists, in public lectures, denounced the French as a nation of decadents, lacking in vigour as in morality, scarcely worth the powder to blow them up, and a ready victim for the first vigorous foe. Those of us who knew and loved France knew that this was a libel. But still we thought of the French as being (like ourselves) an irreverent and pleasure-loving people, devoted to luxury and ease, and we trembled lest they should not be able to withstand the sudden assault of the horde of strictly disciplined troops that was hurled against them. How easy it is to misjudge the latent strength of a free and relatively undisciplined people the battle of the Marne made plain. But what has been made even plainer is that modern France, through her trials, has found her soul, her strength. Her national consciousness has been awakened, and she is united and great and free as never before.

The reason for this is not far to seek. We speak of man as a rational animal, but if we take this to mean that his conduct is ordered by syllogisms we should be far out in our reckoning. Much reasoning is apt to lead to indecision and vacillation. There are so many grounds that can be adduced for and against every line of action. The great dynamic power in life is and always will be supplied by the instincts and their accompanying emotions, such as the instinct of pugnacity and the emotion of anger, the instinct of self-assertion and the emotion of elation, the parental instinct and the tender emotion. In the long run reason, clearer vision of relative values, may have some effect in controlling these latent sources of power. But more effective than argument in rationalising the instincts is the discipline they have gradually undergone in the course of evolution. From being connected in the first instance with those activities which meant the survival of the individual or the family clan, they are now concerned with those that are necessary

for the survival or welfare of the nation or the cause. Their significance has become more and more over-personal. We may express this by saying that the self in whose interest the emotional energy is spent has become more and more identified with the national self or with the cause. When this is the case, not only has selfishness given way to loyalty, but the instincts themselves have become reason in action. Therefore it is that in his conduct man best shows himself a rational animal by hearkening to the voice of what we call his better, which means his more disciplined instincts. But the older, narrower, more selfish response lives on. War has the supreme power of putting in control the instincts in their over-personal implication, and is therefore especially effective in bringing about that consciousness of solidarity, that spirit of unity in freedom, which we have seen to be necessary for permanent peace. Paradoxical as it seems, the valour of war is the pathway to peace, and this will be as true of Germany as of any other nation, once the people have found a voice.

Let us hope that these advantages will be ours, and that we shall be strengthened even as France has been. But for this to result we must throw ourselves wholeheartedly into the war side by side with the Allies for freedom and for peace. And we must have universal service, which is the only effective and only democratic form of service, and at the same time the one that is most certain in the end to bring the blessings of peace. This is what the stand we have already taken means. Let us not repine because more than one tradition dear to the provincial American heart has vanished forever. Our splendid isolation is indeed a thing of the past. The world's affairs are henceforth our affairs. We shall be entangled in the alliance of all free peoples. Our Monroe Doctrine is made obsolete; or perhaps it would be truer to say that the principle which underlay it has been given world-wide significance. Let us, however, remember that

New occasions bring new duties,
Time makes ancient use uncouth.

IN SEARCH OF THE AMERICAN SOUL

BY JOSEPH McCABE

MODERN psychology speaks little about the soul of the individual and much about a soul which our ancestors knew not. It has discovered that there is a soul of a crowd, of a city, of a race. The phrase is, at all events, a convenient summing up of the distinctive mental and moral features of any marked group of people. Whether it denote a social phenomenon of our time—whether it measure the growth of a new social sentiment which spreads slowly outward from every large centre of population and will one day cover the planet—need not be considered here. The literary tradition and popular belief of centuries have insisted that character changes materially when you cross national frontiers, and it is the sum of these altered features which we call the soul of a people.

What is the soul-type of the United States? How, in particular, does the American character differ from the English? What manner of seal has been impressed upon the plastic material of the native-born child by those subtle agencies which make up the distinctive vitality of America?

The difficulties of a search of this kind are usually obscured by literary conceit. There is a kind of literary traveller who would persuade you that he can, almost at a glance, detect the large and constant currents beneath the rippled surface of a nation's life: that he can pit Oriental against Occidental, American against Briton, or French against German, as easily as if they were rival baseball teams with flaunting colours. The more scrupulous traveller is impressed rather with the rich variety of human nature within any given national area, and the sameness of human nature in all areas. Indeed, the difficulty of formulating national traits is

greater in America than elsewhere. A score of racial strains traverse its life, sometimes as sharply defined as the Gulf Stream, sometimes shading through every conceivable phase into what is called the American type. The fires of the great melting-pot are too clement. As I sit in the subway I read, to right and left of me, journals in Yiddish, Italian, Greek, German, French, Hungarian, and Spanish; and over each journal broods the familiar face of each country, alien and inflexible. "A nation's soul is in its tongue," said a German poet. Then you have twenty nations between New York and San Francisco. You must omit from any American generalisation at least a third of America. And when you have done this you confront the normal psychological problem. How will you bring under one common formula this pale, clean-eyed youth and that florid, loose-lipped thing yonder: this dainty, graceful, fine-grained American woman, who sweetens life, and the hard-eyed, self-centred, furl-clad woman who jostles you on Broadway: this quiet, mellow, cultivated host of yours and the strident critic or narrow, grim-jawed business man who sits beside him?

A promising path to take in the search for this elusive common soul is to consider the mutual disdain of many Britons and Americans. The extent of this antagonism is often exaggerated, but there is, unhappily, a large measure of it. American writers have loudly informed me across the arena of a polite drawing-room, à propos of nothing that I could discover, that no American cares two cents about the Englishman's conceit of superiority; a conceit with which I was, strangely, unfamiliar. A distinguished American statesman said to me: "Mr. McCabe, I am not pro-English." Was

it mere fancy that he laid a faint and disconcerting accent on the "pro"? A not uneducated Westerner closed a quite friendly talk with me, in the smoking-parlour of a train, with the heavy finale: "All I know about the English is that we licked 'em twice." The second occasion had, I found, escaped his memory, and the first was somewhat remote for such acute recollection; but it was a good formula.

Now this measure of mutual dislike deserves the attention, not only of broad-minded educators and statesmen, but of national psychologists. It has a curious resemblance to the mutual feeling of Prussians and Bavarians or Austrians; indeed, I have found a very similar situation in sister cities like Melbourne and Sydney, if not New York and Boston. The north German regards the southerner as an unenterprising, listless, decaying gentleman, with a great conceit of his art and culture and blood, and a small capacity for exertion and progress. The man of Munich or Vienna smilingly retorts that Berlin is blatant, vulgar, more devoted to Mammon than Athene. The parallel is, surely, instructive: except that the Englishman is more frequently accused of frigid aloofness than of fluid *Gemüthlichkeit*. But the analogy weakens, and the whole art of portraying national character incurs suspicion, when we reflect that the Englishman has for decades been caricatured in France and Germany, not as a languid and exclusive person with an affectation of culture, but as a blatant, vulgar, loud-voiced money-grubber, a vile thing in chess-board tweeds, holding a foul pipe between monstrous horse-teeth, the shop-keeper among men!

The truth is that these international antagonisms are very largely based upon subconscious irritations over trifling differences between rival nations. Between the two great English-speaking peoples probably the difference of dialect or pronunciation is the chief of these. The nasal overtone which is so common in America irritates the English ear as

much as the languid Oxford speech incenses, or the sturdy north-British speech amuses, the American. It is not entirely a matter of education. I know some of the most cultivated men of New York who pronounce their names as if their breath were to be used economically, and those detestable consonants were to be ignored as far as possible; and I have, on the other hand, seen American audiences smile at the sober London pronunciation of the word "plant." Thoughtless folk speak of lack of culture on one side or affectation on the other. It is merely a trivial difference of usage.

There are numbers of these trifling differences registered irritatingly in the subliminal magazines. One American habit—a habit, at least, much more common and conspicuous in America—must be insinuated rather than described. Let us say that the fine, exhilarating air of New York seems to have a chronically irritating effect upon the mucous linings of the throat. London has generally outgrown the habit to which this leads, and it shudders in the streets or hotels of New York. Gum-chewing, again, is a plebeian habit to which the British working-man, strongly solicited now by American commerce, swears that he will never, never be a slave; and the American worker, in turn, would astound his British fellow by retorting that certain prominent features of London streets, which the Englishman regards as civilised institutions, would disgrace an African forest.

In conventional forms of intercourse these differences abound, and they are to the thoughtless very solid indications of character. An English duke is, as a rule, more accessible than an American millionaire, but even the humbler British visitor to an American provincial town is startled when he is suddenly asked: "Say, Bill, what's the time?" And the reticence with which an Englishman coldly expresses the precise measure of gratitude which he feels is hardly less amusing to the American than is to the Englishman the ceremoni-

ous exuberance with which some eminent American, whom he has bored for half an hour, assures him, as he fervently presses his hand, that it is a very great privilege to have met him. America habitually overstates its cordiality and comes in time to believe itself. The balance is undoubtedly on the side of America, but it is a fact that, as a mere matter of custom, America expresses more than it feels, and England feels more than it expresses. Many of these differences are due, not to living features of mind, but to earlier conditions which no longer exist. The cat turns round and round before it settles to sleep, because its remote ancestors once needed to make a bed in the long grass. Much of American exuberance is, similarly, a formal practice which had life in the old colonial days, when the sight of a stranger or a white man really warmed the heart.

Sparks of this kind have at times helped to enkindle the conflagration of war. These trivial differences of custom make the greater part of national characterisation, as it is usually made, or of international caricature. The ease with which a more genial wind will scatter them shows their pettiness. Just on such trivial grounds the Frenchman was until recently regarded by John Bull as an ape, an unbalanced and impossible creature, a spiritual drunkard; and the Frenchman warmly returned the assurance of eternal antagonism. Within a decade all this lumber was swept out of the subliminal vault. The atmosphere of the mind was cleansed and prepared for an enthusiasm. Let the Stars and Stripes march through London, on the way to "somewhere in France," and in a day all these fumes will be blown over the blue seas.

When we have set aside these things, these parasitic growths upon international judgment, we find substantial differences. I approached New York for the first time at dusk, when the myriad eyes of the towering buildings blinked prettily in the half-light. It seemed as

if there were a city of enchanted palaces on some mountain that overlooked the lowlands where one sought New York. An American friend had with pride summoned me to the upper deck. He did not know that these "sky-scrapers" were to many Englishmen the very front of American vanity; nor did the Englishmen know, as a rule, that this unique architecture had a unique and simple *raison d'être* in the geographical position of New York. As inevitably as the trees of a dense Brazilian forest must the structures of New York tower upward; and not one Englishman in ten thousand has the vaguest idea of the situation of New York which causes the ascension.

But to a candid and cosmopolitan mind, thus approaching New York, the question occurs: Would a British city have dominated, so proudly and masterfully, the natural limitations of its growth? I think not. The American soul is in those soaring structures. I, of course, do not mean that there was any "soar" in the minds of architects or builders, but their triumph speaks of joyous enterprise, of quick and fertile brain, of indomitable energy, of all that one associates historically with the early manhood of a people. It is not at all the virility of Berlin. Those stupendous creations in the lower part of Broadway look down upon miles of streets worse paved and kept than any I have seen in any other city. Ugliness, irregularities, stintings, makeshifts mingle in New York with an amazing wealth of efficiency devices, and sprawl to the very feet of public, or even private, buildings whose luxuriant growth shows that they were watered with gold. Berlin is more consistent, more punctilious, more artistic on its mediocre level of art. It organises neatness as it organises sanitation.

This impression of energy and initiative, of creative power, deepens with every month of exploration of New York. In no other city of the world does one see so large a proportion of *strong* faces, or such an incessant bub-

bling of new ideas. Originality, which is creativeness, oozes out of every pore of New York. The shops, from the great store to the half-window in Sixth Avenue, reek with ideas. In no other city of the world have I ever caught myself looking into the windows of dress-makers' shops. Even the male philosopher has to do it in New York. The catering system is the most amazingly varied and ingenious and accommodating in the world. Industry and commerce enrich the world with their devices. The places of entertainment, the hotels, the homes, even the churches, show originality.

This is the fundamental distinction from England. Lecturing in London a year ago, I declared that we lacked and needed the American spirit. An American merchant who was of my audience afterward warned me that British business is far more solid than American, and I have since heard incredible statistics of bankruptcy. But this unenviable feature of American business-life is itself, probably, an issue of the irrepressible spirit of enterprise, the fertility of imagination, the impulse to create. America and England do singularly suggest to us, as Prussia and Austria do, the contrast of youth and age. This is not to endorse the superficial theory that nations, like individuals, grow old and inevitably sink. The age of a civilisation is not a measure of its vitality. Yet there is some analogy. There is often something like a stiffening of the nation's arteries, a slowing of the circulation. The grand difference is that in the case of a nation the malady is curable. It is not, except where repeated war has drained the stock, due to a lowering of physical energy, but to a clogging growth of traditional formulæ in business, politics, ethics, and so on.

The second leading trait which impresses the visitor to America is the light-heartedness with which the American holds his creative energy. Here there is a wide divergence from the Prussian character. The American

probably surpasses the Prussian in *power* of organising—why he is not superior in fact we may consider later—but is more buoyant, more expansive, less subjective. Prussia I have described as a young man in a hurry to make his fortune, and severely engrossed in the task. America in this respect unites the freshness of youth with the confidence of successful maturity. The middle-class Englishman is apt to curtail the hours of business and devote his large leisure to serious reading or sedate entertainment. The German is apt to overrun the hours of labour, and to carry into his small leisure a stern feeling of his duty as a unit of a great empire. The American works, for a full term, with energy, and he then plays as few others do. He reads, apart from magazines and fiction, less than the Englishman does, and he bears his national prestige genially. The Saturday spectacle at certain restaurants, when men stream in joyously with wife or friend, to shed extravagantly the dollars for which they fought like misers a half hour before, is an American phenomenon. There is three or four times as much music and dancing and dining in New York, with a smaller population, as there is in London. It is a metropolis with the light-heartedness of a green valley.

This is not, as some think, due to democratic forms. England is to-day, in political values, more democratic than the United States. Our kingship is an empty formula: our "lords" do as we direct them: our Premier can be discharged within twenty-four hours: our political bosses and caucuses are tame things beside the American. The superior democracy of America is as mythical as the "hustle" of America, which I have vainly sought for months. Such hustling as there is seems to be confined to the women of what the Labourite calls "the idle-rich class," and it is due to the American perfection of the telephone system. The wires throb all day with summonses to meetings and confabulations. English women are, as a rule, still in the letter-stage of civilisa-

tion, and cannot create such formidable programmes.

These fundamental traits of the American character are partly due to climate, partly to history, partly to the fusion of races, partly to rich feeding. The stern winter, the piercing winds and bright cold days, brace because they mean rich nourishment and energy. The tendency is moderated by the appalling warmth indoors, which sets the check of moderation or dyspepsia upon the older Americans, but there is a constant invasion of eupeptic folk from the country or from rural nations, and the vigour is sustained. This and the clash of cultures and stimulating atmosphere may explain the effervescence of ideas. To me, as an historian, the fundamental law of progress is clash of cultures. Out of this great cauldron, where twenty nations commingle, new things are bound to rise. The spaciousness, the ample native production of food, the general prosperity, are in strong contrast to the cramped posture of older civilisations. They mean warmer and richer blood, quicker brains.

In a sense, too, the spacious and teeming provinces protract the healthy conditions of colonial days; and indeed those days are still so little remote that features of character which they engendered have not disappeared. Setting aside the dyspeptic, the anæmic over-intellectual, the unassimilated foreigner, the coarser types, and so on, I should say that the American character—there is an American character as surely as there is an American face, which one easily recognises in Europe—means strength, originality, creativeness, impulsiveness, generosity, insularity, expansiveness, sensibility. That the American has any distinctive cult of the almighty dollar is a slander—upon Europe. Every sensible person seeks all the money he can get. The American's gifts peculiarly fit him for getting it. People often forget that it was an American idealist, Emerson, who lodged that phrase, "the cult of the almighty dollar," reproachfully in the mind of

Europe. What is somewhat more distinctive of the American is that he gets money, not to save, but to spend; and hospitality is one of his habitual methods of spending. Between England and America is Australia. The best comparison of character is to compare the three. Then you realise how far the colonial soul lingers in the great Republic.

And this same lingering of the colonial spirit perhaps accounts for one of the chief defects of American character. To that contrast of forty-story buildings and mean pavements let me add another. Schools finer than any other country can boast exist side by side with a general apathy to a formidable national problem: the submergence of the true Americans under spreading floods of aliens, the easy tolerance of lower cultures which are parasitic to American prosperity and may sap it, the slender birth-rate of the sound and the encouragement of a high birth-rate among unassimilated masses. Similarly, though this contrast is waning, magnificent public institutions are raised while corruption in the public service is genially disregarded. Two years ago I examined with jealous admiration a princely school in the suburbs of Chicago and dwelt upon the public spirit which created it; and during that very hour the busiest street of Chicago was disgraced by a hold-up in broad daylight—the seventieth in a few weeks—that could not happen elsewhere. Until a year or two ago gentlemanly gunmen kept accounts in banks on the East Side.

This imperfection of public spirit argues a vicious individualism; another relic of spacious colonial days. Instead of being genuine democrats, self-rulers, the Americans are too apt to imagine that democracy ends with tax-paying. The salaried servant is not controlled. A man's work in life is his individual business. To this vague machinery of administration, which he finances, he is not sufficiently attentive. The geographical isolation of America, the absence of any big competitor to the

United States on the American continent, have encouraged the attitude. They have inspired the foreign policy of having no foreign policy; and as to internal affairs, the American would rather pay money than pay attention. Eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, is the code. The American forgets that this ideal was framed by a monarch. Those who do not want to play for eight hours out of twenty-four will exact the reward of their labour.

This individualism, however, is in a fair way to be corrected by the new world-politics and need not be discussed further. It is more interesting to consider how the American soul has, in its development, missed the artistic phase, or whether it will yet produce a distinctive art. An artistic efflorescence is an early symptom of the formation of a distinct civilisation. It usually spreads its brilliant petals in the sun when a strong and prosperous people has just emerged from the last stage of barbarism. It is a people's spring-time. That was the position of Periclean art at Athens, of Gothic architecture, of mediæval painting and sculpture, of Elizabethan drama and poetry. According to historical precedent America ought before this to have produced a great art; and it has assuredly not done so. Its architecture is borrowed or mediocre, its painting of hardly more than national repute, its music cosmopolitan, its literature unimpressive. It begets no Turner, no Wagner, no Rodin, no D'Annunzio. Although it would seem to be in the condition of rich blood, febrile imagination, and peaceful prosperity, out of which great art was ever born, we see no symptom of travail.

Probably this is not due to a defect of the American imagination but to the changed condition of the world. Rome never had a great art of its own, and for analogous reasons America may never have one. The imagination of Rome was enticed with dreams of world-conquest and adventure and commerce. The imagination of a vigorous people

of modern times is fired by the triumphs of science, industry, and commerce, the constructive work of invention. The soul of Leonardo da Vinci was attracted equally to both fields. With the opportunities and incentives of modern times he might have devoted his genius entirely to the latter. The artistic deterioration and scientific progress of Japan confirm the suspicion.

However it may be with artistic creation, the mood of appreciation and enjoyment is as widespread and sincere here as in any land. Every artist of modern times knows America. It is an essential issue of the playfulness, the sensuousness, the individualism of the American character that it should enjoy art. In music, the art that most nearly leaves the intellect slumbering, it revels. It is a part of the eight hours' work and eight hours' play ideal, for music—the music of the mass—leaves the mind fallow for the morrow's work.

I have spoken so far of the American man—the man who stands out as most distinctly American in the cosmopolitan crowd. He may be hard or suave, interested or not interested in ideas, vulgar or refined, but the composite photograph a large acquaintance with him leaves on the mind is that of a strong, resourceful, genial, life-loving man, narrow in his interests and expansive in sentiment, proud of his position in the world yet sensitive to cultural reproaches, apt to be myopic outside his office or classroom. The American woman is different; or, rather, there is no American woman. The woman of the south is not the woman of the north, nor does east match with west. Yet one almost always recognises an American woman in Europe, and it is hard to believe that the facial contour alone is constant. She has not the strength, the creativeness, the easy and genial sense of mastery of the American man—which is due to man's selective action—and, since she shares his febrility of imagination, she is apt to live in a torrent of vaguely conceived enthusiasms. She holds the world-record of voluntary celibacy and

smallness of family, and she will lead the world in solving the problems she raises. The central figure of the very varied gallery of American women is a graceful, fine-skinned and fine-hearted, candid, genially rebellious woman, lithe and soft of frame, eager to know as well as to enjoy: than which I know no more attractive and promising type of womanhood. Perhaps she makes the mistake of thinking that sensuousness is inconsistent with entire refinement, self-possession, and modernity. She needs strength, more food and blood. On her rests one's hope of a speedy and just settlement of the great sex-problem that looms on the horizon.

In short, the American soul has developed both fine qualities and defects which the breaking of its Continental fences will severely test. It hardly real-

ises that its strength already wanes; that, as in imperial Rome, the blood of the provinces has to flush the depleting metropolitan veins. It is unwilling to see that a genial individualism may not meet so successfully the new conditions of life. It thinks too little, and it misses the truth that the problem now is to remove the Monroe fences and spread Americanism over the world before the world overflows it. With one-half the public spirit of ancient Athens it could achieve wonders. Without stern public spirit and action it will be strangled by its own generosity, by its prolific aliens, by its pacifism. But already the bugle peals through the land, and the men and women of America will discover, through the battle-fields of Europe, the problems that grew here while they danced and played.

EDUCATION AND THE ADVENTUROUS LIFE

BY NANN CLARK BARR

THERE is a tradition that a certain great scientist said of telepathy: "If it is true, we ought to enter into a conspiracy to keep it dark." That is the proper treatment to be accorded to the platform recipes for success given us by commencement speakers, who define the goal of education in strict terms and then point out the straight and narrow way to reach it. Efficiency would have us always take the shortest distance between two points; but we should lose so much fun by the way that the well-meaning success-mongers should be suppressed, like the dormouse in *Alice in Wonderland*.

And after all, are we so much interested in the two points as in the line between them? Amid so much talk of achieving the goal, we are in danger of forgetting that no goal is self-existent, that our life in all its length of road is spent in the journeying, while the goal is but a moment, a mathematical point which marks the end. Man is never really enthusiastic over final achievement. He reaches an end, only to constitute it a new beginning. This trait, which philosophic pessimists have dwelt on as melancholy proof of the vanity of life, the ultimate unsatisfactoriness of a human nature which is forever creating new desires and so can never realise contentment, is really at the root of whatever joyousness still blooms within us. The one goal which man visibly attains is death; and the thought of a final destination has been so unendurable to most minds that they have been driven to postulate a further journey and a world beyond. Locomotion is the precious attribute which differentiated man's ancestors from the oyster, and he will not relinquish it. He wants to "keep moving" and to have unlimited opportunity to go on.

The value of education, then, is not to show us how to "get there," whether the "there" be defined in terms of fortune, or character, or knowledge. Under such conditions, the preparation becomes as mechanical, as fixed and therefore dead, as far from the spirit of adventure as the goal which it sets. And some of us refuse point blank to live in a world so settled and scheduled. Much has been said of the danger of scepticism, of the working superiority of even an erroneous hypothesis over a spongy receptivity. But the danger of dogmatism is far more imminent. The sceptical temperament is so rare that even a moderate degree of distrust of one's own conclusions is a difficult achievement. None of us is likely to follow the example of the Greek sage who reduced his responses to the waggle of one finger, lest he commit himself to some too definite statement. We are far more likely to encase ourselves in a straight-jacket of infallibilities—a procedure as inimical as scepticism to spiritual activity.

The office of education is not to give us precepts and tools under the name of ideals and training; but to inculcate an attitude toward life which shall make possible progress without destruction—and this is the touchstone of the highest efficiency—and which shall furthermore keep vividly present to us the joy of unfulfilment, and make us ever ready to leave the beaten road and follow quests down hidden bypaths. This attitude can most briefly be characterised as the spirit of adventure.

One of the most distinguished of American scientists has written in the preface to a text-book: "The main thing in teaching . . . is to give one's pupils a system, a consistent body of doctrine. Whether the details are right or wrong

is, comparatively, a small matter; errors can always be corrected." But what if the student leaves the subject there, and gets no hint of the possible errors? And even if he pursue his researches further, the correction can be made only at the cost of disillusionment and time wasted in useless resistance to the new teaching when it first appears. If he goes on into life equipped with only this one neat little system of dogma, he not only loses interesting knowledge of the views of other men, with the attendant sense of the eternal ebb and flow of the currents of opinion, but his spirit is bound tight with the hampering illusion that at least one question, as set forth by the professor, is settled once for all. If, on the other hand, he leave the course with his mind in a mist of confusion from which no solid land emerges, he is in so far wise, and ready for new light from whatever quarter it may shine.

The method of cultivating the spirit of adventure is, in a word, the avoidance of convictions. For so the student of books or life will not have to waste energy in unlearning, with spiritual bloodshed, what he has once learned. He is blind to no possible truth, though it should stand directly behind his back. Moreover, he will walk with open eyes and kindly voice and undimmed curiosity. For since for him no question is laid on the shelf to collect pigeonhole dust, since all issues are vital to him, and he carries no closed system under his arm, he is ready to listen to all voices and perchance to accept a quest from one whose momentary camping ground is far distant from his own. For he has learned to realise that progress in truth, even the sternest scientific truth, does not proceed by the adding together of bits of ascertained fact, like coral insects. The theory of evolution, which in the last century seemed so convenient a key for all locks, has changed under the hands of the twentieth century until only the elect know what is now meant by the word; and such conflicts as those between mechanism and vitalism in bi-

ology, and between parallelism and interaction in psychology, go to show that science is by no means a consistent body of doctrine, a tabulated assortment of facts which will "stay put."

What then is the proper attitude for the ordinary educated man to adopt? What has study given him as a gift for life? Some crude errors he has been taught to avoid; for the rules of the game of thought have become more strict as man's questioning imagination has grown subtler, more exacting. But education should have trained him to see problems, not to solve them, still less to accept other people's solutions. It should have made irrevocable decisions impossible to him.

But the working hypothesis, the degree of decision indispensable to action, is not thereby forbidden him. Acting on an assumption which is recognised as only an assumption, is an altogether different matter from insisting that it is a chip off the old block of absolute truth. The heroism of dying for a principle is by no means incompatible with the admission that one's faith may be illusion—as indeed somebody's earnest faith must be, since there have been martyrs to both of two mutually contradictory conceptions. The martyr who sees the crown so clearly that his deed may be regarded as simply paying the reasonable price for what he gets, is after all less heroic than is the man who obeys his own soul without postulating its necessary agreement with the scheme of the universe.

The ineradicable "if" lends zest and glory to the quest. To refuse to play with loaded dice, to scorn to win by virtue of a straight tip from infallible sources, to deny that anyone, even oneself in one's most firm beliefs, has a corner on objective truth, makes for the finer courage. "One with God is a majority;" but there is no real valour in me unless I accept the chance that God may not be what I think Him, that my deepest moral nature may be discordant with the final reality, that God, being out of the range of my nature, may in-

explicitly be making a majority with the other fellow.

I once read a boy's book in which "poetic justice" triumphed after a sufficiently exciting series of episodes, and the young hero overcame every obstacle by a prompt and invariably successful application of the motto: "Be sure you are right, and then go ahead." The stagnation threatened from too nice a balancing of probabilities is as nothing in comparison with the petrification of any honest and clear-headed person who should wait until assured that he was right before going ahead. People seldom yield to an influence as stultifying as that which guided the hero of this book. But the adventurer goes farther: he does not even pretend that he is surer of being right than he can possibly be, but relinquishes the idea of assurance altogether, and so runs less risk of having to make a choice between stupid bigotry and hypocrisy.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his book *Orthodoxy*, speaks in defence of a fairytale world, a world of inextinguishable romance where the stupid routine of

law may be shattered at any moment by a miracle, and where God, by perpetually doing the unexpected, gives the world an aspect of inexhaustible novelty which must seem uncomfortably like caprice. Chesterton finds in the Roman Catholic Church the satisfaction of his demand for adventure. But the trouble is that on such a theory the real adventure all belongs to God. We have no part in it, for it is altogether outside us, in our environment. The excitement of living in a world of miracle is a brand of excitement inferior to the risk and uncertainty in following our own thought with flexibility of mind. Personally, I should prefer to wander over the earth than to stand still while the earth rocked about me. If God came down to man, that was *His* adventure. But if I seek after God, in constant awareness that I may take the wrong turning and never find Him, or even that I may be seeking what is only a mist from my own brain, and yet spend all that is best of me in the search—that is *my* adventure. And the zest of it never grows stale in the mouth.

WITH OUR SECRETARY OF WAR IN CHINA

BY ISABEL ANDERSON

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

IT so happens that we have been in China several times, but by far the most interesting of our visits to the Celestial Empire was when we were there in the party of our Secretary of War, Honourable J. M. Dickinson. The Chinese Government laid itself out on that occasion to do everything possible for the Secretary in its efforts to show a desire for the good-will and good offices of the American people. We alone among the great nations of the world were not preparing to devour them piecemeal at the first opportunity. Our friendship had been fairly proved by the return of our share in the Boxer indemnity, and China was grateful. One of the forms which this good-will took was the giving of dinners, luncheons, and receptions in our honour.

Perhaps the most interesting personage whom we met was the brother of the Regent, Prince Tsai Tao. Officially, he was aide-de-camp to the Emperor, commander of the imperial bodyguard, and chief of the general staff. Personally, he was a man of about twenty-five years, keenly alive, of medium stature, with a frank, intelligent face, charming manners, and forceful character. In every way he showed himself a prince and to the manner born.

Prince Tao presided at the luncheon which the Board of War gave in honour of the Secretary and the men of his party. The account of it in my husband's journal runs something as follows: On the Prince's right sat Secretary Dickinson, on his left General Edwards, while opposite him was the Chinese Minister of War, General Yin Ch'ang, who wore no queue [although this was before queues had been ordered off] and looked much like a German officer. Other

high Chinese officers alternated with the Americans. It was a long table with about fifty covers. The Prince seemed pleased to be in uniform again—for several days he had been representing the Prince Regent in various civil functions, which he had found rather irksome, perhaps. Evidently the military profession was his choice and pleasure.

The luncheon was a very pleasant one—really an officers' mess on the special occasion of a visit from other officers. Prince Tao seemed anxious to get American views and suggestions, and invited criticism of the Chinese army. Toward the close of the meal he rose, and as is the custom in the presence of royalty, all the other Chinese rose, too. The Americans, it goes without saying, did likewise. Then, later on, when the Secretary got to his feet, the Prince followed suit. So it happened that nearly all the toasts and speeches were made and listened to with everybody standing. In a few words, evidently extemporaneous, and spoken with feeling, Prince Tao toasted the United States Army and its Secretary of War. After the Secretary's response, he made another address expressing his pleasure in entertaining the Secretary, recalling his own visit to the United States and hoping that he could rely on the aid of that country in making the new Chinese army.

After luncheon ideas were freely exchanged over the coffee and cigars, friendships were acknowledged and pledged, and good fellowship prevailed. The Secretary was told that this was the first time in the history of China that any officers of a foreign army had been thus honoured and treated. No such courtesies had been extended to any foreign general, whatever his rank, not even



THE PARTY THAT LUNCHEDED WITH H. I. H. PRINCE TSAI TAO



PRINCE TSAI TAO, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO THE LATE EMPEROR AND CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF

to Lord Kitchener on his recent official visit.

One of the most delightful evenings which we spent in Peking, and one full of real significance, was when the Society of the American Returned Students gave a dinner for our party. At a few days' notice they had got together a hundred men who in years past had gone to America to study. Some had been among those first sent out, forty years ago, and so on down to the cadet who had graduated at West Point the year before. I was surprised

to find that they seemed to look back on their days in America with real affection and enthusiasm, for I had thought that we were not very considerate and hospitable to the yellow students in our midst. Even the women who had studied in America, and who sat in a row with our women on one side of the head table, seemed most loyal to their student days. The after-dinner speeches were as amusing and as good as any I had ever heard.

Some imperial ladies came one afternoon to a reception at the American Le-

gation—Manchu princesses with lively, gay little faces smiling through coats of white paint and rouge. They were the Princess Pulun and the tiny Duchess Tzai Fu, made up in the most formal manner, with the carmine spot on the lip to make the mouth seem small and pouting. They toddled in on their high-soled shoes, balancing on their heads the extraordinary coiffure of Manchu ladies—great towering butterfly-shaped pieces with jewelled ornaments and bobbing sprays of imitation flowers. Their dress was lovely with its daring combinations of colour. To this same reception came also the fascinating small daughters of Liu, the Chinese Minister to England, their hair in queues down their backs, and clad in little jackets and trouser-locks. Likewise in Chinese costume but a "new" woman for all that, was Miss Yen, sister of the brilliant Doctor Yen, and clever as she could be.

One evening the women of our party were entertained by Lady Na, the wife of the Prime Minister, while the men dined with one of the cabinet ministers, Mr. Hu. I will give first the account of the men's dinner, taken from my husband's journal:

"The drive to Minister Hu's house was not as long as some of the excursions had been, and it took only a short scamper in the stuffy, rattling little carriages with the shouting *mafoos* scattering the crowds in the streets to reach the brightly lighted doors of his residence. There was a short passage into a courtyard and then an entrance into another court, where a little open gallery led to the reception rooms. These were partly European and quite plain, with ugly modern chairs and tables and rather poor pictures on the walls, but with cases of Chinese curios about—jades and lacquers and coins.

"After a time we passed into the dining-room with its Europeanised arrangements, its tablecloths and sideboards. But the dinner was entirely Chinese, the first real Chinese meal some of the party had ever tasted and

so eaten under difficulties—by some—with chopsticks. As it was all quite informal, it was very jolly and enjoyable. Mr. Hu had been at many of the official entertainments for the Secretary, so we all felt quite at home with him. He was a squat, round-faced, jolly little Chinese gentleman, making jokes in quite good English.

"The meal, which was delicious, consisted of fourteen courses, on the menu, but others were added at the last minute to fill in the spaces, and all was washed down by gunpowdery *samshu* and *kaoliang* that looks so innocent but which is really chained lightning. The little cups were quietly refilled with the warm rice wine and the white bamboo liquor and cordial toasts were passed around the table between the Chinese gentlemen and those of our party.

"First we tasted the bits of smoked fish and bamboo sprouts and cold chicken that were already on the table in little dishes before each one. It is the custom in China to serve soup at the end of the dinner, but out of regard for foreign prejudice it came at the beginning on this occasion—chicken soup with mushrooms and quite as Chinese as bird's-nest soup, though it doesn't sound so.

"Then came roast fish in little bits in bowls, and delicious shark fins with cabbage. Turtle and pigeon and meat dumplings followed each other, then delicate ducks' tongues and bits of tasty ham in a sort of soup. After this came duck—Peking is specially famed for its duck, which is considered the best in the country; the crisp browned skin with its layer of rich fat is indescribably succulent. The bamboo sprouts which followed were said to be unusually good and were certainly very delicate and tender. Shantung cabbage hearts and chestnut pudding, with the extra courses, one of which was rice, brought the dinner to fruits, which are much like ours, and to sweets, among them sugared lotus seeds.

"After dinner the company retired across a courtyard, the side galleries of

VIEWS OF THE SUMMER PALACE ON THE "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES"



"PAVED COURT AFTER COURT, ALL SURROUNDED BY GAILY COLOURED GALLERIES, WITH CORNICE DECORATIONS IN GILT AND MANY COLOURS"



"ALADDIN-LIKE PALACES AND PAGODAS . . . TWO HUNDRED IN ALL—AN ENCHANTED CITY WITH GOLDEN-TILED ROOFS CURVING INTO EACH OTHER UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE"

VIEWS OF THE SUMMER PALACE ON THE "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES"



"A WIDE TERRACE OVERLOOKING A CALM AND PLACID LAKE"



"A DREAM-LIKE PANORAMA OF ARCHING MARBLE BRIDGES AND BALUSTRADES, ISLANDS CROWNED BY KIOSKS AND TERRACES WITH PAVILIONS BUILT OUT INTO THE WATER"

which were prettily hung with lanterns, to a pavilion where there were European things and a piano. Madame Hu, who had been partly educated in Virginia, came back from Lady Na's dove party and joined the men in the pavilion while they sang and smoked, showing indeed the new spirit in China.

"Before we left, His Excellency took us into another pavilion with an open fireplace and deep leather furniture that awakened waves of homesickness. Here he showed us his photographs of celebrities and friends. Then we passed to the outer court again and the short passages, and to our carriages, and so went rattling and jolting back to our quarters."

The invitations which the women of our party received to dine with Lady Na were written in black Chinese characters on a long piece of red paper. A translation was attached which stated that we were expected to arrive at five o'clock, and that dinner would be at seven. We were warned that it was not a Chinese custom to reply, but that we must appear with the invitations in our hands. As foreign women are seldom admitted to even the humbler homes of the Manchus, and as Lady Na was not only a Manchu but a personage of high rank, it was a rare privilege that was offered us by these curious invitations.

Starting off in carriages, we passed Chinese dignitaries serenely squatting in covered chairs carried by coolies, while outriders were going helter-skelter before and behind them on shaggy ponies. We rattled past carts drawn by mules, and jinrikshas bearing painted Manchu ladies, and Chinese women toddling along on their tiny broken feet. Bumpity-bump over the rough street we drove, while our driver snapped his whip and gave long calls which sounded like "Liar! liar!" We went under *pailos* and through thick-walled arches, past grey walls and pink walls, and the glorious yellow-tiled roofs of the Forbidden City.

Finally we drew up before Lady

Na's house, which looked like any other on the outside—a long grey wall with a hooded entrance gate. Inside, also, we found the usual arrangement—a walled compound enclosing many courtyards and one-storied buildings, the latter often connected by bridges or covered passageways. Entering on foot we passed through one of the courtyards and into a second, where stood the stone screen placed in every house to keep out the devil, who, according to Chinese tradition, "can only travel in a straight line."

The devil seems to give them great concern. On the corners of the roofs were little curligigs which are supposed to be useful in tossing the devil up into the air when he slides down the tiles. Along with the little tile animals, the dragon and the phoenix, which represent happiness and prosperity, comes the mysterious hen, ridden by a man. She is supposed to give the devil a peck when he comes too near. The Chinese have built lofty pagodas to propitiate the spirits of the air, but their houses are all low, lest they interfere with these gods. For a long time there was a law forbidding any structure above a certain height, in order to prevent missionaries from erecting churches with towers.

Presently we found ourselves at the entrance to a charming paved court. There were potted green plants twisted into queer shapes, and small fruit trees with bunches of crab-apples and beautiful ripening pomegranates hanging from their branches. Lotus leaves floated on an artificial pond and bright flowers peeped at us between fantastic-shaped rocks. At this entrance Lady Na and her daughters stood waiting to greet us. They were noble Manchu ladies, and they looked like curious flowers in their long, light blue, straight gowns and short jackets, their faces whitened and rouged beyond belief, their black hair plastered down with oil and sewed together at the back, and surmounted by strange black satin topknots with flying buttresses. There were flowers in this

head-dress, too, and pearl ornaments striking out at different angles. We could easily believe what we were told, that such a toilet takes several hours in the making.

The Chinese ladies who soon gathered about us were costumed quite differently from the Manchu women. Madame Tsi, for instance, was in a short embroidered pink jacket with pink trousers, and her hair was oiled and coiled at the back of her neck with many jewels; she wore bracelets on her arms and precious stones about her neck. As a rule the Chinese and Manchu women do not associate much. These Chinese ladies all had natural feet, were educated in America and spoke English, while the Manchu ladies had little or no education. When they met us they all shook hands, but in greeting each other they slid their hands upon their knees and bowed low several times. We were escorted into a room where *amahs*, or maids, took our wraps, balancing themselves on their high shoes and trembling so in their excitement at seeing people

from a far-off land that their mutton-fat jade earrings shook in their ears.

We were taken to the big seat of honour, made of teak-wood and marble, in the centre of which was a small table. Here we had tea for the first time—I say the first time, because we had been offered it at least five times in the different pavilions as we walked through the compound. Lady Na's daughters, who looked about her own age, were presented to us, and a small baby was also brought forward. Whether they were all her own children or not we were unable to find out, but we saw no other wives, though we were told that Chinamen or Manchus might have as many as they could afford to keep. If a man had several, they all lived in different parts of the same compound, each one keeping house by herself. An unmarried woman takes precedence over the married ones, for they say, "Perhaps some day she may be empress!"

The rooms through which we passed were all more or less alike: tables and chairs of teak-wood, a European oil



A HOUSE IN PEKING

painting here, a piece of Japanese embroidery there; instead of "God Bless Our Home" there were poems hung upon the walls. On the stone floors, instead of the Golden Tibet Monkey Rug, which, as they say, "keeps the whole house warm," were only here and there a few garish European carpets. The house was cold, even in September, but in winter it is partially warmed by fires built under the large beds.

At last dinner was announced. The table was set for sixteen. It was quite European, with flowers and knives and forks. Course after course—wine after wine. Our hostess proposed one toast after another, saying, "I drink the glass dry with you!" This seems an appropriate moment to insert a couple of verses of what is said to be perhaps the oldest drinking song in the world—at any rate a very ancient Chinese lyric, written more than a thousand years before Christ:

The dew is heavy on the grass,
At last the sun is set.
Fill up, fill up the cups of jade,
The night's before us yet!

All night the dew will heavy lie
Upon the grass and clover.
Too soon, too soon, the dew will dry,
Too soon the night be over!*

It was rather a struggle to keep up the conversation. One end of the table was made gay by trying to teach a Manchu girl English, while some of us passed around our menu cards for the ladies to write their names on. Some of the Chinese ladies had been given English names, such as Ida or May, while others still kept their Chinese ones—"Fairy of the Moon" and "Beloved of the Forest." Lady Na would or could not write her name. Madame Tsi assured us that she had trouble with her eyes. After dinner, to our amazement, some Chinese music was played on the pianola, while more tea and cigarettes were passed. It was all very in-

*From *Lyrics from the Chinese*, by Helen Waddell.

teresting and delightful, but when we drove back to the hotel at half past nine we were so tired and it seemed so late that we wondered why the sun did not rise!

This was perhaps the most novel experience the ladies of the party had while in Peking, and it well illustrates the transition period through which the country is passing, when some Chinese still wear the "cup of tears," as they call their tiny embroidered satin shoes, while others, who have studied in America or at mission schools, are leaders in the ranks of progress. One of these latter has gone so far as to establish a daily newspaper in Chinese for her own sex. Now that the Empire has fallen and China has become a republic the palaces and gardens belonging to the great Manchus may perhaps be seen by the traveller. But at the time of our visit they were still hidden from the world, as they had been for centuries. A favourite haunt of the old Empress was a beautiful garden, now called the botanical garden.

One is not apt to associate a chance for unusual experiences with a botanical garden. But there was nothing commonplace about our trip through the one in Peking. To begin with, various high officials and personages representing the Chinese Government met us at the entrance with chairs for the long excursion that lay before us. These bore us through endless zigzag paths that, curiously enough, reminded us of America with their beds of marigolds and red cockscombs on either side. Then we embarked on a flotilla of marvellous houseboats. These were really barges with pagoda-like houses on them painted in bright colours and with curling roofs. Inside they were gay with mirrors and many-hued trappings. All we needed was the Empress with eunuchs and waving fans to fill out the picture of Chinese splendour.

Skilful boatmen poled us along through narrow passages in a tangle of high grasses and lotus. At times we seemed lost in the mazes of the beauti-

ful marsh as gay boatload after boatload moved through in procession. Finally, we landed near a high, steeply arched bridge, and passing some public tea houses came to a pavilion in a more secluded part of the grounds. This was the favourite resting place of the great Empress Dowager. It was approached by a long circling gallery and was divided into several rooms, all filled with curios which had belonged to Her Majesty. There were panels of jade and fine lacquers kept beneath glass on carved tables, but more interesting to us were the kakemonos painted by the Empress. She was a remarkable artist. Her work is often to be recognised, not only by the imperial seal, but by the lack of adherence to strict canons of Chinese art, which no one dared tell her she was violating.

After being given a cup of fragrant tea we were led on through devious paths and over steep bridges to another pagoda, her second resting place. This was much like the first, except that a small room with a round door contained a bed, built into the wall somewhat like a bunk in a steamer, on which the Empress used to rest.

By the shores of that lagoon,
Where the water lily lies,
Where the tall valerians rise
Slender as the crescent moon
Goes Hea Nan*

The Summer Palace of the imperial family is about eight miles from the ancient walls of Peking. We rumbled out through villages and fields and past deserted yamens until, drawing near this wonderland, we saw the endless walls and up-curved roofs of the country houses of the princes and high officials. They were grouped about a wide space full of trees, across which we drove to a small gate in the wall of a long row of out-buildings. Here we left our carriages and passed in on foot. Before us was a court, shaded by a grove of cedars and surrounded by

*"The Lady of the Lagoon," from *The Classics of Confucius*.

walls and grey-tiled roofs. At one side was a pavilion where we were served with tea in fragile cups before meeting the officials who were to take us through the palace and grounds.

Opening widely from the court, and approached by a series of steps was a handsome building in which stood the reception throne of the late Empress Dowager. It was at the foot of this throne that the poor young Emperor was compelled to stand, on occasions of ceremony, in token of his subjection. He was the uncle of the last reigning Boy Emperor, and very clever and progressive. He was too progressive, that was the trouble, but he was not strong enough to carry out his plans against the old Empress. Two thousand years ago someone wrote verses which might perhaps have been put into his mouth, for they seem to suggest his plight:

I may walk in the garden and gather
Lilies of mother-of-pearl.
I had a plan would have saved the state,
But mine are the thoughts of a girl.

The Elder Statesmen sit on the mats,
And wrangle through half the day;
A hundred plans they have drafted and
dropped,
And mine was the only way.*

From this building we followed a winding path among fine bronzes of phoenix and deer and storks till we came out upon a wide terrace overlooking a calm and placid lake. Here was reflected the Summer Palace in all its enchantment—a dream-like panorama of arching marble bridges and balustrades, islands crowned by kiosks, and terraces with pavilions built out into the water. Behind it rose the "mountain of eternity," of ten thousand ages.

From the terrace we entered a low, grey-tiled yamen—once the residence of the late Emperor—with paved court after court, all surrounded by gaily coloured galleries, with cornice decorations in gilt and many colours, and pic-

**Lyrics from the Chinese*, by Helen Waddell.

tures and mottoes frequently repeated. As in all these royal houses, the private apartments were crowded with fine porcelains in open cabinets, so that they could be seen from all sides, jade panels, bronzes, and quaintly carved crystals. Everywhere there were clocks—clocks innumerable. The Chinese have a strange mania for timepieces of every shape and size, grotesque and ugly for the most part, but all proudly displayed in the midst of lovely Chinese curios.

Out we went once more, and up marble steps that gave us a wider view of the Aladdin-like pagodas. There are two hundred in all—an enchanted city with golden-tiled roofs curving into each other up the mountainside. The mountain itself they say was built of the earth taken out to make the lake. The groups of buildings rise one above the other, the great pagoda crowning all. This stands on a high, pink, terraced wall with groups of kiosks on either side. These have blue tiled roofs and decorations and are "just to finish the picture," as one of the officials explained.

Guards met us at the gate of the Winter Palace and passed us through into a paved court. The wall in front of us as we entered had once been red, but was now faded to a beautiful old pink, with plaques set into it carved with flowers and dragons' heads. Turning to the left we found ourselves in a walk shaded by fine old willow trees growing on the border of a lake.

But instead of having a single artificial lake, as the Summer Palace had, the Winter Palace had three—Pei Hai, Chung Hai, and Nan Hai. One of the ancient emperors called them the Three Seas. After the dust of our drive, the water was a cool and inviting sight. Boats, some covered, some open barges, awaited us at the stone steps of a landing, and we were punted down the shallow lake, through masses of lotus plants and beneath a beautifully carved bridge built of marble which was called by the reigning Emperor

"Silver Line," a name that well describes it.

Landing, we went through a gateway whose red and green paint had been softened by time to a rich and beautiful effect and came into a lovely court shaded by fine old fir trees. From this court a flight of long, steep steps led to a temple. Within was one of the many-armed and many-headed gods. The view from this spot was wonderful. One looked out over the tops of the firs with glimpses of curved yellow roofs, large and small—some many-gabled, some straight with great dragons' heads at each end—and the blue lakes, with the beautiful marble bridges which looked more than ever like silver lines against the lapis lazuli of the water. The yellow-tiled wall with the drum towers stood out massively against the sky, while beyond lay the grey roofs of the city.

The interior of this palace was disappointing, for much of it was modern—the paint fresh in places. Especially was this the case with the two reception halls of the late Empress Dowager. Each hall had a throne with peacock fans on either side, with huge *cloisonné* urns for incense, and around the walls were pictures by the Empress's own hand, and large cabinets of teakwood with doors of Bohemian glass. Again there were hundreds of clocks, all of them garish, like everything else in the two halls, and quite of a piece with the new European chandeliers of red, white and blue glass.

There was court after court surrounded by the apartments of the Empress and her ladies-in-waiting. We were told that as Her Majesty was afraid of being murdered, she would not sleep two nights in the same room. Except for the two chosen ladies who had to sit up and watch beside her bed, none of her attendants knew which suite she would use. I believe these apartments have not been opened since her death.

(To be concluded)

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

GENEVIEVE AND ALEXANDRA

GENEVIEVE

DON'T look at me so much as if to-day
Were the last day on earth for both of us!

ALEXANDRA

Now for the love of heaven, dear Genevieve,
And for your love of me, and I'm your sister,
Say why it is that since I found this house
That all-mysterious little tongue of yours,
Which God gave you to talk with and so tell
Bewildered sisters and impatient friends
Whatever 'tis that ails you, tells me nothing.
You sent for me as if the world were dying
All round you, quite as mice do that are poisoned,
And here I am; and I'll be dying soon,
Of common ordinary desperation,
Unless you tell me more now in an hour
Than you have had me guessing in a fortnight.

GENEVIEVE

Dear child, have you no eyes?

ALEXANDRA

Two, Genevieve;

But they were never sharp enough to find
A way to make the man who married you
See more in me than in six hundred others.
I would have given half my fingers then
To make him look at me as if he saw me;
But it was you he saw, and you seemed frightened.
I wish the creature might have cared enough

"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Binner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davidson Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.

To frighten me! But I was just a thing
With skirts and arms and legs and ears and hair,
Like all of us he saw—till he saw you.
You know it, and I say it. That's all over.

GENEVIEVE

My God, there's no beginning to some things,
Or I could speak. For two weeks I have waited
For you to make it easy to be hard;
And yet you tell me now that you have eyes!
Did you have eyes last night?

ALEXANDRA

I thought so.

GENEVIEVE

Yes?

ALEXANDRA

You are coming then to something, after all;
And that's a boon. But all you say, my dear,
Is not quite all you mean. You don't mean Her?

GENEVIEVE

I counted on you to find words where I
Find silence. Was that too ridiculous?

ALEXANDRA

You counted on my old unpleasant way
Of saying out what you find odious?
I understand, and I'll be generous.
I'm old enough, the good Lord knows, who gave me
A feature less than what I might have used
Of beauty, and you more than you can use;
Or so it seems. The good Lord's ways are past
Our delving, and we've each a book to read—
A book that has a leaf we'll not lay open
Till Time's old skinny finger does it for us.
It's all a game, and one Time plays with women
Who cannot meet the Lord half way. That's you,
My angel. There'll be something done about it;
Or there'll be waiting till Time wins again,
And then 'twill all be groaning, and too late.
For Time has had an eye on even you,
These years together. Don't forget old sayings,
For they are true and they have not much mercy.

GENEVIEVE

And what's this you are saying of old sayings?
It's not the old I want now, but the new.
I've had enough that's old. I've had enough—
Day after day of it. Do I look old?

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ALEXANDRA

Not yet; you needn't fret. But even at that,
There's time enough to tear the calendar
When days are dead.

GENEVIEVE

She's older than I am.

ALEXANDRA

She knows, my dear.

GENEVIEVE

She knows it, and he knows it!

ALEXANDRA

But that's not all she knows, nor all he knows.

GENEVIEVE

What are you saying now? What do you mean?

ALEXANDRA

I'm saying something new. Lord save us all;
I'm saying something new. You cried aloud
For me to do it, and you only ask,
"What are you saying now!" I'm saying this:
I'm saying there are men to take your gift
Of pride and ice and fear of being human,
And, having it, be happy all their days;
I'm saying also that the man you married
Is not a cave-man, or a cannibal
Who means to eat you pretty soon,—although
An alabaster shrine with now and then
A taper burning low, or going out,
Is not what he calls home or good religion.
He calls it something else, and something worse.
I'm sorry, but he does.

GENEVIEVE

And you defend him.

ALEXANDRA

Defence and understanding, as I know them,
Are not of a necessity the same.

GENEVIEVE

How do you know so much?

ALEXANDRA

I don't know much;
I know a little. I wish you knew a little.

GENEVIEVE

I wish you knew a little more.

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ALEXANDRA

You're crying!

GENEVIEVE

Well, if I am, what of it? I am not
The only woman who has ever cried.
I'm not the only woman, I dare say,
Who's in a cage, beating on iron bars
That even other women cannot see.

ALEXANDRA

Surely I see them—with a difference.

GENEVIEVE

How good of you to see them!

ALEXANDRA

Say no more,
My dear, until you are yourself again.
You tell of cages and of iron bars,
And there are bars, I grant you: bars enough,
But they are not of iron. Do you think
Because a man—a rather furry man
Who likes a woman with a dash of Eve
To liven her insensible perfection—
Looks now and then the other way, that you
Are cribbed in iron for the blessed length
Of all your silly days? Why don't you like
To see, with your magnificent sad eyes,
How much, and yet how little, you may do
To send that other one to Jericho,
Or some place else? I wish I had your face!
If so, you might be free now, as I am;
Free as a bird, and one without a cage.
O Lord, so free, so free! Some day or other,
When I'm at home, I'm going to throw a brick
At that superb tall monstrous Ching-Chang vase
In the front room, which everyone admires.
There'll be a noise, and that will make a change,
If nothing else. You made a change; and all
You get of it's a reason to be jealous.
Lord love us, you'll be jealous next of me,
Because your condescending spouse made out
Somehow to scratch my cheek with his hard whiskers,
To honour my arrival. He might as well
Have done it with a broom, and I've a guess
Would rather.

GENEVIEVE

I can only say again,
I wish you knew a little more.

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ALEXANDRA

I wish

You fancied not so much.

GENEVIEVE

Oh, is it fancy?

ALEXANDRA

Whatever it is, you've made it what it is.
 I know the man; he wants his house to live in.
 He's not the kind who makes another man's
 Romance a nightmare for the humour of it;
 He's not one to go leering everywhere
 As if he were a spider with an income;
 He's what he is; and you that have him so,
 I see, are in the best of ways to lose him.
 But who am I, to talk of him? You made me,
 And you'll remember that. Now that's all over.

GENEVIEVE

You pat me as you would a little dog.

ALEXANDRA

Bow-wow!

GENEVIEVE

I wish you knew a little more.

ALEXANDRA

My darling, you have honoured me three times
 By wishing that identical sweet wish;
 And if in all agreement with your text
 I say as much myself and say it louder,
 You'll treasure to my credit, when I'm dead,
 One faint remembrance of humility.
 Although I don't think you are listening,
 I'm saying I'm an insect. Do you hear me?
 Lord, what a sigh!

GENEVIEVE

I hear you. Yes, I hear you.

And what you seem to say so easily
 May be the end of wisdom, possibly.
 And I may change. I don't believe it much,
 But I may change a little. I don't know.
 It may be now that I don't care enough
 To change. It may be that the few lights left
 Around the shrine, as you say, may go out
 Without my tending them or seeing them.
 It seems a jealous love is not enough
 To bring at once to light, as I have seen it,
 The farthest hidden of all mockeries

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That home can hold and hide—until it comes.
Well, it has come. Oh, never mind me now!
Our tears are cheap, and men see few of them.
He doesn't know that I know.

ALEXANDRA

Genevieve!

Say something, if you only say you hate me.
What have I done? Have I done anything?
It isn't what I said? I knew it wasn't.
Poor child, I cannot ask if you are right,
Or say that you are wrong, until I know
The growing of all this. Whatever word
You tell me now, although you find it hard—
And life has nothing harder than small words
That may not say themselves and be forgotten—
May prove at last, or soon, or even to-day,
The one beginning of deliverance.
No more, then. I'll not sting you for an answer.
Indeed, I may be wrong; and it may be
That you are not my sister any more.

GENEVIEVE

The farthest hidden things are still, my dear.
They make no noise; and we, in our poor turn,
Say less of them than of the common spite
We nourish for the friend who loves too much.
They come from where they live, like slender snakes,
And strike us in the dark; and then we suffer.
And you, my sister, of all women living,
Have made me know the truth of what I'm saying;
And you, as I'm a fool, know nothing more
Than what I've hardly said. Thank God for that.

ALEXANDRA

Why mock yourself with more unhappy names
Than sorrow shares with reason? Why defeat
The one safe impulse and the one sure need
That now are on their way to lay forever
The last of all the bogeys you have seen
Somewhere in awful corners that are dark
Because you make them so and keep them so?
You like the dark, maybe. I don't. I hate it.
Now tell me what it is you've hardly said;
For I assure you that you've hardly said it.

GENEVIEVE

You make a jest of love, and all it means.
I can bear that. The world has always done it,
The world has always borne it. Many men
And women have made laughter out of those
Who might as well have been in hell as here,

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Alive and listening. When love can hold
Its own with change, no more, 'twere better then
For love to die. Indeed, there might be then,
If that were all, an easy death for love;
If not, then for the woman.

ALEXANDRA

If that were all?
You speak now as if that were not enough.

GENEVIEVE

It seems it isn't. There's another corner;
And in that corner there's another ghost.

ALEXANDRA

What have I done? Have I done anything?

GENEVIEVE

Yes, you have made me see how poor I am;
How futile, and how far away I am
From what his hungry love and hungry mind
Thought I was giving when I gave myself.

ALEXANDRA

But when his eyes are on you, I can swear
That I see only kindness in his face.

GENEVIEVE

I'll send you home if you say that again.

ALEXANDRA

Be tranquil; I shall not say that again.
But tell me more about his hungry mind—
I understand the rest of it. Good Lord!
I never knew he had a hungry mind.

GENEVIEVE

He hasn't one when you are with him.

ALEXANDRA

What!

GENEVIEVE

I say he hasn't one when you are with him.
You feed him. You can talk of what he knows
And cares about. Six months have been enough
To make what little mind I ever had
A weariness too blank for his endurance.
He knows how little I shall ever know,—
He knows that in his measure I'm a fool;
And there is only—kindness in his face,
You tell me now. I'd rather be his dog.

ALEXANDRA

What in the name of ruin, dear Genevieve,
Do you think you are doing now with words?

GENEVIEVE

I'd rather be a byword in the city,
And let him have his harem and be happy;
I'd rather live in hovels and eat scraps,
And feed the pigs and all the wretched babies;
I'd rather steal my food or starve to death;
I'd rather cut my feet off and take poison;
I'd rather sit and skin myself alive
Than be a fool! I'd rather be a toad
Than live to see that—kindness in his face!

ALEXANDRA

Poor Genevieve, that wasn't you! Your nerves
Are talking, and they don't know what they're saying.
Don't think that you alone of womankind
Have had these little fancies.

GENEVIEVE

Oh, stop that!

WHY ALSACE-LORRAINE WANTS TO BE FRENCH

BY JULES BOIS

THE question of Alsace is a weighty one for the peace of the world, for the honour of the world. All recognise that the Lorraines are French, that they are German subjects only provisionally by act of the Treaty of Frankfort; but the question of the French nationality of Alsace is brought forward by our enemies, who seek thus to stir up public opinion on the subject. Reason, justice, facts, however, prove that Alsace has been French, has remained so under the Prussian heel, that she must be French and that to-morrow will see for her the dawn of her deliverance. It is, moreover, of vital importance that America should study and so support the only legal, legitimate, solution of the Alsatian problem: the return of Alsace to

France, because Alsace wants it, because France deserves it, because the whole civilised world—with America foremost—will judge it equitable and necessary.

If the Alsations have never forgotten, we on our side have always remembered. We have, it is true, preserved an official silence for more than forty years, a silence which was broken by only occasional, individual, voices unable to bear this oppression. But the French nation had to maintain this burdensome discretion, not only, as Gambetta said, to guard inviolate what remained to France, but more for love of Alsace, in order that, under the yoke, she might not be, because of our protests, more sorely martyred. We thus sought, also, not to trouble the world-peace, in order

that other peoples might never reproach us for the least overture, for having pronounced the lightest syllable to precipitate them into a frightful struggle. But to-day, when our age-long enemies have themselves imposed upon the universe the appeal to arms and to bloodshed, since the Old World and the New are by their crime shaken to their foundations, it is our right and our duty to speak; for silence would be no longer the part of wisdom and prudence, but of weakness and fear.

New York, the United States, holds a goodly number of Alsatians. Hunted by persecutions, they have come here to live and to work loyally under the protection of the American flag. These Alsatian emigrants are French, and the more French, I dare say, because they love and respect America, as the other Frenchmen love and respect her. But it grows more and more necessary that Americans should know the lot, the sufferings, the hopes, the demands of this little people from the borders of the Rhine who, like themselves, have made up their minds with all the pride and determination of which they are capable that they will dispose of their own destiny, and that no one shall tyrannise over them. The foundation of the American Constitution is that a government rests upon the consent of the governed. Children learn in school "Government by the consent of the governed." The Alsatians want only that they, too, may have their chosen government; and that is the government of France.

The return of Alsace-Lorraine will not be a conquest. It will be a free act of the Alsatians in order to become free again: it will be a *restitution* to France, a *liberation* for Alsace.

Geographically, Alsace is a long passageway going from the south to the north; bordering the Rhine, it forms an intrinsic portion of France, which has this great river as a natural boundary on the east.

Historically, France is of Celtic origin. So is Alsace. The Celtic origins

of Alsace were proven first by Cæsar in his "Commentaries." When, in the year 58 B.C., Cæsar triumphed over the Germanic leader, Ariovistus, in the region where, later on, Colmar arose, he had been summoned by the Sequani, a Gallic nation, occupying at that time the Franche-Comté, and the Upper-Alsace. Cæsar elsewhere tells us of the Mediomatrics, Celts who had occupied Lower Alsace, but had been driven out by the Triboques, German tribes—the Mediomatrics who were obliged to cross the Vosges, and who became the ancestors of the Messinians and the Lorraines. This information, furnished by Julius Cæsar, is corroborated by recent archæological excavations. There have been found in Alsace Gallic tombs containing arms and pottery absolutely resembling that of the Gauls, and differing altogether from the pottery of the Gallo-Romans. The Gauls then indisputably dwelt there before the Romans and the Germans. What do I say? Upon the opposite shore of the Rhine, there are the same indications, proving that here, too, the Gauls were the first inhabitants. *The Rhine is Celtic*, at its right and its left, first Celtic, then Frank. Geographically and historically, by race and by the soil, Alsace is French from the beginning of history. There the Teutons were never other than immigrants. Before the war these facts were recorded by German scholars.

One objection arises, or rather has been planted by the Pan-Germanists. The Alsatian has frequently a German name and the language of the ordinary people is generally German. Therefore, the Alsatian would be German! . . . To this we reply that these family names are relatively recent. Names change. Did not Mr. Lazare Weiler propose recently in the Chamber of Deputies, that Alsatian names be Gallicised, as they had formerly been Germanised? On the other hand, the Alsatians who speak German have quite their own dialect, full of French locutions. It is no more German than Provençal is Italian, than Basque is Spanish and than the

Flemish of the North of France is Dutch. Truly, it would be foolish and pedantic to dwell upon these insignificant details. It is not language, it is not even race which definitely establishes nationality. America, which speaks English, is American, not English. Like America, France is composed of different races which have mingled. We have in the North, the Flemings and the Normans; at the West are Bretons, Basques, Hispano-Iberians; at the centre, Auvergne is purely Celtic, as is Alsace for the greater part; the South is Latin and Greek with Provence; from Italian stock are Nice and Savoy. But all these peoples have wanted to be French—they have not been conquered, they have given themselves freely to make France their fatherland, a fatherland become united many centuries ago. Each one has his place in the French mentality, to which he brings an indispensable element. Alsace's contribution is particularly that of meditation, of solid reasoning, of immovable firmness, of practical and positive good sense, and also the spirit of repartee and of clear-seeing satire. Americans know better than anyone what makes nationality, determines fatherland. It is a common will and a common conscience, led by the same ideas to the same interests, having the same laws, the same customs, the same solidarity, grouping irresistibly about the same flag, particularly when that flag is threatened.

The will and the conscience of Alsace have never ceased to be French. Her national character is completely differentiated from the German. The German obeys automatically. The Alsatian is fundamentally independent. The German has never possessed a sense of humour. Alsatian humour, recalling Gallic wit, is celebrated. Alsatian stories witness to this, as well as the caricaturists, Hansi and Zislin. Ask, for example, of an Alsatian why he has preserved a German accent, even in speaking French. He will reply: "Our invaders have taken everything from us, the accent is the only thing they have

left us." Or again: "What is the difference between an accident and a calamity?" "If a Prussian soldier falls into the Rhine, it is an accident," explains the Alsatian, "but if he escapes, it is a calamity!"

Throughout the course of this war, the persecutions against Alsace have been beyond imagination. For an imprudent word, a woman of the people, ignorant and poor, was fined nine hundred marks. "But I can never pay such a sum as that!" she replied. The judge remarked that they would give her time; she could pay ten marks a month. Then the Alsatian granny began to count on her fingers, to see how much delay had been granted her. When she finished, she said, not without malice, "Then you hope to stay here such a long time!"

The anecdote of the silver mouse is well known. In an Alsatian village an invasion of mice was raging. To put an end to this, someone had the idea of offering to the church, as *ex-voto*, a silver mouse. A German traveller thought he would show his superiority by asking a peasant: "You believe that? How can a silver mouse have power to scatter a legion of living mice?" The cunning fellow replied, "Oh, certainly not, we don't believe that! For if we were persuaded of that, we should have made a Prussian in gold, and life size!"

The caricaturist, Hansi, was summoned before the High Court of Sessions at Leipsic under the accusation of high treason because of a satirical album of his drawings. It is reported that M. Clemenceau, upon hearing of his arrest, pointed out with his finger upon the cover of a copy of Hansi's book this *exergue*: "Ceux qui se souviennent" (Those who remember), and added: "No, never will they pardon those four words." There is, however, nothing provocative in these four words. They are innocent, natural, even reverent. But Germany had above all a grudge against the "Souvenir Français." She has already been vanquished in this struggle—vanquished by the chief

"Souvenir Français": Alsatian humour.

To return to where we left the citing of successive influences Alsace has received. Alsace profited by Gallo-Roman civilisation for four hundred and thirty-five years: from the year 58 B.C., the date of the victory of Cæsar, until the year 337 of our era, the time of the new invasion of the barbarians. Rome placed numerous military posts along the Rhine as far as the river's mouth, and under the name of *Argentoratum* was founded the city which later became Strasbourg. Christianity was brought there by the Franks. The legend of Saint Odile builds itself about this event. Saint Odile, who, in spite of the paganism and brutality of her surroundings, remains true to her God, to her ideal and vow, is indeed the patron saint of both ancient and modern Alsace. She possesses all the qualities of her country, the chief ones being patience, fidelity and faith, virtues which are forces, invincible in war as well as in peace.

During the period following, that is, the Middle Ages, Alsace accepted from France notions of chivalric love, and of the *gay savoir*. This courtesy, this grace, these high sentiments, the idea of honour which spread abroad our *chansons de geste* and our Gallic Cantabiles, penetrated the province and were received there with enthusiasm. At this time Gotfrit of Strasbourg, author of the Alsatian text of *Tristan and Yseult*, which served Wagner, later on, for his dramatic and musical masterpiece, received his inspiration, the subject and even the details from our minstrel, Thomas de Bretagne. Alsace made even then a part of "Douce France."

While belonging to the Germanic Confederation for many centuries, the free cities of Alsace proudly preserved their autonomy. It was only on September 30, 1681, that the town of Strasbourg gave itself to Louis XIV. Thus was achieved the assimilation of Alsace, begun a century before by the French kings. At this date a most significant medal was struck off,

bearing this inscription: "Clausula Germanis Gallia" (France closed to Germans!). Having to choose between the Holy Empire and our monarchy, Alsace chose the second, not without mature reflection. She had no reason for regret. The command of the Royal Government was "Touch not the things of Alsace." Under this régime, Alsace won unity and peace: she preserved her language, her customs, her religious and administrative liberty. In return, French civilisation penetrated more and more deeply by that force of assimilation, that educational power which emanates from our land. Involuntary propaganda, that! First the classic ideal, then the literature and philosophy of the Encyclopædists, afterward that quintessence of wit which the Salon of the eighteenth century represented, modelled the Rhenish province. Finally, as M. Georges Weil has noted, the principles of the Revolution ratified the definite union. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—this was already, long ago, the motto of Alsace.

So democratic and so republican was Alsace that she inspired in Rouget de Lisle our national hymn, which was an Alsatian hymn before it was called "La Marseillaise." This war song, which was adopted by the peoples and the castes aligning themselves against tyranny, was improvised one evening, words and music, at the salon of Mme. Dietrich, at Strasbourg, on April 25, 1792. It was in this family atmosphere, amid great enthusiasm, that those immortal strophes were conceived and perfected. In fact, if the two souls of Alsace and of France are in any way commingled, it is by the feeling that our country is the champion of national and of international justice.

Alsace loved Napoleon, admired him and followed him; she gave him Kléber, one of his great generals, the son of a mason, but a military genius. For the rest, the Alsatian has always been among the best of France's soldiers. To some who were ridiculing the Alsatian dialect, Napoleon replied: "Let them ex-

press themselves as they like. They attack in good French."

At the time of the bicentennial of her union with France, in October, 1848, Alsace asseverated by the mouth of one of her orators, "We are all French, and we declare solemnly our will to remain so, *always*." The Mayor of Mülhaus added: "This manifestation, essentially *popular*, will be for Germany, who lulls herself with such lying illusions about our sentiments of nationality, an unanswerable protest."

Even when France still owned Alsace, she had to protest against violations by her Teuton neighbour. The latter never forgave the Treaty of Westphalia. From the seventeenth century an unbridled propaganda accused Louis XIV of robbery and fraud. But, as you particularly here in America know, German propaganda has always failed to convince any except the propagandists themselves!

Might alone, assuming right, could snatch Alsace from France in 1871. We call to mind the protest, so eloquent and so simple, made by the deputies of Alsace and Lorraine before the National Assembly at Bordeaux: "Your brothers of Alsace and of Lorraine," they declared, "separated for the moment from the common family, will preserve for France, absent from their hearth, a filial affection until the day when she returns to take her place. The revindication of our rights rests forever open to each and to all."

Then began the great trial. Alsatians in vast numbers emigrated to France. In Alsace there settled down a constrained silence which Jacques Preiss called "the peace of the churchyard." However, with admirable energy, France reorganised her economic and military forces. Alsace hoped. . . . But, I repeat, we would not trouble the world-peace. After twenty years of patience and of memories, trampled upon by the victors, overrun by them, colonised by them, comprehending that she had been reduced, for resisting, to her own strength alone, Alsace took a stoi-

cal resolution. She tried to adapt herself to circumstances, to hold up her head, to live while defending herself peaceably by revindication and by toil. But the Pan-Germanist monster would allow not the slightest compromise, but treated the Alsatian as an inferior race.

Alsace had been a boulevard between Germany and France, when she belonged to us. German professors were well received at the University of Strasbourg. The Rhine province believed its mission to accord, to enrich with their different contributions, German culture and French civilisation. And France accepted this exchange. I have said that she encouraged Alsace. Under German rule, however, the fair dream, fanciful but so human, of conciliation between the two races, was crushed. Alsace became a fortress, a "glacis" against France. There our language was exterminated, the population was spied upon, terrified. The Saverne incident was the result of these hideous methods. A Prussian sub-lieutenant wished to compel Alsatian soldiers to spit upon the French flag and he insulted them with the infamous epithet, *voyou*.

From that moment Alsace comprehended that there could be no compromise between a free people and a nation which understands liberty neither for herself nor for others. The Alsatian state of mind changed. She had been "awakened" by France and for the centuries as M. Edouard Schuré has written: for France and for Europe, that were torpid with the pacifist's dream, Alsace became an untiring monitor. "There is no question of Alsace," declared Professor Delbrück in Berlin. M. Dumont-Wilden, a Belgian, replied with reason: "If this question does not exist for you, it exists for everyone else. Alsace is the *neuropathic point* of Europe."

No one would believe me if I were to tell all the truth concerning the persecutions inveighed against this unhappy province since the great war started in 1914. For the merest trifles more than three thousand years of prison terms

have been imposed upon one population which had not even revolted. A calculation of those shot and deported is impossible. The Germans pillage, ravage, burn everything. They say themselves: "Here we are in the enemy's country." It is a rule of terror. People go out only when it is obligatory. One must beware even of one's servants. A gesture, a word, a dust-cloth shaken from a window, have caused certain persons to be condemned to death.

Everyone should read in the collection of the *Courrier des Etats-Unis*, the documents obtained from correspondence which was not intercepted. The zealous president of the society called Les Amis de l'Alsace-Lorraine in New York, M. Clément Rueff, is inundated by this gruesome correspondence which rouses the indignation of all who are made aware of it. There is not an Alsatian living in the United States who has not experienced some torment, some loss inflicted upon his family, left behind. You know the words of William II: "If I have to return Alsace to France, I shall return it *bald*." The sublime response of a Strasbourg man is not well enough known. When questioned what he would do if this should happen, he replied: "Then we would say, 'Let Alsace perish, but long live France!'" Happily, neither Providence nor our arms will allow such an outrage to be inflicted upon civilisation. Alsace, hearing the canon roar in the Vosges, is certain now of her near deliverance and of her splendid future.

The supreme argument, which I have kept for the last, perhaps because it is the most striking if not the best, is that Alsace wants to be French because she

prospered in France and *never in Germany*. For Germany, Alsace is merely a territorial aggrandisement, a cruel satisfaction of *amour-propre* and conquest. During nearly half a century of occupation, Germany neither knew nor could know how to profit by Alsace. No writer of note, no statesman, no man of military genius has risen out of Alsace for Germany. Alsace has, on the contrary, always succeeded in France. After annexation she gave to France, of her own free will, brave soldiers, eminent thinkers, "captains of industry," remarkable politicians. The first voice raised in France in favour of Dreyfus was the voice of an Alsatian, M. Scheurer-Kestner. At the moment when war was declared ten thousand young men crossed the frontier to join the French army. And what a reception did France accord to the Abbé Wetterlé, to Hansi, to Laugel, to Blumenthal, to Helmer, to Canon Colin, to Georges Weil, the deputy, and to so many others!

Without Alsace, not only French territory but the French mind would be mutilated. On the other hand, since the Germanic annexation Alsace has bowed under the yoke, suffers, loses her energies through internal struggle, in becoming, though by German immigration, a Germanic colony. She will be Alsace again only when she takes her place of honour in the French Republic. As said a soldier, "The reoccupation of Alsace by the French, is not a military expedition; it is a Crusade of Faith!"

I think I have said enough to make Americans, a generous and just people, realise that Alsatians are not Germans, that they want to be French, that they are French.

THE CHURCH AND THE NEW DEMOCRACY: A PARADOX

SOME THOUGHTS IN SEASON

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK
(Countess of Warwick)

THE years have brought many changes, anxieties, responsibilities. My sons are fighting for the country, relatives and friends have fallen in the fight and if I look, as I try to, beyond the circle of my immediate personal interests I see confusion everywhere. The world is out of joint. Liberty, the object of our pursuit abroad, is denied to us at home, corruption takes a thousand forms and reaction a hundred disguises. All the tasks at which one has laboured for the social good, in face of opposition that after appearing endless was at last beginning to show signs of weakness, are at the point of collapse, while the physical effort that war work involves renders exhaustion complete. There is always the underlying consciousness that things will mend, that half the external darkness is the reflection of moods born of worry and anxiety, but the need for some haven of refuge is greater than it has ever been. I have turned to the Church and turned in vain. A churchgoer all through the seasons when only a still small voice summoned me, now that the call for what religion should afford has "waxed exceeding loud," I find that the Church has nothing to offer.

I do not claim to be right, but my judgment is my only guide and it tells me that the Church in all its forms should have stood outside and above war. If the devil had his admitted advocates and there were houses of worship to which those people might go who believe that in the long run, Evil and not Good rules the world, I should expect to hear that the devil's advo-

cates were preaching regularly in praise of war and in honour of armaments. I should expect them to extol legalised murder in all its vile forms and even to plead for an extension of the area of madness, infamy and revenge. But when I go to church and hear ministers, duly ordained servants of the Man of Peace, delivering the same kind of message, I know at least that church is not for me. I am not entering into the vexed question of the ethics of the struggle that convulses and disgraces Europe, my sole contention in this instance is that the Church is not, must not be, a party to the strife. Combatants and non-combatants of whatever race or creed may well look to the ministers of their religion to stand outside and above the area of destruction and to remember that, whatever the vices and follies of rulers that have made war possible, it was not for mutual destruction that men were created. We do not know much of the Divine intent but there is in all of us something that grants this brief assurance. Even a sane king will admit that war is a crime against the world. He may even go so far as to condone it, but the Church may not. A king is not the moral mouthpiece of a nation, but the humblest priest is. We have sacrificed much for war, I doubt whether woman in all her long career as the toy or chattel of man has ever been called upon to pay an equal penalty, but I hold it is the failure of the churches that has demanded the last bitter sacrifice and involved us in the loss of the proper consolation of religion. If I had been a

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man and had taken service in the one army that even the anti-militarist may freely enlist in, the army of the Galilean, I think I could have found endless material for sermons just now. I should certainly have had something to say about the development of the natural brotherhood of man, of the artificial boundaries of states and the evils arising therefrom, of the evils of kingdoms and autocracies and of the truth that no man is born with hatred of other men in his heart and that every one of us is a pilgrim along a road that leads from the darkness whence we come to the unknown whither we travel, so that we should comfort one another on the journey and lighten rather than increase its burden.

I should have pointed out that love is the mainspring of peace and that if we would seek it we must learn to love and to forget our hatreds. I should have insisted upon our personal responsibility and pointed out how one man or woman who radiates love even in the humblest circle is doing Christ's work and is more fitted for the Kingdom of Heaven than the most gifted statesman who to enlarge his master's boundaries seeks to promote strife. I think the Sermon on the Mount would be almost as often upon my lips as in my thoughts, and if I spoke of the war at all it would be to show it as the price we have paid for autocracy, capitalism, greed and the lack of thought for others. I would endeavour to teach my people that they have the remedy within their grasp and that they may hope to grasp it only when every man and woman has realised his individual responsibility toward life.

I should not expect to achieve any startling results from my simple discourses; but suppose for a moment that every place of worship within the zones of war were delivering a similar message, that from church or tabernacle, chapel and cathedral, mosque and synagogue the same vital truths were issuing. How long then would the religion of hate prevail over the religion of love?

How long would the non-combatants remain unprepared for peace, unready for brotherly love, unwilling to turn to their plowshares and sickles in place of their swords and spears? It seems to me that sick Europe cries aloud for a physician and that those who are appointed to minister to a mind diseased are deliberately encouraging the patient's hallucinations. I am not thinking or writing exclusively of my own country, my view embraces every kingdom that strife has marred or is marring. I should not preach peace though I would pray for it. I should not take sides for I accept the certain truth that every man believes in his heart that his rulers were forced into war against their will and are fighting for some cause not alien to morality and justice. Knowing this and realising that, unless Satan holds the world in fee, all the combatants cannot be in the right, I would take refuge in the eternal verities, in the religion of love and the theory of individual responsibility. And even though such efforts, multiplied throughout the length and breadth of Europe, did not avail to establish peace a day earlier than it will come now, I should know at least that peace would find a world more ready to receive it, a world conscious of sin, error and heavy punishment, a world in which the victor would be no less humble than the vanquished and equally eager by dint of self-sacrifice and good-will to do what may be done to heal the wounds of war. In the East, where the world consciousness of God was born, where the followers of the ancient religions coeval with primitive Judaism and long antecedent to Christianity look on in disgust, our world war has filled the devout with amazement. The Hindu, the Buddhist and the followers of lesser known creeds have come forward and rebuked us, pointing out that the great philosophers and saints of whom we know all too little so trained their people that love and not hate rules their lives until the end. We stand rebuked by those who, we thought, knew less than we do,

to whom we said in all confidence that the revelations had been incomplete.

My thoughts travel as I write to the last occasion on which I entered church. The vicar, an educated, travelled and honourable man, who labours faithfully according to the mixture of prejudices, prepossessions and conventions that are as a lamp to his feet, preached what I would term a raucous sermon. He praised war as a holy mission. He told the childless parents and the stricken widows that they had done gloriously in giving their best beloved as a sacrifice to the Lord. There was no pity in his voice, only triumph. I remembered a passage: is it in Isaiah in which that stern prophet declares that God does not require burnt offerings or the blood of innocent animals, for His and His alone are the cattle on a thousand hills? A contrite spirit is more than sacrifice. Had the vicar forgotten? Apparently he had. Quite enthusiastically he demanded further sacrifices. Had everybody gone? Was it not possible to find another man or two? Were the eighteen-year-old lads getting ready for service? Was every available penny given to the countless parochial funds that have steadily, regularly, mercilessly impoverished the widow and the fatherless throughout the winter? Here at least was no uncertain voice. Let us arise and kill all our enemies, let us rejoice in the cost, let us repay. And across the words that seemed to jar me from head to foot there came to me another phrase that the good man had utterly forgotten—"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." It was utterly horrible, the peaceful village church with its gathering of working men and women and the little children who listened as though bewildered. Yes, the garb was the garb of the servant of Christ and the voice was the voice of the recruiting sergeant. I knew that the doors of the church would close for me with the Benediction.

On all sides I hear the same protest. Other women weighed down by sorrows that I share in no small measure

told me the same story of ministers of Christ who have entirely missed the supreme needs of the hour, who have chosen to be what they call patriotic rather than ministers of God. It has been left to the nonconformists, as far as I can understand, to see the light through the darkness, to grasp the truth and spread it. They have nowhere been unpatriotic, but they have understood better than the Established Church that their business is not with patriotism but with religion. They have found a hungry people and have given them food, a sorrowful people and have consoled them. Doubtless there are priests in large numbers within the fold of the Establishment who have remembered the sacred character of their mission and its innate unworldliness, but it can hardly be possible that I and so many of my friends who have sought for a measure of peace in religion should have failed so utterly to find it if the right sort of minister had been in the majority.

While panic and retrogression were limited to the governing classes it was bad enough; if the Church fails us completely in the time of bitter need, what is left to look for? I ask myself whether the national character is changing and am consoled by hearing that I am not the only absentee from the church, in which all my sense of what is right and decorous and devout was outraged. There were others who have found no spiritual nourishment in the call for vengeance, blood and sacrifice. Without protest they, too, have crept silently away to find what they may of religion in the depths of their own hearts. It is a sign, or so I take it, that the spirit of the people is alive, that love is still more potent than hatred, and that the rank and file of us throughout the country are sound at heart and will not welcome or applaud any war that is not directed against the abuses that mar and restrict the proper fulness of our daily lives. We regard strife as an evil thing, world war as madness, and in so doing we do but anticipate the judgment of those who will in the end admit

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we travelled a little in advance of them. But even though we be militarists, convinced that it is good for every man to be a soldier and all civilisation an armed camp for all time, it is yet permissible to declare that we do not wish our ministers of religion to depart from their appointed way. Theirs is to act as effectively as they may in testifying to the work of the spirit, to fashion, stimulate and direct the better side of our lives. We need them at all times, in some fashion and to some extent they should influence us all. Deliberately we arrange that war should pass them by: if they go to the army or navy it is as witnesses of God, not as combatants. It is intolerable to us that they should fight in purely mundane causes. Surely if any priest while serving in the ranks vowed to the Man of Peace feels so deeply stirred by his country's cause that it seems of higher import to him than his own great calling, he has the remedy in his own hands. He can resign from the Army of God and substitute khaki for broadcloth. We can respect the soldier, we can honour the minister who serves in the glorious ranks of army and navy chaplains, but the man who seeks to kill the enemies of his country with his mouth, who is more bloodthirsty than the soldier to whom death and wounds are a part of daily life, does not help his country—I believe he injures it. The bloodthirsty civilian has no place in the scheme of things until the army cannot accept one more recruit.

Ministers of religion, even though they know it not, are on their trial just now and in the near future a verdict will be given by those to whom they minister. In the memory of the living there has been no graver need for their services, never has the world held so many wounds that defy physical healing. It is a tragedy that with the vast increase of our spiritual needs there should be this sudden failure of spiritual solace, and the danger to the Established Church is a very real one. There are tens of thousands who even in the

days of peace were profoundly dissatisfied with the seeming inability of the Church to keep pace with life. They recognised its complete failure to anticipate progress but they remained faithful to the Establishment partly perhaps on account of the convention or intellectual indolence but not a little in the belief that the Church could and would rise to the height of any supreme national crisis. How do these people stand to-day, where will they stand after the war? There is another class, the people who supported the Church because it went hand in hand with the State, who had never realised its vital function because they had never realised any of the facts of life. It looked to the Church to baptise its babies, marry its sons and daughters and bury its dead. Perhaps for the first time this class has been stirred to its depths, for war is no respecter of persons. The veneers of life have been torn away throughout all the social strata, we are face to face with the raw material. Will even those who asked no more of Church than the performance of certain stereotyped duties, the repetition of fixed and unalterable phrases remain content? They are the class that rents pews and supports bazaars and is good to Lazarus as long as he covers his sores and touches his hat, if misfortune should have left him one, while fully convinced that he had his appointed place in the scheme of things. Essentially a class with no comprehension of war, they have been engulfed with the rest. Will they regard the failure of the Church with equanimity or, just as our enemies believe that a German God ugly and implacable is fighting for them, do they believe that a Divinity equally repellent is on their side? I can only ask the question. The answer is beyond me, but I cannot point to the thinking, responsible classes of the community that will be able to say when war is over, "the Church of England was a present help in our time of trouble."

One by one the material forces on which we placed reliance have failed us.

The fabric of commerce interwoven from China to Peru, from London to Vladivostock fell to pieces in a day, cosmopolitan finance made no sign, Internationalism was powerless, the working men of the world, who make the money that builds the arsenals and the guns the arsenals produce, were swept asunder each into his own particular camp. Kings and ambassadors, ministers and men of affairs were as chaff in the wind and Europe plunged down a steep hill even as the swine did at Gadara and for much the same cause. We passed through a time when women could no longer turn to husbands or sons for comfort. That was the supreme moment when the Church should have revealed itself, a light in our darkness, a comfort in our distress. It should have pointed to the Power that stands so high above kings and strife and yet within reach of the poorest of those who suffer from both or either. And I hear on every side that the Church has not understood or at least has not fulfilled its primary function. It would almost seem that many churchmen have left the Bible and sought guidance in the worst examples of the daily press, that they have been fearful lest they might be deemed unpatriotic if they did their duty, as though their particular beliefs and inclinations concerned their congregations. I would not suggest that we in this country have monopolised failure. It seems to be widespread not only in other countries but among the followers of other faiths, though it is not possible to speak of this without precise knowledge, and this unfortunately is lacking.

I confess frankly that I believed in the present power of the working classes to stop war and was bitterly disappointed, but I was still more distressed when the churches of whatever denomination failed either to protest or to endeavour to calm the passions that war excites. Roman Catholics have complained to me as bitterly of the attitude of the Pope as Anglicans have complained of the bishops who, with a very

few notable exceptions, have murmured platitudes or remained mute. The few men in conspicuous places who have done their duty cannot leaven the vast mass that has deliberately taken sides and brought the atmosphere of the recruiting meeting into the pulpit. I think that in England nonconformity has proved the safety-valve and that the Church of England will be in the future, far more than in the immediate past, the asylum of a steadily dwindling minority. Yet, guided by powerful intellects and a high spiritual purpose, what might it not have done to make the present more bearable and the future more hopeful? I do not ask for peace propaganda; that would have been as far outside the priest's province as his present glorification of war and revenge. I ask for the spiritual lessons of the war and particularly for some prevision of the conditions to come.

Every student of life knows that this war will provoke movements that are in their essence revolutionary, that the whole social outlook must be changed, that the entrance of women into the conduct of affairs is well-nigh inevitable and that the working classes, whose sufferings and labours have in nowise been recompensed by the high wages paid to a minority, are going in the near future to assert themselves and claim their rights. Surely the pulpit might have been turned to advantage in preparing the minds of the people for the great changes in store. Surely it should have emphasised and developed faith in the brotherhood in man, for pointing out that war is one of the terrible forfeits we pay for, blunting the fine edge of public opinion and degrading the public sense of right and wrong. I do not find, though I have made patient inquiry, that the Church has concerned itself with these matters. It leaves them to the few publicists who can say what is in their minds without incurring the blind wrath of the censor. As an instrument for social regeneration the Church simply does not exist. The powers that belong to it of right have

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been abandoned, the clergy do not lead the people, they are content to follow them.

That the failure of the Church will react upon the state, to which it is so closely allied, appears to me to be a self-evident proposition. The state has been weakened by the suppression of the national liberties in a fashion and to an extent that would have appeared impossible three years ago even to the old-time Tory. The Church, never very strong in the life of the present generation, appears to lack the courage needed to do more than express the views of the ruling powers on matters with which Churchmen, as Christians, have no proper concern. Our ultimate success in the hideous strife that now engages us may mitigate the resentment felt toward the state; it cannot, I think, help the position of the Church, for the unhealed wounds of the spirit will be sore long after all curable bodily ailments have been set right. In the season of change that is upon us, men will not look to the Church for guidance; they will, for the most part, act as though it had no place in the national life.

I am not going to suggest that the Church seemed destined even before the war to play a big part in social changes, already long overdue—my point is that

the war offered this opportunity, among many others, to the Church and, had it been a living body, active, virile, keen to do its work, such an opportunity would have been grasped eagerly. But at the moment when the spirit of mankind was chastened, when humility had taken the place of pride and there was an active quest for the haven of spiritual repose, the Church had nothing to offer. Its bankruptcy, long suspected, was tacitly avowed. Those who went empty returned as they came. Healing there was none, foresight there was none, outlook there was none.

I do not claim to write as an expert on these matters, but merely as a person of average intelligence and capacity who has searched and has not found, who has inquired of other and still more earnest searchers only to find that they, too, have been baffled in their quest. After all, it is not the few lofty intelligences that count in this country. The great, silent body of the people makes and unmakes laws and fixes the bounds beyond which its rulers may not trespass. As a member of this body I have thought out the case and have presented it without passion or rancour in the light that it has been shown to me. My one sense of active grievance is that I was a churchgoer and that whatever my present needs I cannot go to church.

RUSSIA RESURGENT

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I. "HIS TRUTH IS MARCHING ON"

EVERY day is adding new details to the august vision of a great nation shaking off its age-old fetters, a vision which has in late weeks blazed up before the eyes of the startled world. Under the magic brush of an invisible master the glorious picture of resurgent Russia is rapidly emerging out of confusion. Whatever may be the final outcome of the revolution, it is now certain that the old Russian régime, this apocalyptic beast of modern history, was and is not, and that the dazzling wings of true Russia have finally broken the chrysalis of a Byzantine-Pomeranian state-apparatus. Surely, a generation to which it has been given to witness this great wonder is not without merits.

These last years have been to numberless hearts one sunless, cruel winter. To use an expression which Heine applied to the French Revolution of 1830, the news of Russian freedom came like "sun-rays wrapt up in printed paper." It has brought to the world a new hope and a new promise. The vintage of wrath is not as yet trampled out and the world still lies in darkness, but what happened in Russia in the last few weeks makes us vaguely feel that the dawn is roaming just below the sky-line. The Russian events have added immense assurance to the hope that the providential purpose of this world war is to purge mankind of the impurities and poisons which have accumulated in both its flesh and spirit. And is it not heartening to think that the hands of those rulers who are guilty of precipitating this war, will, in all probability, not sign the peace treaty?

II. THE NINTH WAVE

The inside story of the recent Russian revolution has not as yet been fully

revealed to the world, and no small part of its inner mechanism is still shut from view. The intimate connection between the present war and the overthrow of the old régime in Russia is, of course, beyond doubt. The trials of defeat wrought deep changes in the spirit of both the people in the rear and the army at the front, and it is this new psychology that found its expression in the wonderful events of the historical week of last March, which henceforward will forever be sacred to all mankind. It may be said, therefore, that it is the world war that furnished the fulcrum of the lever which has overturned the most infamous of historical tyrannies. In this connection it will be remembered that the two main reform periods in modern Russian history, that of the sixties of the past century and that of the years 1904-6, came in the wake of disastrous and humiliating wars, which laid bare all the rottenness of the irresponsible bureaucratic rule.

The effects of the war alone cannot, however, account for the revolution, no more than the food shortage which was the immediate cause of the uprising in Petrograd, or the discovery that the governmental camarilla was working against the nation's cause. The wrath of the people, excited by the crimes of the Sturmers, Protopopovs and the rest of Rasputin's creatures, was to be the ninth wave, the fateful wave before which the ancient stronghold of darkness and iniquity crumbled into dust. But other waves went before the last, decisive roller, and although they knew no victory it is their seemingly vain onrush that made possible the final triumph. It must not be forgotten that the crimson thread of a movement for political and social democracy runs throughout the history of Russia in the

nineteenth century, not to speak of later years. Revolution is *the* Russian idea, the inner atmosphere of the Russian soul, the living nerve of its mysticism. It assumed the forms, now of opposition within the law, now of a free protest; at times it manifested itself as a religious movement among simple folk; it permeated the literature and tinged the speculations of philosophers. Its roots plunged into the very subsoil of the Russian soul, with its passion for social justice and its deep yearning for the new Jerusalem of mystic visions.

Ever since the middle of the sixties a revolutionary propaganda for an armed uprising has been going on in Russia. Until the nineties the movement was confined to groups of youths who belonged to that glorious race of fanatics of the ideal, without which our earth would be but an unhallowed place indeed. With the industrialisation of the country, the factory population of the large cities became the main revolutionary force. At the same time the movement was gaining ground also in the rural districts, so that when, in 1905, the proletariat struck for political freedom the peasants arose for "Land and Freedom," and this old battle-cry of the Russian Revolution resounded throughout the country. The insurrection was crushed, but not its spirit, and in the summer of 1914 the country was again astir with discontent. The Liberals were openly expressing their dissatisfaction with the Government, and barricades rose again on the streets of Petrograd. The war suddenly turned the minds of the public away from the revolution, which in the opinion of Alexander J. Guchkov, at present Minister of War and Navy, was inevitable.

The fall of Russian autocracy is thus the crowning of the valiant efforts of several generations, a happy end of a long tale of desperate strife, devotion even unto death, and martyrdom. The triumph of freedom in Russia once more testifies to the truth that the blood of martyrs is an indestructible seed.

III. JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS

The extent to which free Russia is indebted to the Revolution of 1905-6 is aptly illustrated by the fact that the Duma itself is the main palpable achievement of those tragic years. Radical Russia had no enthusiasm for this institution. A creation largely of Count Witte, the "Liberal Broker" of the Government, it was so ruthlessly curtailed in 1907, when the bureaucracy was recovering its spirit, that it became a mere decorative detail in the ensemble of Stolypin's "Constitutionalism." Yet in spite of all its functional limitations and in spite of the *sans-façons* with which the Government treated it, the Imperial Duma was a great asset to the cause of emancipation. Indeed, this makeshift of a legislative body represented the country, at least in principle, and it was evident that in the hour of crisis it might become a mighty tool in the hands of the people. The recent events did bring out all the potentialities of this political body which the autocracy had reduced to complete helplessness.

And, at that, the part the Duma played in the recent events is rather surprising. Elected like its predecessor, the third Duma, on the basis of the law of June 3, 1907, which gave the majority of vote to landowners and large capitalists, the political body was on the eve of the war swayed by extreme conservatives and rabid reactionaries. Its behaviour seemed to justify the saying of Premier Kokovtzev—who succeeded Stolypin in 1911: "Thank goodness, we have no parliament." A prominent member of the Constitutional-Democratic Party, when asked what were his wishes for the Duma, answered: "To perish with honour, rather than drag on a fruitless existence." But the Duma did not perish, it was destined to become the midwife of the new-born democracy in Russia.

For the majority of the Duma deputies, as well as for many other conservatives, this war has been a journey to Damascus. On the outbreak of the hostilities the Duma voted a resolution of

confidence in the Government. A year passed, during which the conflagration of the war lit up all the corruption of the bureaucracy, and when the Duma, after a long interval, was convened on July 19, 1915, its temper was entirely changed. They frankly opposed the cabinet, on which they placed the responsibility for the Galician retreat as well as for a number of other crimes of inefficiency and corruption. Yielding to the insistent demands of the Duma and people, the Government made a stab at co-ordinating its efforts with those of the public forces. Before long, however, it changed its policy again, and ever since the end of 1915 it wavered and vacillated, swayed by the mysterious "saint" Rasputin and other "dark forces" which worked behind the curtain.

Meanwhile, the legislative body was gaining authority and asserting its will to control the destinies of the nation. The various political parties and social groups, including the extreme conservatives, were being welded together. Everybody was welcome, even those who came at the eleventh hour. On August 25, 1915, all the Duma parties, except the extreme Right and the extreme Left, formed a coalition known as the Progressive *bloc*. Most of the members of the Provisional Government and the revolutionary cabinet of ministers co-operated in this *bloc* for upward of a year. On its session of November 26, 1916, the State Council, which is a kind of upper chamber, lent its support to the demands of the Duma, namely, first, that the influence of the "dark, irresponsible forces" on the government be completely removed and, secondly, that an efficient cabinet be formed which would co-operate with the legislative bodies and enjoy the confidence of the people. Five days later the congress of United Nobility, the traditional stronghold of the autocracy, voted a similar resolution. It was becoming more and more obvious that the Government was betraying the nation's cause by working for a separate peace with Germany, and that the

country was heading straight for a disaster. Then Rasputin was assassinated by a group of aristocrats, but the bureaucracy did not heed this warning. All the means of parliamentary warfare were exhausted. The historic hour was drawing near. The workmen of Petrograd, aided by the students, rose against the Government, the army went over to the people, and the Duma became the headquarters of the revolution. The rest of the story is known.

IV. A SOCIAL REVOLUTION

The tragedy of Russian history of yesterday was the lack of solidarity between the various social classes which were arrayed in opposition to the old régime. Only once, namely in October, 1905, did all the elements of the nation succeed in uniting against the bureaucracy. But after a while the landowning and industrial classes, frightened by the excesses of the movement and its socialistic tendencies, betrayed the cause of political freedom. This circumstance, coupled with loyalty of the troops to the old order, accounts for the failure of the first Russian revolution. As far as it is possible to judge at the present moment it appears that the new-born democracy is not being threatened by internal dissensions, which might lead to civil war. Whether this is due to wise leadership or to the danger of a Teutonic invasion, the amount of friction among the different elements of the revolution has been so far very small. All Russia seems to be united in a determination to back up the programme of the Provisional Government, which is that of thoroughgoing democracy.

It is certain that the ferment of social revolution is now at work in Russia, just as it was a decade ago. The Socialistic doctrine, either in its pure Marxian form or mingled with home-made communism, strongly appeals to the Russian. The labour movement in Russia dates from the middle of the eighties, although the Russian Social-Democratic Workingmen's Party was founded only in 1898. A little later came into being

the party of Socialist-Revolutionists, which advocates the immediate socialisation of land. How strong the Socialists are there, may be seen from the fact that in the Second Duma seventeen per cent. of the House were professed Socialists and that a considerable portion of the Left (Labourites, and so forth), who made up about twenty per cent. of the deputies, were also Socialists. These results were obtained in spite of an electoral system which was highly undemocratic and which, furthermore, aimed at making it practically impossible for the workmen to elect a representative from their own midst. In addition, the elections were manipulated in every possible way by both senate and administration, so as to eliminate the undesirable candidates. It is not improbable, therefore, that the Russian Socialists may get the majority in a House elected by universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage. There can be, however, no question of turning the vast empire into a socialistic State, for the simple reason that Russia is still a country of small industry. The majority of the Socialists are well aware of this. Their manifesto, issued on March 27th, declares that "the present state of society no doubt precludes the possibility of changing the present revolution into a social one." One need not, however, be a prophet to predict that in the near future Russia will become the field of daring social experiments. The Slav genius, which has hitherto been confined to the domain of pure art, will branch out into the vast field of social reform.

The gravest problem of the new democracy and one which is fraught with great danger is the agrarian question. The Russian peasant believes that the land belongs to the tiller. Ever since the Emancipation Reform of 1861—which to him was a "forged freedom," since the Czar left a large portion of the soil in the hands of the gentry—he has been dreaming of the day of justice, when his rights to the land would be vindicated and his land-hunger satiated. The Socialists would solve the problem by

confiscating all the land owned privately and distributing it among the peasants, or rather the peasant communities (*obshchinas*)—for until recently communal land-tenure prevailed in Russia. The bureaucracy, on the other hand, tried to appease the peasant by various half-measures and small concessions, not to speak of casual punitive expeditions and the usual knout. Believing that a class of small landowners would be loyal to the existing order, Premier Stolypin decided to break the *obshchina*, this ancient institution which had been the pride of the Nationalists and in which socialistic doctrinaires saw the germ of a communistic state. In 1906 he passed a law which practically encouraged the peasants to demand the community that the land under their cultivation should be given over to them for individual proprietorship. This measure hastened the process of disintegration which communal land-tenure had been undergoing spontaneously, but of course, it has only increased the number of landless peasants consumed by land-hunger. One of the first steps taken by the Provisional Government was to confiscate the vast estates which were the private property of the Czar and his family. The present Government will be forced to take other equally radical measures for the appropriation of land for the peasants, but the socialisation of land in Russia is hardly more practicable than that of its industry.

V. UNITED STATES OF RUSSIA

The form of government which is to take the place of the overthrown autocracy will be determined, as is known, by the Constituent Assembly, to be elected by universal suffrage. The present state of the public opinion in Russia unmistakably points toward a republic. This form of government is favoured not only by the radicals but also by the liberals. Half-measures, compromises are not after the Russian's heart, his delight is in drawing the extreme conclusions from premises. Of course, there is the Muzhik. The Russian peas-

ant is commonly believed to have a semi-religious devotion for the Good-Father-Czar, "who occupies in the popular consciousness a place next to God" (the words occur in an official report on the revolutionary movement, published by the Ministry of the Interior). That these alleged monarchistic leanings of the peasantry are little more than a myth, has surely been made evident in these late years. Confident of the loyalty of the peasants, Count Witte arranged the Duma electoral system with a view to giving the peasantry ample representation in the legislative body. The Government was unpleasantly surprised to find that an overwhelming majority of the peasant deputies in the first two Dumas were pronounced radicals. According to the latest despatches from Russia, many peasant meetings have voted resolutions for a republic.

If there may be some uncertainty as to whether the country is going to do away completely with monarchy, it is now beyond doubt that Russia is well prepared to become a self-governed people. One of the favourite doctrines of the Slavophiles was that, in the words of Konstantine Aksakov, "the Russian nation, lacking the political element, had separated the state from itself and does not wish to rule." On the other hand, it has been a standing argument on the part of the officialdom—whenever it stooped to argue—that the people are not prepared for a constitutional régime. Recent Russian history has most conclusively refuted both the official and the metaphysical argument. Of course, the mass of the peasantry is largely illiterate, although not as hopelessly as it is commonly believed. But the Russian peasant has an experience in handling public affairs which, for instance, the French peasant of the pre-revolutionary period lacked completely. A peasant community in Russia is in many places a rudimentary self-governing body with more or less regular meetings and a definite jurisdiction. Nowhere else in the world is communal feeling as strong as in rural Russia.

An excellent training in the handling of public affairs has been furnished to men of all classes by the zemstvos. This institution, created in 1864, in connection with the abolition of serfdom, consists of provincial and district councils elected by private landowners, peasants, and certain classes of townspeople. It is, at least theoretically, independent from the local administration. The zemstvos were always a thorn in the side of Russian officialdom, and they had to work in an atmosphere of hostility on the part of the Government, yet they did yeomen service to the country in improving local economical conditions and also in spreading elementary education. With the coming of the war, the activities of the zemstvos have enormously grown. Working hand in hand with the municipalities and the co-operative organisations—it is interesting to note that according to the number of co-operatives, Russia occupies the first place in the world—the zemstvos have been clothing and feeding the army and supplying it with ammunition. The war has also brought into being new public bodies, the so-called War-Industry Committees, organised in all the industrial centres for the purpose of mobilising the resources of the country. The meaning of the recent events in Russia is clearly indicated by the fact that the head of the new national cabinet, Prince Georg E. Lvov, is the President of the All-Russian Union of zemstvos, which co-ordinates the efforts of four hundred district councils, that A. J. Guchkov, the present Minister of War and Navy, is the President of the War-Industry Central Committee, and that the Czar's provincial governors have been made to surrender their places to the chairmen of the provincial zemstvos. The political forms and institutions which were to supplant the degenerate bureaucratic machine were in perfect readiness, awaiting their turn, as it were. The Russian Revolution was truly the birth of a new order, the last act of a long process of political and social growth.

Some of the adepts of the republican

form of government have pronounced themselves in favour of organising Russia on the pattern of the United States or the Swiss Confederation. Russia represents, as is known, a conglomeration of races and nationalities. The traditional policy of the government was to persecute all those who did not belong to the sovereign Great-Russian race and in every possible way to outrage their national feelings, thus engendering much discontent among the Poles, Little-Russians, Lithuanians, Jews, Finns and others. The last two rulers had brought this Russificatory policy to diabolic perfection and polluted the annals of Russian history by unspeakable crimes committed against entire peoples. The inhumanity of such a policy is exceeded only by its folly. Whether or not the great Eurasian empire will become the United States of Russia, the ruthless policy of denationalisation has been abandoned forever; complete equality of opportunity and freedom of development is assured to all the various peoples which go to make the country. An independent Polish state, formed of all the territories where the majority of the population is Polish is a certainty, as well as a self-governed Finland, and a free Jewish people. This emancipation of the Jews, which liberal Russia has always earnestly advocated, is in itself an event of primary historical importance. Armenia, Lithuania, and Little-Russia may also become autonomous political bodies. "Russia is not a State, but a World," said a Russian statesman. The liberation of Russia is the liberation of a world.

VI. BROTHERS IN ARMS

The revolution was in a sense a war measure which the Russian people took in the interest of the successful prosecution of the war against what Georg Plekhanov, the venerable leader of the Russian Socialists, called the *bestia triomfante* of German imperialism. This war is for Russia a question of life and death, just as it is for her allies. A German victory means

the economic enslavement of the country for many years to come, and also probably a monarchistic restoration. Russia will fight for her future and for her newly acquired freedom "to the Urals—and beyond." If Petrograd is taken the capital will be moved to Moscow, and that the capture of Moscow is not the end of the country has been conclusively proven a century ago.

When this war is over Russia is likely to become a mighty factor for world-peace, which means a complete change of her foreign policy. Russian militarism had a twofold basis: it fed on the lust for conquest, which is natural in an autocracy, and on the necessity to secure Asiatic spheres of influence for the big industries whose output could not be disposed of at the undeveloped home markets. The revolution has done away with the first cause and will in all probability annul the second. In the opinion of liberal Russia, the country reached its natural limits of expansion long ago, and a war of conquest conducted by democratic Russia is unthinkable. The proclamation of the Provisional Government, issued on April 10, declares that "free Russia does not aim at the domination of other nations, at depriving them of their national patrimony, or at occupying by force foreign territories." In order to understand how the Russian big business interests will be eventually affected by the change of the régime, it is important not to overlook the fact that the bureaucracy, partly wilfully, partly by sheer incompetence, has been hampering the economical development of the country in every sort of way. Russian big industries, which are largely artificial growths, sought foreign markets because political conditions had kept back the growth of home markets. The liberation of the country will give a mighty impulse to its industrialisation and will thus lessen the imperialistic appetite of the capitalists.

This means, among other things, that the enthusiasm of the imperialists for a Russian Constantinople will be considerably abated. That the possession of

Constantinople is an age-old national dream of Holy Russia, is one of those ideas which are as false as popular. It is true that an ancient Russian chieftain nailed his shield to the gates of Tzar-grad (the Russian name of the Byzantine capital), and that this city plays an important part in the speculations of contemporaneous Russian mystics and imperialists. But Constantinople never was the Holy City of the Muscovites, as it is now so often asserted in the non-Russian press.

For quite a few generations to come Russia will abandon all thought of an aggressive foreign policy and concentrate on her momentous home problems. "Our country is large and plentiful, but there is no order in it." These famous words, which open, as it were, the annals of Muscovite history, might be well

applied to contemporaneous Russia. The task of upbuilding the vast country is tremendous, and the energies of the Russian people, loosed by the revolution, may not be equal to it. Here is a vast field for American capital and experience. Russia counts upon the assistance and sympathy of the American people. The recent events have revealed a deep spiritual kinship between the two great democracies, the oldest and the youngest. There is a striking similarity between the ideas underlying the proclamation of the Provisional Government and those expressed in the Declaration of Independence. And now that the two peoples are brothers in arms, the union between them is bound to grow closer than it ever was. Free Russia is surely "a fit partner for a league of honour."

SNAPSHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS: HEWLETT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

TAPESTRIES. . . .

Tapestries such as Yseult
Might have woven for Tristan;
Arras and verdure, Courts of Love;
Cinque-cento fantasies and grotesqueries!
Tapestries cunning with anachronisms:
Venus geared with a pshem
And Mars with hauberk and cracowes!
Tapestries after the dark cartoons
Of a Stuart or Velasquez;
Tapestries smacking of sun-drenched Sorolla,
Enamoured of the gipsyings of Borrow!
Tapestries flowered, tissued and purpled,
Undulating with the folds
Charming but often distortive
Peculiar to tapestries!

THE YEAR IN POETRY

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

ALL the glamour about our present renaissance of poetry carries with it a palpable danger: the danger of disintegrating criticism. My belief is that the year 1916 may be the pivot upon which the art of poetry in America will advance or recede. Poets are born—but fine poetry is encouraged by public patronage and appreciation. Neither patronage nor appreciation is to be had from the public, if criticism poisons the art at its root. The tradition of criticism is nearly always the attempt to do this: Francis Jeffrey stands as the typical example of the destructive critic, who gave us no insight into his personal knowledge of life, and now nobody reads him except out of curiosity; Charles Lamb is a typical example of the creative critic, who seeks in his author a contact with life: he is not erudite but human, he measures rather than judges, and so we never cease to delight in his wisdom. With these examples, the right aims of criticism ought to appear quite positive. Contrary to popular belief—and the theory of literary individuals—criticism is not a judgment of literary styles and materials, but an interpretation of life through the creative use of language and expression. Not the form, but the substance is the main thing. Life is supplemented by expression. Facts are never visualised except through spiritual recognition. Form—conventional or free—with literary or colloquial diction, is nothing but a chaos of words unless the theme or subject which it gives being to has glowed to the "Let there be light" of the imaginative emotion.

The year 1916 witnessed the development of the present growth in American poetry to the point where a critical reaction will be fatal to its further progress. This renaissance, now

firmly accepted by everybody as a definite movement in American life and literature, was fully a decade coming to maturity. It grew upon the fostering appreciation of the few who created a hearing for the art; that hearing established an audience, and the audience quickened the creative impulse of the poets. The Renaissance became a fact. The corollary to all this has been the evidence during the past year of an impulse to criticism which has taken hold of the poets themselves.

The last decade, while poetry was developing, criticism as a function of appraisal did not exist. There was, of course, a body of critical writing in America, but when it concerned itself with poetry, it dealt mainly with the past. This critical writing, which could praise Keats and Shelley, Poe and Emerson, would have hesitated to commend comparable poetic virtues in Hovey and Moody, even if a self-reliant study of contemporaneous values had been bold enough to hazard opinions. What Arthur Symons was doing in England nobody dared to do in America. Joel E. Spingarn gave comforting assurance ten years ago, in promulgating the ideal of creative criticism, that America need not lack an accomplishment in disengaging contemporary literary values. It was Europe and not America that recognised Dr. Spingarn's humane scholarship. America chose to go barren of interpretative writing, dealing with contemporary literature.

Now, as I have said, there is an incipient critical utterance, mainly the work of a few, and led by poets who have until very recently been out of touch with the current of American art, and it gives warning of being destructive. It is for the good of the art of

poetry that it intends to be destructive—so it claims. It is dogmatic, as all such criticism is. It denies taste to those who differ in opinion from itself, forgetting the proverb *de gustibus non est disputandum*. It clings to the tradition that artistic standards must be imported, and in applying those standards compares American poetry to a disadvantage with English and European poetry, forgetting that in all essentials of life, experience and culture America is fundamentally and superficially different from Europe; and it has never yet in all the examples I have read of this criticism understood the vital matter of substance and spiritual qualities, or given one-tenth of the attention to ideas and emotion that it has to questions of style and form, and to the discussion of rules and tradition.

The influence of this kind of criticism can do more harm to American poetry at present than any other influence whatever. The harm it does is by misrepresenting the art. If the public heeds such criticism, audiences will diminish, and the consequent discouragement of the poets themselves will produce a decline in creativeness. It must be realised that no poet to-day works and starves in obscurity till chance or influence brings a patron to reward him with fame and a competence, as was true in the past; fame and fortune for the modern poet are the gifts of public recognition and appreciation, and if these do not come before youth advances to that vague borderland where it is lost, the modern poet gives the best of himself to other things. That poets have made money during the past few years is no proof that poetry to-day is less an art than a profession, but under the dispensation of modern democracy it *does* prove that poetry must make good business to flourish as an art.

I will not admit that there is any such thing as a *new* poetry; there are *new* aspects and meanings to life, and poetry, eternal as the primary instincts of man, finds new symbols, images, and personalisations to express and interpret them;

and so with the old formulæ of poetic forms and diction, old formulæ of criticism become inadequate by which to judge the new embodiments of poetic art. The fundamentals of criticism may be in Aristotle as the fundamentals of poetry are in the folk chants of antiquity and the communal chant of primitive peoples in the world to-day; but Professor Saintsbury has shown that centuries of practice have made the function of criticism a subtle evaluation of life in dealing with the direct evidence of creative literature; so poetry has advanced from the oral communal chant to a highly developed organism in which formal diction and forms of fixed patterns are more or less standardised. Art is the evidence of spiritual forces in man's nature working through experience, reflective and active, and criticism is a luminous annotation of this evidence, defining through interpretation the degree of intensity in which the evidence presents the artist's attempt to realise truth and beauty.

Criticism has always lagged behind creation; which is natural, since it must first have a body of evidence upon which to work. When it does catch up it begins to pound with the guns of orthodoxy; it brings precedent and tradition as tests, and not finding the progressive era of new art adhering to the fundamentals of a past period, it fails to understand the impulse and aims of the new conceptions and embodiments. The first urge of incomprehension in art is to attack the thing that cannot be explained in the common terms of the particular artistic medium, and so this criticism at once begins a destructive career. In orthodox criticism there is more energy than reason, more blind logic than evocative enthusiasm. In this you have again the contrast of Jeffrey and Lamb. The same intellectual temper which applies orthodox criticism to contemporary work will change its method when applied to the art of a past era and will come forward with a creative exposition of literature.

Contemporary painting, music, architecture and the drama have been fortunate in having trained creative critics in America, but poetry has lacked such interpreters. I do not mean to say there has not been an occasional essay here and there which practised this method. And yet poetry is the one art through which America has nationally influenced European culture,—there will immediately come to the reader's mind the influence of Poe and Whitman in England, France, Italy and Germany—is the one art which during the past decade has brought the American spirit into the international comity of Western culture, though receiving the least critical attention of the interpretative kind. The future of American poetry depends seriously upon the present and future quality of criticism. I have the greatest faith that the quality of that criticism will be creative. A significant editorial recently printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript* on "Our Consumption of Art," suggests the hopeful tendency of American criticism in general, and it cannot be so general without concerning itself with the art of poetry in particular. "Ever and ever," it said, "the course of the advance in criticism is away from the exposition merely of the forms and of the technique of the arts and on to the exposition of the emotions and ideas—to the spirit of the artists who determined and created these forms. . . . As this type of criticism increases in America, we shall be nearing the day when its value will tell in America's power to create art, for this critical insight informs its audience what are really the qualities of soul, of mind and of character which sufficed to the production of great art."

In the nineteenth century American poetry was differentiated by locality, though it was only in New England that a group rose to the dignity and influence of a "school." The tradition of the New England group was English, its artistic culture was a provincial branch of British art. The culture of the northeastern seaboard about used up

the nineteenth century in completing the exhausted reign of British ideals over the art in America. In Walt Whitman was the declaration of poetic independence, but it was not until 1900 that his thoroughly American principles were confederated into the spiritual constitution of native poetry. The two most conspicuous figures in American poetry at the end of the last century were Hovey and Moody; Moody reacted to European influences, in style and conception he adhered to the traditions of British culture; Hovey carried on the spiritual and emotional revolt of Whitman, and while refusing to go as far as the latter in the matter of form, yet practised an elasticity in the use of fundamental rhythms which gave him all the prestige of an innovator. He was the first link in the chain of continuity which America was creating in the art of poetry.

To-day American poetry is differentiated by aims, principles, and forms. Physical boundaries, in determining the character of expression, are obliterated. There are, of course, centralised forces, but they are forces of individual power, rather than propinquity of ideals. There are *tendencies* and *schools*; and they are struggling against each other for predominance. This is a state of affairs that has never happened before in the history of American poetry. And it proves two things that are of the utmost importance: first, that the condition of American poetry is persuasively healthy, and secondly, that a continuity is defining itself underneath the shifts and changes of expression,—showing a rooted poetic impulse in the American people that is going to grow and develop into larger achievements of which the present accomplishments are only the significant and convincing indications.

The present accomplishment, if we take the year 1916, has variety in the individual and unity in the group. It is not with any arbitrary intention that I have arranged the volumes supplying the text for this article into three

groups. Two groups are American, and are opposed in the matter of form, though in the instance of a few poets we find them utilising two methods of expression, and sometimes producing a hybrid form of rhythm. Some of the work of Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher is of this character, and in each case the practice is a purely literary device rather than a natural and colloquial rendering of spoken sounds. Amy Lowell employs this form, too, and it is an effort to produce scale values in colour and sound, a combination of exact pictorial and emotional effects. Robert Frost may also be said to produce this form; but if you study his blank verse closely, and particularly the idioms of his lyrics, it will be seen that it is not a literary innovation that he achieves but the unconscious tone of colloquial speech in which the *sense* of sound moulds the rhythmic outlines. But this middle ground—on which stand some others that are important though not as notable in actual results as those I have mentioned—is flanked with work that is tenaciously conservative and traditional on the one hand, and work that is radical and revolutionary on the other. Within both these limits of expression—the formal and free—there is a range of inventiveness that might furnish a thesis for the erudite, *but should be of little concern to the true lover of poetry only where, in either case, the invention fails to communicate adequately and appealingly the substance dealt with.* So much for the matter of form. It becomes a fallacy when you conceive it to be anything else than a kind of function performing through symbols the revelations and evocations *enjoyed* by the individual. After all it is only a medium, and as such must obey laws, but these laws, generally well defined in the abstract, change æsthetically in their manifestations, and the most convincing artist is he who can penetrate the veil of secrecy that surrounds them and force their elements into service.

The third group of volumes are made

up of the English poets. I separate them from either of the American groups to contrast both form and interest. As to form they are all working in the main current of English poetry. Certain distinctions they possess, a subtle verbal ease, not common to the conservative American group. This gives them a quality of magic that is delightful—a quality that is mellow, atmospheric, retrospective. This is offset in the work of the Americans by magical glamour, by a fiercer tussle with the issues of life, a vibrant sense of the destinies that envelop the mind and soul of man, and a stronger personal reaction to normal experience. It is a difference of culture, not spirit, that contrasts this English group of conformists from the Americans, but the advantage is certainly not all on the side of culture. It may produce a ripeness of art that has charm and distinction, but it loses a freshness, a buoyancy, a flexible adaptation of mood and sympathy toward the fermentations of new life. The anarchistic principle must violate culture to propagate a new and vivid content in poetry. Abercrombie, considered by many the greatest of all living English poets to-day, Masfield and Gibson, have done this. Behind them for the most part is a welter of clean workmanship, illumined here and there with a special quality of one kind or another, which can set no fair claim to be as good or better than our contemporary poets in America.

The spirit of the American conformists is a greater element of poetic strength than the culture of the English conformists. Beauty it regards as desirable, but truth is essential. And it is very largely this motive which has made so intense a response on the part of the American mind to the new art forms. That other group of American poets who practise free verse or *vers libre* have emancipated emotion for the full exercise of the intellect. Here the situation is similar to the situation among the English poets of to-day. The anarchistic principle has not only

violated form but made substance yield a new significance. It is to art what the liberal influence has been in latter-day English politics. The particular merit of this group, mostly carried by two or three strong figures, is an intellectual advance over their contemporaries in both England and America. However is regarded the forms in which they write, they have revived a note of romanticism in American poetry, and given to its expression a stimulus that will impart a tone to invention of whatever pattern, and make it worthy of the intense substance which is the fibre and

texture of our national existence. The thing criticism should remember when it considers American poetry to-day is, that it must be studied as *American poetry*. It is already a little too old to be regarded as an experiment, and it is yet too young to render a judgment as to its ephemeral or permanent character. But it is worthy of the highest appreciation and the most sympathetic interpretation, because it has seized upon and embodied aspects of character and life hitherto unrealised in rhythmic expression, and registered them upon the spirit of the nation.

(*To be concluded*)

In next month's issue, Mr. Braithwaite will take up in detail a consideration of the work of some of America's leading poets.

SPRING FAITHFULNESS

BY MARY B. KOLARS

WHEN winter fell upon the mould,
Two winters came to me instead:
Your coldness seemed to me twice cold
Because the friendly sun was dead.

And all the flying thoughts a-roam
For you upon the double storm,—
My heart, in pity, called them home
To comfort them and keep them warm.

But now the woods are April-wet
Where May-buds open wistfully,
And soft winds from the South are set
To blow the spring across the sky.

And all my thoughts of you awake
In warmth of sun and gentle rain,
To leave the nest my heart would make,
And seek you through the world again.

THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

II. POLITICAL CONSIDERATIONS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

POLITICALLY considered, Syria is the cradle of the Arab movement; educationally, too, Syria is one of its most vital centres. Not at home, however, but abroad—in Cairo, in Paris, in Geneva, where young Syrian intellectuals, Christians and Mohammedans, were free to work—was the movement first launched.

I said in my preceding article that in Arabia the revolution is principally of a religious nature, while in Syria it is principally political. But under this outward phase there are various educational forces, native and foreign, that have been shaping the Syrian mind for the last fifty years and more and preparing the people for the coming struggle. The school, though under strict surveillance in the old régime, has nevertheless been the fulcrum, so to speak, of the political lever. In an article to follow I shall show how the fulcrum was forged and shaped; how it was used; what there is in it of foreign and native ore; how they were welded together, and at times mysteriously handled. In this, an attempt will be made to describe and analyse the lever, the different bodies and forces that weighed upon it, bending it at times to a breaking point, at others falling under it, but ever as by a magnet drawn to it to be manipulated by the various agents interested in its work.

These agents are three: namely, the Arab nation, the Ottoman Government, and the European Powers. For every movement of the Arabs, especially the Christian Arabs, depended upon, or was instigated by, one or more of the Great Powers of Europe. That is why this Arab question is so complicated, so fraught with conflicting interests, and is

of great significance in its final and proper solution to the whole world. It is at bottom a question of whether Islam shall have again a strong empire and whether, in such an event, the hegemony in Islam shall be acquired by the Arabs or the Turks. In either case, where will the Christian Arabs, the Syrians, stand and what part will be allotted to them in this new politico-religious enterprise? In trying to solve this problem Europe will find itself again face to face with that ancient breeder of untold evils, the Oriental Question.

The Oriental Question, indeed, was itself the cause of all the wars between Turkey and the European Powers and the many wars between these Powers themselves. And what botch-works of peace, what ill-designed treaties, what international quackery, what astounding political combinations, what unnatural alliances has it produced in the past. It might be said, too, and with justice, that the Oriental Question is in a great measure the cause of the European War. But this does not enter into the present discussion. What it is with reference to Turkey and the Powers, however, it behooves us to understand.

The Oriental Question has been defined as a struggle between Turkey and her Christian population on the one hand and between her and Christian Europe on the other. It arose from the belief, as ancient as the Crusades, that a Mohammedan Government, no matter how liberal and benevolent, is incapable of administering justice and affording protection to its Christian subjects. And this, for some time, has been the sincere belief of Christian Europe. Hence the intervention of the Great Powers, principally France, Austria and

Russia, in the interest, we will admit, of the Christian population of the Ottoman Empire as well, it must also be admitted, as in their own. For protection implies the exercise of authority; authority implies power; and foreign power in a state often fails of its initial purpose and is likely to engender a form of despotism more pernicious in its effect than the one it aims to destroy or restrain. And thus, to a great extent, the European Powers themselves have been responsible for the unhappy condition of the Christians of Turkey. In their name, and ostensibly for their welfare, they obtained large concessions of the Ottoman Government and extensive spheres of influence and authority, which they had to maintain; and in the maintaining of which they often lost sight of the very people in whose interests they were acquired.

And so, the belief that a Christian people under Mohammedan rule should be sponsored by a Christian Power, degenerated into a tradition; tradition, in self-defence, resorted to diplomacy; and diplomacy, when it failed, resorted to arms. The Turks were alternately bullied and cajoled; and the Christians were made to serve now as pawns on the board of statecraft, now as weapons in the hands of compelling force. And neither the Turks nor their Christian subjects, it must be said, could have been considered as real beneficiaries of any scheme the Oriental Question engendered. They both at one time or another were humoured by the Powers, pampered, spoiled; they both were deceived into the belief that so long as the eye of Europe watched over the destiny of the Ottoman Empire, its existence as well as that of its Christian subjects was safe and secure. At all times, however, thanks to the jealousies and rivalries between the European nations, either party the oppressed and the oppressor, had always one or two of the Powers to rely upon. And every time the various interests of the parties concerned conflicted and threatened the *status quo* of Europe, the Oriental

Question came up for discussion and solution.

It was often discussed, to be sure, but never solved. On the contrary, it became more complicated in the course of time, especially when the Europeans began to settle in Turkey. The Powers then had their own subjects besides the native Christians to protect. Hence the many concessions that were wrested, by diplomacy or by force, from the Turks, as well as the law of capitulations that was abolished when Turkey entered the war. Hence, too, the rivalries among themselves for spheres of influence in the Orient: they all seemed to need markets for their goods, outlets for their growing industries, strategic points for their armies, coal stations for their navies, lands for their increasing population. And whenever one nation obtained an advantage, political or industrial or military, over the others, protests were made to the High Porte, no longer in the name of the Christians, but in the name of that fiction of diplomacy, the balance of power. They threatened, too, and resorted to arms when friendly representations failed. But the Turks have often succeeded in playing one Power or group of Powers against each other, so that after every war in which Turkey was engaged one of those botch-work treaties of peace was signed, which guaranteed the integrity of the Ottoman Empire and left the poor Christian people virtually in the same condition as before.

But every time such a treaty was encompassed Turkey was made to give up, nevertheless, one or two of her provinces; and thus, slice by slice, her European possessions were wrested from her. The integrity of the Ottoman Empire forsooth! Such bitter irony is only equalled by the miserable technicalities of international quackery.

And let me say here that had not the Christian people depended entirely upon the good faith of Christian Europe they might not have borne for centuries the iron yoke of the Turks; they might have developed a power of their own

and made an attempt long before now to free themselves from Turkish rule. The people of the Balkans, by virtue of their position, were more favoured in this sense than those of Asia. But the Oriental Question was capitalised by Europe—the Oriental Question, which had a religious origin, ultimately became a political issue; for while it arose from the belief that a Mohammedan Government cannot be just to its Christian subjects—a belief which the history of Islam disproves—it developed into a cynical conception of Turkish cupidity and degeneration. And the question, "Who of the Powers shall have the right to protect the Christians of Turkey?" translated into the language of truth would mean, "Who of the Powers shall have the greatest sphere of influence and authority in her dominions?" This is the evolution of the Oriental Question, which, in a word, might be described as the Ottoman Empire in Europe. And the solution of the one seems to depend upon the dissolution of the other.

To be sure, the dismemberment of Turkey has always been contemplated and planned by one Power or the other. The idea is about two hundred years old; and it has always been the *dessous de carte*, so to speak, of all the treaties guaranteeing her integrity. Russia and Austria, combined first, made the attempt in 1718, when Turkey defeated had to evacuate Hungary, Transylvania and part of Serbia. They would have succeeded in partitioning among themselves what remained of her European possessions were it not for France, who espoused the cause of Turkey and was the first among the Powers to insist upon the preservation of her integrity as a nation. In 1770 Turkey was again at the mercy of Russia, who destroyed her navy on the Danube and agreed with Prussia to make Constantinople the capital of a new Greek empire under her own protection. But France again balked her plans. In the Crimean War it was England who came to the aid of the Turks. And only in one instance,

in 1781, was France willing that Austria and Russia divide the Balkan possessions of the Sick Man of Europe on condition that she occupy Egypt and Syria. But it was England's turn now to stand for the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

About fifteen years later, however, Napoleon tried to carry out this traditional policy of France. To him Europe was but a rat-hole and only in the Orient were great empires. Hence the invasion of Egypt and Syria, not the least among his brilliant failures, and hence, too, his agreement with Czar Alexander upon a plan for partitioning Turkey. The plan might have been carried out were it not for Poland and Constantinople, the two bones of contention between them. This is well known to students of history. But what is little known is Napoleon's design upon Arabia, which he would use as a road to India. His scheme for the conquest of the country is interesting to recall in this connection.

Napoleon employed a very able man, a Piedmontese named Lascaris, who was to go to Aleppo,—following his instructions, amusingly minute,—learn Arabic there, especially the dialects of the tribes of the Syrian desert, engage a trustworthy dragoman and go to Palmyra to study the conditions of the Bedouins with the end of gaining their friendship, promoting a common cause among them and getting them to declare their independence of the Osmanli. He was also to study the topographical conditions of the country—to take notes of the watering places, the pasturage, the khans, the various caravan routes as far down as the Indian frontier—and return to Paris. Lascaris, after an adventure of six years in Syria and the desert, overcoming many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in accomplishing his mission, and had the great Chieftain Ibn Chehlan sign a treaty with the Bedouin tribes not only against the Turks but also against the Wahabis of Nejd, who were most fanatical in their hatred and opposition to the Franj, the Euro-

peans. Thus would a Christian monarch or a Christian scholar adopt the policy of divide-and-rule even as the Turks.

Accomplishing his task, Lascaris returned to Europe only to learn of Napoleon's defeat in Russia, which meant also the defeat of his own project. The road to India nowadays does not depend upon any pact or conspiracy with the Arab tribes. But a strong Arab empire might threaten even the Suez Canal and eventually control the Bagdad railway. History repeats itself in different dialects, and a nation's dream might be resurrected and transformed. We have a striking illustration of this in the present manœuvres of England and France and the success of the revolution against the Turks as well as in the designs of Germany and her Berlin-Bagdad dream. But Germany has no chance in Arabia, unless in the future she espouses their cause against another Power.

Even then, Germany herself is aware that with an Arab khalif her dream of supremacy in Islam can never be realised. "If Emir Hussein, Sherif of Mecca," says Maximilian Harden, "gains the support of the Arabs, his will will become undisputed law in Syria, Irak, Tehran, Ispahan and Afghanistan, and Germany's influence in the Orient will be doomed forever." Herr Harden has a mistaken conception of the authority of the khalif, but his opinion as to his country's Oriental dream is significant.

But what about England? Is it not likely that she will expect to extend her sway over Arabia, obtaining complete control of the port of Jiddah as a means ostensibly of facilitating the pilgrimage to the Mohammedans of India, strengthening her foothold at Aden, adding Kweit and El-Katr to her recent annexation of Oman, gaining, in a word, absolute control of the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea as well as the Suez Canal? As a reply to this, and as showing the attitude of the Arabs, I quote from the *Kibla*, the official organ

of King Hussein, an Arabic journal published in Mecca:

If we have expelled the Turks from our territory, it is because they looked upon us as foreigners and they had no consideration for our religious and historic traditions. How then shall we accept the authority of any foreign people? We ourselves have prepared the revolution and lighted its fire. No one foreign to our race has had any hand in it. We are willing to consult with the Entente Powers, who will not, we hope, interfere in our affairs, but will lend us, within the range of possibility, their political support, because certain interests in common exist between us. We have made it clear to them that we are decided to preserve inviolate the independence of Islam—the independence that was threatened by Germany and compromised by the Turks. The Entente Powers, prompted by the friendship they have for Islam as represented by the Arabs, have concurred in this. We consider them as allies, whom we respect as friends, whom we honour. But we repeat that our alliance with them is based upon our absolute independence.

Whether the Arabs shall have the force in the future to sustain it or not, such a declaration is perfectly justified in view of the present attitude of the Allies toward the small nations of the world in general and toward the races in particular that are under Turkish rule. England at the beginning of the war declared that she would not interfere in the administrative affairs of the people of Hijaz, that she would respect the independence of Islam, which must imply the independence of the Arabs. Furthermore, a weapon of protest and defence will be found in the future in the reply of the Allies to President Wilson's note, stating their objects in the war. One of these is "the freeing of the people living under the sanguinary tyranny of the Turks; the expulsion from Europe of the Ottoman Empire, which is decidedly outside of Western civilisation."

Thus after many wars with Turkey and many treaties of peace, Europe has

finally arrived at a proper solution of the Oriental Question. And there is no doubt that it will thus be solved in the end. For whether the war ends in victory for the Allies or in a draw, the Arabs, it is certain, will not come again under Turkish rule. In the event of a draw the Allies will not consent to Turkey's recovering any territory she has lost; in the event of victory, they will find themselves in a very embarrassing situation, in view of their solemn pledges, if the further progress of Arab independence becomes alarming: such, for example, as the federation of all Arabia under the Grand Sherif. It is the opinion of certain writers and diplomats, however, that the age is inimical to the existence of independent states in Asia. But it must be also observed that the age is inimical to the spirit of colonisation. And it will be more so after the war.

Were we to suppose then that the little Hijaz Kingdom of the Grand Sherif will develop into a free and independent Arab Empire, what, we must ask, will be the lot of Syria, the cradle of the Arab movement—the martyr to-day of the Arab cause? In view of the unprecedented calamities that have befallen this country—the crimes committed by Djemal Pasha upon the inhabitants, the execution of hundreds of its leaders and notables, Muslims and Christians, the very flower of its genius, the exiles, the reprisals, the starving out of the people of Mount Lebanon—it is a question whether it would not have been wiser on the part of the Allies or more consonant at least with their policy as the protectors of the Syrian Christians, to have forestalled Turkey as soon as she entered the war against them and, instead of the disastrous Dardanelles expedition, to have landed an army in Beirut and Alexandretta and Haifa and thus saved the people from the sanguinary tyranny of Djemal, obtained control of the Bagdad railway, cut off the communication of the Turks in Mesopotamia and, following the route of Ibrahim Pasha a hundred years

ago, with the advantage to-day of a railway, move through Anatolia on Stamboul. I have it on good authority that France would have done this, was ready to do it, were it not for England.

Likewise, in several instances in history, France's good intentions—I should say the French Government's—toward Syria, were, for political reasons, never carried out. And we may go a step further and say that ever since the Charter of St. Louis to the people of Mount Lebanon down to the French expedition in 1860 France achieved no great success in her repeated attempts to free this country from Turkish rule or to ameliorate at least the political condition of the people. At most, an autonomous, nay, an anomalous, government was established in Mount Lebanon, guaranteed by six European Powers—a sort of government that gave the consular representatives of these powers such latitude of authority as was fatal to the aspiring spirit of the people. For the continuous interference of the consuls in the political affairs of the country, their rivalries for prestige, their jealousies of each other's growing influence, their wire-pulling and their intrigues reacted upon the people themselves, and were often worse in their effects than the despotic rule of the Turks.

France's policy was subject to severe criticism even at home. It was often weak and inconsistent. For, while she was supposed to protect the Syrian Christians, she continued to support, morally and financially, even their new oppressors, the Young Turks. The *Temps* was outspoken in its criticism. "The protection we offered the Syrians," it said, "was of a precarious nature and always ineffectual; and while we lulled these people in their expectations, their long-cherished hope of freedom, we helped to promote the financial interests of the government of the Young Turks, who inherited the policy of Abd'ul-Hamid and further enlarged upon it by persecuting all non-Turkish Ottomans. We have cause to regret,

indeed, the many millions we loaned the Turks." And the *Temps* goes on to ask, "Why did we not arm the Syrians?" Why, indeed? The *Temps*, better than anyone, knows that France's hands were tied. The will was there, we must admit, but the power, if not lacking, was restrained.

And now, while the very Bedouins of the desert have achieved their political freedom, Syria in chains, terrorised, violated, martyred, deliberately starved out, still awaits the dawn of her salva-

tion. Whether France's traditional policy, now that the great European Powers have had the courage to declare that the only solution to the Oriental Question is the expulsion of the Turks from Europe and the freeing of the foreign races under their rule—whether France's policy will ultimately be crowned with success or whether the Syrians will strike out for themselves and declare their own independence, still remains to be seen.

(*To be concluded*)

In the concluding article of his series concerning "The Revolution in Arabia," to appear in the June BOOKMAN, Mr. Rihani will take up the social forces that have marked the movement, its importance in the European racial adjustment, and its probable destiny in the world to come after the war.

MILTONIC MOTHER GOOSE

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

OF DIRE events, strange, inconcatenate,
Attuned to ribald mirth and revelry,
And eke to sequent madness multiform
And shameful flight: sing thou, O wanton Muse!
"Hey diddle diddle"—thus the nursery rhyme
Ancestral and prerevolutionary,
Chanted by bard maternal, fond, anseric,
Its weird inception takes. "Hey diddle diddle"—
As 'twere a maddened shriek of helpless woe
Drawn by Grimalkin from the viol strings,
Protesting thus their feline genesis.
Then springs aloft the bovine mountebank,
Till Dian's silv'ry orb itself is spurned
By volant hoofs all supercalcitrant;
While far and wide resounds upon the blast
Fell cachination canine, at the sport:
And lo, what dread catastrophe is this!
Two forms, one discoid, one attenuate,
Comrades of eld at many a festive board,
Have fled to realms chaotic, dark, unknown.

BEING DEAD YET LIVETH

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

IN THAT wonderful treasure-house of "Notebooks" in which Samuel Butler was accustomed to store his thoughts and observations there is a paragraph in which he considers how death confers upon some "a more living kind of life" than they had while alive in the material sense. "Look at Shakespeare," he says. "Can he properly be said to have lived in anything like his real life till a hundred years or so after his death? His physical life was but a dawn preceding the sunrise of that life of the world to come which he was to enjoy hereafter. True, there was a little stir—a little abiding of shepherds in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night—a little buzzing in knots of men waiting to be hired before the day-break—a little stealthy movement as of a burglar or two here and there—an inchoation of life. But the true life of the man was after death and not before it. Death is not more the end of some than it is the beginning of others."

A new book* about Shelley drives home the truth of that saying. For it brings out more starkly than has been done before how life, during his physical lifetime, stung and tricked and badgered and starved him until, looking back at it now, it seems a mere "inchoation of life," a battered and frosted and bedraggled bud of living. But in the nearly hundred years since his death that forlorn bud has opened into fragrant and beauteous bloom of everlasting life whose radiance will illumine and inspire for generation upon generation, as long as the English language lives. Surely, "the true life of the man was after death and not before

it," and for him death was not the end but "the beginning."

The new material about Shelley has been taken from a mass of papers, letters, legal documents, diaries and letter books recently found by a member of the firm that succeeded to the business of Mr. William Whitton who had charge of the affairs of Shelley's father and grandfather. Its chief consequence lies in the new light it throws upon some of the most pitiful years of the poet's life. But perhaps one should not say "the light it throws"—rather, the clouds and sombreness and unhappiness it reveals. Among the new facts established are that Shelley was twice arrested and apparently at least once imprisoned for debt, and that in the midst of his financial troubles, doubtless desperate because of them, he once joined a theatrical company and appeared in a Shakespeare play under an assumed name. The letters make it fairly clear also that the hand which kept grinding the wheels of Shelley's troubles was that of William Whitton, his father's man of business, who, with the most virtuous intentions in the world and all for what he thought to be for Shelley's own good, contrived to prevent any reconciliation between father and son, and whenever the father showed signs of human feeling braced him back into his usual stern and unforgiving attitude. Most vigilant was the man of law in keeping the poet thrust into the outer darkness of poverty and debts and forlorn wandering and in preventing his letters from making the least breach in the determination of his father to give no succour or encouragement to a young man of his opinions and his recklessness in money affairs.

But for this William Whitton, Shelley's life would, apparently, have been

*Shelley in England: New Facts and Letters from the Shelley-Whitton papers. By Roger Ingpen. Illustrated. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

much easier and happier. Nor is it likely that a less thorny path would have affected adversely the singing of his muse. With a mind so active and the creative stir of numbers so constantly at work within his brain the probability is that with life a little less hard his muse would have sung even more greatly. Nowhere in biographical literature is there a more pathetic picture than that here presented of this slender youth of surpassing genius, working manfully and incessantly, and in penury and hardship producing deathless poems, but having his hand ruthlessly struck down by the watchful guardian of his ancestral home whenever he so much as raised it toward the latch. That Shelley loved his father and mother and sisters and longed with homesick thoughts to be friendly with them is evident from the pitiful little ruses which he sometimes undertook in the hope of getting in touch with members of his family.

Mr. Ingpen, known already as a Shelley authority by his collection of "Letters," has made this new material the central interest in a sort of life of the poet which, with ample quotation from and reference to other authorities, tells with considerable detail the story of his life during his childhood, youth and young manhood, as long as he lived in England, and recounts briefly the chief events connected with his sojourn in Europe and his death. And there is a chapter of full narrative concerning the return of Mary Shelley and their son to England. More new documents give information of her affairs at that time and of her effort to soften the heart of Sir Timothy Shelley toward his fatherless grandson. Among these are two hitherto unpublished letters from Byron. Some of the legal documents included in the new find give proof that Shelley and Harriet were married in Edinburgh at the time of their elopement, which has been much doubted, and others elucidate the shabby tragedy of Harriet's death.

It was a brief life of drabness and

poverty and struggle and hard work and it ended before most young men have more than barely begun their careers. But its radiant and inspiring influence has swayed the minds and attuned the souls of millions to keener love of beauty, to more generous enthusiasms, to finer aspirations, and it can be heard vibrating through the lyres of a long line of poets since his day. Especially is it evident in the greatest work of Swinburne, most Orphic of them all.

Mr. Gosse in his new biography* seems rather to wish to minimise the influence of Shelley upon Swinburne, but even his admissions show how important it was, especially in the inspirations that guided him in the writing of "Songs before Sunrise." Excellent as is his very careful and most interesting account of Swinburne's life and character and work, there are in it here and there such evidences of personal bias and even of bitterness as are, at least, surprising. This is the more deplorable since there was no one so well equipped as Mr. Gosse for the writing of a full and authoritative biography of Swinburne. The only memoir hitherto published is his sketch contributed to the Dictionary of National Biography in 1912, which he has used as a sort of skeleton in the preparation of this work. Himself a warm friend of Swinburne and of many of Swinburne's relatives and friends, he has had the advantage of much personal knowledge and reminiscence and an immense amount of letters and other material was turned over to him. His own eminence as a literary critic adds interest and value to the critical estimate and comment which are scattered all through the book. And the volume will probably have not one reader but will regret that the author felt impelled to omit, as he explains in his preface, "a final chapter, an estimate of Swinburne's comparative place in literature, and particularly in the history of poetry," because of the

*The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne. By Edmund Gosse. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

large amount of new biographical detail which came into his possession. Nevertheless, that other chapter would have been most welcome and it is greatly to be hoped that when a second edition is called for it will be included.

All the picturing of Swinburne's childhood and youth is most engaging and the sunny happiness through which he danced, with his great, red-haloed head always bobbing about like some tropical bird, was such a setting for the childhood of a poet as chances of birth rarely grant. Less a rebel than Shelley and less gifted with keen and deep intellectual vision, he nevertheless was enough of a rebel and had enough vision to shock such of his contemporaries, as Shelley did his, who had not forward-facing souls. And the "Prometheus" of the one and the "Songs before Sunrise" of the other have always been, and are likely for a long time to be, a vital influence in the evolution of onward pressing thought. True life, for them, has been "after death and not before it."

Mr. Gosse considers "Songs before Sunrise" Swinburne's "cardinal and crowning work" and discusses it briefly with much praise. But there is something of a sneer in his tone whenever he speaks of Swinburne's political knowledge or his understanding of European affairs and the poet's political opinions he seems to regard as having been merely emotional. There is a subtle sneer also evident in almost every reference to Swinburne's long friendship with Watts-Dunton and the latter's watchfulness over his well-being. Mr. Gosse seems to admit that Swinburne would soon have died had Watts-Dunton not taken charge of him, but unless one knew the facts already one would hardly guess from his pages how extreme was the poet's need of just such care nor from what grovelling depths Watts-Dunton's unselfish hand saved and kept him. It is true that during the thirty years the two men were housemates there was a falling off in Swinburne's poetic production. But before he went to The Pines he had passed his zenith—

and the muse loves not the aging head. Moreover, his years of dissipation had had their inevitable effect upon him. To charge the results of these and other quite evident causes to the influence and care of the poet's devoted friend, with whom he lived in entire content and happiness, betrays a curious quirk of temper that looks as if it might have had origin in some personal enmity.

One gets a very different view of the matter from the rather scrappy but delightful book* about the author of "Aylwin" offered by Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett. The picture there afforded, amid masses of reminiscence, quotations from letters, stories without number, concerning people famous in literature and art in London for nearly fifty years, is of a most lovable and generous personality, a man with a wonderful genius for friendship and so ready to serve his friends, obscure as well as famous, that in small generosityes he frittered away time enough to have written all the volumes of biography that he purposed but did not accomplish. His biographers tell us that at the bottom of his heart he was a Victorian in his sympathies and his general outlook. Mr. Gosse ascribes to that temperament and its influence upon Swinburne, who he says repeatedly was a good deal of a chameleon in his proneness to reflect surroundings and temporary interests, all the falling off in the quality of his later product. The Watts-Dunton biographers refer to that influence, which they insist was almost entirely ethical, the "sweeter sanity" of Swinburne's later years noticeable in his poetry and especially in his correspondence. They see in him, because of that influence, "a broader and mellowed view of human life."

Not the least among the many humanly interesting features of the book is

*The Life and Letters of Theodore Watts-Dunton. By Thomas Hake and Arthur Compton-Rickett. Including Some Personal Reminiscence by Clara Watts-Dunton. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the account by Mrs. Watts-Dunton of the unusual experience which befell when love at first sight bloomed between them, although she was still in her teens and he was fifty years her elder, and of the singularly happy and beautiful married life which followed. The pictures of her included in the illustrations show a rarely beautiful woman.

The world of letters is the poorer that Watts-Dunton did not undertake

and finish any one of the biographies he could so well have done—Rossetti, Borrow, Swinburne, Meredith. But it has in his volume on poetry,* which includes the two essays by which he is best known as a critic, a body of historical and critical comment which will long have a distinctive value.

*Poetry and the Renaissance of Wonder. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

GALSWORTHY AS A PLAYWRIGHT

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN THE epilogue to *Fanny's First Play*, the popular dramatic critic, Mr. Flawner Bannal [whose name shows a significant resemblance to the French phrase, *flâneur banal*] is asked for his opinion of the piece that he has witnessed; and he dodges this direct question in the following bit of dialogue:

THE COUNT. What is your opinion of the play?

BANNAL. Well, who's it by?

THE COUNT. That is a secret for the present.

BANNAL. You don't expect me to know what to say about a play when I don't know who the author is, do you?

THE COUNT. Why not?

BANNAL. Why not! Why not! Suppose you had to write about a play by Pinero and one by Jones! Would you say exactly the same thing about them?

THE COUNT. I presume not.

BANNAL. Then how could you write about them until you knew which was Pinero and which was Jones? . . .

THE COUNT. But is it a good play, Mr. Bannal? That's a simple question.

BANNAL. Simple enough when you know. If it's by a good author, it's a good play, naturally. That stands to reason. Who is the author? Tell me that; and I'll place the play for you to a hair's breadth.

THE COUNT. I'm sorry I'm not at liberty to divulge the author's name. The author desires that the play should be judged on its merits.

BANNAL. But what merits can it have except the author's merits?

This satiric conversation affords the only reasonable explanation of the fact that the plays of Mr. John Galsworthy have been persistently over-praised, both by popular dramatic critics like Mr. Flawner Bannal and by academic annotators who prefer to study the current drama in the library instead of in the theatre. Mr. Galsworthy is a great man: in his own familiar field of literary composition, he is a great artist: *therefore* [according to the syllogism of these commentators], any play by Mr. Galsworthy must be a great play.

In a scholarly and interesting book about *The Modern Drama*, by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of the Ohio State University, we encounter the assertion that Mr. Galsworthy, "above all other men now in view, seems called and chosen as the great modern dramatist of the English tongue." Thus—in a single *ex cathedra* statement—a literary artist who has merely turned to the theatre as a secondary medium of expression is regarded as a more important dramaturgic

craftsman than the authors of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and *Michael and His Lost Angel*, and *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*, and *Candida*, and *The Voysey Inheritance*, and *The Mollusc*, and *Hindle Wakes*, and *Don*. Any play by Mr. Galsworthy must be "a good play," for the overwhelming reason that it has been written by "a good author"; but no such overwhelming pre-establishment of a necessity for praise exists, apparently, in favour of any play by Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Shaw, Barker, Davies, Stanley Houghton, or Rudolf Besier.

The reaction of the scholarly and academic mind of Professor Ludwig Lewisohn is supplemented, in this instance, by the reactions of most of our popular dramatic critics. Any play by Mr. Galsworthy that is produced within the region of Times Square is called a great play, as a matter of course, for the simple reason that it was written by an author who [like Cæsar's wife] is commonly regarded as superior to criticism. The Flawner Bannals of our daily press, who seldom hesitate to sneer at the life-long-practised technical accomplishment of Pinero and Jones, and to smile indulgently at the tender and quite irresistible appeal of Barrie, are accustomed to remove their hats and stand in reverence when any play by Mr. Galsworthy is produced. This emotion, of course, must be recorded to their credit, for it is always a laudatory gesture to remove the hat; and the poorest play by Mr. Galsworthy is so much nobler in intention than nine-tenths of all the efforts of our local playwrights that the mood of reverence is unavoidable; but is it, therefore, reasonable to assume, without discussion, that *The Eldest Son* is a bigger play than *Hindle Wakes* or that *The Fugitive* is a greater play than *Iris*? Must an honest recognition of the fact that Mr. Galsworthy is a superior person force us, also to assert that he is an impeccable playwright? If this argument should be accepted, the critic would be required to assume that Raphael [by virtue of that fabled "century of sonnets"] must have been a

great poet because of his unquestionable talent as a painter.

That Mr. Galsworthy has earned a right to be regarded as one of the dozen leading playwrights now writing in the English language, no commentator would deny. His plays exhibit a distinction which sets them easily apart from the ordinary sort of trash that is produced within the region of Times Square. But it is one thing to elevate an artist to the peerage, and it is quite another thing to exalt him higher than his peers. Before admitting any playwright to the narrow upper circle of superiority, the critic is required to demand,—first, that the dramatist shall always have something to say; second, that he shall always be able to express his theme intelligibly through the medium of the contemporary theatre; third, that his characters shall be true to life without exception; and fourth, that his dialogue shall be written with simplicity and dignity. These requirements are always easily fulfilled by Mr. Galsworthy; but they have also been fulfilled, with equal ease, by Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Shaw, Barker, Davies, Houghton, Besier, and several other living writers of our English-speaking drama.

The quarrel of the present commentator is directed not against the popular opinion which regards the plays of Mr. Galsworthy as compositions to be considered reverently, but against a quite illogical exaggeration of this popular opinion which leads to the assumption that Mr. Galsworthy is a better playwright than any of his peers. In particular, the ire of the present critic is aroused when he encounters the frequently expressed opinion that Mr. Galsworthy is a greater playwright than Pinero,—or, to state the matter more specifically, that the author of *The Fugitive* is an abler dramatist than the author of *Iris*.

Mr. Galsworthy is not a great playwright. He may be a great man, he may be a great novelist, he may be a great writer; but he is not, on these accounts, to be regarded as a great drama-

tist,—any more than Rossetti, by virtue of his noble poetry, can be regarded as a noble painter. Mr. Galsworthy lacks essentially a feeling for the theatre,—a natural enjoyment of that spontaneous response which may be called forth from a gathered audience. He entered the theatre at a period comparatively late in his career; and he will never learn to love it [and, in consequence, to understand it] so deeply and so intimately as men who were brought up behind the footlights, like Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

That Olympian impartiality of mind in considering a social thesis,—that God-like lack of special sympathy in regard to any of his characters,—that air of casually saying, "This is true, and it is no concern of mine; but what do you intend to do about it?"—these traits, which appeal to the philosophic commentator, are repugnant to the ordinary theatre-goer. The average spectator prefers to see a struggle between people whom he is expected to like and people whom he is expected to dislike: he prefers to attend a play, as he attends a ball-game, with a predetermined spirit to "root" for one team against the other. This elemental human impulse, Mr. Galsworthy has chosen to ignore. His plays are destitute of heroes and of villains. He has a disconcerting way of asking questions which he subsequently says that he himself is quite incapable of answering. Thus, in *The Pigeon*, he has posed a social problem which he asserts to be beyond the scope of resolution. The casual and accidental theatre-goer—for whom our plays are made—is not attracted by these difficulties: he prefers to take sides in a struggle that has sharply been defined and to applaud a protagonist who either wins his fight or "goes down scornful before many spears."

Mr. Galsworthy bears "without abuse the grand old name of. gentleman." Among all contemporary writers of the English language, he is easily the most patrician. But the drama is a democratic art, and Mr. Galsworthy—in the

theatre—often sacrifices the appeal of one who knows the people and enjoys what they enjoy. Always, there seems to hover over and about his plays an atmosphere that pre-assumes a lack of sympathy between the author and the audience. Mr. Galsworthy does not write for the theatre-going multitude; he writes only for himself and for his tutelary deity; and the multitude—the toiling, tired, laughing, weeping, sweating, sighing crowd—may take his plays or leave them, as they choose. The born playwrights—like Pinero, Jones, or Barrie—are sedulously careful always to avoid any assumption of superiority above the public. Their attitude toward life is not Olympian: they adopt, instead, as their device, the democratic motto,—"Out of many, one."

But the main deficiency of Mr. Galsworthy as a dramatist is his constitutional inability—or else disinclination—to make the most effective use of his materials. Sir Arthur Pinero, in a celebrated passage of his lecture on *Robert Louis Stevenson, the Dramatist*, has defined theatrical talent in the following terms: "Theatrical talent consists in the power of making your characters not only tell a story by means of dialogue, but tell it in such skilfully devised form and order as shall, within the limits of an ordinary theatrical representation, give rise to the greatest possible amount of that peculiar kind of emotional effect the production of which is the one great function of the theatre." According to this definition, Mr. Galsworthy is singularly lacking in theatrical talent. It is conceivable, of course, that Mr. Galsworthy would deny that "the one great function of the theatre" is "the production of a peculiar kind of emotional effect"; but a solidly established fact cannot be overturned by a denial. Unless Sir Arthur Pinero is right in this assertion, we must be prepared to insist that there is no such thing as an art of making plays; and if the dramaturgic art does not exist, there can be no such thing as dramatic criticism. If Mr. Galsworthy—because of his non-tech-

nical intentions—must be regarded as immune from criticism on the score of craftsmanship, there is nothing to be said about his plays beyond a merely personal expression of a fondness or a lack of fondness for one composition or another.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Galsworthy tries always, in his plays, to "produce a peculiar kind of emotional effect"; but he has failed, in nearly every instance, to "give rise to the greatest possible amount" of this effect. He has never written a play—with the possible exception of *Strife*—that might not have been improved by the collaboration of a more accomplished craftsman, like Sir Arthur Pinero or Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. Mr. Galsworthy's besetting fault is a failure in construction. His plays, without exception, have been patterned carefully; but, with only one or two exceptions, they have been patterned ineffectively.

His main trouble is a failure to distinguish between those passages of a dramatic narrative that must necessarily be shown upon the stage and those other passages which may safely be assumed to happen off-stage between the acts. In other words—to quote a famous phrase of Sarcey's—he lacks an instinct for the *scène à faire*. This arraignment of his craftsmanship is aggravated—not alleviated—by the fact that, many times, he seems to dodge deliberately the "big scene" that stands waiting to his hand. The proper business of a playwright is to make a play; and it is not to be regarded as an indication of superiority for an artist to refrain deliberately from the most effective exercise of which his art is capable. Some years ago, a witty commentator said of Mrs. Fiske that she showed a tendency to "over-act her under-acting"; and it might be said of Mr. Galsworthy that he shows a tendency to under-dramatise his dramas.

Consider *The Fugitive*, for instance. This play has been called a masterpiece by many commentators; and, according to the latest available reports, it is doing very well in the commercial theatre, al-

though it is atrociously miscast and most perversely acted. The story is interesting, the characters are true to life, the dialogue is written with that high regard for truth which is mystically indistinguishable from a high regard for beauty; and yet the play is ineffective, because it is faultily constructed. It is impossible to resist the impression that Mr. Galsworthy would have done far better with this story if he had used it as the basis of a novel instead of as the basis of a play; and the reason for this judgment is that the most significant and most dramatic passages of the entire narrative are those which are assumed to happen off the stage between the acts. The scenes which we are shown are less impressive than those other scenes which we are denied the privilege of witnessing.

If any evidence were needed to attest the immeasurable superiority of Sir Arthur Pinero over Mr. Galsworthy as a dramaturgic craftsman, it would be sufficient merely to study side by side the text of *The Fugitive* and the text of *Iris*. The themes of these two dramas are very nearly similar. In each play, we are invited to review the gradual degradation of a woman of beautiful tastes and worthy impulses because she lacks sufficient strength to fight successfully against adversity. Clare Dedmond, like Iris Bellamy, is too fine to accept a regimen of life on terms that are unlovely; but neither heroine is fine enough to rise superior to the insidious assaults of poverty. To this extent, the fundamental stories of the two plays are identical; but there is a world of difference between the finished products.

Pinero, in the patterning of *Iris*, has not missed a single *scène à faire*. He seizes and develops all the high points of his story, and removes to the limbo of his off-stage narrative only such passages as are subsidiary to the conduct of his plot. But, in *The Fugitive*, we feel that several passages which are narrated retrospectively are more important than those other scenes in the course of which these off-stage happenings are expounded,

so to speak, at second hand. Thus, we wish to see exemplified upon the stage the experience of Clare as a shop-girl in a department store, which is assumed to happen between the second act and the third; and, again, we are made uncomfortably conscious of a hiatus between the penultimate and the final act. We have seen Clare Dedmond drift, penniless and helpless, from the home of the lover who has sheltered her; and next we see her, six months later, at the point of accepting the career of a common prostitute: but we are never told by what means she has managed to keep herself alive throughout this rather lengthy interval.

Each successive crisis in the gradual disintegration of the character of Iris is shown and illustrated on the stage "in such skilfully devised form and order" as to "give rise to the greatest possible amount of . . . emotional effect." Mr. Galsworthy's conduct of a similar story, in *The Fugitive*, is comparatively faltering and ineffective. In this instance, Mr. Galsworthy has met a peer, in a fair fight on equal ground—just as he met a peer in Stanley Houghton when he wrote *The Eldest Son*; and, in both cases, he has been quite easily unhorsed by an antagonist who was more greatly gifted with an instinct for the exigencies of the theatre.

SNAPSHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS: SHAW

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

PREFACE:

"Tom was born blind. Impeach the Past!
Dick is pig-headed. Stick him!
Harry's a muddler. Thumbs down!
Joan, as usual, has the best of Darby.
Shakespeare?—
England, good old junker England—
Christian and atheist, Pietist and pagan,
Every last man of them is wrong.
I am not the last man;
So—come, use your logic!"

THE PLAY:

An inverted pyramid
Spinning gyroscopically
On a quicksand.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

IT is estimated by an Englishman of international reputation who has made a close study of the war that the offensive planned for the western front this summer will cost Britain five hundred thousand men. This multitude is beyond the grasp of the intellect. The nearest approach, possibly, is to picture to ourselves the great Yale Bowl at New Haven filled to capacity with khaki-clad men, and then to imagine seven such Bowls, placed side by side, filled with this human sacrifice. These men are ready to die that the world may be made a fit place for their children and for the democratic peoples of the earth to dwell together in harmony and co-operation. It is the price England is prepared to pay—we were about to say for "victory," but the word seems selfish and wholly inadequate. Before such a sacrifice we can but bow our heads in silent compassion. To France, who "bleeds and prays," our sympathy goes out without stint and justly so; but let us not forget that England from whom practically all our institutions, our faiths and folk-ways come—that England, too, pays the price of the German shame. And when the first contingent of our army goes to America's "first line of defence"—the trenches in France—would it not be well that a division be sent through London, marching under the American flag, that all England may see? It would brush aside the lingering resentment still surviving in the Anglo-Saxon family, the moral effect on both nations would be better than a great victory, and at last we would have tangibly expressed for us the fact that the English-speaking peoples stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of that kind of world that alone is fit for them—and for all humanity—to live in.

United

The pathetic figure of Nicholas Romanoff shovelling snow in his garden at Petrograd has caught the imagination of the world. The last act that history

On Snow
Shovelling

will record of the Autocrat of All the Russias is so ludicrously in contrast with the high pomp of his accustomed state that it arouses in us that spark that we all keep smouldering for the under dog. The Romanoffs have gone: they will not go unsung but they may go unwept—too often and too long have they soiled the pages of history, and with their passing the world can draw a breath of relief—and look about. It is but a pause, Democracy but girds herself for the next accomplishment, the next deliverance. For the last and greatest of the autocrats, the strongest personality of them all, has yet to be reckoned with. And the reckoning will be a sad and a severe one. William Hohenzollern will not exit shovelling snow.

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With this month's issue, THE BOOKMAN enjoys its yearly custom of introducing to the public those American writers whose first novels have been issued during the past season. This year there are slightly over half as many new fiction writers as were noticed in these pages a year ago. Undoubtedly this is due to the world struggle and to the serious considerations which it engenders. But it is also interesting to note, in accordance with the careful analysis made by Mr. Fred E. Woodward in last month's BOOKMAN, that the trend of publishing during the past several years has been toward an increase in books of a serious nature, at the expense of works

New
Authors

of fiction. An interesting illustration of this general change in the public's taste, is that even in fiction itself the more serious books are in the greatest demand—the most serious analytical novel of this season, *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, is at the same time America's best selling story. In England the publication of fiction is practically at a standstill; and we understand that for the coming fall few books of any nature are planned for issuance there. The entrance of the United States into the world war will, however, probably have little effect upon the volume of book publication in this country. Publishers are going ahead with their regular plans for the fall books, and while we have heard of no contemplated changes in the type of book output, it may be presumed that the general inclination toward a smaller percentage of fiction will be more marked in the coming seasons.

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Probably the first novel by a promising new author to appear in 1917 was Waldo Frank's *The Unwelcome Man*, the story of an unhappy child who became an unhappy man. This rather acute psychological analysis of an introspective youth was written by one of the editors of the new *Seven Arts Magazine* who, after his graduation at Yale, had been a writer on the staff of the *New York Evening Post* and the *New York Times*. Mr. Frank's critics appear to agree that he has accomplished a considerable literary achievement in his unfolding of the life of Quincy Burt, his hero.

• • •

Seumas O'Brien was one of the literary discoveries of 1916. A young Irishman, living in Brooklyn, he wrote short stories of a new kind and one-act plays for several years before he achieved book publication. It was Edward J. O'Brien, writing in the *Boston Transcript* his first summing up of the year's output of short stories, who brought his namesake to light. Those

who enjoy the work of such writers as James Stephens, for example, will appreciate the fables of O'Brien told in dialogues between Micus Pat and his friend Padna Dan in the volume *The Whale and the Grasshopper and Other Fables*. There is human philosophy in these fantasies and much poetic force and charm. *The Dial* (Chicago) said of the book, "Irish imagination at its best is a precious thing: and the reader may be assured of finding it at somewhere very near its best in *The Whale and the Grasshopper*."



SEUMAS O'BRIEN, AUTHOR OF "THE WHALE AND THE GRASSHOPPER AND OTHER FABLES"

Mrs. Constance M. Warren, whose first novel *The Phœnix* was published in February, is a Boston woman, the wife of Professor Joseph Warren of the Harvard Law School, and the mother of four children. Mrs. Warren has travelled extensively abroad both before and since her marriage, has been active in both the social and social service centres of Boston, and yet has had time to write many short stories, and in the last year to work on *The Phœnix*. Unlike the majority of authors,



MRS. CONSTANCE M. WARREN, AUTHOR OF "THE PHOENIX"

Mrs. Warren approached the field of literature with no thought of her writing finding a publisher. In fact, she says that she did not write the story for publication, but simply for her own diversion, and for the satisfaction of putting her ideas on paper. It was through chance that a member of her publishing house happened to see the manuscript; he immediately became interested in the story, and publication followed. She has had short stories published in several magazines, but gave it up, since her real interest in writing fiction lies in the novel.

The scene of *The Phoenix* is laid in Boston, and among the letters expressing pleasure and interest in the book which the publishers have received, is one from a well-known Bostonian, who says in part: "I have never before read any book about Boston or its people that did not give me a nauseating sensation of painful labour on the part of the author to bring Boston into a book, as though that were an end in itself. With *The Phoenix* all this insipidity is absent, and the scene just happens to be Boston."

The Quest of the Golden Valley is a tale of adventure in Alaska. Its author, Belmore Browne, has spent many years in travelling the wilderness portions of our Northern possession, and through the experiences described in his book, *The Conquest of Mount McKinley*, he has become a recognised authority on North America's highest mountain. In speaking of his reasons for writing *The Quest of the Golden Valley*, Mr Browne says: "Despite the vast size of Alaska the work of civilisation is sweeping on with startling rapidity: the railroad that is to connect the great interior with the outside world is creeping steadily northward; the marvellous Mount McKinley region has become a National Park and in a few years the men of the frontier who made these great things possible will be forgotten. It was in the hope of preserving for the American boy some of the true tales of the winning of our last frontier that *The Quest of the Golden Valley* was written."



BELMORE BROWNE, AUTHOR OF "THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN VALLEY." TAKEN IN THE FOOTHILLS OF MOUNT MCKINLEY, SHOWING HEADS OF TWO WILD MOUNTAIN SHEEP



**CORINNE LOWE, AUTHOR OF "CONFESSIONS OF
A SOCIAL SECRETARY"**



ELIAS TOBENKIN, AUTHOR OF "WITTE ARRIVES"



**FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, AUTHOR OF "THE
BALANCE"**



**CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER, AUTHOR OF
"GOOD MORNING, ROSAMOND!"**



GEORGE WESTON, AUTHOR OF "OH MARY BE CAREFUL!"



Photograph by Botto-Mosher
SOPHIE KERR, AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE ENVELOPE"



ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE, AUTHOR OF "LOOT" AND "PLUNDER"



EDWARD LUCAS WHITE, AUTHOR OF "EL SUPREMO"

Corinne Lowe was born in Chicago, but as she went to Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, when she was two years old, it is with the Cumberland Valley that she has all her early associations. After school at West Chester and college at Swarthmore, she began her career as a member of the staff of a Philadelphia newspaper, for which she did a great deal of interviewing, and subsequently was editor of its *Woman's Page*. After three years she came to New York and was a member of the advertising staff of one of the large department stores.



MARIE CONWAY OEMLER, AUTHOR OF "SLIPPY MCGEE"

To her work there, she says, she is indebted for a very rich experience in people and business. It supplied her material for her first article for the *Saturday Evening Post*, to which Miss Lowe is a contributor. *Confessions of a Social Secretary* is her first book, and was written in collaboration with a social secretary who supplied the material from her personal experiences.

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Perhaps it was all in the natural way of things that Francis R. Bellamy should follow in the steps of his cousin,



EDITH MINITER, AUTHOR OF "OUR NATUPSKI NEIGHBORS"

Edward N. Bellamy, who wrote *Looking Backward*. At any rate, after various ventures from farming to the



Photograph by Marjorie Jones
SHERWOOD ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "WINDY MCPHERSON'S SON"



BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE, AUTHOR
OF "THE NEST-BUILDER"

show business, Mr. Bellamy has written his first novel, *The Balance*, a story that deals with the futility of meretricious success. Francis Bellamy was born, December 24, 1886, in New Rochelle, New York. He was a small lad when his family moved to Rochester, his home ever since, and the Melchester of *The Balance*. Williams College harboured him for two years; then he took up farming, soon to abandon it for the book business. In sleeping cars, hotels and lunch rooms this young book salesman was working on the manuscript of *The Balance*. The novel was completed early in 1916 and published in January of this year.

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To have written a first novel of such serious import that Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale compares it with Mary Antin's *The Promised Land*, and adds, "We Americans ought to be heartily grateful for both books"—is an unusual distinction for a young writer. That is what Elias Tobenkin accomplished in his *Witte Arrives*, a comprehensive picture of American life from

the standpoint of the Jewish immigrant. The author's own story is a frankly interesting one. Coming to this country as a boy from Russia, with the education of the Russian lower school, he put himself through the University of Wisconsin, from which great institution he absorbed the spirit of American democracy. He served for some time as a "cub" on the *Milwaukee Free Press*, and then set out for Chicago, where, however, many rounds of the newspaper offices left him still "jobless." Meanwhile he had felt the pulse of life in the crowds that jostled him daily in the streets, and one day he wrote them up in a real human interest story. Not only was it published, but it got him a desk in the *Herald* office. From this point the climbing was easy to the position of editorial writer on the *Chicago Tribune*. Then there were two years of free lancing in New York, before he was finally ready to set down on paper his message of the immigrant's "dream come true"—of ideas of happiness and opportunity supplanting old-world stagnation. *Witte Arrives* is practically an epitome of his own experience.



WAYLAND WELLS WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE
WHIRLIGIG OF TIME"



GRACE KING, AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASANT WAYS
OF ST. MEDARD"



ELIZABETH F. CORBETT, AUTHOR OF "CECILY
AND THE WIDE WORLD"



CLEMENCE DANE, AUTHOR OF "REGIMENT OF
WOMEN"



ROBERT CUTLER, AUTHOR OF "LOUISBURG
SQUARE"

Success as a playwright, a magazine writer and a poet has been meted out to Constance Lindsay Skinner, who now seeks fresh laurels in a new field with her first novel, *Good Morning, Rosamond!* Neither Indiana nor New York can claim the distinction of fostering this new author upon their literary heaths, for Miss Skinner's days have been spent in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit, Chicago and Northwestern Canada. Miss Skinner "broke" into writing as a newspaper writer and soon she became a feature writer for the most important papers of the West and Middle West, being especially well known in Los Angeles, where she acquired a large following. As a poet, Miss Skinner has been warmly welcomed both in the United States and in England. Her poetry came to the attention of Gene Stratton-Porter, who became so interested in the verse of this California woman that an intimate friendship sprang up between the two authors. From Miss Skinner's first novel she also wrote a play, which has gained success in the West and is to be given a metropolitan production at an early date.

The genial author of *Oh Mary be Careful!* claims to be a Connecticut farmer. This vocation succeeded that of a newspaper man—he was for twelve years on the staff of the *New York Sun*. As he mentions turkeys and trees and the writings of books as the more important items of his farming life, a slight scepticism exists as to his standing as a farmer. Still comparatively young, vigorous, a devotee of hunting and fishing, talk and pen spiced with humour and wit, Mr. Weston's care-free bachelor existence has more than once been threatened. "Twenty-five and Still a Bachelor," contributed to a woman's journal, is reported to have resulted almost fatally. Such an avalanche of mail came from sympathetic readers, that he decided to confine his pen to the lighter side of life; hence, the joyous tale of "Mary Meacham." His

pen is not only amusing—Mr. Weston's skill at character-drawing and the plotting of incident promises good things for the future. Possibly he has invented a new profession—farmer-novelist. Still, one wishes a "Mary Meacham" might be at hand to prevent the predominance of the farmer!

• • •

Arthur Somers Roche is a native of New England, and the son of James Jeffries Roche, editor and poet. Mr. Roche began writing when a mere boy, and was successful from the start in placing his short stories with standard magazines. Since he left school he has devoted his entire attention to fiction. His output of short stories has been great but inconspicuous. A year ago he sold to the *Saturday Evening Post* a novelette entitled *Loot*. Since then he has had as many as three serials running at a time. His home is Castine, Maine, but he spends much of the year in New York. *Loot* was issued as a book last fall and this spring his *Plunder* is appearing.

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From the far-famed eastern shore of Maryland—Denton, to be exact—came Sophie Kerr, writer of short stories, occasional articles and at present assistant editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*. And now Miss Kerr has written a book called *The Blue Envelope* which entitles her to a place among the "first" novelists of the year. Miss Kerr is the younger daughter of the late Jonathan W. Kerr, a noted horticulturist in his day. Her early education was in the grammar and high schools of Denton, later at Hood College, Maryland, and a year of graduate study at the University of Vermont, where her work and thesis on the "Early History of Maryland" won her Master's Degree.

It was at college that Miss Kerr began her writing while on the staff of the college paper. After leaving college she wrote short stories, and soon was given a position on the *Pittsburgh Gazette Times*, where she edited a wo-

man's supplement to the Sunday edition. A position on the *Woman's Home Companion* brought her to New York, and she has continued in her activities with this publication. Of her fiction perhaps Miss Kerr's political short stories have been most notable.

In *The Blue Envelope* Miss Kerr has accomplished what she declares was her intention to do—a story in which the characters are subordinate to the action. Miss Kerr has written in this first novel about a butterfly sort of a heroine who steps from an existence of luxury to one of earning her own livelihood. The series of thrilling events in which she finds herself possess the rapid action of a motion picture, which is attested by the fact that *The Blue Envelope* already has been filmed successfully.

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Now that commercial and literary relations with our South American neighbours are becoming closer and better understood, it is quite appropriate that one of the season's new authors should have written a really distinguished novel, dealing with a picturesque phase in the history of one of those neighbours. Francia, the great dictator of Paraguay, is the central figure of Mr. Edward Lucas White's *El Supremo*, about whom he builds a picture of the colonial aristocracy of that interesting period and country. Mr. White himself belongs to an old Baltimore family, attended Johns Hopkins University there (1888), and has taught Greek and Latin for many years in Baltimore's private schools. During his summers he has travelled, particularly in South America. His literary work includes contributions of poems and short stories to various magazines and other periodicals.

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Slippy McGee, by Marie Conway Oemler, is this gifted writer's first book of fiction, but not her first entrance into the story-writing world. Her stories have appeared in *Smart Set*, *Ainslee's*, *New Age*, *Christian Herald*, the

Century, and one, in *Harper's Bazar*, "The Spirit of the Home," was listed among the best short stories of 1915. As a poet she is known to readers of *Lippincott's*, the *Independent*, the *Outlook*, *Smart Set*. Mrs. Oemler is a Southerner, born in Savannah, where she went to school. Her training for her career she received, however, from her maternal grandmother, who taught her all the legendary Irish lore, and from her paternal grandfather, a surgeon and naturalist; also from the Bible, from which she learned to read, and Webster's Dictionary, snatches of which she memorised when at seventeen she worked as a stenographer in a railroad office.

She married Mr. J. Norton Oemler and has two children, a son and a daughter. Mrs. Oemler confesses to three madresses,—the Bible, butterflies and black cats. Of her work she writes: "Things are very vivid to me. I do not make or take notes. A story floats into my mind in chunks, and hunks, and paragraphs, as if I were remembering what I had seen. Slippy McGee, for instance, was quite as real to me as my own children's faces."

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The immigrant in the city is a familiar subject for stories and studies; the immigrant in the country and his assimilation into American life in the country is not so usual. *Our Natupski Neighbors* tells of an ambitious immigrant Polish family who buy a worn-out farm in the backwoods corner of a New England town. The exasperation and disgust which the natives and these invaders feel for each other, and the final assimilation of the foreigners make an amusing story, which is typical of what is happening all over the country. Mrs. Minitier, the author, has written for magazines and newspapers. Her articles and stories show the same "sticking to facts" that the reader finds in *Our Natupski Neighbors*. She can write entertainingly about making a pie and how to dress on fifty dollars a year. Mrs. Minitier lives in Boston, but she

spends much of her time on a farm on Wilbraham Mountain, near Springfield. There she lives in one tent and cooks in another, and picks her dessert from an overhanging berry bush.

. . .

In direct contrast with *Our Natupski Neighbors*, Miss King's first novel deals with the past, not with the present and future. With delicate accuracy she presents the poetical ideals of Southern chivalry and aristocracy, and the lingering charm and grace of the New Orleans atmosphere. In *The Pleasant Ways of St. Medard* she writes of the fortunes of a ruined Southern family, and their attempted adjustment to the new order of things after the war. Miss Grace King was born in New Orleans in 1852. She has written a number of stories and sketches of New Orleans and Louisiana life.

. . .

As one of the outstanding books of fiction of last year, *Windy MacPherson's Son* has brought its author, Sherwood Anderson, into prominence. The story concerns an Iowa youth of great avidity for life, who leaves his corn belt town and goes up to Chicago to make himself a successful business man. A slight autobiographical sketch makes it clear that he must have utilised a good many experiences of his own in the book. He was born in Ohio, of a Scotch-Irish mother of fine character, who died of overwork after bearing seven children: "It was thin housekeeping. My father, a journeyman harnessmaker of the old days, was a lovable, improvident fellow, inclined to stretch the truth in statement, loving to swagger before his fellow-townsmen, not adverse to losing an occasional battle with the demon rum—on the whole a dear, lovable, colourful no-account, who should have been a novelist himself.

"When I was sixteen or seventeen years old I came to the city of Chicago, and there for four or five years I worked as a common labourer. The

Spanish War saved me from this. I enlisted, and to my amazement, when I went to my home town to become a soldier, I was greeted as a hero—one who had given up a lucrative position in the city to fight for his country! My natural shrewdness led me to take advantage of this situation, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. The rest of my story is a very simple one. When I came back from the war, I got into the advertising business, and have been a writer of advertising ever since, excepting for a few years, when I attempted to become a manufacturer. The advertising business is one that lends itself peculiarly to what I wanted to do in life. I do not understand why more novelists do not go into it."

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Beatrice Forbes - Robertson Hale, whose first novel, *The Nest-Builder*, was published recently, needs no introduction to the American public, to whom she is already a notable figure as actress and lecturer. And though *The Nest-Builder* is her first venture in fiction, she has already achieved marked success with a book on the feminist movement, entitled *What Women Want*. Mrs. Hale is an English woman, of a family long distinguished for its literary and dramatic achievements. She is a niece of Forbes-Robertson, the actor; a grandchild on her father's side of John Forbes-Robertson, well known as an art critic in London, and on her mother's of Joseph Knight, F.S.A., editor of the *London Notes and Queries* and the foremost dramatic critic of his day.

At the age of seventeen she made her dramatic début with Sir Henry Irving in *Robespierre*. She won fame in many Shakespearian rôles, and in 1907 came to America with Ellen Terry. After her marriage to Swinburne Hale, a New York lawyer, she left the stage, and has since devoted herself to lecturing upon poetry, the drama, English and American politics and feminism. Considering her own experiences as an

artist and a home-maker, it is not surprising that this writer's first novel should have for its theme artistic temperament *vs.* home-making instinct. Such is *The Nest-Builder*, in which a young painter, who despises the monotony of dull domesticity, marries a girl of the maternal type, who finds in him the answer to her unvoiced longing for a home and children.

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Wayland Wells Williams, author of a first novel, *The Whirligig of Time*, is a young university man, who has, however, seen something of the world. The son of a Yale professor, he was born and brought up in New Haven. Before entering college he studied French in Vevey and in Paris, and after graduating from Yale in 1910 spent another year abroad at the University of Munich. Returning to this country, he worked for a couple of years on the *New York Evening Post*. He left in 1913 on account of ill health, and has since been living in New Haven. He has written verse which has been published in various magazines. *The Whirligig of Time* is laid partly at Yale, and deals with university life from a new angle. The story is of two brothers, both college men, totally unlike in their attitudes toward life, but linked by a strong inarticulate bond which makes them ready to give to one another understanding and support.

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Laurence Hayward, author of *The Way Hearts Go*, is a Harvard man (class of 1901) who thinks there is a place in American life for the standard sort of novel, somewhat after the type of Anthony Trollope, or better, Archibald Marshall, with a decided dash of extra spice in it for American taste. He describes therefore what can be seen "in his own backyard"—which happens to be that pleasant country just to the north of Boston, which as the North Shore everyone knows has become one of America's "home counties" for many New York, Washington and Bos-

ton people. Of course, Harvard comes into *The Way Hearts Go*, so do also a good deal of love-making, more or less of the stock market, much of week-end life, and many of the best types of Americans, all set on the background of a rather sure and long-established country life. Mr. Hayward's home is in Newburyport, Massachusetts.

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The Philippine Islands seem all too detached, mentally as well as physically, and yet they are an important, and will some day be an integral, part of these United States. A new novel that may acquaint us with something of the historical and temperamental background of the Philippines is *The Taming of Calinga*, a tale of the islands while they were still under the rule of Spain. The author, Mr. C. L. Carlsen, has spent much time travelling in true native style along the coasts and through the country of the Philippines. He is a graduate of the University of California, and at present is teaching in the Mission High School of San Francisco.

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Allan Updegraff's boyhood was spent in Iowa and Missouri, with eager roving all the way from Iowa corn-fields to the Ozark Mountains, and this sound Middle-western training, which is the most American thing in the world, preceded Mr. Updegraff's first journalistic experience on a newspaper in South Chicago. Though he became city editor of the paper, he left it to enter Yale, where he was editor-in-chief of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. Mr. Updegraff's funds ran out, and he had to go to New York to earn his living. He had youth's adventure in working in book-stores and in a factory, and with a companion from the factory this Yale man, "incog," tramped, by brake-beam and freight and road, out to Montana, where for a summer he cleared right-of-way for a railroad, and lived with labourers of every nation.

But his poetry and short stories had already begun to make a mark, and he

jumped from a camp among the Rockies to a magazine office in New York, as assistant editor of *Transatlantic Tales*, reading manuscripts and translating from French, German, and Italian. For a time he became editor, then went to the Berkshire Hills, where he did his literary work in an ancient farmhouse with huge fireplaces and an environment of old New England life.

Since that time, except for a brief editorship of the *Publishers' Newspaper Syndicate*, Mr. Updegraff has steadily contributed to the magazines. He now lives in Woodstock, in the hills of Central New York. *Second Youth* is Mr. Updegraff's first novel.

...

Miss Florence Irwin, whose *Road to Mecca* was her first venture in the field of fiction, has to her credit a goodly number of volumes in a different field. Her name is known to many devotees of Auction Bridge, and among her diversified interests are music and mathematics. She makes her home at Hastings-on-the-Hudson, and in recent years has spent her winters in Florida.

...

Miss Sylvia Chatfield Bates is the author of *The Geranium Lady*, published last season, and of *The Vintage*, a new novel just issued. She is a New England woman with New England traditions, a graduate of Elmira College, and has done graduate work at Radcliffe. At present she is a member of the editorial staff of the *Woman's Home Companion*. Her other literary work includes several short stories that have appeared in the different magazines.

...

Charles G. Norris, author of *The Amateur*, is a brother of the late Frank Norris and the husband of Kathleen Norris, the novelist. He is well known in New York circles, having been art editor of a number of New York periodicals. Recently he and Mrs. Norris have been living on Long Island, though both are originally from

California. *The Amateur* is the story of the struggles of a young artist in New York City. Much of its realism comes from the author's own experience in the studios of New York and the sanctums of New York editors.

...

Miss Clemence Dane, whose first novel, *Regiment of Women*, has just made its appearance, is a young English woman, educated in private schools in England, Germany and Switzerland. Her first interest was not in literature as a profession, but in painting, which she studied at the Slade and in Dresden. "I meant to make it my profession," she says, adding with a charming frankness, "but it did not pay." When Miss Dane was twenty, which by the way was eight years ago, she went on the stage, where she was quite successful, playing every sort of part, but chiefly villainesses. *Regiment of Women* was begun when she was twenty-five and is her first attempt. Miss Dane says that she does all of her writing with her friend E. A., to whom her book is dedicated in these words:

Here's Our Book
As it grew.
But it's Your Book!
For, but for you,
Who'd look
At My Book?

...

Robert Cutler was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, in June, 1895. Preceded in life by four brothers—two Harvard crew captains and a Varsity quarterback—he found nothing left for him but to chronicle for maternal eyes those brothers' stalwart deeds in an ingenuous family weekly, printed, painted, published, and puffed by his hand alone. At school inky fingers betrayed again his occupation, and at Harvard University he brought shame upon the family by failing to make any team or pull any oar. Instead he indulged his fancy—during his sophomore year—by composing an excessively romantic colonial

novel, filled with pistols and passion—which all hands agreed hastily to suppress. He was among the first eight to be elected to the Phi Beta Kappa from the class of 1916. Later, chosen poet of his class, he delivered at graduation fourteen Spenserian stanzas, to the effect that his classmates had wasted their time in college, for which presumption the *Boston Transcript* editorially squashed him. He also wrote the Baccalaureate Hymn and delivered in the Stadium the English Commencement disquisition, choosing the advocacy of universal military training for his theme.

Mr. Cutler's novel, *Louisburg Square*, was composed during the summer of 1915 and the winter and summer of 1916, during which time the kindly eye of Dean Briggs surveyed its growth. It is confessedly the work of a very young man, and work largely thought out during the mêlée of a last busy year in college and the first busy year of teaching the young idea how to write at Radcliffe and Harvard—an occupation soon to be abandoned.

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Percival J. Cooney's novel is called *Kinsmen*, and is a story of early Canadian life. Mr. Cooney is at present a resident of Los Angeles and is well known as a superintendent of education. He is a Canadian by birth and taught school for many years in the township of Arnprior, Canada, which appears as the background of his novel.

• • •

Miss A. H. Fitch, author of *The Breath of the Dragon*, was born in New York City, but her home in childhood and youth was in Indiana with her grandfather, Hon. G. N. Fitch, formerly United States Senator for Indiana. Her uncle, Colonel Charles Denby, being United States Minister to China, she accompanied her aunt to Peking in the early nineties and spent nearly two years there. China in the nineties was the old China, and it abounded in interesting, novel and amusing experiences.

"On one occasion, at our temple out at the hills," writes the author, "I had the unusual experience of a visit from a Chinese princess, who, hearing of my presence and being anxious to see a young foreign girl, came, contrary to all Chinese convention of those days, to call on me. She was accompanied by a large retinue. She was a pretty young woman, though her looks were somewhat marred by two long plugs of cotton which protruded from each nostril—a sanitary precaution on her part to avoid breathing the same air as a foreigner. China at that time was a land of adventure, of excitement, of mediæval contrasts, and this I have endeavoured to show in my novel, *The Breath of the Dragon*."

• • •

Allen French, author of *The Hiding Places*, is a Boston man, graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1892 and from Harvard in 1894 and was for five years instructor in English at Harvard until 1913. Mr. French has had two main occupations—farming and writing books for boys and girls. Perhaps there is a sort of picturesque alliance between the two. He has written a number of juvenile historical books, such as *The Colonials*, *The Heroes of Iceland* and *The Siege of Boston*. In addition to these he has not failed to give evidence of his farming experience. *How to Grow Vegetables* appeared in 1911 and in 1914 *The Beginner's Garden Book*.

In *The Hiding Places* we again find the distinct suggestion of his farming career. The scene is laid on an old New England farm of very much the sort we imagine Mr. French himself owns. The story is one of feud and love with a good deal of mystery about it and a lot of New England.

• • •

Peter Sanders, Retired is by Gordon Hall Gerould, a professor of English at Princeton. Mr. Gerould was born in New Hampshire, graduated from Dartmouth in 1899, received the degree of B.Litt. at Oxford in 1901, became

an instructor in English philology at Bryn Mawr College in 1902 and is now associate professor and John Rutherford preceptor in English at Princeton. Mr. Gerould has written a number of contributions to publications of philology, in which he is particularly interested, and has written or edited such books as *Collected Essays of Fielding*.

Perhaps one would not expect of a man whose career has been apparently so academic a novel of the sort that Mr. Gerould has produced. Peter Sanders, the hero, was a gambler who, when not actively conducting his gambling house, was a scholarly, intelligent man and a book collector of impeccable taste. The gambler's house itself was a quiet, decorous mansion in which fortunes were won or lost without any outside disturbance. It was supposed to be on Forty-fourth Street, New York, one door east from Delmonico's, with large columns on each side of the doorway, but Mr. Gerould does not say so in his book, neither does he mention the secret door which some people say leads out of Delmonico's and into Peter

Sanders's apartments. Mr. Gerould has contributed a number of the episodes on Sanders's career to magazines at various times, but this is the complete story of his life.

• • •

Miss Corbett, the author of *Cecily and the Wide World*, was born in Illinois, but she has lived in Wisconsin continuously since babyhood. She is a graduate of the Milwaukee High School and the University of Wisconsin, class of 1910, and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. She has been active in club and suffrage work in Milwaukee. The novel has for its plot the misunderstandings and maladjustments in the married life of Cecily and her husband, both of whom have too much ability for the narrow and comfortable life in which they find themselves. They separate and go into absorbing work. Through the experiences which come to them, they reach an understanding of each other.

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Several additional photographs of the year's new authors will be found in the "Brevities" section of this issue.

TO A GREAT MAN

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

WE WHO toil endless in obscurity
Look up to you who have attained great height
As one elect. Before your acknowledged might
We stand in true and humble fealty,

Knowing too well how wide the gulf may be
Between us. Nevermore will failure blight
Or doubts make dim the splendour of your light,
Secure in fame, above all rivalry!

And yet, while we that eminence admire,
We envy not. For you the race is run,
The goal achieved, attained the victory.

We have the world before us! Our soul's fire
Still mounts in visions to the mid-day sun
And glories in divine uncertainty!

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

AMONG the latest "offerings" of the publishers are several new yarns of the immortal kind which have to do with missing documents and hidden treasures. *Lost Endeavour* takes up and employs the ancient materials quite frankly, yet not perfunctorily. The reader who could not warm to *Captain Margaret* or to Masefield's other experiments (too clearly experiments) in prose romance, may find something more spontaneous and genuine here. All stories of this kind are bound, of course, to be referred in one way or another to *Treasure Island*. In default of that now classic model, this tale might not have been what it is. But it is by no means imitation or echo, it swings along through its tropic seas and outlandish adventures of its own momentum. The action is dated in the last decade of the seventeenth century. This, however, is merely a matter of convenience. A day of press-gangs and privateers would have evident advantages of setting and costume for our purpose, but Mr. Masefield does not make the mistake of boring us with trivial fidelities to the past. Anybody who hunts for them may find plenty of anachronisms here, and may

give thanks for being spared the wooden gadzooksing and the stilted thou-play which are a familiar curse of "historical" fiction. The main thing is the atmosphere of romantic adventure in which the first chapter immerses us, and from which we do not escape until the story-teller pleases. The chief figures are an English school-boy, Charles Harding, and one of his masters, Teodoro Mora, "Spanish by birth, French by education, and English by choice—a mixture of three good things." They are kidnapped together. The boy becomes a slave in Virginia; the man (who is not much more than a boy) escapes from his captors, and by a series of chances becomes involved with a crew of smugglers and pirates. Then kindly coincidence throws the boy, Charles, into their hands, and a sea-adventure begins which centres in Mora's secret knowledge of a veritable treasure island—which holds other treasure than gold. It is all very spirited and thrilling till we get toward the end, and there, to tell the truth, the affair rather peters out. With a fine strong finish permitting the triumph of Mora and his attendant Charles, we should have had a big story. We cannot take it kindly of the story-teller that, after all our excitement and peril, we do not quite get anywhere. A perfect treasure-tale must not concern a lost endeavour, and we have to get our satisfaction here out of the episodes rather than out of the action as a whole. But the episodes are thrilling. There are some fine salt-water characters here, too, notably "Dick," the doughty and resourceful, with his forcible yet placid method: "That's the style," said Dick cheerily. "Rally now for Boca Drago. That's my hearty cocks. Away now and break it. And you (turning to me), aloft with you to the fore-topmast cross-trees. When

**Lost Endeavour*. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Hiding-Places. By Allen French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Middle Pasture. By Mathilde Bilbro. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

Mag Pye. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Spring Song. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Wonder. By J. D. Beresford. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Children of Fate. By Marice Rutledge. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Job. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Chosen People. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

you see a rock ahead, sing out. You know how a submerged rock looks? When that water ahead turns pale, sing out. Otherwise we shall bump on a few jolly mermaids. Away now: aloft with you.'"

In *The Hiding-Places* and *The Middle Pasture* the treasure-and-document business is successfully reduced to terms of current American life. Mr. Rex Beach did this a little while ago, but we had to go to Cuba with him for the sake of atmosphere and costume. Yet there is plenty of romantic material of this kind in our older States. Mr. French's "Diamond Hill" is an old New England farm which has always been posted against trespass because its first owner, an old privateer or buccaneer of the War of 1812, is known to have concealed treasure there. Is this fantastic? I myself happen to live on an old farm which belonged to a Yankee privateer and slaver of the eighteenth century; the stone walls were built by his slaves. Within sight of my study window is the house of a pair of brothers, "land poor," who, according to neighbourhood tradition, will not sell any of their land because there is buried treasure there. A ghost, I understand, goes with it! Mr. French's old pirate divided his land and money between two nephews, and left the description in his will of five leaden boxes of specified shapes which he had concealed in different places about the estate. Either of the brothers was to have the right of search on the other's place, and of keeping what he might find there. An admirable precaution for keeping the land in the family! Seventy years later, when the present action begins, only two of the jewel-laden boxes have been found. The land is still farmed by descendants of the original cousins. Their younger representatives are a son Binney and a daughter Margery, who are great friends and nearly grown up. In the first chapter Binney finds the third box, the Flat Oblong, in a wall on Margery's farm, to the tune of thirty thousand in diamonds and rubies.

This is pleasant, but Binney's guileless father presently puts his money on the wrong stock and loses it all. The father dies of shock, and Binney returns from his city experiment to take up the farm work of his father. There are two magical boxes left: how they are discovered, and the family *casus belli* disposed of for good, and everybody made happy ever after, shall not be revealed here. It is a kind of romance which would be contemptible if it were done cheaply; but it is done very well indeed, with, for good measure, some touches of genuine characterisation—a thing which cannot fairly be demanded of the pure romancer.

In *The Middle Pasture* the family bone of contention is not a buried treasure, but the pasture itself—which, to be sure, turns out to contain riches. A large farm has been divided between two brothers, but a long field in the middle of the estate is not specified in the will, and each of the brothers claims it. Neither will put the question to legal test, lest the field be divided: hence a long, silent feud which is duly but not too quickly resolved by the present action. The plot, which is pretty intricate, contains a good many elements of rural comedy and of rural melodrama but, on the whole, they are well combined and subordinated to the main romantic intention. The story-teller, little Beatrice Crawford, is a healthy little American, full of conscious and unconscious humour. She contrives somehow to be in the thick of all events of importance, and is a spirited chronicler. Lightning and a lost will play their part in this story, as in *The Hiding-Places*. But it remains for dynamite, in the hands of Beatrice and her crew, to bring to light the unsuspected treasure of the pasture. The notable thing about these two stories, as about so many current experiments in romance, is the realism of detail by means of which the spinner makes his old yarn plausible—a trick in itself ancient before Defoe perfected it in English, exactly two centuries ago.

Romance also is the story of *Mag Pye*, but romance in subtler guise: a romance of atmosphere and sentiment rather than of machinery and gusto. The chief figure is not an uncommon one in recent fiction—the lonely and neglected child of Bohemia who is destined to make her way to success and happiness by sheer force of character. Mag Pye's father is a drugged and down-at-heels painter, with a mysterious past. Two women are involved in that past, the woman he might have married, and the woman he did marry. The first is an English lady who has cast him off for a single act of perfidy—which, to be sure, has given sufficient proof of fatal weakness in his character. Having cast him off, this lovely lady has mourned him all her life. On the rebound of his misery he marries a little French woman, who adores him, but who, perceiving that she cannot make him happy, deserts him and their young child. Thus, years later, we find Mag Pye and her father in a London half-slum, living under an assumed name, derelicts of society. But the child is born to be everybody's protégée, and what she is to the charwomen and to the mysterious "Madame Aimée," she presently becomes to various persons in higher circles. The first of them is the middle-aged barrister who is supposed to tell the story and who, as it chances, is the life-long devotee of the lovely lady who might have been Mag's mother (or thereabouts). Mag is duly taken up by that lady. It is discovered that she can draw, and she is put in the way of proper instruction by a wealthy amateur. She has, as it turns out, a little vein of genius, but it quickly runs out, not greatly to her regret, since her choice is for that happiness in love which fate does not long withhold. It is a story of graceful humour and unforced sentiment, at its weakest where it bothers with plot: the mystery of Madame Aimée is drawn rather thin. Mag herself is delightful, a bit of fresh and honest youth conquering by virtue of its unfaltering sincerity.

The Spring Song is a book of still more delicate feeling. It also is the story of an exceptional child, but a child, as it were, at the other end of the human scale. The little Grif of this tale quite lacks the robust health of body and mind that are Mag Pye's chief defences against the world. He is a boy who has not lost his child heart, a sensitive, dreaming, lonely minded adventurer among the hard ways of life. He is utterly healthy of soul, but his lack of physical stamina makes him unfit to combat the spiritual disease which malicious chance implants in him; a figure of infinite pathos, a pure child-spirit broken on the wheel of human experience. He has, to be sure, no physical obstacles of poverty or city-confinement to contend with. The slight action of the story takes place in an atmosphere of leisurely country life. Grif is one of a family of healthy, normal, English children who, with their governess, come to pass the summer holidays with their grandfather, a kindly, rather absent old Canon, and his daughter, Aunt Caroline, who is a thorough but slightly matter-of-fact "good sort." Against this pleasant commonplace human background the figure of Grif stands a little detached yet not clearly defined. He is the odd one of the lot, everybody is fond of him but nobody understands him. He is not very responsible as to times and places, is always likely to disappear without notice upon some quixotic adventure or in some mood of mere roving. He has a very exceptional feeling for animals and for solitary nature, a half-mystical sense of communion with forces to which most of us are insensible. And he is quite inarticulate about all this. His sensitiveness and his reticence alike expose him to the evil influence of an old musician of unbalanced mind and dreadful history; and his nature suffers a shock from which life offers him no recovery. The piteousness of this portrait is further intensified by contrast with that of Palmer Dorset, a boy only a few years older than Grif, but uncannily cold-blooded, hard-headed and self-centred

It is he who wins admiration with his selfish cleverness, while poor Grif, the pure of soul and of heart, gets nothing better than affectionate pity. The best we can say for Grif is that he is destined to go out of life as he came into it, trailing his clouds of glory.

An equally original story with an oddly contrasting theme is Mr. Beresford's *The Wonder*. It is of course a fantasy, though the chronicler spares no pains to give it the quality of a matter-of-fact record. What he conceives is nothing less than pure mind, absolute intellectual wisdom, embodied by a miracle or an immense fluke in the child of a famous provincial cricketer and an equally uneducated but essentially less commonplace wife. The father has been disabled in his prime, and marries in the hope of getting a son who, under his sole training, shall become the greatest bowler of all time. It is to be a child without habits or prepossessions, who may be moulded from the outset to the great end. But the mother's prenatal will, bent upon this, produces a child-body possessed by an intellect full-formed, totally free from ordinary human limitations. The child is physically abnormal, with the huge head of an idiot and the eyes of a god. Under his gaze, even before he has arrived at speech, wise men quail and dull men helplessly cringe. At four he has mastered all human knowledge and cast it aside as fumbling and fruitless. He becomes an object of hatred to smaller spirits, who resent the superiority they are forced to acknowledge, and to more than one great scholar whom he has easily routed, rendering as naught the proud labours of a lifetime. His own absolute knowledge he cannot convey, since no human brain is capable of getting more than a glimpse of it. There is something disintegrating and devastating about his presence in a world of partial and relative wisdom; and his early death (at the hands, we suspect, of some representative of inimical humanity) comes as an enormous relief even to those of his fellow-beings who

have tried hardest to yield him his due. Some hints of his philosophy and of its blasting influence on human life in its present phase are to be found in the closing comment of Challis, who, perhaps, has grasped more of the prodigy's formula than any other: "We are still mercifully surrounded with the countless mysteries of every-day experience, all the evidences of the unimaginable stimulus we call life. Would you take them away? Would you resolve life into a disease of the ether—a disease of which you and I, all life and all matter, are symptoms? Would you teach that to the child, and explain to him that the wonder of life and growth is no wonder, but a demonstrable result of impeded force, to be evaluated by the application of an adequate formula? . . . You and I are children in the infancy of the world. Let us to our play in the nursery of our own times. The day will come, perhaps, when humanity shall have grown and will have to take upon itself the heavy burden of knowledge. But you need not fear that that will be in our day, nor in a thousand years. . . . Meanwhile leave us our childish fancies, our little imaginings, our hope—children that we are—of those impossible mysteries beyond the hills."

Children of Fate is, so far as I know, quite unique among the novels which the Great War has brought forth. It embodies a passionate argument for pacifism and, above all, for a crusade among women against war. We are in Paris at the moment of the outbreak, we see a typical family of the French middle class sending off its sons to the front. Two of them are natural soldiers and go exulting. The third is a student at the Beaux Arts, wrapped up in his work and in the American fellow-student to whom he is secretly betrothed. He has no faith in war as a remedy, nor has she; but at the moment of his departure she responds to his great need by assuring him, against her own conviction, that he is doing his duty. Thereafter, in her letters, she heartens him by false words.

He is sent home wounded, and for a time happiness returns to them, but the moment of his recovery is the moment when his family and his sense of duty make fresh demands upon him. But this second sacrifice is more than his betrothed can bear. She strips off the mask of her false enthusiasms for glory and for country, and confesses that she sees only waste and crime in the war. She has sent him off with lies, "lies to suit his uniform," but she cannot do it again. And she protests that it is by just this sort of falsity that women are making themselves responsible for war: "Now this is what I . . . one woman . . . believe," she cries: "That those women who in Germany, England, France, Russia, America and all the other nations gave their voice freely to this or any war, unconsciously abetting schemes of governments and capitalists, are fools and criminals. They should have foreseen results. Men are ruled mainly by their primal instincts. But they, the women, should have known that if races are to evolve into a higher state it must be through finer, cleverer methods than war." One observes here the "certain condescension" of complacent feminism toward the dull and errant male, and the somewhat shrill note of the special pleader. But whatever may be thought of this book in its character of tract or brief, its dignity and moving quality as a story are beyond question. And it may be that the reader will hold by this soldier's creed, so hardly come by, "If by adding my life to the millions I can assist a natural terrific manifestation of good, I must consider myself enrolled in an eternal cause," rather than by this woman's "He had gone the way of the youthful millions and the world was none the better for it."

Two other novels of notable seriousness, by American authors, are before us. *The Job* is a feminist document. It sets out to prove, by a particular instance, what obstacles of inheritance and tradition must be faced by the woman

who wishes to make her own way; how those obstacles may be overcome; and what the reward may be. This might easily have been a bore, especially as the showman is rather prone to overdo his part. He has little notion of pinning himself down to the business in hand, the telling of his story, the embodying of his idea, but must step aside from it, at will, to lay down the law about all sorts of things. A good many of the pages in this book might be cut out to its advantage. But Mr. Lewis has a story to tell, and does fairly embody his idea in interpreting the character of Una Golden. Una is not a striking person, her origin is as commonplace as possible, she has no marked beauty or charm. She is simply an American girl of the "small town," bred in the parasitic theory of woman's sphere, with narrowness all about her, and no hope for the future unless through breaking away and finding a broader atmosphere. That means, of course, New York. It is a quaint theory among current story-tellers that a dingy flat abreast of the elevated, *passim*, offers opportunities for broad and free living such as are unknown to any white cottage on any village street. Mr. Lewis, for one, does not conceal the fact that Una's first experience of New York is an experience of provincialism plus squalour and turmoil. But for one of her courage and sturdiness it does offer a starting-point. Una's ambition is not to achieve happiness or even pleasure, but to make her own way, to be herself to some purpose, "economically" and socially in the human sense. She is a nice little thing, with a basis of sound character to build her life upon. Mr. Lewis takes the easiest way with her, in one respect. The convenient method of emphasising a woman's strength is to surround her with feeble men. Una's father is one of the most pretentious and useless citizens of Panama, Pennsylvania. Her only suitor there is "old Henry Carson, the widower, with catarrh and three children." The men she knows more or less intimately in New York are (in the order

of their appearance) (1) Sanford Hunt, an honest but not forceful young fellow-pupil at commercial school; (2) Julius Edward Schwirtz, paint salesman, "ungrammatical and jocose; he panted a good deal, and gurgled his soup"; (3) S. Herbert Ross, advertising manager of the "Motor and Gas Gazette," a busy and clever piece of business machinery; (4) Walter Babson, roving young male, journalist, advertising man, and what not, with plenty of "temperament" and no moral anchor. It is to Babson that she gives her maiden heart, but he, loving her to the best of his ability, is only strong enough to leave her physically unharmed. His argument is that he has not "found himself" and does not deserve her. Perhaps he is right. After he has vanished westward upon his vague quest, Una marries the gurgling Schwirtz and accepts the parasitic life, until circumstance at last justifies her revolt from it. Then begins her real career; she wins in the open field against all business comers, males preferred; and when Babson turns up again, a made man, he is not, after all, so well made as she. The upshot is that partnership on equal terms—on money terms in particular—which is our current ideal of matrimony. What justifies the book, in the end, is not its "idea," or its incidental cleverness, which is notable, but its portrait of a woman. Una Golden is—herself.

The Chosen People is a book of ideas, yet free from animus; its problem is discussed with warmth, but dispassionately. In a rough sense this may be called a Jewish "Inside of the Cup." It concerns not only certain persons being and doing certain things, but the whole status and destiny of the Jewish race in America. And this status and destiny, the author seems to say, are bound up in the question of the spiritual integrity of this people. If anywhere his own faith finds utterance, it would seem to be in the mystical belief of his young rabbi in the mission of his race, in the Jews as a "Priest People," whose destiny it is to

make known God's blessing and truth to all nations. That is a revealing moment when Rabbi Philip, visiting a great hospital on an errand of mercy, is confronted at the entrance by a great statue of the Christ: "So significant was this huge mass of eloquent marble that there was scarcely need for the chiselled inscription—'Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you Rest.' . . . The young rabbi unconsciously paused, and paid full and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the Great Rabbi of Bethlehem, who has been chosen by millions as the symbol of Infinite Love, yet whose name has been invoked by myriads of false followers in justification of deeds of fiendish cruelty. 'He too was a Jew, and a teacher of our faith,' was the thought which flashed into Philip's mind, immediately to give place to his own characteristic idea. 'After all, it is we, who will not believe Him to be more than He truly was, who understand Him best—who can best teach the world what He meant it to know.'" Yet this very moment of exaltation is preparing its irony for him. The old Russian Jew to whose deathbed he has been called proves to be hopelessly a stranger. The elegant young rabbi knows nothing of the people of the Ghetto or of their speech. And herein is involved a very important element in Mr. Nyburg's theme. Rabbi Philip Graetz is of the prosperous German Jews who play a leading part in so many of our professions and industries, and who are at an opposite pole, socially and economically, from the hordes of Russian and Polish Jews who people our Ghettoes. Rabbi Philip and his class have neither language nor manners nor religious observances in common with these poor kinsmen. For Rabbi Philip is a prophet of a "reformed" faith. He eats the forbidden food, the men of his congregation take off their hats and sit with their women in the "temple," where the service is much like that of the Unitarians. To the orthodox Jews of the Ghetto these are apostates. Rabbi Philip wakes to this, determines, in his young zeal, to

unite these strangers of one blood. But the chasm of religion is not the only one. In daily life the contact between the two classes is that between employer and hireling, and, in accordance with our current usage (if not theory) of business as a species of warfare, neither has pity for the other. Hence, in the ensuing tussle between Jewish capital and Jewish labour, the rabbi comes off rather lamentably: is not crushed between the millstones because they are not conscious of him. We leave him maintaining a somewhat precarious foothold upon his prophetic pedestal, through recourse to a new and half-despairing phi-

losophy of opportunism. To tell the truth, he, like the young parson in the *Inside of the Cup*, begins his city ministry in a state of well-nigh incredible innocence as to human nature and ignorance of human conditions. He remains, with all his nobility of impulse, a piteous rather than heroic figure. The person who stands out here (as no person stood out in Mr. Churchill's story) with amazing force and roundness, is a Jew of the lower class, Rabbi Philip's anti-type, the Satan of the episode: the scoffing, unscrupulous, immensely efficient and by no means ignoble antagonist, David Gordon.

FOUR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

COESTER'S "THE LITERARY HISTORY OF SPANISH AMERICA" AND ELLIOT'S "BRAZIL TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW"*

Mr. Coester's *Literary History of Spanish America* makes its appearance at a critical moment in the relations of North and South America, shut off, as they are, from their parent stocks in Europe and after years of half-regard and some jealousy thrown together through the necessities of the foreign wars. Both North and South are therefore in a mood to appreciate fully any attempt to further a mutual knowledge of American arts and letters, and therefore surprise will grow to delight as the North Americans discover in Central and South America great forces and literary achievement that compare favourably with—and even, be it said, surpass—the product of our native authorship.

Mr. Coester's book fills an inestimable place as a guide and counsellor in this

*The *Literary History of Spanish America*. By Alfred Coester. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Brazil To-day and To-morrow. By Lillian Elwyn Elliot. New York: The Macmillan Company.

otherwise uncharted study. After discussing "The Colonial Period" and "The Revolutionary Period" in South American literary fields, the age of Fray Bartolomé de las Casas and the military poetry of Eroilla's "Araucana," Mr. Coester takes up the story of each of the great political states in turn. Beginning with Argentina he discusses in a judicial manner the merits of such leaders as Estéban Echeverría (1805-51), a Byronic poet; as José Mármol (1818-81), a well-known novelist after the manner of Walter Scott; as Bartolomé Mitre (1821-1906) and Domingo Faustino Sarmiento (1811-88), great editors, politicians and poets. It is the latter of these who gives us this summary of the qualities of the *gaucho*, or rough rider of the Argentine pampas who has been the foundation of a whole school of South American letters. "The *gaucho* outlaw will make his appearance in a place just left by soldiers, will talk in a friendly way with the admiring group of good *gauchos* around him; provide himself with tobacco, *yerba-mate*, which makes a refreshing beverage, and if he discovers the soldiers, he mounts his horse quietly and directs his steps leisurely to the wilderness, not even

deigning to look back. He is seldom pursued; that would be killing good horses to no purpose, for the beast of the *gaucho* outlaw is a bay courser, as noted in his own way as his master. If he ever happens to fall unawares into the hands of the soldiers, he sets upon the densest mass of his assailants and breaks through them with the help of a few slashes left by his knife on the faces or bodies of his opponents and, lying along the ridge of his horse's back to avoid the bullets sent after him, he hastens toward the wilderness, until having left his pursuers at a convenient distance he pulls up and travels at his ease. The poets of the vicinity add this new exploit to the biography of the desert hero and his renown flies through all the vast region around. Sometimes he appears before the scene of a rustic festival with a young woman whom he has carried off, and takes a place in the dance with his partner, goes through the figures of the *cielito*, and disappears unnoticed. Another day he brings back the girl he has seduced to the house of her offended family, sets her down from his horse's croup and, reckless of the parents' curses by which he is followed, quietly betakes himself to his boundless abode."

To the account of "The Argentines" there is also Olegario Victor Andrade (1838-83), "the true national poet, because he reflects in his beautiful songs the aspirations of that young and lively democracy which frets itself in supreme longings for liberty, progress and civilisation, while it is the melting-pot for the diverse elements of the Latin races from which will spring a new American type, destined to preside over an important evolution of the human species in the New World." Only remain to be noticed the Balzacian novelist Carlos Maria Ocantos and Enrique Rodriguez La Larreta, whose *La Gloria de Don Ramiro* was published in 1911.

Thus through different chapters entitled Uruguay, Chile, Peru and Bolivia, Colombia, Venezuela, Mexico, Cuba, Santo Domingo, Porto Rico,

Central America, Mr. Coester leads us down to modern times in his final chapter on "The Modernista Movement," which proves to be an able summary of his earlier discussions and a description of the manner in which the Spanish language adapted itself to the form and substance of the French Parnassian, decadent, and symbolist schools. "The poets consciously sought to widen the horizon of poetic endeavour by rejecting the tyranny of ancient rules of prosody. Their cult of beauty led them to evocations of ancient Greece and their love of elegance to the Versailles of the eighteenth century. The later poets have rejected this theory—that their civilisation was European—and built on a universal Americanism which finds its bond of union in a common language and a similar racial origin."

In this final chapter we read the story of Rubén Darío (1867-1916) and his confrères and followers, Gutierrez Nájera, Salvador Díaz Mirón, Julián del Casal, the Colombians José Asuncion Silva (1860-96), Guillermo Valencia and Antonio Gomez Restrepo, and the Peruvian, José Santos Chocano (1875—).

Miss Lillian Elwyn Elliot's *Brazil To-day and To-morrow* is a comprehensive study of the fortunes past and future of the great Portuguese republic of South America. The author has come to her task after a great deal of preparation and travel in the many provinces of Brazil, and her enthusiasm pervades her volume with a more than usual charm. She declares that South American literature is a phase of French literature: "yet in Brazil this would have less truth than in most parts of Latin America, because this country has so largely developed a series of writers who take native Brazilian life for their theme. I know no other South American country whose literature is so emancipated, not from the French style, as from European subject matter." She goes on to laud the charming novel *Innocencia*, by Visconde de Taunay, the *O Sertão* of Coelho Netto; the *O Gau-*

cho of José de Alencar, and continues with the description of the patriotic work for military service and development of Brazilian young men by "The Prince of Brazilian Poets," the author of the *Via Lactea*, Olavo Bilac.

With these two recent volumes of Mr. Coester and Miss Elliot we mark the opening of the campaign for better mutual acquaintance between our continental neighbours. It is to be hoped that in the forthcoming lists of our publishers there will be found announcements of new translations of some of the South American masterpieces of poetry and fiction. The genius of our Latin brethren has already prepared a feast for any reader of Spanish and Portuguese.

Thomas Walsh.

III

KORNILOV'S "MODERN RUSSIAN HISTORY"*

Russian historiography can boast of no more trustworthy and complete survey of Russia's evolution in the nineteenth century than Professor Kornilov's *History*. Its English version is, therefore, a most valuable addition to the literature on the country whose miraculous awakening has recently taken the world off its feet. It is likely to contribute to the knowledge and understanding of Russia more than any other single work which has appeared in English in late years.

The History of Russia in the Nineteenth Century, to use the descriptive title of the original work, is an outgrowth of a course of lectures delivered by the author at the Polytechnicum of Peter the Great, in Petrograd. It might well be used as a manual for academic work in modern Russian history, but it is not intended exclusively for the student and has none of the ear-marks of a text-book. All those who take a suffi-

ciently serious interest in the great Slav imperium will find it profitable to draw from this store-house of wide and accurate information, lucidly exposed and skilfully organised by the eminent historian. The work falls into three parts. The first, which covers the reigns of Paul I and Alexander I, opens with two introductory chapters containing a few methodological considerations, a bird's-eye view of Russia's historical evolution up to the end of the eighteenth century, and an analysis of the situation of the country on the eve of the nineteenth century. The second part deals with the epoch of Nicholas I. The third section, which is also the amplest and the most valuable one, is an elaborate history of the country renovated by the great reforms of the sixties. It closes with the death of Alexander III, and does not cross the threshold of that most dramatic period of Russian history which culminated in the upheaval of the years 1905-6. The reign of Nicholas II is outlined in a supplement which comes from the pen of the translator.

The methodological principles which underlie the book are clearly defined by the author. His aim is not a mere pragmatic account of historical events, but a broad picture of the life and culture of Russian society. This picture is by no means an algebraic abstraction or a schematic drawing. It is based on concrete facts and forces, taken up in a strictly chronological order. A Russian critic has pointed out that our author lacks a definite conception of the historical process and that in places his exposition does not rise above a mechanical linking together of heterogeneous facts. The truth is that Professor Kornilov is loath to sacrifice the integrity of primary historical data to any straight-jacket philosophy of history. He comes nearest to the school of Russian historians which might be termed "sociological" and which owes its development to the genius of the lately deceased historian Klyuchevsky. This school views the historical process in all its complexity and studies its various interrelated as-

*Modern Russian History. By Alexander Kornilov. Translated from the original Russian by Alexander S. Kaun. Two volumes with maps. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

pects, such as the economic evolution, the political forms, the social forces, the ideology; but, unlike the economic materialists, this school does not undertake to decide which of these aspects are basal and which derived.

Russia's military affairs and her international situation are not neglected by our author, but the internal history occupies the main place in his work. Economics, institutions, social classes, education, movements—political, social and intellectual—all these subjects are treated with admirable precision and concreteness which come from the author's mastery of a large mass of facts.

Much attention is also given to the personal character of the rulers and statesmen, because of their influence on the historical destinies of the autocratic state. Upon the whole, the book gives a fair idea of the latest standards of Russian scholarship in the field of historical research. It may be properly remarked here that Russians have done a great deal for the study of the past, and that the country's emancipation will give a direct impetus to historical scholarship by opening up archives hitherto inaccessible to the worker. It is characteristic of the zeal with which historical research is conducted in Russia that only several months ago in the very midst of the war there were started two new reviews devoted exclusively to history.

It is hardly necessary to add that Professor Kornilov is a man of progressive views: in these late years no thinking and right-minded person in Russia has sided with the old régime. But he does not let his personal convictions stand between himself and his subject, he treats the past with an impartiality and objectiveness which well behoove a historian. Mr. Kaun, the author of the additional section which brings the work up to the year of grace 1916, does not pretend to treat his subject matter in a historical perspective. What he offers is, in his own words, "a subjective interpretation of the most salient events during the present reign as reflected in the mind of the Russian *intelligentsia*."

One wonders whether the viewpoint of an enlightened and liberty-loving contemporary may not be also that of the future historian of the reign of Russia's last autocrat. At any rate, Mr. Kaun's subjectivism has not prevented him from making a correct prognosis of Russia's internal status. "One need not be a prophet," says he, in concluding his vigorous sketches, "to foretell that the present order of things will have to disappear. The only citadel of the bureaucracy in 1905-6—the army—has learned in this war an unforgettable lesson of the crimes of their rulers in Petrograd. And one may hope that in the last conflict between the people and the bureaucracy the army will prove to be the people's army."

That Indignation is a maker of verse has been known now for nearly two thousand years. We are glad to applaud it now in the rôle of a historian.

Abraham Yarmolinsky.

IV

S. S. McCCLURE'S "OBSTACLES TO PEACE"*

It is a dangerous thing to venture into the already overfilled field of books about the war. But Mr. S. S. McClure has made more than one dangerous venture in his busy energetic life, and most of them have been successful. This last can rank among the successes also. For all its wide background, crowded with too great a wealth of detail, like an overfull museum before the beneficent hand of the curator has ordered and arranged the material, this book gives its readers much information, and much food for reflection. It is a book we want to read carefully, and yet we want to read it in one sitting, for its eagerly journalistic touch gives the personal note that appeals. It has the faults of the journalistic quality: a too great lingering over sensational details, and endless repetition; but it has also the

*Obstacles to Peace. By S. S. McClure. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

good journalistic quality of immediateness, and a quality not always associated with journalism (although it should be), that of wanting to show facts on all sides of the picture that the reader may form his own judgments. In this Mr. McClure remains pleasingly reportorial, and does not become sufficiently editorial to annoy us.

On the editorial side of this book, its most important quality is Mr. McClure's keen understanding of the fact that war is first of all a state of mind . . . engendered, made possible and carried on by states of mind. Beliefs, awakened and held in consciousness in the public mind through the organs of public opinion, bring about a state of mind in which war seems the only possible alternative. Other beliefs, awakened and held aroused by the powers interested in carrying on the war, blind the eyes of nations to the real fallacy of war, and make it possible that wars shall be carried on. A truer, more deeply fundamental thing was never said. And yet Mr. McClure's book is one of the very few books about the war in which this truth has been emphasised, and in which it is made the corner-stone of all argument. There is a mighty lesson for ourselves in this. Mr. McClure makes his lesson all the more pointed by apparently attaching all possible importance to the diplomatic dealings of "High Politics," and by showing us, without any comment, how they play at dice with the lives and deaths of thousands and hundreds of thousands.

In the line of mere information, an important point is the stressing of the Eastern Question, something little mentioned in papers, books, pamphlets, here that appeal to the general public. Statesmen and students of history know what Asiatic Turkey means to Europe and to this war. But Mr. McClure deserves a vote of thanks for having told the story so clearly, and in a manner that will interest even the reader seeking for entertainment only. Under present economic conditions governing production and distribution of wealth, the national

ownership of trade channels, waterways, railways, mountain passes, has great importance. Conditions governing the trade advantages of ownership of the routes of the Bosphorus have been a fruitful cause of wars and rumours of wars in Europe for many years. They are, Mr. McClure shows us here, one of the main obstacles to an early settlement of the present trouble. And equally important is the desire of several European Powers for the right to develop and take for themselves the immense possibilities of wealth now lying idle in the great stretch of country known as Asiatic Turkey, the seat of ancient, forgotten empires. Plains once capable of supporting an enormous population now lie desert, but the great Powers of Europe know very well that these plains can bloom again. And they know very well the important position of this country from the point of view of economics and strategy. The control of this great country is, Mr. McClure says, the one real issue of this war and the true cause of the embittered struggle between England and Germany. In face of this, what Mr. McClure tells us of the agreement between England and Germany which had been drawn up and initialed by the negotiators, regarding a friendly participation of interests in developing Asiatic Turkey, is of great importance. By mere chance Mr. McClure obtained the text of this treaty, a document of which very little is known except by those immediately concerned, as it was to have been formally signed and proclaimed in September, 1914. It was lost in seas of blood and tears. But Mr. McClure has preserved an interesting historical document for us, and has also shown us how England, represented by Sir Edward Grey, and Germany, represented by the Emperor and Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, worked earnestly to settle this burning question of diplomacy that peace for many years to come might be assured. It is one of the great world-tragedies that incidents, springing out of conditions and fostered by forces deliberately

nurtured by nations that did not realise their danger, brought all these endeavours to naught.

In his chapter on the now nearly forgotten direct cause of the war Mr. McClure does what few American writers on that subject have done. He tries to let us see Austria's viewpoint in the matter. The Austrian-Servian question has some strong points of resemblance to our own situation in regard to Mexico. In Austria, as here, there were strong elements working to engender hatred and distrust of Serbia; in Serbia, as in Mexico, there were strong influences working on the natural patriotic feelings of the people to engender hatred and distrust of the more powerful neighbour. The assassination of the Archduke and his wife was the spark that caused the explosion. Mr. McClure's pages concerning Austria's insolent ultimatum to Serbia and refusal to accept Serbia's almost cringing apology read like a transcription of some recent events in our own history. Breathlessly fascinating is the chapter describing those thirteen days before the final great catastrophe.

In the general hatred and recrimination that now sweeps the world actual facts are forgotten, and those who would recall them are silenced with sneers. Mr. McClure has been brave enough to assert several times that the Kaiser emphatically did not want war, that the German Chancellor was first and foremost a man of peace. He does not deliberately place the blame where it belongs, on the German war party, the Agrarian Junker who, owning most of the land of Prussia, has for generations exercised an evil influence on the policy of Prussia. But we may agree with him when he says that even this war party did not, at the moment, actually drag its country into war. The fault lay in not recognising that the Austrian-Ser-

vian crisis might let loose feelings that could not be controlled. In Germany, as elsewhere in those days, it was thought that the trouble could be localised, and would pass over as similar crises had done before. There is no reason to doubt Mr. McClure's words that Sir Edward Grey alone, of all controlling diplomats, saw what might come and tried his best to avert it. Any more than there is any reason to doubt the story he quotes from an English magazine in which the Kaiser, when he finally signed the declaration of war, turned to his triumphant soldiers with the words, "Gentlemen, you will come to rue this day."

In the chapters dealing with the Western battle-line Mr. McClure gives some convincing arguments as to the reasons for the first German attack in that quarter, which are also the reasons why the German nation considers itself the victor in the West. The figures as to the production of coal and iron ore in the regions of France and Belgium now occupied by Germany explain also that the obstinacy as to Alsace Lorraine on the part of both France and Germany is not based altogether on sentimental reasons. The riches of this region, as of Asiatic Turkey, form formidable obstacles to a lasting peace. Territorial considerations everywhere are obstacles to peace, Mr. McClure says. But we might add that they can be such only while present economic conditions and points of view last. The conquering of the great obstacle, the state of mind which brings about war, which Mr. McClure has so rightly stressed, would of itself conquer the other obstacle. Taken all in all, with its wealth of information and its engagingly personal manner, this book is a notable contribution to the literature concerning the war.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Adventure

Treasure. By Gertrude S. Mathews. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A record in the first person of an adventurous search for a lost mine in South America.

Art

Douris and the Painters of Greek Vases. By Edmond Pottier. Translated by Bettina Kahnweiler. With a Preface by Jane Ellen Harrison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

In the form of a story of a Greek vase painter, the author tells the "why" and the "how" of painted Greek vases.

The Ideals of Painting. By J. Comyns Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A general view of the movement of painting from the time of Giotto to the present day.

Biography

English Biography. By Waldo H. Dunn. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

Seventh volume of the series, "The Channels of English Literature": the genesis and evolution of English biography.

Camillus de Lellis: The Hospital Saint. By a Sister of Mercy. New York: Benziger Brothers. Frontispiece.

Information for this book of twelve chapters has been drawn largely from the life of St. Camillus de Lellis published by the Congregation of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, London edition, 1850.

The Life and Poetry of James Thomson (B. V.). By J. Edward Meeker. New Haven: Yale University Press. Portrait. \$1.75.

A sympathetic correlation of "B. V.'s" life and his poems.

The Brontës and their Circle. By Clement Shorter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Portrait. 50 cents.

First published in 1896 and chiefly of interest on account of the fresh material in the way of letters not available to previous biographers.

The Mexican War Diary of General George B. McClellan. Edited by William Starr Myers. Princeton: Princeton University Press. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A diary, with biography stressing the political influences behind the military operations of the Civil War.

Martin Luther: The Story of His Life. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Portrait. \$1.00.

A contribution to the literature of the four hundredth anniversary of the Reformation.

The Life and Times of David Humphreys. By Frank Landon Humphreys. In two vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated.

Some forty chapters about this soldier, statesman, and poet, with an appendix in seven parts.

The Life and Letters of Christopher Pearse Cranch. By Leonora Cranch Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$3.50.

Mainly in Cranch's own words, and giving his life as poet and artist in this country and in Europe, with side lights on many interesting personalities.

John Galsworthy: A Biography and a Critical Estimate of His Works. By Sheila Kaye Smith. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Portrait. 60 cents.

One of the "Writers of the Day" series.

Business

Business Competition and the Law: Some Everyday Trade Conditions Affected by the Anti-Trust Law. By Gilbert H. Montague. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

An account of the dangers of aggressive salesmanship, including such topics as "Handling of Price Cutters," "Price Standardisation."

At the Sign of the Dollar. By Lorin F. Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

By concrete examples, the author shows the business value of a knowledge of human nature.

What You Can Do With Your Will Power. By Russell H. Conwell. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Analysis of the careers of some four thousand American millionaires, all but twenty of whom started out as poor boys.

Training for a Life Insurance Agent. By Warren M. Horner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A manager of twenty-five years' experience describes the possibilities and rewards in every branch of life insurance.

The Effective Small Home. By Lillian Bayliss Green. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.
A practical book for home-makers.

How To Advertise. By George French. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A guide to designing, laying out, and composing advertisements.

Drama

Jephtha's Daughter. By James M. Cromer. Boston: The Gorham Press. Author's Portrait. \$1.00.

The old Bible story in dramatic form.

The Cycle of Spring. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The author's latest drama, the spirit of which is the spirit of universal youth.

El Cid Campeador: An Opera in Three Acts, Eight Scenes. Spain Latter Part of the Eleventh Century. By Henry Washington Lee. Chicago: Ritzmann, Brookes & Company.

A dramatic presentation of the operatic libretto dealing with Spain's national hero.

Weighed in the Balance. By May F. James. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.00.

An allegorical history of the war, in four acts.

The Locked Chest and The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Two one-act plays, issued originally in a limited edition.

The Rib of the Man. By Charles Rann Kennedy. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portrait. \$1.30.

A five-act play—a vision of the betterment of the world and the means of bringing this about.

The Aristocrat: A Play in Three Acts. By Louis N. Parker. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

A drama of the French revolution.

Masterpieces of Modern Spanish Drama. Edited, with a Preface, by Barrett H. Clark. New York: Duffield & Company. \$2.00.

Translations of three masterpieces of contemporary Spanish tragedy and comedy.

Two Masques. By Julia Hall Bartholomew. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.00.

"America" is the vision of Columbus; "The Women of Shakespeare" represents Court ladies of Elizabeth.

Within the Gates of Yildiz: A Play in Five Acts. By Julien L. Brode. Boston: The Gorham Press. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Portrayal of the late revolution in Turkey, and the escape of a French girl from a harem.

Captain of the Host and The Supreme Test. By Florence Elise Hyde. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.00.

Two dramas: the first, of a man's conflict between reason and love; the second, of a girl's achievement of literary success in New York.

Gerry's Awakening. By Frances Pusey Gooch. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.00.

A comedy in three acts about the son of a newly rich family.

Essays

Essays in Brief for War-Time. By W. Warde Fowler. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. 90 cents.

Twenty short essays, among which are: "Good Thoughts, in Bad Times," "Coming to Life' in Fiction," "The New Tyrannis."

To the Nations. By Paul Richard. With an Introduction by Rabindranath Tagore. New York: James B. Pond. \$1.00.

A young Frenchman's ideas of the new era. In twelve chapters, some of which are: "The Illusion of To-day," "The Dawn," "The Consciousness of Humanity."

Idle Days in Patagonia. By W. H. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Fourteen sketches of personal experience, such as: "Life in Patagonia," "Concerning Eyes," "The Perfume of an Evening Primrose."

Surnames. By Earnest Weekley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.25.

A number of essays attempting to give historical evidence as to the character of our onomatology. "Pageant Names" and the "Shakespeare Type of Surname" are two of the chapters.

Fiction

Those Fitzenbergers. By Helen R. Martin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A satire of a generous Southern girl in a rich but mean Pennsylvania Dutch household.

The Hiding Places. By Allen French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

A romance of an old New England farm, of hidden treasure, feud, mystery, and love.

Her Own Sort and Others. By Charles Belmont Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A volume of ten stories including "Her Own Sort," "The Octopus," and "Her Man."

Vesprie Towers. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.35.

A story of an impoverished old English family, into which folk-lore and the supernatural are woven.

Dumb-Bell of Brookfield. By John Taintor Foote. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

The story of a dog.

Brian Banaker's Autobiography. Set Down by W. B. Trites. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.00.

The story of a millionaire up to his marriage at the age of twenty-four.

Brown-Eyed Susan. By Grace Irwin. Arlington, N. J.: The Little Book Publisher. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A mother-and-daughter story of homely interests and longings, culminating in a bit of romance.

Nadine Narska. By Baroness De Meyer. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Company. \$1.35.

A study of a woman's soul working out its own salvation.

Forest Fancies. By Lucy C. Kellerhouse. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Seven stories of the life of the trees and of the forest, such as: "The Merry Greenwood," "A Sylvan Easter."

Till The Clock Stops. By J. J. Bell. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.35.

A detective story full of mystery.

Lost Endeavour. By John Masfield. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

An adventure story about pirates, buccaneers, and life on the seas.

The Blue Envelope. By Sophie Kerr. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A romance of a New York stenographer, told in the first person.

The Chaste Wife. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A story of married life.

My People. By Caradoc Evans. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.35.

A collection of fifteen stories portraying the Welsh peasant; among these are: "A Father in Sion," "A Heifer Without Blemish."

Children of the Desert. By Louis Dodge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

A romance of the Southwest border.

The Phoenix. By Constance M. Warren. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

A picture of American society, in which a girl unused to self-denial faces and solves a problem.

The Girls at His Billet. By Berta Ruck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.

A humorous love story of three sisters in an English village where war troops are quartered.

The Unhallowed Harvest. By Homer Greene. Philadelphia: George Jacobs & Company. \$1.35.

The story of a man who makes a strong and determined fight for his ideal of justice for rich and poor alike.

Shadows. By H. Grahame Richards. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.40.

A romance of English life in war times, and of a young man's regeneration in the fighting before Paris.

The Man Who Tried To Be It. By Cameron Mackenzie. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

- A story for the business man and his wife.
- Joan and the Babies and I. By Cosmo Hamilton. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.
Certain chapters from the autobiography of a novelist: a psychic call and its result.
- The Hornet's Nest. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
A love story wherein the underworld competes with law and order.
- The Story of Ypres. By Hugh B. C. Pollard. London: McBride, Nast & Company, Ltd. Illustrated. 1s.
Told by a Captain of the London Regiment.
- The Son of His Father. By Ridgwell Cullum. Philadelphia: George Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.
A tale of the coal regions of Montana—of love and Wall Street.
- Martin Valiant. By Warwick Deeping. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.40.
A tale of old England, in which a monk is the central figure.
- The Golden Arrow. By Mary Webb. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.
A story set in a Welsh valley, and dealing with a woman's love and self-sacrifice.
- In a Little Town. By Rupert Hughes. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
Fourteen stories of life in a small middle-western town. "Don't You Care," "The Beauty and the Fool," "And This Is Marriage," are some of the titles.
- Grail Fire. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.
A story of exalted idealism: the conflict between love and a consciousness of a vocation for the priesthood.
- Too Much Efficiency. By E. J. Rath. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
A humorous love story of an expert American household.
- The Ways of Jane: A Story with which the Wise and Prudent Have No Concern. By Mary Finley Leonard. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.25.
A tale of a humorous personality who wins her way into all hearts.
- Aurora the Magnificent. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.
A love story of a Cape Cod woman, set down in the Anglo-American colony of Florence.
- The Torch-Bearers of Bohemia. By V. I. Kryshanovskaya. Translated from the Russian by Juliet M. Soskice. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.40.
A Russian historical romance of the days when John Hus espoused national and religious liberty in his native Bohemia.
- The Lifted Veil. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.40.
A story of a young assistant rector of a fashionable New York church, and a woman's confession.
- They of the High Trails. By Hamlin Garland. Preface by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.35.
Ten stories, among which are: "The Grub-Staker," "The Outlaw," "The Tourist."
- The Son of Tarzan. By Edgar Rice Burroughs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.30.
One of "The Tarzan Books," in which a white child of noble lineage is brought up by a tribe of anthropoid apes.
- The Lady of Mystery House. By George C. Shedd. New York: The Macaulay Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
A tale of mystery and romance, concerning a young man and some Florida property.
- The Road to Understanding. By Eleanor H. Porter. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Frontispiece. \$1.40.
A real love story of everyday marriage, estrangement, and reconciliation.
- The End. By L. P. Gratacap. New York: Thomas Benton.
A novelistic vagary: how the great war was stopped.
- The Mannequin. By Julie M. Lippmann. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.30.
A love story of surprising adventure in a New York dressmaker's.
- Starr, of the Desert. By B. M. Bower. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.
A Western story of a Secret Service man, a girl, and a Mexican revolt.

The Coast of Opportunity. By Page Philips. New York: The Macaulay Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A romance of intrigue and adventure, in which big business is balked in the effort to take toll of the tropics.

Undertow. By Kathleen Norris. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.25.

A story of a married pair caught in the undertow of extravagance.

Angele. By Edmond Tarbé. Translated by H. W. Bartol. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

A story of a French heroine and a brilliant though weak composer of opera.

Jan and Her Job. By Allen Harker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A romance of a young English girl who is bringing up two delightful children, and of a young Indian government official.

Mountain Madness. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A story of the Southern mountains, where the lives of four young people cross.

Changing Winds. By St. John G. Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

The tragedy of war as it falls upon four young Englishmen: "old men make war and leave young men to pay the price of it."

Children of Fate. By Marice Rutledge. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A novel laid in France, that will help us to decide what the future shall be when the war is over.

Journals of Small Things. By Helen McKay. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.35.

Scenes in diary form, from the author's life in France from August, 1914.

Cleek's Government Cases. By Thomas W. Hanshew. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A series of cases with an exciting connecting plot—the greatest riddles solved for honour, country and love.

The Diplomat. By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. \$1.50.

A melodrama of a semi-detective nature

A Modern Becky Sharp. By May Lincoln. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A story of an American girl's adventure in Japan.

Autumn. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.

A love story of a woman in her later years, with a youthful romance for contrast.

Bringing Out Barbara. By Ethel Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

The experience of a New York debutante.

General Literature

The Human Drift. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Author's Portrait. \$1.25.

A collection of six chapters, which represent the author as adventurer, as philosopher, and as dramatist.

Socialism in German-American Literature. By William Frederic Kamman. Philadelphia: Americana Germanica Press. One of a series of monographs devoted to the comparative study of the literary, linguistic and other cultural relations of Germany and America.

The Golden Verses of Pythagoras. By Fabre d'Olivet. Done into English by Nayan Louise Redfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Author's Portrait.

In two parts: The "Discourse upon the Essence and Form of Poetry" explains and illustrates the style; his "Examinations of the Golden Verses" correlates Providence, Destiny, and Will.

History

Mount Rainier: A Record of Explorations. Edited by Edmond S. Meany. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Information about the discovery and exploration of Mount Rainier and its environs, including such topics as McClure's achievement and tragic death in 1897, the rocks, the glaciers, and the flora.

Modern Russian History: Being an authoritative and detailed history of Russia from the Age of Catherine the Great to the Present. (In two vols.) By Alexander Kornilov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00 a set.

Three parts: an outline of the condition of Russia at the end of the eighteenth century; a detailed account of the nineteenth century; and an outline of the lives of the Tzars, their Courts and Councillors, and the international policy of each ruler.

The Development of China. By Kenneth Scott Latourette. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. With Map. \$1.75.

An up-to-date history with some chapters on the modern transformation of China and her present-day problems.

The Pacific Ocean in History. Edited by H. Morse Stephens and Herbert E. Bolton. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.00.

Addresses and papers presented at the Panama-Pacific Historical Congress, 1915. **Frederick the Great: The Memoirs of His Reader, Henri De Catt (1758-1760).** Translated by F. S. Flint. With an Introduction by Lord Rosebery. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Portrait. \$7.50 the set.

Translation from the French text published from the manuscript in the Prussian State Archives.

The Old First: Massachusetts Coast Artillery in War and Peace. By Frederick Morse Cutler. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Illustrated. \$1.00.

The history of this body from its organization in 1748 to the present time.

Juvenile

The Boy Scouts on Crusade. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The story of how the Black Eagle Patrol turned sleepy Lakeville into a wide-awake town.

The Princess of Let's Pretend. By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Eleven stories for children, some original and some retold classics.

Adventures in the African Jungle Hunting Pigmies. By William Edgar Geil. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A modern boy's adventures while hunting for Pigmies in Africa with his explorer uncle.

The White Queen of Okoyong: A True Story of Adventure, Heroism and Faith. By W. P. Livingstone. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

The life of Mary Slessor for young people.

The Boys' Book of Canoeing and Sailing: Building and Rigging Sailcraft, Canoe Handling and Motor Boat Management. By Warren H. Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A practical book of information on canoeing and sailing, from the viewpoint of a professional sportsman.

"Pip": A Romance of Youth. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

A rollicking story of English school-boy life.

The Adventures of Paddy the Beaver. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A bed-time story for children.

The Adventures of Poor Mrs. Quack. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

Another bed-time story-book in twenty chapters.

Music

A Second Book of Operas. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Further discussions of the plots, the music, and the histories of important operas, in seventeen chapters.

Music and Life: A Study of the Relations Between Ourselves and Music. By Thomas Whitney Surette. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Eight chapters, among which are: "Music for Children," "Public School Music," "The Opera," "The Symphony."

Miscellaneous

The Plattsburg Manual: A Text-book for Federal Training Camps. By O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A first-steps in soldiering book: intended to bridge the gap between ignorance of military science and the highly technical books.

Hurrah and Hallelujah: The Spirit of New Germanism. A Documentation. By Dr. J. P. Bang. Translated from the Danish by Jessie Brochner. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

An arraignment of Germany—mainly through her intellectual and religious leaders.

The Play of Life. By Alta Florence Armstrong. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.00.

An elaboration of Shakespeare's statement, "All the world's a stage."

An Uncensored Diary. By Ernesta Drinker Bullitt. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25.

The author's account of experiences last summer in Germany, Austria Hungary, and Belgium.

Fifth Avenue Events. New York: Printed for the Fifth Avenue Bank of New York, 1916.

A brief account of some of the most interesting events which have occurred on the avenue.

Should Students Study? By William Trufant Foster. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

An analysis of the subject, giving facts and figures.

Cousin-Hunting in Scandinavia. By Mary Wilhelmine Williams. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The author's personal observations and experiences.

Passaconaway in the White Mountains. By Charles Edward Beals, Jr. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A description of the scenery of the New England Highlands from the viewpoint of human interest.

Winning Out. By Charles H. Stewart. Arlington, N. J.: The Little Book Publisher.

Arguments that civilisation is progressing in spite of present conditions.

The Trail of the Indoor Outer. By Raymond E. Manchester. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Company.

Reprinted largely from Outer's Book, Sports Afield, and Outdoor World and Recreation.

Woman. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25.

A study of the unrest of women: a searching account of the causes of the Feminist movement and its means of success.

Life at the U. S. Naval Academy: The Making of the American Naval Officer. By Ralph Earle. With an Introduction by Franklin D. Roosevelt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A picture of the various activities that make up the life of the midshipman: a historical sketch of the school, its present status, and appendices of value to the prospective candidate.

The Man in Court. By Frederic De Witt Wells. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

A humorous visualisation of the trial of court actions, from the insider's point of view. "The Strenuous Lawyer," "The Worried Client," "Those Technical Objections," show the character of the work.

Malice in Kulturland. By Horace Wyatt. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A parody of *Alice in Wonderland*, satirising German methods in war diplomacy and propaganda.

Collecting Old Miniatures. Edited by Sir James Yoxall, M. P. The "Collector's Pocket" series. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Eleven chapters about the author's hobby of how, where, and at what cost a beginner may start his collection.

Collecting Old Glass. Edited by Sir James Yoxall, M. P. The "Collector's Pocket" series. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

Hints, general rules and warnings for the veteran collector.

Collecting Old Lustre Ware. Edited by Sir James Yoxall, M. P. The "Collector's Pocket" series. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

An informative little volume to equip one for this hobby.

The Red Rugs of Tarus. By Helen Davenport Gibbons. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25.

The personal narrative of a young woman's experiences during the Armenian massacres of Tarus.

Pan-Germanism Versus Christendom: An Open Letter by M. Emile Prüm. Edited and With Comments by Rene Johannet. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

An account of the conversion of a prominent citizen of Luxembourg to the Allied viewpoint.

In the War: Memoirs of V. Veresaev. Translated by Leo Wiener. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00.

Second volume in the series of "The Slavic Translations": first-hand realistic impressions of the forces which brought Russia to defeat.

Great Britain's Part. By Paul D. Cravath. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.00.

A first-hand description of the organisation of the army from general headquarters to corps headquarters, including the food and ammunition supply department, and that of hospitals and prison camps.

Our Progress-Idea and the War. By George Roy Elliott. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents.

A small volume, giving the author's ideas as to the underlying significance of the war.

Philosophy

The Morals of Monopoly and Competition. By Homer Blosser Reed. Menasha, Wis.: George Banta Publishing Company.

A discussion of the change from private to public morals with carriers, with large industrial combinations, and with methods in determining prices.

Psychology

Man's Unconscious Conflict. By Wilfrid Lay. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

A popular exposition of psychoanalysis as an aid in solving the perplexing problems of human existence.

The Psychology of Special Abilities and Disabilities. By Augusta F. Bronner. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.75.

An attempt to give a deep analysis of the psychology of the school subjects in relation to the individual needs.

Mental Conflicts and Misconduct. By William Healy. Boston: Little, Brown, & Company. \$2.50.

Scientific data with practical illustrations and suggestions for the actual handling of problems.

Politics

The Menace of Japan. By Frederick McCormick. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. With Map. \$2.00.

The story of the Open Door Policy, and other issues between Japan and Russia, China, and the United States.

American World Policies. By Walter E. Weyl. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

In three parts: "Our Idealistic Past," "The Root of Imperialism," "Towards Economic Internationalism."

The Japanese Invasion: A Study in the Psychology of Inter-Racial Contacts. By Jesse Frederick Steiner. With an Introduction by Robert E. Park. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.25.

A survey of the Oriental problem: the Japanese-American question from the standpoint of race psychology.

Poetry

The Widowed Earth. By Harry Alonzo Brandt. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A dramatic poem in four parts: "The Pagan," "The Upas Tree," "The House of Blood," "The Widowed Earth."

Harp Strings. By Arthur W. Spooner. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A collection of fifty or so poems on many themes.

Nothing But a Soldier Boy. By C. E. Booty. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A dozen poems, the first of which gives the title to the book.

La Venus De La Habana. By Earl Leo Brownson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Love poetry in five cantos.

Songs of Inexperience. By Beatrice Daw. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Twenty-six poems: the general theme is to make the most of life's fulfillment.

Riddles in Rhyme. By Marion L. Clarke. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Three hundred and nine poems, in each of which may be found the answer to some riddle.

Songs of Colorado. By Agnes K. Gibbs. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A volume of lyrics written for miners and ranchmen.

The Collected Poems of James Elroy Flecker. With an Introduction by J. C. Squire. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. With Portrait. \$2.00.

Over a hundred chronologically arranged poems, including ten new "Juvenilia."

In Flight. By Rosalie M. Cody. New York: Duffield & Company.

In six parts: Sonnets, "The Violet of Poesy," "Frolic," "Through the Year," "Shadows," "A Lovely Day."

Glad of Earth. By Clement Wood. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. \$1.00.

Three groups of poems: "Glad of Earth," portraits of individuals and types; "Comrades," love poems; and "New Roads," revolt against social conditions.

Life Sings a Song. By Samuel Hoffenstein. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Company. \$1.00.

A number of these poems reprinted from the New York *Evening Sun*.

The New Poetry: An Anthology. Edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Representative work of more than a hundred authors of the new poetry.

The Road to Castaly and Later Poems. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A reprint of earlier poems, with new material.

Idle-Time Rime. By Herbert Flansburgh. Published by the author. Illustrated by W. Bearse Crocker.

Dialect poems, most of which have appeared in magazines.

The Poems and Amyntas of Thomas Randolph. Edited by John J. Parry. New Haven: Yale University Press. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A selection from the author's extant work.

The Pinnacle: A Book of Verse. By Caroline Clark Hinton. Atlanta: A. B. Caldwell Publishing Company. 50 cents.

A collection of thirty-eight poems on various subjects.

Trails Sunward. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25.

A new volume of lyric, narrative, and dramatic song.

Merlin: A Poem. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

The story of Merlin and Vivian and King Arthur from a new point of view—with emphasis on psychology as well as on circumstance.

Songs of a Wanderer. By Philip M. Raskin. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

Some hundred Jewish poems.

Rhodanthe or the Rose in the Garden of the Soul's Delight. By Charles Louis Palms. Jamaica: The Marion Press. A poetic fantasy in four books.

The Watchman and other Poems. By L. M. Montgomery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.

Lyrical poetry by a Canadian novelist.

War Poems by "X." Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. 75 cents.

Written by an unknown Englishman who has given two sons to the war.

Poems of Heinrich Heine. Selected and Translated by Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Portrait. \$2.00.

An anthology of Heine's poetic work, containing three hundred and twenty-five poems, and an analytic essay on the poet's work.

Elan Vital. By Helen Williston Brown. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A collection of thirty or more poems, grouped under various headings, as: "At Bryn Mawr," "At Johns Hopkins Medical School."

Religion

Twilight: The Sign of His Coming. By Alexander Mackenzie Lamb. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.50.

A study of the scriptural answer concerning the closing of the present age.

An African Trail. By Jean Kenyon Mackenzie. West Medford, Mass.: The Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Illustrated.

A missionary's account of the approach of the gospel to primitive peoples, some chapters of which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Jesus, the Christ, in the Light of Psychology. (In two vols.) By G. Stanley Hall. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

Some of the eleven chapters are: "Jesus' Physical Personality," "Jesus in Literature," "Jesus' Eschatology, His Inner Character, Purpose, and Work."

The Wicked John Goode. (A True Story.) By Horace W. Scandlin. With an Introduction by Thomas Mott Osborne, and an Epilogue by Rev. J. G. Hallimond. New York: George H. Doran Company. Portrait. \$1.00.

An autobiography of a leader of the Bowery Mission who was a drunkard, jail-bird and thief.

The Confession of Pontius Pilate. (Second Edition.) East Orange: Translated and published by B. Shehadi.

Purports to be an old manuscript, telling of the last days of Pilate in his exile, and of his suicide.

Why God Made Men. By J. Nesbit Wilson. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.50.

Twenty-four chapters give the author's answer to this question.

Jesus' Idea. By Fordyce Hubbard Argo. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.

A non-technical study of the divine personality.

The Bible in Our Modern World. By Frank M. Sheldon. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 35 cents.

Four chapters on the Biblical problem.

The Unpardonable Sin. By John N. Strain. Boston: The Gorham Press. Portrait. \$1.00.

A small volume of discussion of the question.

Our Obligations to the Day of Rest and Worship. By James Patterson Hutchison. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

A treatise on this subject from a physical and economic as well as religious standpoint.

The Divine Adventure. By Anna Bartram Bishop. Boston: The Gorham Press. 75 cents.

An essay emphasising man's divine potentialities.

Science

Variation, Heredity, and Evolution. By R. H. Lock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. \$2.00.

Fourth edition revised by L. Doncaster, Sc.D., F.R.S.

The Bird Study Book. By T. Gilbert Pearson. Coloured Frontispiece. Pen and Ink Drawings by Will Simmons and Sixteen Photographs. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25.

A consideration of the classification of birds and their relation to mankind: for the beginner.

Stone Ornaments of the American Indian. By Warren K. Moorehead. Andover, Mass.: The Andover Press. Illustrated.

The investigation and description of certain habits and relics of this ancient race.

Health and Disease: Their Determining Factors. By Roger I. Lee. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.75.

A summary of medical knowledge for the individual and the community in which he is a citizen.

Who's Who Among the Wild Flowers and Ferns. By W. I. Beecroft. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A book to facilitate acquaintance with the common and better known wild flowers and ferns.

The Life of the Grasshopper. By J. Henri Fabre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

The seventh book of the "Souvenirs Entomologiques" by the "novelist of the insects."

A Year of Costa Rican Natural History. By Amelia Smith Calvert and Philip Powell Calvert. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$3.00.

An introduction to Costa Rica as a field for traveller and naturalist; non-technical narration, with 46 views of scenery, houses, and other buildings, 60 species of plants, and 56 species of insects.

Lose Weight and be Well: A Genuine Document by a woman who gives the simple regimen which reduced her own weight by forty pounds. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

The story of a stout woman now thin.

Aristocrats of the Garden. By Ernest H. Wilson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated.

Fifteen chapters of scientific discussion.

The Healthful House. By Lionel Robertson and T. C. O'Donnell. Battle Creek, Mich.: Good Health Publishing Company. Illustrated.

Twenty-six chapters, such as "The Dustless House," "Some Principles of Beauty."

Obstacles to Peace. By Samuel S. McClure. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.00.

An American publicist's opinions as to material and spiritual obstacles to peace.

War

Short Rations: An American Woman in Germany, 1915-1916. By Madeleine Zabriskie Doty. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated with Photographs. \$1.50.

In Part I, a picture of life on board the Peace Ship, the Woman's Congress at The Hague, and the author's experiences nursing the wounded in Paris. In Part II, impressions of her recent long stay in Germany.

The War, Madame. By Paul Gerdely. Translated by Barton Blake. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

A little book in the first person—told by Maurice, a French corporal.

To Verdun from the Somme. By Harry E. Brittain. With an Introduction by James M. Beck. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

An Anglo-American glimpse of the great advance.

Flying for France. By James R. McConnell. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

An account of the daily life of the American Escadrille at Verdun.

Sea Warfare. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25.

A collection of verse and prose pictures of submarines and destroyers.

Scars and Stripes. By Porter Emerson Browne. New York: George H. Doran Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

An appeal to the public conscience: seven chapters of humorous narrative comment, such as "The Neutral," "Mary and Marie," "Uncle Sham."

Germanism From Within. By A. D. McLaren. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.00.

An analysis of Germanism: the national history and character as the root of certain tendencies and activities culminating in the war.

The Basis of Durable Peace. By Cosmos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Papers originally printed in the *New York Times*; sixteen chapters, with appendix of some correspondence between Cosmos and Hall Caine.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of March and the first of April:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The White People
New York City.....	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Albany, N. Y.....	The Road to Understanding	The Lifted Veil
Atlanta, Ga.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Boston, Mass.....	Wildfire	The Lifted Veil
Boston, Mass.....	Wildfire	Pip
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Greenmantle
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Birmingham, Ala.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Susan Lenox
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill.....	The Son of Tarzan	The Thoroughbred
Chicago, Ill.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Mark of Cain
Dallas, Texas.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines
Denver, Colo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Des Moines, Ia.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Susan Lenox
Detroit, Mich.....	The Thoroughbred	The Son of Tarzan
Detroit, Mich.....	The Thoroughbred	The Son of Tarzan
Houston, Tex.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Balance
Jacksonville, Fla.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Tiger's Coat
Kansas City, Mo.....	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Los Angeles, Cal.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Louisville, Ky.....	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
Minneapolis, Minn.....	Susan Lenox	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
New Haven, Conn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
New Orleans, La.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Norfolk, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Omaha, Neb.....	The Tiger's Coat	Wildfire
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Lydia of the Pines	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Philadelphia, Pa.....	In the Wilderness	Lydia of the Pines
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Best Short Stories of 1916
Portland, Me.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Portland, Ore.....	When a Man's a Man	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Providence, R. I.....	The Lifted Veil	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines
Richmond, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
St. Paul, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
San Francisco, Cal.....	Mendel	The Best Short Stories of 1916
San Francisco, Cal.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Seattle, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
St. Louis, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Wonderful Year
Tacoma, Wash.....	Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toronto, Can.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Utica, N. Y.....	Lydia of the Pines	Wildfire
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Worcester, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Georgina of the Rain-bows	The Mark of Cain	Wilt Thou Torchy	Just David
Exploits of Juve	Greenmantle	Stars in Their Courses	Lewis Seymour
In the Wilderness	Lydia of the Pines	The Son of His Father	Pip
Possession	The Cab of the Sleeping Horse	When a Man's a Man	Lydia of the Pines
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness	Pip	Michael
Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Lydia of the Pines	In the Wilderness
Wildfire	Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The Beetle	Best Short Stories of 1916
Lydia of the Pines	The Mark of Cain	Best Short Stories of 1916	Only a Dog
Those Fitzenbergers	Lydia of the Pines	Limpy	Our Next-Door Neighbors
The Thoroughbred	Lydia of the Pines	Wildfire	First Hundred Thousand
In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!	The Lifted Veil	Susan Lenox
Wildfire	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	From the Housetops	
The Son of Tarzan	When a Man's a Man	Wildfire	The Thoroughbred
The Thoroughbred	King of the Khyber Rifles	Oh Mary Be Careful!	The Mark of Cain
Oh Mary Be Careful!	The Middle Pasture	The Thoroughbred	Susan Lenox
In the Wilderness	Wildfire	When a Man's a Man	The Wonderful Year
Lydia of the Pines	Brandon of the Engineers	The Man Next Door	Wildfire
In the Wilderness	The Thoroughbred	Little Billy Bowlegs	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	The Worn Doorstep	The Girl Philippa	Adventures of Jimmie Dale
In the Wilderness	Wildfire	Lydia of the Pines	Brandon of the Engineers
Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The Thoroughbred	The Tiger's Coat	Limpy
The Thoroughbred	The Sailor	Penrod and Sam	In the Wilderness
The Lifted Veil	The Man Next Door	In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!
Wildfire	The Son of Tarzan	The Thoroughbred	Lydia of the Pines
In the Wilderness	The Castaways	Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Oh Mary Be Careful!
The Lifted Veil	Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Road to Understanding	Wildfire
When a Man's a Man	The Thoroughbred	The Man Next Door	The Stingy Receiver
Best Short Stories of 1916	In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Road to Understanding
Lydia of the Pines	The Lifted Veil	An Alabaster Box	The Girls at His Billet
The Wonderful Year	When a Man's a Man	Come Out of the Kitchen!	Wildfire
The Lifted Veil	Lydia of the Pines	Michael	The Thoroughbred
Cracker Box School	The Thoroughbred	The Hillman	When a Man's a Man
Wildfire	In the Wilderness	When a Man's a Man	Oh Mary Be Careful!
Wildfire	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Those Fitzenbergers	Stars in Their Courses
Piccadilly Jim	The Sailor	Wildfire	In the Wilderness
Lydia of the Pines	The Lifted Veil	Pip	In the Wilderness
Wildfire	In the Wilderness	Lydia of the Pines	Happy Valley
Lydia of the Pines	Brandon of the Engineers	Limpy	In the Wilderness
In the Wilderness	Wildfire	Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Stars in Their Courses
The Lifted Veil	Lydia of the Pines	In the Wilderness	The Dark Forest
The Sailor	When a Man's a Man	Just David	Piccadilly Jim
Greenmantle	The Taming of Calinga	Lydia of the Pines	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Wildfire	In the Wilderness	Oh Mary Be Careful!	Best Short Stories of 1916
Seventeen	When a Man's a Man	Rainbow's End	The Hillman
The Worn Doorstep	In the Wilderness	Cappy Ricks	Rainbow's End
Penrod and Sam	The Thoroughbred	Wildfire	Come Out of the Kitchen!
The Man Next Door	Brandon of the Engineers	In the Wilderness	The Son of Tarzan
Bindle	The Hillman	Stars in Their Courses	
Greenmantle	Mary 'Gusta	The Son of His Father	In the Wilderness
Wildfire	The Lifted Veil	Penrod and Sam	The Tiger's Coat
Lydia of the Pines	Adventures of Jimmie Dale	The Middle Pasture	In the Wilderness

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

History of the Great War. A. Conan Doyle.
 New Ideals in Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
 Pan-German Plot Unmasked. A. Chéradame.
 Woman. Vance Thompson.
 Raymond, or Life and Death. Sir Oliver Lodge.
 Dunsany the Dramatist. E. H. Bierstadt.
 The Russian Advance. S. Washburn.

The New Poetry: an Anthology. H. Monroe and A. Henderson.
 My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
 Italy, France, and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
 Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
 Succeeding with What You Have. Charles M. Schwab.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 334 and 335) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	300
2. In the Wilderness. Hichens. (Stokes). \$1.50	232
3. Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.35..	191
4. Lydia of the Pines. Willsie. (Stokes.) \$1.40	152
5. The Thoroughbred. Webster. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.35	113
6. The Lifted Veil. King. (Harper.) \$1.40	77

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

The Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard.
 An Alabaster Box. M. W. Freeman and F. M. Kingsley.
 The Balance. Frances R. Bellamy.
 The Beetle. Richard Marsh.
 The Best Short Stories of 1916. E. J. O'Brien.
 Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.
 Brandon of the Engineers. H. Bindloss.
 The Cab of the Sleeping Horse. J. R. Scott.
 Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
 The Castaways. W. W. Jacobs.
 Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
 Cracker Box School. Elizabeth M. Sutton.
 The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
 Dunsany the Dramatist. E. H. Bierstadt.
 Exploits of Juve. B. Souvestre and M. Alain.
 The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
 From the Housetops. George B. McCutcheon.
 Georgina of the Rainbows. A. F. Johnson.
 The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
 The Girl Philippa. Robert W. Chambers.
 Greenmantle. John Buchan.
 Happy Valley. Anne Shannon Monroe.
 The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
 History of the Great War. A. C. Doyle.
 In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
 Inside the German Empire. H. B. Swope.
 Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
 Just David. Eleanor H. Porter.
 King, of the Khyber Rifles. Talbot Mundy.
 The Kingdom of the Blind. E. P. Oppenheim.
 Lewis Seymour. George Moore.
 The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
 Limpy. William Johnston.
 Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
 The Man Next Door. E. Hough.
 The Mark of Cain. Carolyn Wells.

Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
 Michael. E. F. Benson.
 The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
 My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
 New Ideals of Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
 The New Poetry: An Anthology. Monroe and Henderson.
 Oh Mary Be Careful! George Weston.
 Our Next-Door Neighbors. B. K. Miniates.
 Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
 Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse.
 The Pan-German Plot Unmasked. André Chéradame.
 Pip. Ian Hay.
 Possession. Olive Wadsley.
 Rainbow's End. Rex Beach.
 Raymond. Sir Oliver Lodge.
 The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
 The Russian Advance. S. Washburn.
 The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
 Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
 The Son of His Father. Ridgewell Cullum.
 The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
 The Stars in Their Courses. H. M. Sharp.
 The Stingy Receiver. E. H. Abbott.
 Susan Lenox. David Graham Phillips.
 The Taming of Calinga. C. S. Carlsen.
 The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster.
 Those Fitzenbergers. Helen R. Martin.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
 The White People. Francis H. Burnett.
 Wildfire. Zane Grey.
 Wilt Thou, Torch. Sewell Ford.
 Woman. Vance Thompson.
 The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
 The World for Sale. Gilbert Parker.
 The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.

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An Illustrated Magazine
of Literature and Life

JUNE

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JUNE, 1917

SONGS OF THE TRAWLERS

BY ALFRED NOYES

WIRELESS

Now to those who search the deep,
Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,
Once, before you turn to sleep,
Breathe a message through the night.
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Wrecks that burn against the stars,
Decks where death is wallowing green,
Snare the breath among their spars,
Hear the flickering threads between,
Quick, through all the storms that blind them,
Quick with worlds that rush to find them.

Think you these aerial wires
Whisper more than spirits may?
Think you that our strong desires
Touch no distance when we pray?
Think you that no wings are flying
'Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,
You shall breathe from urgent lips,
Round the ships that guard your seas,
Fleet on fleet of angel ships;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,
 Kneeling thus—and far inland—
 You shall touch the storm-beat brow
 Gently as a spirit-hand.
 Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
 And a little child may lead them.

I

THE patrol fleet guarding British waters against the U-boat may be divided into two classes for the purposes of this article. They were chartered in an order befitting a democratic age. First, a number of private yachts were taken over and transfigured. Their white and gold were washed over with service grey, and their luxurious trappings adapted to the grim work before them. His Majesty's yachts are now distinguished chiefly by their graceful lines and their leaning toward classical names. It is a Homeric tale, and the names are not negligible. But *Atalanta* no longer runs before the wind with a breast of snow; and it is many a day since *Bacchante* lifted the golden light of her wine-cups over the dancing Channel waters. To rougher nights the *Bacchante* is dedicated now; to rougher nights and coarser drinks—even to rum, I think, on certain lawful occasions. *Sabrina*, too, is listening for a terrible song where she sits under the south coast of Ireland; and as for *Iris*, the old foam-bows flash around her course; but her wings have lost the radiance of their prime. A deadlier message is hers than the glory of colour, and right well she carries it. *Narcissus* looks into darker waters, but not for the drowning light of his own eyes. It was *Narcissus* that was once told off, with a few others, to escort a liner. The great ship went by like a moving city, and had left *Narcissus* foaming hopelessly in her wake. But he put on full speed and followed as best he could. It was well that he did so; for a submarine suddenly appeared, lying in wait for the liner; and *Narcissus*, though thousands of yards astern at this time, opened fire with such effect that the

U-boat, surpassing *Echo*, submerged and left not even a voice behind her.

To-day the best of these yachts act as flagships to the other class of boats, the vast fleet of trawlers, drifters and whalers. These last three groups were taken in the order given: at first from the British Isles, and afterward, in the case of the whalers, from dominions remote as Newfoundland. The men, too, have latterly been recruited from the farthest shores of the British Empire. These fishing auxiliaries may almost be described as the people's fleet; and their names are like stray bars of folk-song. We talk to-day as if Poetry were dead in the heart of the British people, or as if she were a dusty denizen of libraries; but here, indeed, her wings go beating out to sea. Who are the secret minstrels that touch their craft with so subtle a sense of all the lights and shadows of their calling—*Fleet Wing*, *Thunderstone*, *Ocean Searcher* and *Pilot Star*? The names themselves make the song; but how should a writer of verses fail to celebrate their skipper—old Storm-along—in lines of his own?

They are buffeting out in the bitter
 grey weather,

—*Blow the man down, bullies, blow
 the man down!*—

Sea-lark singing to *Golden Feather*,
 And burly blue waters all swelling
 aroun'.

There's *Thunderstone* butting ahead as
 they wallow,

With death in the mesh of their
 deep-sea trawl;

There's *Night-hawk* swooping by wild
Sea-swallow;

And old Cap'n Storm-along leading
 'em all.

*Bashing the seas to a welter of
white,
Look at the fleet that he leads
to the fight.
O, they're dancing like witches
to open the ball;
And old Cap'n Storm-along's
lord of 'em all.*

*Look at him, battering darkness
to light!
Look at the fleet that he leads to
the fight!
O, hearts that are mighty, in
ships that are small,
Your old Cap'n Storm-along's
king of us all.*

II

Now, where have you seen such a bully
old sailor?

His eyes are as blue as the scarf at
his throat;

And he rolls on the bridge of his broad-
beamed whaler,

In yellow sou'wester and oil-skin
coat.

In trawler and drifter, in dinghy and
dory,

Wherever he signals, they leap to his
call;

They batter the seas to a lather of
glory,

With old Cap'n Storm-along leading
'em all.

*You'll find he's from Devon, the
sailor I mean;*

*Look at his whaler now, ship-
ping it green.*

*O, they're dancing like witches
to open the ball;*

*And old Cap'n Storm-along's
lord of 'em all.*

Ay, there is the skipper that knows how
to scare 'em,

—Blow the man down, bullies, blow
the man down!—

Look at the sea-wives he keeps in his
harem,

Wicked young merry-maids, buxom
and brown;

There's *Rosalind*, the sea-witch, and
Gipsy so lissom,

All dancing like ducks in the teeth
of the squall,

With a bright eye for Huns, and a
Hotchkiss to kiss 'em;

For old Cap'n Storm-along's lord of
'em all.

They are a hardy folk, the captains
and crews of this patrol fleet; and they
are of all ages, from the early twenties
to three score years and ten. One
sturdy old skipper, who had been res-
cued from a wreck on a night of howl-
ing tempest and driving sleet, was
asked if he ever wanted to go to sea
again, and he replied: "I go for the
benefit of my health." Asked whether
he did not suffer from the cold during
his long exposure, he said: "Well my
hands were numb, but I had my sea-
boots full of water and this helped to
keep my feet warm." His questioner
laughed and he went on in serious ex-
planation. "I mean it. I'm not jok-
ing. I've always found that sea-water
in my boots keeps the feet warmer than
rain or fresh-water does." He was tell-
ing the truth; for, in bitterly cold
weather, the crews often dip their
gloves in sea-water and use the wet
gloves to prevent their hands from get-
ting frostbitten. But this too was an
obvious subject for a poem:

The very best ship that ever I knew

—*Ah-way O, to me O—*

Was a big black trawler with a deep-
sea crew—

Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

There was one old devil with a broken
nose

—*Ah-way O, to me O—*

He was four score years, as I suppose—

*O sing, my bullies, let the bulgine
run.*

We was wrecked last March, in a
Polar storm

—*Ah-way O, to me O—*

And we asked the old cripple if his feet
was warm—

Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

And the old, old devil (he was ninety
at the most)

—*Ah-way O, to me O—*

Roars, "Ay, warm as a lickle piece of
toast"—

*So sing, my bullies, let the bulgine
run.*

"For I soaked my sea-boots and my dun-
garees

—*Ah-way O, to me O—*

In the blue salt water that the Lord
don't freeze"—

Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run!

But, to return to the names of these
little ships, touched so often with the
deeper significance of a perilous calling.
All the sad earnestness of a thrifty folk
whose shawl-clad women look at day-
break, from beaches littered with broken
spars, across the grey tumbling wastes
of sea, and look so often in vain, are
concentrated into a few phrases on the
bows of these boats—*Faithful, Gleam
of Hope, Breadwinner* and *Kindly
Light*. A few are more directly fledged
—*Sea-lark* and *Albatross, Night-hawk*
and *Storm-cock*. Others have appar-
ently followed that mysterious law by
which certain creatures assume the cha-
otic tints of their environment and
make them organic—so that the herring
gull has a body of foam, mottled with
brown sand; and the mackerel repeats
the blue and green of the waves in a
vital form. These are the craft that
have simply christened their bows in the
broken colours of the sea—*Surf* and
Sapphire, Amethyst and *Silvery Dawn*.
Others recall a thousand memories.
But who are the unknown treasurers of
the dreams of old England that have
named these? *Robin Hood* calls to the
Dusty Miller, and both sail out to-
gether, to cudgel and smash the revival-
ists of an ancient cruelty. Nothing
could be more remote from the glitter-
ing evil which they fight than these gen-

tle old companions—*The Young Nun*
and *Marian, Primrose* and *Barbara
Cowie, Blue Bell* and *Busy Bee,
Comely Bank* and *Christmas Daisy*. I
saw them all go out to sea at sunset;
and it seemed that Britain was opening
her great silent heart, and letting out
her inmost thoughts, embodied in these
little ships, to guard the sacred fire.

There were others of a more personal
nature, telling of courtships in English
lanes—*Rose* and *Oak*, where strength
and beauty met and kindled; or, with a
touch of the diminutive—the "little
language" of lovers—*Girl Marjorie*;
or perhaps of parental affection, so that
cradle and drifter might rock together
in dreams, though seas roared wide be-
tween them—*Boy Willie*. How many
of them have gone out, never to return
to their namesakes?

But where's the brown drifter that
went out alone?

—*Roll and go, and fare you well—*

"Was her name *Peggy Nutton?*"—

That name is my own.

Fare you well, my sailor.

They sang in the dark, "Let her go!
Let her go!"

And she sailed to the West, where the
broad waters flow;

And the others come back, but . . . the
bitter winds blow.

Ah, fare you well, my sailor.

The women, at evening, they wave and
they cheer.

—*Roll and go, and fare you well—*

They're waiting to welcome their lads
at the pier.

Fare you well, my sailor.

They're all coming home in the twilight
below;

But there's one little boat. . . . Let
her go! Let her go!

She carried my heart, and a heart for
the foe.

Ah, fare you well, my sailor.

The *Nell* and the *Maggie*, the *Ruth*
and the *Joan*,

—*Roll and go, and fare you well—*

They come to their namesakes, and
leave me alone.

Fare you well, my sailor.

And names are kep' dark, for the spies
mustn't know;

But they'll look in my face, an' I think
it will show;

Peggy Nutten's my name. Let her go!
Let her go!

Ah, fare you well, my sailor.

III

Other names were Biblical: *Susanna* and *Bathsheba* were so named, I think, only for their prowess in the water; but *Ruth* had all the old clinging sorrow of those estranged by distance, not by lack of love. Chapel bells in lonely valleys, lost among inland fir-woods, called to *Ebenezer*; called also to *David* and *Jonathan*; and the names had more significance for the crews than would be supposed. The skipper of the *Mizpah* was asked if he attached any particular meaning to the name of his vessel, and he replied, simply and gravely, "It means, May the Lord be between you and me when we are parted one from another."

There were many Scottish names, famous in ballad and song. I saw *Kilmeny* gliding through the dusk, like a ghost; and the beat of her own engines, borrowing a golden bar from the Ettrick Shepherd, told me her tale anew:

Dark, dark lay the drifters against the
red West

As they shot their long meshes of steel
overside,
And the oily green waters were rocking
to rest

When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn
of the tide;
And nobody knew where that lassie
would roam,

For the magic that called her was
tapping unseen,

It was well-nigh a week ere *Kilmeny*
came home;

And nobody knew where *Kilmeny*
had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was New-
castle's best,

And a gun at her stern that was
fresh from the Clyde;

And a secret her skipper had never con-
fessed,

Not even at dawn, to his newly wed
bride;

And a wireless that whispered above,
like a gnome,

The laughter of London, the boasts
of Berlin.

O, it may have been mermaids that
lured her from home;

But . . . nobody knew where *Kil-
meny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home
from her quest,

With a bridge dabbled red where her
skipper had died,

But she moved like a bride with a rose
at her breast,

And "Well done, *Kilmeny*," the Ad-
miral cried.

Now, at sixty-four fathom a conger
may come,

And nose at the bones of a drowned
submarine;

But, late in the evening, *Kilmeny* came
home;

And nobody knew where *Kilmeny*
had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares
at the foam

(Though they sing all the night to
old England, their queen)

Late, late in the evening, *Kilmeny* came
home,

And nobody knew where *Kilmeny*
had been.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The two poems "*Wireless*" and "*Kilmeny*" are being published this month in Mr. Noyes's new book, "*Open Boats*" (Frederick A. Stokes Company).

WHAT IS GERMANY DOING IN MEXICO?

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

THE German is the most popular foreigner in Mexico for well-established and sufficient reasons. The Mexican Government has a feeling of friendship for the German Empire very similar to the warm regard which its citizens hold for individual Teutons. These conditions, now that we are at war with Germany, are reasonable grounds for apprehensions in high places, but a critical examination of the conditions and their causes tends to quiet the apprehension and to relieve the tension.

Germans in considerable numbers have been crossing the borders or travelling by sea to Mexico since war between the United States and Germany seemed inevitable. The numbers probably have been larger than the daily papers have announced, and the total would make a sizable army in our land of little armies. These men are not German-Americans in our usual acceptance of that questionable term, but German reservists, not naturalised in the United States, and our proclaimed enemies. Trained soldiers of an amazing efficiency and loyalty, they join our warlike, but improvident, southern neighbour ready to give him the full of their endeavours.

These recent excursionists find in Mexico many of their own countrymen, long established there, but still German citizens who have done the great work of establishing and maintaining the German-American friendship. No far-sighted war lord sat in the midst of his counsellors many years ago and decreed that Germany should win and keep the friendship of Mexico. The friendship is a natural growth. Doubtless it has been assiduously cultivated since its strength and vigour were observed, but its beginning must have been the logical result of natural causes.

Mexico is a country which always has been exploited by foreigners; and doubtless will be for many years to come, a condition that is due to internal lack of financial resources, and a seeming native reticence about initiating big enterprises. Of the foreigners who have entered and established businesses, nearly the whole list is embraced in Americans, British, Spaniards, and Germans, for we must omit the Chinese, who receive no consideration whatever in Mexico and are classed with the buzzards or the burros.

Americans almost without exception are the objects of bitter hatred by Mexicans. The reasons are not essential here, and a large amount of the blame is our own, but the condition is as stated and is acknowledged by everyone of competent vision who has studied the case. The Britons and the Mexicans do not mix. An Englishman, far from home and thrown among a people he does not understand, is not a chummy person, and in addition to this, the popularity of certain Englishmen, like Lord Cowdray, with President Diaz, has thrown them all into disrepute with the people. The Spaniard is looked upon as a tricky trader, an unscrupulous twister of the screws when he has the opportunity, and the hereditary enemy of the country. Revolutionary leaders always make it a point to loot the stores of Spaniards in captured towns—usually a popular proceeding.

The German, however, is different. There is a psychological kinship between the Mexican and the German. They mix easily and pleasantly, they understand each other, something resembling esteem grows up where the German is long established, and they trust each other, usually with subsequent minor regrets on both sides. Sixty per cent. of

the business of Mexico is now in the hands of Germans, a remarkable condition of affairs and I doubt if a parallel case exists in the world. It is a testimonial, not to the superiority of German methods or materials, but to a sort of affinity between Germans and Mexicans.

The early Germans who invaded Mexico had no national motive, other than the national profit which would result from their individual power and prosperity. Many of them married Mexican wives and they became Mexican in most of the outward evidences, although the difficult naturalisation laws prevented most of them from becoming Mexican citizens. Their activities touched almost every line of business, but their supremacy is most apparent in financial affairs and in the machinery and hardware trade, in which lines they have specialised. The ramifications of German financial institutions reach to all parts of the country: the Bank of Sonora, for instance, the strongest institution on the west coast, is owned entirely by Germans, and the strongest bank in the country is a German institution in the capital. Then, too, for its first two years, the Villa revolution was a tremendous financial success, what with stealing cattle, bullion and foodstuffs, printing paper money and levying taxes and imposts, and all the mechanism and details of the financial phase of that revolution were handled by Germans.

The hardware and machinery factor is of the highest importance. None of the expensive machines used in mining and refining operations is made in Mexico, but, together with all agricultural implements, is imported. The machinery trade is a rich field and it is tilled almost exclusively by Germans, this being especially true along the northern border, where it has the greatest significance for the United States. Hardware and machinery establishments in towns on the American side of the border from ocean to ocean are run by Germans with but few exceptions.

Some of the merchants are naturalised American citizens but nearly all are of foreign birth. For five or six years, the sale of arms and ammunition to various shifting armies in Mexico has been one of the most lucrative branches of this trade. Although usually illegal, it is regarded locally as respectable and it is not uncommon to have a celebrity pointed out in proud confidence as "one of the biggest ammunition smugglers on the border," or as "one of the leading gun-runners in this section." Many border hardware establishments of the highest rating and of unquestioned commercial probity have been in trouble more than once with the United States Government over this very difficulty. This business of supplying guns and ammunition along the border and the stocks and stores of these essentials, are in the hands of men with German names; their customers are to the south of the border and they are the chieftains, whether revolutionary or governmental, to whom have gone the German reservists from the United States.

There is along the border, also, a good number of Germans in various professional lines who may fairly be suspected of being agents of the Kaiser. They came in from five to seven years ago and since then they have worked hard, said little, and made their legitimate activities sufficient excuse for their presence and existence. A specimen of this class is a civil engineer in Lower California, a highly intelligent, pleasant, companionable young man, who has a profitable business in the upper end of the Imperial Valley; he has the best maps of the country that I have seen and has as clear and comprehensive a knowledge of the region as any man in the valley. Knowing this man to be a trained soldier, one can easily see what an immense opportunity he now has to serve his country. In fact the Germans' maps of Northern Mexico are better than any except our own. This Lower California engineer is but one of many—men of his type are strung along the border from coast to coast.

Now why did the German reservists, our avowed enemies, rush into Mexico, with which country we always are nearly at war, and why are many others now on their way? Because they were ordered to do so by Berlin. There can be no doubt of this, but when the order is examined more closely much of its sanguinary tinge fades. There was nothing else to do. The order, always a powerful thing among Germans, may be two years old. It would say: "In case the United States enters the war against Germany, all reservists in that country will report as soon as possible to consuls or other agents in Mexico." The reservists expected to be interned if they remained in the United States. They could not go to Canada, which also was at war, the route to Germany was closed to them, so there was no haven but Mexico. Stubborn circumstance sent them to the one country where they could best strike a blow for the Fatherland. No one knows to-day how many Germans there are in Mexico. My guess would be fifteen thousand—not an alarming number in point of force; but as seeds of trouble it can become bothersome.

One of our national American customs is to underrate the opposition. Officers of our army find pleasure in saying that the Mexicans are not soldiers, that their appearance is convincing on this point: they are dirty, they do not stand up and salute like soldiers, they cannot shoot, they fight all day and nobody is hurt, they will not stand before the fire of trained troops and they are deficient in courage. These and many similar assertions are made. Now the most of these assumptions are not true. The Mexican armies, especially Obregon's armies, are made up of good soldiers. They have not the martial appearance of our men, they are slovenly at saluting, and the drill is such as is best suited to the hot climate, but it fits them for their irregular warfare. They can shoot straight and they do shoot straight. When two Mexican armies fight all day, there is a sufficiency of dead and

wounded to mark the place. They stand under fire, even when their own officers are down, a capacity that was shown at Carrizal, where Captain Boyd of the American Punitive Expedition, in attempting to force his way through a superior Mexican force, was killed and his cavalry well whipped. These are things we do not like to dwell upon, but they are stubborn facts which must be met. Such conditions should be acknowledged and analysed, that a recurrence may be prevented.

The German reservists flowing to Mexico are potentially better soldiers than the Mexicans, but they have not had the practical experience which the Mexicans have had, for Mexican soldiers now in the field have had five years of actual warfare. These Germans, however, are men any commander would be glad to have in his army, and most likely they will become attached to the *de facto* forces. For the German, usually is a poor revolutionist, as his sympathies are trained to coincide with the established power. But once in Mexico, he can be relied upon to do whatever is best for Germany. Thus the departure of German reservists from the United States is calculated to aid Carranza. With them he would be able to inflict greater punishment on the border towns, and he could give us a little stiffer fight in case of war between the United States and Mexico. There are, however, only a few German officers in the Mexican army, according to the best information obtainable. Whether they were placed there by the German Government is in doubt; I do not believe so, but suspect that they are adventurers or fugitives who have found berths with the Mexicans.

It possibly will be seen from the foregoing that the Mexican border, which is always a ticklish spot with us, is now more than ever a danger zone. We are at war with a great and powerful nation overseas, and a small and touchy nation nearby is able to deliver a more stinging blow than formerly.

The German army, after its immemorial custom, has done its work well. It has, to the best of its ability, aided the foe of its foe. It has mapped the roads and water holes of Northern Mexico, the possible scene of conflict, and it has sent its reservists there. It knows the number and condition of locomotives and railway cars. It has gathered the data necessary to the conduct of a war. But the able work of the army comes to naught and the situation is saved for the United States because the diplomatic end of the German machine failed in its part of the work. This has happened before in German affairs. If the situation becomes desperate again, it will be because of things done by Mexicans or Americans, not because of things done by Germans. The failure of Germany to make its diplomatic friendship sure has rendered useless and worthless all the efforts of the military. The blundering Zimmerman note was only a hurried and desperate attempt to bring about an alliance that should have been made two years ago if the military programme was to be supported properly, and it showed on its face that the needful diplomatic preparation had not been made. Indeed I believe it is beyond the power of the Germans now on the American continent, and probably beyond any other human power, to combine and weld the various revolutionary factions in Mexico. Their chiefs are many and none has any particular power. Any dangerous blow at the United States must be launched from Mexico City.

Mexican diplomacy is a "smooth and slickery" thing. Mexico City, usually, makes Washington look silly in a letter-writing contest. President Carranza is an old man of many faults, but of a bull-headedness which is a shining virtue, a trait, in many cases, that admirably takes the place of force and ability. He appreciates, and General Obregon, commander of his armies and his Secretary of War and Navy, appreciates even more fully, that if Mexico stays out of trouble with the United

States now, the prospect for a continued peace is very bright, but that if Mexico does get in now as an enemy of the United States, no matter what the outcome of the European war, a tremendous house-cleaning will take place in Mexico. I have unquestioned authority for the statement that Obregon has striven earnestly to have Mexico declare sympathy with the United States in going to war with Germany. The announcement of neutrality was Carranza's idea and he doggedly clung to it.

Germany, therefore, no longer has the power to cause us much trouble in Mexico. Her financial resources are limited on this side of the water, and she cannot transport arms and ammunition in sufficient quantities to make an offer of such assistance attractive to Mexico. Submarine bases, of course, may be established along the Mexican coast, and governors of Mexican states may wink at them. The destruction of such bases, however, is an easy task for our navy, for the central Mexican Government has no ships with which to protect its neutrality.

"German influence" in Mexico City receives much notice in American newspapers. It is always about to do something particularly destructive to American interests, and its power is small or great as each individual piece of writing finds it necessary to magnify it or minimise it. I confess that I do not know how powerful this influence is, but I am confident that its strivings will be useless as long as the iron band around the German Empire continues to tighten its grip. If Germany should succeed in loosening this choking band by striking down one of its enemies, and should appear to be winning the war, German influence in Mexico City would strengthen accordingly, and in the event of a German victory, Mexico might become overconfident and force a war with the United States. But Mexico will not cast its lot with one international outlaw which the rest of the world has combined to crush; it certainly will not

while the one outlaw is losing: the ties
between Germany and Mexico are not
strong enough for that.

Our southern neighbour may bluster
and swagger somewhat, but it will be-
have itself while this war proceeds.

SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

CONRAD

Brushes of comet's hair!
The image was born
Because it would be needed
To do service to his vaulting subtleties.
Poet-explorer of all seas, all jungles,
Whether of earth or of the microcosm:
Who has sailed, from seaman to master,
All the ships of his art;
And made through love and loyalty
The landfall, Truth!

LOCKE

Were Anatole France
Not so erudite, less the cynic—
No, there is the golden margin
Of a dream!

The strength that hides in weakness,
The daring of diffidence,
The wisdom of the fool,
Roused by the wand of his chivalry,
Transform existence
Into the brave romance we know it to be
When young!

BETWEEN TRAINS

BY MARICE RUTLEDGE

CLAIMING its right of way, a military train slugged out of the tiny station. A long chain of hooded cars lurched wearily through the blue haze of night, drumming traveller's tunes on the taut iron rails. Torn looking lights flowed wanly from the windows, revealing confused glimpses of wounded huddled in slack poses of fatigue and pain. The train was gorged with tattered, patient soldiers, strewn on the narrow benches, on the floors of choked carriages, in the tight-throated corridors. Their bandaged limbs were twisted to fit the littered space. For days and nights, they had travelled so, kept alive by the hope of cool white beds awaiting them beyond the zone of death. Most of them wanted only one thing: sleep.

Denyse and I sat resignedly in a crude kind of shed on the platform of the station. Our train was sidetracked; we expected a delay of several hours before we could continue our journey. Denyse, who had a sensitive eye for the fitness of things, fretted at our suitcases, which to her mind, looked much too glossy and replete with vanities, as they stood beside a pile of soldiers' shabby bundles and knapsacks. She had reached a point of susceptibility where she decried warm raiment, proper food and sufficient sleep as being brazen advantages, considering those who went without. It was growing chilly. But, according to Denyse, we had no right to mind discomfort while the men of France were enduring worse than cold.

A group of soldiers were clustered beneath the sallow rays of a lantern. Their uniforms fused into the dusk in blurred spots of red and blue. They looked toward us wistfully, as if, having been for so long in one another's company, they felt the need of mild di-

version. At last a plump little corporal hazarded, "You ladies are not accustomed to wait like this."

"We don't mind at all," said Denyse sweetly. "It is you who must be tired."

With a consulting eye on his comrades, he answered slowly, "What would you? For me, I shall not sleep in any case to-night. I am on duty in the orchard, over there."

The others, with the motions of interested children, moved closer.

"That will not be dangerous," I suggested helpfully.

He shrugged his shoulders, implying dark and dreadful possibilities. "Mon Dieu, Mademoiselle, one never knows! A spy was caught around here last week."

"You belong to the Territorials, don't you?" observed Denyse, who prided herself on her knowledge of military matters.

He seemed annoyed at her remark. The Territorials are a reserve force and usually guard the country far from the line of danger. "We do our duty," he answered rather defiantly. "I have served in the army now for twenty years, though I have a wife and two children." He seemed eager to justify his usefulness. "It is not gay in the orchard at night. There are strange noises. The place looks haunted . . . one feels enemies in every shadow. A bird note may be a signal . . . an apple dropping sounds like a step on the grass. The rails creak too. . . ."

"It must be bad for the nerves," I agreed. "What do you do about it?"

He squared his shoulders. "Oh, I think of my wife."

"You coming?" sang out one of his friends. "We are going to Mère Picard's for coffee."

He apologised for his desertion and left us.

"Let us go, too," suggested Denyse. So we followed the little group up the dusky country road. Shadows drained the bright colours of their uniforms, thickened the bulging outlines of their coats, welded them together. They spoke in lower voices, as if there, beneath the silent sky, they recognised tacitly the frail moment of safety through which they passed. The trees and grass gave out fragrance.

At the top of the hill, a few paces away, lights twinkled in Mère Picard's windows. Unexpectedly we came upon two figures toiling up the road. They seemed to have no connection with the livelier group ahead. They lagged, bent under the weight of bossy knapsacks. There was about these two, a forlorn world weary droop. They had seen too much, heard too much, known too much. It was as if the springs in their feet had snapped; they shuffled like old men, the smaller leaning heavily on the arm of his companion.

"Poor things!" murmured Denyse. "They must have been on that last train."

We slowed our pace to theirs as they crawled like beaten insects toward the radius of warmth issuing from the *buvette*. We managed to enter the room with them and to sit beside them at an unoccupied table in the corner. The low-ceilinged room blazed in crude gaslight. Fumes of chicory, strong tobacco and cider rose with the clatter of coarse plates and glasses. From a zinc bar, at one end, a pink-cheeked girl passed out drinks. A kindly looking older woman served, bending maternally over groups of soldiers, chatting with them as if they were her own children. An atmosphere of relaxed ease pervaded the place, giving an impression of good-will. These men owned a fluent wit, were as primed with retorts as their guns with bullets. They were part of the machinery of defence. Most of them were older men. Only, when strayed into their

midst such strangers as the ones who sank beside us at the corner table, did spectres of horror enter, shadowing prophetically the jovial inconsequence of men who had not yet faced the cannon.

I glanced at our neighbours with compassion. The smaller one rested his head against the wall and with his chin tilted forward, his eyes half shut, sat immobile, silent. His face was white and haggard with an underlying expression of despair. It was the sensitive face of a dreamer. The rough texture and colour of his uniform seemed to have absorbed the very spirit of his youth and woven his frail body inextricably in its thick tissues. The soldier beside him was of the peasant type, with high cheekbones and honest eyes.

Denyse ordered an omelet and a bottle of wine, offering a goodly share of each to our neighbours. The soldiers at the next table moved nearer. Our friend the Caporal came and sat opposite us.

"Where do you come from?" he questioned the weary creature upon whom our pity was centred. I detected a faint challenge in his manner.

"From Caen," was the answer, given in a slow gentle voice. "My comrade and I have been in the hospital there."

"Then you have been in action?" grunted the Caporal.

"Often." He stared blankly beyond us. "I have taken part in that most hideous of things, a bayonet charge."

The *buvette*, with its warmth and pungent odors, the loud rattle of glasses, the blur of uniforms closed in on us, as if striving to smother our imaginations, to hold us snugly within its protection. But with his thin colourless voice, the little soldier blasted the place, cracked the good cheer, pierced our vision and through the chinks brought troops in review—armies dripping with sad wounds, heavy with the toil of killing. We let them pass, listening to the tramp of many feet. The Caporal's pipe went out.

"Everyone dreads the bayonets,"

continued the little soldier. "And there is much to dread. For when men forget . . . they go mad."

"You with a bayonet!" I exclaimed and shuddered.

"We would all do as much, Mademoiselle," insisted the plump Caporal.

The little soldier smiled faintly. "It seems incredible, but you would. I suppose that you have a family. Well . . ." he sighed. "One cannot think of families. . . . Never until I die shall I forget that first time. . . ." In the silence, he went on monotonously. "We were caught in a wood. There was no escape, hein! The enemy was hidden in trenches ahead of us. Behind us were Uhlans. We were few in number and we had not eaten for two days. I can tell you we were disheartened! The Captain was our God. When he cried, 'Forward, my children! To bayonets! . . . Long live France!' . . . when we heard his voice calling, we rallied. Each of us felt his eyes. . . . In ordinary times they were kind eyes. When I saw those eyes and heard the command 'To bayonet!' my heart almost stopped. I could not have kept on my feet, had I not felt the Captain staring at me. But there was no choice . . . no other way. The sky grew black, the trees around me rocked. I could no longer see. I only heard my Captain's voice crying, 'Forward!'"

"You would have been shot if you had not gone," interrupted the Caporal importantly.

"Perhaps it would have been better," mused the little soldier. "It is not well to go mad. Well, I obeyed. We ran forward. I stumbled but never let go of my bayonet. And because they were in trenches, we held the bayonets downward to strike and spear . . . so!" He raised an arm and stabbed slantingly. "We aimed at their heads, you see," he explained. "Then the thing got me. . . ." He stared at us like a frightened child, his face puckered and wrinkled in a fretwork of anguish.

"The thing?" I questioned gently.

"The lust of killing," he whispered.

"They were firing. But I thought of nothing . . . only the bayonet. It was alive in my hands . . . it was ME. I never felt my head or arms or feet. Once, I noticed a comrade racing silently beside me. I would not have known him. He was a madman, thrusting down at something shining. His bayonet snapped like a reed. He turned his gun and used the butt. I saw him smashing down. Then he fell. My own arm jerked up and down. When I felt resistance, I jammed harder than ever. It is the resistance that drives you mad. Once or twice, I thought I saw eyes staring up at me. . . . I wanted to blot them out, so that there would never be any more eyes to see what we were doing. . . . I never have known how long it lasted. It seems that we cut our way through. We have been mentioned since for the Order of the Day." He seemed suddenly too weary to continue. His lips took on a bitter curve.

The Caporal tapped his foot nervously on the stone floor. "Well deserved," he grumbled without conviction.

"When it was all over," resumed the little soldier dreamily, "we felt hungry. I have never been so hungry in my life. We reached an inn and stopped there for supper. I sat near our Captain. He asked me to cut him a slice of bread. I took up a knife. He said quickly, 'Mon petit, you might first wash your hands.' Then I looked. . . ." He paused for a second, and went on in a dull voice, "My hands were covered with blood. They were red, even above the wrists, and on this ring," he touched a plain gold band, "my wedding ring, Mademoiselle, there were bits of stuff clinging . . . nameless things . . . fragments sticking. And that is what I have done! When I saw what it was, I laughed . . . God, how I laughed!" He put his hands to his face and sobbed.

Denyse touched his arm. "Hush!"

He only shook his head and quavered in a singsong, "That is what war does to men."

The life of the *buvette* flowed over and around us, catching up the moment and flinging it aside as a finished thing. The Caporal, rapped his pipe

sharply on the table and stared into space.

"Well . . . well, what would you!" he said gruffly. "We are soldiers."

WITH OUR SECRETARY OF WAR IN CHINA

BY ISABEL ANDERSON

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

II

THE temples of Peking lacked nothing in atmosphere or antiquity. There were three that impressed me most, and for different reasons. The first was the ancient Temple of Confucius, the second belonged to the Lamas and the last was the Temple of Heaven.

Our little horses had a scramble to pull the carriages up the steep arched bridges, but they finally succeeded in getting us across them all, and under several large gates, to an old rose-coloured wall peeling with age and overhung by trees from a grove inside. We drove along for some distance, turning at last into a gateway, and entered a dilapidated courtyard, to find ourselves within the restful shades of the ancient temple of Confucius. On either side stood open kiosks with curving roofs of yellow tiles, beneath which were marble tablets on the backs of huge marble tortoises, inscribed with words of wisdom and history. In long rows stood monolithic stones, weather-beaten and stained with age, on which from time immemorial had been written the names of the high scholars of the empire. A few years ago, when the old examination system of the literati was modified into the more modern methods now in use, this custom was discontinued.

Old, crumbling, pink-walled buildings enclosed the peaceful grove. Here and there we could see where animal sacrifices had once been offered. Rounding the porch of a pavilion in whose alcoves stood drums of the Chow period, some

three thousand years ago, we found ourselves overlooking a beautiful court full of gnarled, fantastic cedars, with yamens and small temples right and left. Opposite stood another large pavilion on its marble-balustraded terrace, which was paved with handsome stone carved in deep relief between the flights of steps. In this hall had once stood the tablet which represented the soul of the great Confucius, but it had lately been removed because the Emperor—Son of Heaven—had raised Confucius to the rank of saint. The seven partitions into which the front of this pavilion was divided were not honourable enough, for nine partitions are the tribute to a saint. So this ancient building was soon to be torn down, or, at best, to be remodelled, and the niches where the tablets of Confucius and his disciples had been were empty.

We paused reverently in these sacred, gloomy shades, then went back to the courtyard, where the sunshine filtered down among the trees, through the gates, and finally out of the precincts of the Confucian temple. Wishing to see what had become of the sacred tablets, we entered the Hall of Classics. Before us was a wonderful gateway of three arches, its lovely weathered rose colour covered with gorgeous tiles of yellow and green in fanciful designs—a monument perfect in richness and proportion. On it was written:

Cross the bridge and receive instruction,
Study the sea and receive inspiration.

Beyond the gateway a paved path led us to a square pavilion set on a marble-balustraded terrace. This terrace, which was square, was raised above a circular one, also balustraded. Between the two terraces was a lotus lake, crossed by bridges of shining marble. We went over these and entered the gloomy interior of a great hall, which was the temporary shrine of the tablets. It was disappointing to find the famous tablet of Confucius merely an insignificant piece of black wood with dull gilt characters.

The next temple we visited was given many years ago by an imperial personage who donated his extensive palace to the Tibetan monks for a Lama temple. There were two thousand of these monks, and they were a ragged lot who had degraded Buddhism into a sort of sorcery and devil-worship. Beneath a quaint-roofed gate one entered the lofty, sombre pavilion where sat a great, gilded, laughing Buddha, a grotesque figure with a huge paunch. He aroused anything but respect in the heart of the beholder. In the vast hall of another temple where ceremonies were held there was a large carved panel, covered with miniature figures in bronze and ivory of holy men and devils, representing, they said, the Holy City of Lhasa.

In one temple was a huge statue towering up into the many roofs of the building, an enormous god seventy feet high, said to be made of one piece of wood brought from Tibet, though it seemed incredible. As you looked up at the appalling figure the white eyes could be seen in the gloom, gazing blankly at nothingness. The temple with the War God was the only one we saw that was clean and well kept up, and before this statue, which was brilliantly coloured, knelt the only worshipper in the whole Lama temple. A small room contained the shrine where the Emperor came once a year to worship a Buddha of priceless mutton-fat jade. In the courtyards were the revolving prayer wheels, which one turned with the hand, at the same time repeating

"O the Jewel of the Lotus," which was inscribed on the wheel. This simplifies worship greatly!

Before leaving we were taken by a Lama, who was dressed in yellow and purple robes, through little gates in low walls and across small courts into his own house, where we had tea and Tibetan cakes. Our only disappointment was that we missed seeing the young living Buddha, who had lately been staying there, but who had just gone back to Tibet.

At last we were to see the famous Temple of Heaven. Three times a year the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, came to this temple to pray. He prayed for rain, and for good crops, and for a long continuance of his dominion. The Temple of Heaven is circular in shape, and the wall around it is three and a half miles long. The tiles on the cone-shaped roof are dark blue like the distant mountains, and with the green of the trees, it makes a beautiful combination of colour.

The ritual climax of the year is the Feast of Lanterns, which is the great moment of thanksgiving, and occurs the fifteenth day of the first moon of the year. Then the Emperor, on behalf of his people, used to go up the uncovered steps to worship the Imperial God of Heaven. Because he was worshipping the High God who dwells above the cerulean, he was clad all in blue. His prayer shows some of the sonorous solemnity of the old Hebrew prophets:

O Imperial Heaven, looking up I consider that Thy Heart is benevolence and love. With trembling and anxiety I would not rashly ascend thy footstool, but would first consider my errors. I would inquire if I have swept away one poor man's field to add to a monarch's park? Have the oppressed had no appeal? For the glutony of bribes has the blood of the innocent been spilt? Have the gleaners been pushed into the ditches by the powerful to starve? Have our enemies been left to trample on my flock as mire and ashes? Oh, lay the plumb line to my sins and

teach me duty. Grant me renovation for the sake of my myriad innocents.

The Chinese seem to delight in what is called the "sense of enclosure," for they use walls on all occasions to shut themselves in. Their gardens are always walled, their enclosed courtyards succeed each other, and their entrance gates are protected behind and often before by screen walls which do not necessarily hide, but, at least, suggest privacy. And then there are the many "great" walls which one sees in travelling through the country.

It may be that these walls were built for their moral effect as much as for actual protection against northern invaders, for a great horde would certainly have been able to swarm over them at some point if they had tried. This idea was rather confirmed by the Chinese aides to the Secretary of War, who told us how even to-day the brigands "outside" will only come down to it, though it is easily passable and, indeed, only a moral boundary. They also said that all the soldiers were enlisted from "inside the wall" because the loyalty of the men to the north of it could not be trusted.

The really old Great Wall, the frontier barrier of China, was built three thousand years ago and stretches fifteen hundred miles across the country till it reaches the sea at Shan-hai-kuan, where the railway makes a breach in its crumbling length. The Great Wall of the Nankow Pass is of a later period, that of the Ming dynasty, in the middle ages. But it is a grand rampart, though it looks small because it streaks off across vast mountains into the horizon.

It was to see this wall and the famous Ming Tombs that we set off one September morning from Peking on a special train. It was a very nice train with well-arranged saloon carriages, and the line, which was new, had been wholly and quite wonderfully built by the Chinese themselves. After an hour's run we reached Nankow and began to ascend the steep valley of the famous

old pass over which caravans have come for ages from all the rest of the world to shut-in China. The road led us up a steep canyon with splendid views of sharp-peaked mountain ranges and of the vast plain below. Near the bed of a torrent beneath we could follow the course of the old trail struggling up the valley. Here and there walls wandered off labouriously over the mountains, with fire towers on which the signal blaze was kindled to warn of danger.

Finally we came to a station, where we got out to find many chairs waiting for us. Some of us got into them, and some walked. So we began our climb up to the Great Wall, and the gate of the Nankow Pass. Much of the way we followed the winding, immemorially travelled roadway, stony and rough, of the caravan trail. It thundered and came on to rain a little, but just as we topped the Pass and came into view of the wall the sunset broke through. The glory of it set off both gate and wall in mysterious relief, showing the latter coiled about the peaks like some huge serpent of mythology, its endless lengths trailing away in the distance.

As we climbed to the battlemented top of the gate, we saw, for a moment, a caravan of camels climbing slowly toward us. With spreading feet and great packs on their backs, their drivers walking along beside them, they came swaying up the road in a strange, slow line. Nothing could have been more wonderfully timed for effect than the passing of this caravan through the ancient gateway in the glory and the beauty of the sunset after the rain. Later, as we came tracking down over the rough trail, it rained again, and this time we were drenched. But we soon reached the train and warmed ourselves at the little stoves for tea-making on board as we came back through the canyon to Nankow. Rooms had been reserved for us at a small station inn which was not very comfortable, but we had a good dinner there with a Chinese official as our host. The small inn



THE CONFUCIAN TEMPLE



THE LAMA TEMPLE



PRECINCTS OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

yard was crowded with sedan chairs, and, as we turned in early, the last thing we saw was the coolies lying about asleep there in the moonlight.

We were carried next morning in chairs of green and gold through a pretty valley to the Ming Tombs. Past decorative marble *pailos*, between lines of monster stone elephants and camels and animals of the imagination, and over carved bridges, to the temple grove in which was the huge mound or mausoleum of the greatest of the Ming emperors. In one of the many big courtyards we wet our hands with the "lucky water" that springs mysteriously from under a great carved stone. And be-

neath the many-coloured roofs with the carved corners we opened our luncheon baskets and made merry in modern American fashion, forgetting for the moment the strange customs and splendours of the China of past centuries.

One of the most interesting experiences in China was the imperial audience which my husband had the good fortune to be present at, so I quote again from his journal:

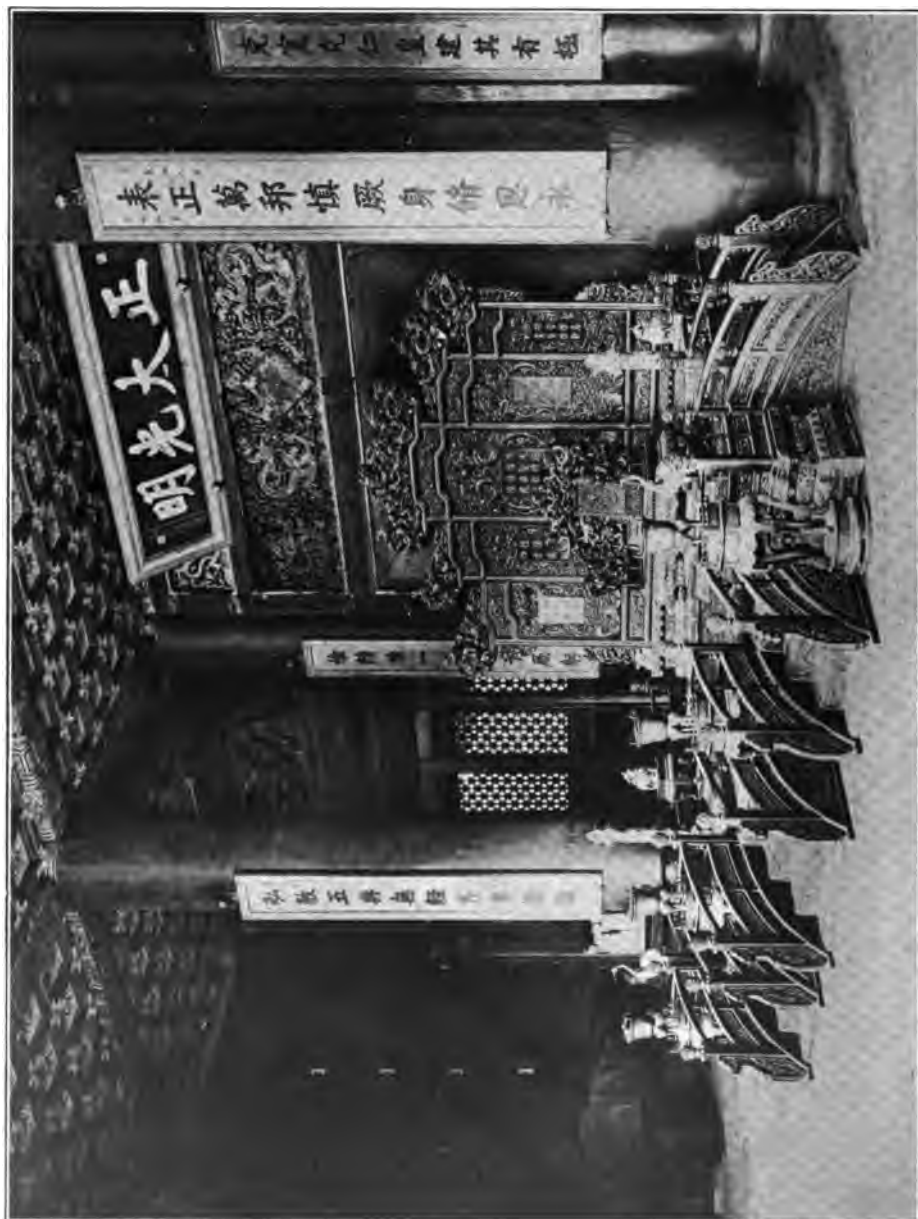
"In behalf of his son, the baby Emperor of China, the Prince Regent received the Secretary of War, Mr. Dickinson, in his capacity of special ambassador from the President of the United

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The full-page pictures with this article form part of a complete series of photographs of the buildings in the Forbidden City at Peking, taken by the imperial Japanese photographers by order of the Japanese Government. This was done when the allied troops entered Peking during the Boxer rebellion, in order that a perfect record of those beautiful monuments might be made before there had been any looting or destruction. The pictures, which fill two large portfolios, are never for sale, but are sometimes presented by the Japanese Government to museums or to distinguished individuals. The pictures reproduced herewith are from the set presented to Mr. Larz Anderson.*



北京天壇祈年殿

THE CH'I-NIEN HALL IN THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN



THE IMPERIAL DAIS IN THE CH'EN-CH'ING HALL

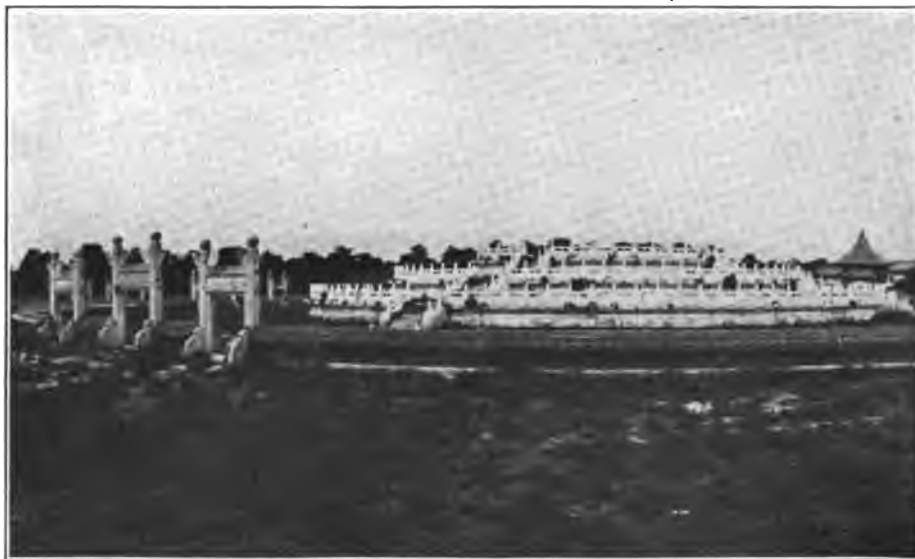
States. Only the day before the new Second Secretary of the American Legation had arrived with the letter from President Taft, having travelled post haste from Washington to get it to Peking in time for the Secretary to deliver it. The men of our party had the wonderful experience of accompanying Mr. Dickinson as a staff, passing with him through the most honourable of the great gates to the very throne of the Forbidden City.

"The Chinese have a way of tickling their own vanity by leading foreigners to do things, quite unknowingly, which are undignified in Chinese eyes and a pleasing conceit to themselves. So the first arrangements for the Secretary's reception had been planned so as to give the party a sort of tributary appearance by having them enter the Forbidden City through one of the side gates. But the autograph letter from the President made the occasion of such importance that, by bringing pressure to bear, our admission was finally procured through the most honourable great gate, directly up to the Imperial Throne.

"The men met at the Legation com-

pound at a quarter before nine in the morning, and all took chairs for the procession to the audience. Now the chair is the most dignified of conveyances, at Court, and only certain people use it. The one intended for the Secretary had been sent by the Court, and had the imperial yellow trimmings, while those for the other men were green, with red and black detail. They made quite an imposing array, for besides the eighteen members of the Embassy in evening dress there were several officers of the Marine Guard and the Military and the 'Language Officer,' all in full uniform.

"The Marine Guard paraded, and the bugle blew, and the procession passed out of the compound gateway into the street, where an escort of Chinese cavalry—not very striking objects on their puny ponies—fell in ahead. So we moved along through crowds of onlookers, in our swinging chairs borne by pattering coolies. It is not far from our Legation to the main entrance of the Forbidden City, and the company soon turned in under an insignificant gate, which admitted us to a large paved



PRECINCTS OF THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

square, grass-grown and dilapidated. Surrounding it was a fence-like rail of stone, over which crowds of people were staring. A group of court servants, with red and yellow jackets over their grey robes, stood in double row in the centre, and the procession passed across the wide, empty space to the first of the great gates.

"It was a huge pink-walled gate—called Wu-Men of the City of the Son of Heaven—with three arched portals closed by heavy, hob-nailed doors. These swung back and the procession entered, saluted by a guard of soldiers, while picturesque groups of lesser officials and servants stood about. The court in which we found ourselves was so long that it seemed endless—it must have been at least a quarter of a mile—so that the gate at the farther end looked very small, though it was by no means so in reality. A flagged way extended down the middle, and the sides were overgrown with a tangle of weeds and grass. In the distance water carriers paced along with their bamboo poles balanced over their shoulders, and servants stopped their work to stare at these foreign intruders who had presumed to enter the sacred way. Enclosing the court were long lines of yellow *yamens*, with crows cawing on their upturned roofs and handsome magpies spreading their tails or flying about.

"We traversed this long space and came to another great pink-walled gate—named Ta-Ching-Men—which was noble in the Chinese style, making use of broad plain spaces to set off the richness in colour and design of their architectural details. Here we all got out of our chairs while two court chairs, open-seated and borne by two bearers only (the regular sedan is closed and carried by four coolies) were provided for Secretary Dickinson and Minister Calhoun. Many soldiers were gathered about, and servants of different grades; more guards of honour presented arms; under the gates were the groups of bowmen and lancers with their antiquated

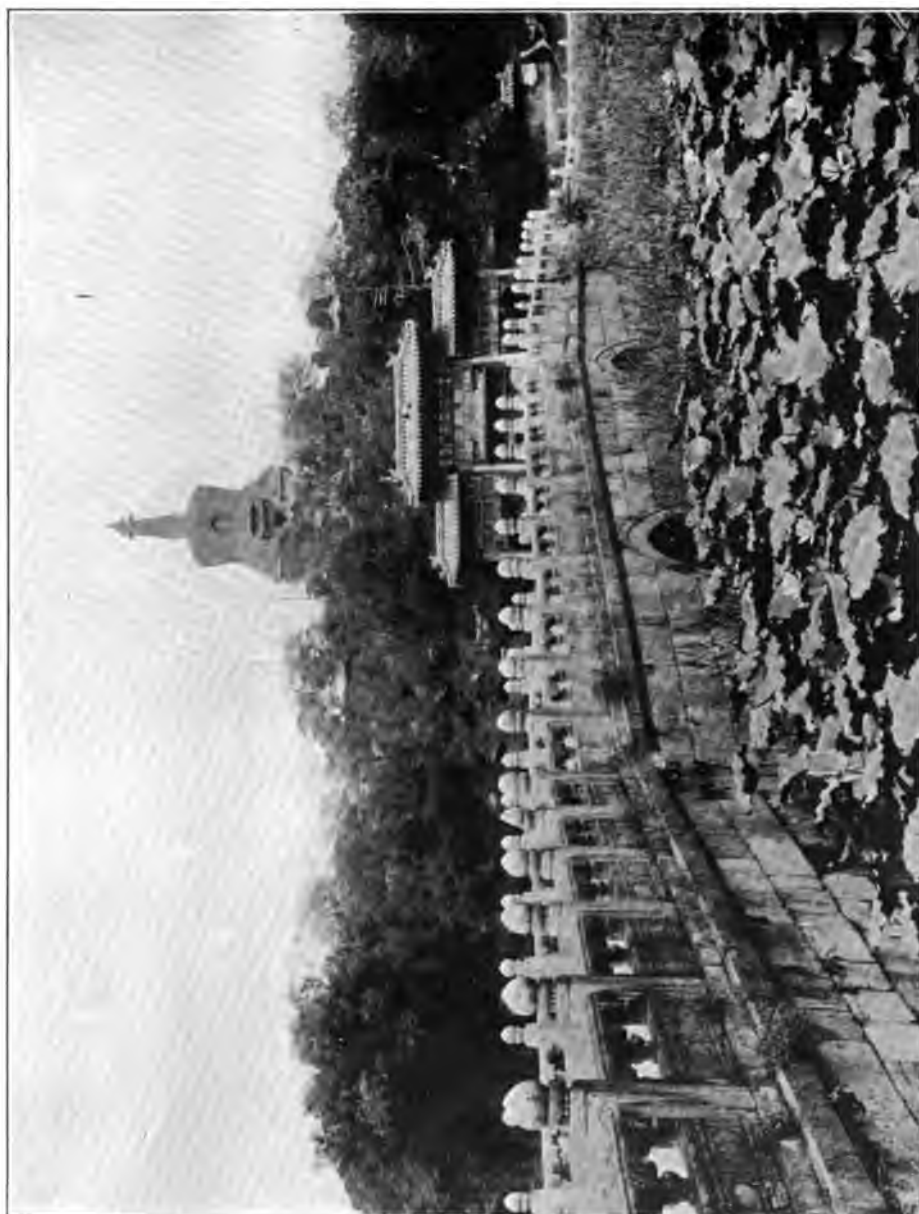
weapons set up in rows—a remnant of past times, indeed!

"Across another wide quadrangle and through another gate we passed into a court of fine proportions with a noble pavilion opposite raised on a *chubutra* of terraced marble with a richly carved balustrade. It was reached by a bridge over artificial water. Then came another and yet finer courtyard with beautiful marble terraces, stained by the weather to the colour of ivory. Opening the doors for us to pass from one courtyard into another were eunuchs, while groups of picturesque officials stood about. On either side of the portals of one gate stood stone lions, grotesquely rampant; a later gate had splendid beasts of bronze on guard, and giant incense burners of great beauty. In each succeeding court the effect of repose and yet of richness and beauty of colour seemed to grow.

"There was a pavilion with a double towering roof of a mellow yellow, and behind it, flanked by walls of tile with a yellow and green design which broke the rosy background, was the gate Chieng-Ching-Men. Here many court officials stood and solemnly greeted the Embassy. The Secretary and the Minister descended from their chairs, the eunuchs opened the doors as we ascended the steps, and we all walked into the magnificence of the last court.

"Above the roofs of imperial yellow tile, which crowned in fantastic shape the pavilion opposite, the Throne Hall of Audience, rose the green ridge of a hill with kiosks and summer houses—a lovely background against the sky for the scene beneath. Lions and incense burners of gilded bronze shone resplendent at the sides of the approach to the Throne Room. The court was enclosed by heavy-roofed *yamens* and galleries of rich colour, and the whole effect was magnificent.

"We were conducted to a room at one side, arranged half in European style, with a table set for a repast after the audience. Here we met the higher court people and awaited the readiness



THE YUNG-AN TEMPLE STUPA AND THE CHI-TSUI TUI-YÜN BRIDGE

YUNG-AN TEMPLE STUPA AND THE CHI-TSUI TUI-YÜN BRIDGE



VIEW NEAR PEKING

of the Regent. In a few moments this was announced, and we went out into the courtyard again, to find that meantime the hereditary princes, carrying spears with tassels of red horsehair with pendent leopard tails, had taken their stand in rows on each side of the marble bridge that reached across the court. About the threshold of the pavilion opposite were crowded eunuchs and court officials. The room within, which opened in three wide entrances to the air, was filled with courtiers on each side up to the throne.

"Crossing the long bridge, we entered by the central portal, bowing once outside, once just inside and a third time as we all grouped ourselves within. There was a sombre light. Court mourning still prescribed a simple dress of a darker garment over a light blue robe which showed only in the skirt beneath and in the collar.

"The throne was on a dais with three sets of steps divided by low lacquered balustrades leading up to it. Across the back was placed a large, richly carved

screen of a dull, heavy, reddish gold. In front of this stood the empty Dragon Chair of the Emperor, heavily carved and gilded. Before this was a table covered with white and dark blue silk, while at either side were peacock fans in standards.

"Toward the front of the dais, below the throne, were the simple chair and table of the Regent. As the Secretary—who, with the Minister, had advanced into the room—approached the throne, the Regent stood. Mr. Dickinson read a fine address, which was translated by someone behind him, and the Regent replied. Then the Secretary, using both hands, passed him the President's letter, all wrapped in imperial yellow silk. The Regent received it with both hands and, turning, laid it on the table in front of the empty Dragon Throne.

"This done, Mr. Dickinson bowed and retired, the Minister and ourselves bowing at the same time, three times as we backed out through one of the side spaces opening into the courtyard. We

were no longer bearers of a letter to the Emperor, and so we were no longer privileged to the honours of the middle entrance.

"Returning to the side room, we were joined by court and foreign officials. After a short delay, the Secretary and General Edwards, with the Minister and the Legation secretaries, were taken to a small pavilion room, where they had a brief 'confidential audience' with the Prince Regent. On their coming back, we all sat down to a little luncheon, at which informal toasts were drunk. After that we went away, through other picturesque side courts and gateways, to find our chairs again. In them we moved in long procession, out of a side gate of the Forbidden City, with troops saluting and escorting, back to the Legation.

"Words can do poor justice to the experiences of that morning, when we passed through places of wonder which few foreigners have ever been allowed to see, and stood by the Dragon Throne of the Son of Heaven, surrounded by that Court of Ancient Ceremonies, in the heart of that old, old Chinese Empire."

At last the day came for us to leave this city of all cities. During the trip from Peking to Hankow all China seemed to glide slowly by our windows, with its crumbling walled cities and villages and its vast stretches of beautifully cultivated paddy fields, flat, glistening and green. Not always flat, though, for often they were made in irregular terraces which followed perfectly the contours of the land, climbing up into the ravines between the hills, till these finally became grotesquely pinnacled mountains. On the higher plateau the kaoliang grew like tall, tasselled sorghum, with corn and millet and beans in long stretches of varied colour—greens and browns and yellows laid out on the landscape in square patches. Over them moved always the picturesque figures working, working, to produce this miracle of complete cultivation.

But strangest and yet most characteristic of all were the mounds of the tombs of the ancestors—little mounds grouped among the workers in the fields, with children playing on them, and the plows just rounding their bases so as to cut off a wee bit at a time to add to the field—very carefully, so that the ancestor would not know! Beneath clumps of trees were hillocks containing a higher class of tombs; at times there were vast reaches of rolling prairie all covered with them. Some were marked with small stones. A rich man might even have a little pagoda to distinguish his resting place. In the hillside were semi-circular tombs. In fact, wherever you looked there were graves. For all its fertile fields, the country was like one vast cemetery.

So, at last, through this country of life and death, we came to the big yellow river—the Yangtse. The train was delayed for a whole day by a wreck on the line further up. This wreck illustrates the individualistic trait which is so typical of the Chinese character. Railway embankments had held back water from the paddy fields. The rice crop had been poor, consequently the farmers, thinking only of their own immediate interests, had done what they could to destroy the railway. So we had to wait over. The Chinese are called the Jews of the East. Each man is for himself and does nothing for his town or for society in general. Aside from the mandarins and a few rich shopkeepers, and a small middle class, the people are miserably poor.

Such a surprise greeted me at Hankow—there was a fine esplanade along the river bank, lined with pretty European houses built of brick and stone, set among lovely gardens, and a race course that might have been a French track. The whole place, in fact, might have been Trouville, instead of the heart of China. But the illusion vanished, for the Chinese part of the city was even "more so" than any other we had seen. It had been raining and the dirt was beyond words. I saw people take water

out of stagnant pools to drink, and to wash their clothes and themselves. In the mud sprawled children begging, some without clothes, some blind, some deformed. Through the narrow, filthy passages men went carrying loads, and sang and called out and ran into you, while the mangy chow dogs barked at you.

The stores were very fine, though, with great entrances and often with courtyards decorated with evergreens cut in the shape of lions with queer eyes stuck into their heads. The shopkeepers were very hard to deal with, because they seemed to have no interest in selling anything. Some would take off vast amounts when you purchased, others nothing at all. You never knew what to expect.

From Hankow we took a French boat down the river to Shanghai, passing every now and then a raft loaded with lumber which was being steered slowly down stream. Often they had two or three hundred people on board, and we were told that families not seldom lived on them for several years at a time. The yelling boatmen and swift current made it rather exciting. Our boat stopped at several small towns with walls running up steep hills. One was a pirate town where no missionaries were allowed to enter. The largest pagoda in China was there—built, we heard, to propitiate the God of the Winds.

At Nankin carriages met us—a closed one for two of us womenfolk that was like a chicken coop, a sort of coupé with white shutters such as is provided for the concubines. Inside it was decorated with a mirror and paper flowers. The town was not so congested as some that we saw, but the people looked very poor and wretched. Some of the houses were of stone, others of mud and straw. Long ago, when Nankin was the capital of China, it had two million inhabitants, but now that the seat of government is in Peking this old city has dwindled to a few hundred thousand. (No one knows what the population really is in any part of China.) The

troops seen in the streets looked small and oddly dressed—khaki and military caps did not go very well with the pig-tails, which had not then been cut off.

Perhaps the most interesting sight in Nankin was the Drum Tower, which was built two centuries before Christ. After ascending dark stone steps on the outside of the tower, we finally reached the top. Here, under a slanting roof of four colours, was a huge stone turtle. The earth is popularly supposed to be flat, and to be held up by four turtles, one at each corner of its surface. On either side of the turtle was a carved and painted wooden figure, one representing the Goddess of Mercy, who is the only Chinese goddess, holding in one hand a lotus root and in the other a child, while the other figure portrayed the God of Medicine with a pill in his hand.

Shanghai had its foreign quarter, with a hotel which was not very good. The Chinese part of the city was walled in and had the usual narrow, smelly streets lined with shops. Here and there were groups of boys tickling fighting crickets. As soon as they got the little creatures angry enough they would put a couple in a box and watch them fight, betting on the result. We did a little shopping, and an enterprising Chinaman offered to buy my hat for two dollars, much to our amusement. The American Consul gave us a reception and garden party. The guests were mostly Americans, but there were some English and French present. Chinese high officials came, dressed in black flowered silk jackets and long brocaded coats, with white trousers reaching down inside their black satin shoes. Their caps were trimmed with brown fur, and some wore crystal buttons, others had red coral, or blue ones, showing their rank.

From Shanghai we went by steamer to Hongkong. The night we arrived there four of us went out in chairs suspended on poles and carried by two coolies each, so that we hopped up and down to the motion of their stride till

there seemed nothing left of us. In the Chinese part the streets were much wider than usual, with arched doorways through which one caught glimpses of naked shoulders drooping over counters, and of domestic interiors as well—blue walls, white lace curtains and four-posted bedsteads seemed to be the fashion in Chinese bedrooms. Above were the overhanging balconies with prettily dressed women leaning over the railings and looking down into the street. Some of the women wore short jackets and trousers of white and pink, others longer coats of black silk or blue cotton. Most of the women on the street had the tiny broken feet, on which they toddled along.

We passed several hotels of two or three stories and gay-looking restaurants with quantities of gilded carving. This lively part of the town was well lighted, and signs of black and gold or red and gold hung from the doorways, adding to the bright effect. As a rule, it is not a pleasant experience to pass through a Chinese city where they are not used

to seeing foreigners. Children hoot and call one names—all kinds of names. Old men hiss and growl and shake their fists. Things are thrown at one—once in Canton a nasty decayed vegetable dropped into my chair. On foot it is even worse. One is immediately hemmed in by the vile, dirty crowd, pulling, pushing, grabbing, jostling. At a temple we were once almost mobbed, and had to run for our lives.

The feeling of helplessness is most uncomfortable. There is no way of protecting one's self, because if a blow be so much as threatened the horde would make nothing of killing one. Every insult has to be suffered and taken. The Chinese certainly have no love for the foreigner, although Hongkong being, like Shanghai, a seaport, the people there are more cosmopolitan than elsewhere in China. It was from Hongkong that we sailed away and left perhaps the oldest and most remarkable kingdom in the world for our new possessions in the Far East—the Philippine Islands.

OUR ENTENTE WITH SOUTH AMERICA

BY THOMAS WALSH

How shall we promote the *entente cordiale* with Central and South America? has long been the question of thinkers in the North; and now when the wars of Europe have shut us from our overseas markets and centres of culture, now when war itself confronts the United States—self-constituted protector of the New Hemisphere—the question assumes acute interest and grave importance.

Back of the Monroe Doctrine there was always, primarily, the selfish consideration of our own safety, in shutting out the greater acquisition of American territory by the Powers of Europe. True, we remembered also our position as elder brother to the republics of the south and we were for many other reasons interested in their establishment and progress. We have seen them grow to maturity and in some cases to a stability that ought to be gratifying to our faith in human nature, but we have been too long in the rôle of protector and have neglected the more friendly intercourse of matured brethren of the same household. Have we not in the troublous days of southern revolutions learned too well the use of the index-finger and neglected the cordial hand-clasp of equal independence?

Our own dependence on Europe for the arts of life, the luxury and finish of civilisation, has been an example of which the south has only taken an exaggerated pattern. The cities of Buenos-Aires and Rio Janeiro are replicas of French cities in hardly more definite manner than we are imitations of London and Paris. We can hardly expect the South American countries to be less alert to the great centres than we are ourselves. If within the last few decades we have established autonomy in our civil and national institutions, if to be a North American sig-

nifies more than to be an imitation of a Northern European, how are our friends and neighbours in the south to discover this with their wires of communication and lines of traffic practically all established with European centres, their newspapers indifferent to our development and subject only to a more or less hostile breath of criticism from foreign agencies of trade and politics?

Those who have gone deepest into the relation of trade bear witness that the greatest difficulty in the development of North American industrial products in the south is the shortness of credit—the lack of trust, in so many words—extended to the southern dealers and consumers. Our healthful business on a more or less cash basis seems to make slow progress south of the equator, and we are found to be less patient creditors than are the Europeans in general. Is it that we are too independent to await payment, too careless to pack our exports in a safe and portable manner, too lazy to study the wants and desires of a people who refuse to be reconstructed and remodelled by the wholesale on our North American plan? Surely, with such a market, some compromise must be arrived at. If it is good business for European traders to adapt their credits to the customs of South American trade it should be good, and even better, business for the United States to do the same.

It may be accepted as a universal axiom that no foreigner loves the Englishman, and as the foreigner is likely to find it difficult to distinguish between the different kinds of British, many of our own English-speaking fellow-citizens are more or less likely to share in this racial dislike. This Anglo-Saxonism, based, as it is, on a more or less

conscious display of superiority in points of view and social practices, loses nothing of its offence when seen in its chaotic and ridiculous aspects along our own southern frontiers. The Latin race is proud of its traditions and secretly somewhat scornful of the "Barbarians" of the North. They can afford to overlook the financial and trade successes, the powerful organisations of modern industries and the economic triumphs upon which we plume ourselves. They are residents of a milder climate where poverty has fewer horrors and riches smaller attractions than with us. Their development is more in the individual than in the community. They are conscious of the possession of an almost perfect code of laws from Justinian and Napoleon, but if the enforcement of it is not all that we would desire, if the sense of personal liberty is still rather exaggerated—their pride in such a code is not altogether empty.

If education is not so widespread in the south there are, nevertheless, great scholarship and culture in certain classes in every country. Foreign universities and foreign tutors are employed to constitute a ruling intellectual clique in a sense that would be impossible among us, with whom the poorest labourer is able at least to read and write and form his own opinions—such as they are. Their connections with the past have made South American scholars more cautious than are the North American; recently King Alfonso of Spain is said to have declared: "We belong to a country in which everything has been tried." The South American has something of this spirit; we are apt to forget that he has partially solved a great question—the fate of the aboriginal races of his lands—which we have left to be settled by the guns and poisons of our civilisation. Tribal questions are at the background of the international relations of many of these countries besides Mexico, where a benevolent dictatorship must continue to preserve peace and promote prosperity for some time to come.

The Latin American is a member of a race at once literary and artistic; whatever his status, either in finance or politics, he is usually found to be a poet or a novelist. We who in North America have only recently learned to appreciate letters and art at their true value, and are still in some doubt as to the social value of their professors, must learn to value the South American as the brother of Rubén Darío, Guillermo Valencia, Santos Chocano, Antonio Gomez Restrepo and Olavo Bilac and the children of the great Andrés Bello, Rafael Pombo, and the Mexican Gutiérrez Nájera.

A survey of this literature in the pages of such a work as Menéndez y Pelayo's *Historia de la Poesia Hispano-Americana* (Madrid, 1913) or better still in the more comprehensive *Literary History of Spanish America* (New York, 1916) of Alfred Coester, will surprise many a North American reader with the discovery that in many of the capitals of our southern hemisphere there exist, and have flourished for years, literary schools more cultured and better organised than anything similar in our own country; in these schools traditions of native birth are treasured and cultivated with knowledge and taste refined at the best critical forges of Paris and Madrid. South America, it will be discovered, is intimately acquainted with our Longfellow, Bryant and Edgar Allan Poe; how do we reciprocate this attention? With a vague half-hearsay knowledge of Heredia the Elder, of Isaac's novel *Maria* and a few of the poems of Rubén Darío. Many Central and South American authors have visited and written appreciatively of our country; how many of our literary men have concerned themselves with them?

We must overcome this fault due to our mistaken Anglo-Saxon sense of superiority. We must realise thoroughly that there is no superiority except, perhaps, in the way of government administration. Our views regarding racial mixtures can also stand revision.

Miss Lillian Elwyn Elliot's recent book, *Brazil To-day and To-morrow* (New York, 1917) tells a story that well illustrates our lack of proper conception of the race problems of South America. We fail to understand that our own racial mixtures may be misinterpreted abroad by people who find in the songs of our negroes and the pottery and weaving of our Indians the most characteristic products of our continent. Miss Elliot's story deals with a colony of southerners who left the United States at the close of the Civil War and settled in the slave-tolerating lands of Brazil at a colony called Santa Barbara.

The colonists grew, besides cotton, watermelons: one year just as the crop ripened, cholera broke out in S. Paulo, the sale of melons was forbidden, and the growers faced ruin. At this time President Cleveland had come into office in the United States, and had just appointed a new consul at Santos: he must, then, be a good Democrat. The settlers, who on landing in Brazil had ceremonially torn up the Constitution of the United States and offered thanks to heaven for having permitted them to reach a land where the sacred Biblical institution of slavery was still in force, remembered that they were American citizens. They wrote to the consul a letter of congratulation on his arrival and at the same time detailed their grievances with regard to watermelon sales. The consul replied cordially, suggested that he should visit them, and received post haste a warm welcome. The afternoon of his arrival at the colony found the entire population drawn up on the platform, a southern Colonel at the head of the deputation. The train rolls up, a first-class compartment door opens, a gentleman steps out with a suitcase, and walks up to the Colonel with outstretched hand. It was the consul—but a consul as black as the ace of spades.

It is said that the Colonel, rising nobly to the occasion, gasped once, shook the hand of the consul, and that he and the other southerners gave the official the time of his life; but when he departed they vowed that never, never again would they trust a Democratic administration.

Over and above all these differences in life and opinion we have in common with Central and South America that quality which is recognised by all the world as *Americanism*. This breath of freedom, this new outlook upon life and its institutions, this welcome of originality, is a common link to bind our North and South together in a mighty whole. It is upon this Americanism—not North Americanism or South Americanism—that we must base our hope of mutual reciprocity, our avoidance of neighbourly jealousy and envy, our cultivation of brotherly amity and family well-being. This quality of mind is as unmistakable in life as it is in art; it is characteristic of the belle of Argentina and Chile as of the beauty of New York or San Francisco; in Paris it is synonymous with the grand gesture, the open hand, and largeness of view; in literature we find it in the triumphant art of a Rubén Darío and soaring depth of a Chocano, as well as in the giant dreams of a Walt Whitman and the starry gaze of an Emerson.

The war has brought to our United States a swarm of visitors from South America who otherwise would have wended their ways to Paris and the Continent. They have had a chance to see in our larger cities a form of life more like their own, more agreeable than they have ever found abroad. We have amusement places more calculated to please their tastes than any European theatres can offer them; our illuminations are brighter, our hotels more gorgeous, our shops more showy in their bright profusion. In New York, especially, they have found their Spanish spoken in every establishment of standing; our schools have not been idle and even now five times as many pupils take the Spanish courses as take those of other languages. These—for the most part commerce-trained students—will read Spanish and South American books and newspapers, when the south shows energy enough to distribute them more generally among us. In New York and New Orleans we have had numerous

publications; we have had Spanish opera and Spanish Plays; we have Spanish churches and Spanish clubs; we have chairs of Spanish literature at all our great universities; we have in New York the building of The Hispanic Society of America with a rare collection of Spanish paintings and a priceless and extensive collection of Spanish and Latin-American books and manuscripts.

The grounds of our *entente cordiale* have therefore been laid out, and only, it seems, the social difficulty remains in the way of a complete union, racial and religious. This difficulty is more fearsome than actual, and is to be overcome only by mutual toleration of differences and an intelligent and considerate hos-

pitality, by trust rather than suspicion, by fairness and kindliness rather than indifference and superiority. The young South American should be welcomed in our homes as well as in our hotels; he should learn to appreciate, and not to misinterpret our social freedom of the sexes. We should study the great lessons of Spanish civilisation, philosophy and art, and acknowledge our tremendous debt to the Spanish discoverers and explorers and their hardy descendants; they should strive to see in us something more than superior money machines and trading agencies, something of the race of the great dreamers of the North who still figure vaguely in their primitive romances and who are still to be found at the bottom of our hearts.

FAIRY SHORES

BY POWHATAN JOHNSON WOOLDRIDGE

WHILE we drift a-down life's stream
In the mazes of our dream,
Fairy shores on either side
Beckon us across the tide,
But when we heed their mystic call
The cold grey mist enshrouds it all.

Elfin flames about us dart,
Helplessly, we drift apart,
Farther, farther from the shore,
Then the mist dissolves once more
And shows you drifting far from me,
Drifting to a lonely sea.

ART VERSUS LICENSE

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN PAINTING

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

THE other day, opening at random Lilli Lehmann's interesting and instructive autobiography, *My Path Through Life*, my attention was suddenly arrested by the following significant passage:

To the question I put to him (Gustav Mahler) he replied with scornful laughter, "What are you thinking of? In a century my symphonies will be performed in immense halls that will hold from twenty to thirty thousand people, and will be great popular festivals." I was silent, but I thought, involuntarily, that the more music is deprived of intimacy, the more it will be lacking in true genius. It is so, also, at the theatre, for when the stage and auditorium exceed a certain size, there can be no more art for the artist and art lover. Then the circus begins, where the actors appear in dead masks, because the individual gestures, eyes and physiognomies cannot be distinguished, and not a word can be understood. In a great orchestra, every individual instrument is lost, as is the personality of each single picture in a huge exhibition of a thousand or more paintings, where one kills the other.

A thousand or more paintings! Well, according to the advertisements, the Independent Exhibit, recently concluded in New York City, numbered anywhere between two and three thousand paintings. "Art Exhibition Extraordinary" (I quote the *Herald's* proclamation of the event) it certainly was. Picture to yourself the Grand Central Palace literally cluttered with what is euphemistically termed "works of art." If you recall the hurly-burly that accompanied

last spring's Allied Bazaar, you will probably feel a sense of the excessiveness of the undertaking. True, there was no megaphone and (surprising omission for these times!) no dancing. But there *was* space, plenty of space; so much so, in fact, that I found myself wandering about in a kind of stupor, not quite certain of where to go next. The affair had something of the sardonic and enigmatical deviousness of a maze; and I should imagine that if one found one's self there in a crowd all æsthetic sensation would be obstructed and destroyed by the uncomfortable anxiety of wondering whether one could find one's way out of the place and home again.

Now I do not mean to be flippant or cheaply and inconsequentially humorous. I should like to write of the exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists in a temperate and comprehensive fashion; or if not in a temperate and comprehensive fashion, I should like to write exuberantly, to tell you how wonderful it was to see the Art Spirit emancipating itself from the fetters of an artificial exclusiveness, breaking out into the great universal sunshine of unfettered effort (something about Democracy should perhaps be inserted here), and so forth. No doubt others can do this sort of thing. Frankly, I cannot. The magnitude of the affair literally dumfounds one; and I really do not see how a conscientious discrimination is possible under circumstances of so gigantic and complex a nature. It must be obvious to the most cursory consideration that fine distinctions and precise preferences are rendered null

and void in such a hodge-podge of activity. I attempted to jot down a few notes, but in looking back I realise that my observations were, by the very nature of the case, invidious. One thing struck me—the fact that nine times out of ten when my attention was arrested by a picture, that picture was painted by a woman. Is there, I wonder, or is there not any significance in this? At all events I congratulate Adèle Klaer for her excellent and exquisitely framed “Ravella,” and Margaret Kleinwell for her still life, a really big, massive, memorable production. Who these people are I do not know and I suppose I shall never hear of them again. If the art of the future is to be presented to us under conditions of so enormous a nature, we shall be compelled to develop a new capacity for appreciation. For the present, the appeal is a futile one, an appeal that defeats its own ends just as the sheer noise of the contemporary orchestra defeats its own ends. In all sincerity, I really think that the essential and ultimate reaction to this sort of thing is an unfavourable one. Someone once said—possibly Oscar Wilde—that views were dreadfully overdone. At the Independent Exhibit it takes a superabundant flow of good spirits to combat the unhappy suspicion that art is dreadfully overdone.

I am keenly dissatisfied with these very desultory generalisations. On the other hand, it is not easy to distinguish and to emphasise the salient and significant features of an art exhibition that loses itself in its own vastness. The sensitive observer cannot fail to suffer distractions and indecisions of judgment. Personally, I think that the importance of such an affair resides in its remote implications rather than in a specific and easily definable merit. Is it possible to disentangle from the thousand and more conflicting cross-currents of the matter those aspects of it that exceed a merely transient and local significance, and apply with a pregnant appropriateness to the condition of

things in general and of contemporary art in particular?

In a foreword printed in the catalogue, the aims of the Society of Independent Artists are lucidly and succinctly summed up as follows:

The Society of Independent Artists has been incorporated under the laws of New York for the purpose of holding exhibitions in which all artists may participate independently of the decision of juries. The need for such a society must be clear to all who are familiar with the conditions of the art world. On one hand we have the frank statement of the established art societies that they cannot exhibit all the deserving work submitted to them because of lack of space. On the other hand, such exhibitions as take place at private galleries must, by their nature, be formed from the ranks of artists who are already more or less known; moreover, no one exhibition at present gives an idea of contemporary American art in its ensemble, or permits comparisons of the various directions it is taking, but shows only the work of one man or a homogeneous group of men. The great need, then, is for an exhibition, to be held a given period each year where artists of all schools can exhibit together—certain that whatever they send will be hung and that all will have an equal opportunity. For the public, this exhibition will make it possible to form an idea of the state of contemporary art. No such survey could be obtained from a dozen visits to the exhibitions of former years, when none could claim to be thoroughly representative. The governing principle of the Society permits a member to exhibit *whatever he wishes on the payment of nominal dues.**

At the outset of any consideration of the above text, a grateful acknowledgment must be made. The Society of Independent Artists distinguished itself at its first exhibition by the all-inclusiveness of its point of view. The importance of this fact cannot be over-estimated. There was lacking that exorbi-

*The italics are mine. C. L. B.

tant emphasis of the ultra note that disgusts us with and stultifies the conventional innovation. There was no cheap, vulgar, ostentatious sticking out of the tongue in the face of precedent, no flouting of the greybeards (God bless them for their cheerful indifference!), no attempt to draw arbitrary and artificial distinctions between a new art and an old art. The attitude of vehement assertiveness that marked the Armory exhibition of some years ago was lacking. Futurism and cubism hung side by side with the lisping innocence of the immemorial still life (flowers and fruit). Eccentricity represented by a perfectly good piece of Armour and Company's soap transfixed by a nail to a canvas that purported (I suppose) to indicate the troubled waters of a bathtub, found itself in abrupt juxtaposition to the rather tasteless subject of a young girl levelling a rifle at a somewhat too urgent admirer. Such well-known names as Crane, Lawson and Hassam—Hassam at his best in two exquisite pictures—were in evidence.

All of which is as it ought to be. On the other hand, it is questionable if the public can "form an idea of the state of contemporary art" from an exhibition of this nature. To turn the public loose among three thousand pictures and expect it to form *any* idea at all is, it would seem to me, to ask the impossible. I wonder what, precisely, is the sum total of the impression carried away by the average observer of this sort of thing! Something, I should fancy, of the impression created in a four-year-old child by its first visit to the circus. This is not meant in disparagement of public taste; it is merely a recognition of the infinite difficulty that confronts even the trained observer of æsthetics. A great musician was telling me the other day of his inability to register upon a first hearing an accurate appraisal of a new musical composition. One of the astounding discrepancies in this world is the failure of the majority of persons to realise that a work of art requires for its appreciation a thorough,

an intimate and a sympathetic study. Art is not a common revelation like sunshine, a common accomplishment like eating. Now conditions at the Independent Exhibit were, I should think, directly inimical to the forming of any valid impressions whatsoever. Of course we all acknowledge that the world thinks, feels and exerts itself to-day upon a larger scale than heretofore. To say that Bigness is the order of the hour is to state a banal and self-evident truth. But it is not yet demonstrated that we can successfully reconcile art—or rather that thing that we have hitherto called art—with this contemporary vastness. To view art at the Independent Exhibit demanded a cyclopean capacity. I should as soon think of asking Leo Ornstein to play me a prelude of Debussy's at the Madison Square Garden, or for Olive Fremstad to reveal her Isolde to me at the Polo Grounds. Moreover—and this is important—it is more than doubtful whether contemporary American art at its best *was* represented at the Independent Exhibit. Masses and organisations do not make or represent an art period; individuals do. Art is a spiritual outlawry—a thing that flees the patronage of five o'clock teas, a thing that slinks with averted eyes into a corner at Poetry Societies. Nine times out of ten organisation spells mediocrity. Contemporary American painting at its top notch reveals itself only to the acute and discriminative observer of individual effort. Its loveliest and most valuable manifestations are not thrown at you in great chunks of activity. With the possible exception of George Bellows there was perhaps no painter of an indispensable and easily distinguishable significance included in the Independent Exhibit. Even Bellows was not at his characteristic best. The exhibition of his work at the Milch Galleries some months ago registered a more powerful and prolific impression than I received from the twenty-five hundred or so "works of art" on view at the Independent Exhibit. In fact the funda-

mental weakness of this tendency toward an all inclusive, come-one, come-all kind of attitude is glaringly exposed in this particular instance. Whatever one may think of the validity of his work, however little pleasure one may receive from its crude physical exuberance, the fact remains that Bellows, whether you like him or not, supplies us with the most powerful and, it may be, characteristically native note that is shown by contemporary American painting. He, more than any of his contemporaries, throws into high relief the gross absurdity of the popular contention to the effect that we have no "characteristic" American painting. Bellows is to American painting what ragtime is to American music. I am neither advocating the one nor the other—I merely say, There they are, take them or leave them as you choose. Now this muscular, shirt-sleeved vision was not represented by the picture on view at the Independent Exhibit, interesting though that picture undeniably was; and we may well question the validity of a scheme of things that would pretend to represent a contemporary national art and yet fail to offer us an adequate example of one of the most salient, one of the most dynamic painters that that art has to show us. Again, it is obvious to any sympathetic and discerning observer of American painting that no exhibition of American painting can accurately describe itself as representative that fails to number among its contributors such names as Murphy, Tryon, Weir, Dearth, Dessar and a dozen others of like calibre. If one were attempting to select and to reveal American painting at its noblest, finest and most representative best they could far better avail themselves of such an exhibition as has been on view recently at the Montross Galleries in New York City. To go from the Independent Exhibit to the exhibition on view at the Montross Galleries is to go from a veritable bedlam, an inarticulate chaos, into the sober, reticent seclusion of an æsthetic aristocracy. Here one would

find in unobtrusive evidence the spirit of all that is highest and loveliest and most ideal in our painting maintained and disclosed with varying degrees of facility and with an unfailing uniformity of discretion, dignity and delight. The time will come—has come to the perspicacious few—when one of these painters—J. Francis Murphy—will be acknowledged the most adroit manipulator of his material that American landscape has so far produced, and, precisely, one of the most exquisite painters of landscape that the world has so far seen. It is questionable if half so much may be said for any painter represented at the Independent Exhibit.

The Independent Exhibit possessed little intrinsic significance. As I have previously said, any significance it may have possessed lay in its indication of various tendencies, some of them disquieting, some of them impertinent, a few of them injurious and destructive. The emphasis laid upon mere bigness is characteristic perhaps of a modern tendency. I refer you to Mahler's point of view proclaimed in the opening paragraph of this article. Well, perhaps this trend is legitimate, necessary, unalterable. There are not lacking those who think it a disastrous trend. On the one hand, we have the temperament that considers art an exclusive and very individual preoccupation; on the other, we note that tendency toward a levelling of all artistic effort, an intruding upon its older aloofness, a democratising of its various efforts. To anyone to whom the inviolability of art has been a vital thing, the idea of conducting an art exhibit on the principle that anything that is sent in will be exhibited, is simply preposterous. It would seem that less room and less painting rather than more room and more painting was the thing to be desired.

No doubt those who are in favour of Independent Exhibits will probably say: "Who shall judge what should or should not be hung? Give us the opportunity to do the kind of work we

want to do, and let the public decide for or against us." It seems to me we touch here close to the essential gist of the entire matter. Is there something inherently negligible and invalid in the art of painting that allows it to become so readily the medium for inconsequential and undisciplined effort? One does not like to think so, but, with the best intentions in the world, one is forced to concede that no art (unless one dignifies free verse with the name art) contains and appears to encourage so arrant a licentiousness, so facile an activity. George Moore rated acting the lowest of the arts, and he would no doubt quarrel with the suspicions I am compelled to cast upon the art of painting. One hesitates to take issue with Mr. Moore on a point of æsthetics—he is so uncannily accurate in his appraisals. It would appear, however, that the art of the actor demands at least a certain constructive application, a certain consistency and continuity of effort. The appeal that he makes to us is the result of a cleverly calculated simulation; he is compelled to compete with a standard (our conception of Reality), and he gains or loses in proportion to his ability for reproducing through the tangible, concrete medium of action the various characteristics of human emotion. But the modern painter has found a way to evade the restrictions imposed upon the actor, the musician, and the conscientious worker in words. He has established himself a law unto himself by the simple process of denying the validity of the senses. According to the contemporary painter there is no standard of line, of bulk, of colour. "The way to learn how to paint," I once heard George Bellows say, "is to paint." Imagine telling a ten-year-old child that the way to learn how to play the piano is—to play. It is perfectly obvious that the acceptance and application of such a doctrine opens the way for an endless chain, a vicious circle, if ever there was one, of speculation, theory, undisciplined effort, irreverence and demoralisation. Let us accept for

the sake of the argument the hypothesis widely held and proclaimed by the artist to the effect that there is no reality, that, in other words, the world is not what it *is*, but what it *seems*. Well, the point of view is obviously not an irrational one. No comprehensive and universally satisfying standard of beauty, no criterion by which we may measure beauty has so far been formulated. The critic may claim that a work of art is either good or bad; he cannot *prove* that it is either good or bad. In the last analysis, beauty remains as undemonstrable and indescribable as taste, sound or odour. But granting all this, one feels that there must be *some* restriction imposed upon the worker in æsthetics. We must discriminate, even though we discriminate badly. Intolerance, I had almost said, was less injurious to the growth of a valid art than that dreadful thing, a too great tolerance. An interest in everything in general almost invariably means a lack of interest in anything in particular. Personally, I think that we can count on the fingers of our two hands the painters who will emerge from the chaos of contemporary paint, and be known to a future generation. The unthinking will call this attitude a prejudiced attitude. Well, on an average, how many individualities emerge from the contemporary competitions of any branch of activity? Genius does not grow on trees. Your selection might differ from mine—well and good, but at least you will agree with me that a certain selection is necessary. The standard of general excellence may be—is, at the present time—unprecedentedly high. But if some one or two or a half dozen painters at most are not superior to the rest, the present epoch is a departure from the whole scheme of things. For my part, I should pick Murphy, Tryon, Bellows to represent our present time, and I should do so because of reasons that were to me clearly defined and adequate. Bellows typifies the hurry, bustle and shirt-sleeved activity of young lands and new

peoples. His vision may concern itself with a too transient aspect of things; it is at least incomparably vigorous, cyclopean, sardonic and of a mordant characterisation. Incidentally, it reveals a very beautiful colour sense. Tryon—the Tryon of ten years ago, not the meretricious and apocryphal Tryon of to-day—appropriates a characteristically native point of view, and handles it with a delicately sensuous and ingratiating facility. True, his note is a slightly facile one, the quality of his paint is always a little cloying, a little too pretty, the structure of his picture is always a little lacking in stamina. Just here he is indubitably the inferior of Murphy. Tryon's pictures are nature painted, Murphy's pictures are—nature. A tree trunk of Murphy's, for all its exquisite grace, weighs a ton; a foreground of Murphy's, for all its exquisite intricacy and subtlety of indication, is solid earth. A consummate draughtsman, a master of the material of his trade, Murphy combines the decorative and abstract poise of a Corot with that sense of the soil, that affectionate response to the homely and frugal aspects of isolated areas that we find in the Dutch landscape painters. The veteran Dutch painter, Bloomers, ranking him (mistakenly, I think) above Inness, said to me, "Depend upon it, he is your greatest painter."

Am I digressing? I think not; I am calling attention to these men because I wish to emphasise that whatever in art is absolutely necessary, precious and original is contributed by the few, is a distillation, so to speak, of a protracted series of intellectual and spiritual birth-pains. If we have no criterion by which we may judge the art, let us impose, at least, the searching scrutiny of a more rigorous initiation upon the artist. Can we admit the right of the artist to express merely because he wants to express? Shall we give space in our publications to the five or six hundred thousand poets in this country who think they are Tennyson, Swinburne and W. B. Yeats rolled into one?

Will the Independent Exhibit allow a young gentleman I know to play them his musical interpretation of the Grand Canyon? What, one asks, can be the result of this growing encouragement of any and every effort? Is it for the best that the legendary Tom, Dick and Harry be allowed to purchase the opportunity for expressing themselves? Will this emancipation from the drudge and routine of intensive preparation, laboured vigilance, arduous competition result in a freer flowering of the art spirit, a keener receptivity on the part of the public, or will it result in a gradual blurring of the finer lines of discrimination, a gradual blunting of the sharper edges of good taste? Will it throw into higher relief extraordinary and inestimable merit, or will it submerge such merit in a great overwhelming flood of mediocrity?

Perhaps there is no need for pessimism. No doubt the rare and the beautiful in art will always distinguish itself from the spurious, the inept, the non-essential. In the face of our present perilous and unhappy times, a recent sale of pictures in this city showed the highest average price on record for Corots. The last season has seen an increase of a hundred per cent. in the value of Murphy's pictures. His "Road to the Old Farm" brought five thousand dollars in the Humphries sale. Dr. Humphries paid somewhere around nine hundred dollars for the picture. Obviously, these indications are happy ones. But what is going to be the effect on the art of to-morrow of this enormous opportunity for facile expression? Will it supply us with something more valuable than we have received from the patient, plodding, laborious record of a J. Francis Murphy? Art, that had once been a gradual acquiring of means of expression, a gradual building of effort upon effort, a never-ceasing self-inspection, becomes in our modern manner a sort of free-for-all, rough-and-tumble, indiscriminate mess of half-baked talents and unbridled idiosyncrasies. It would

seem that however unfair the exclusion, a certain amount of exclusion was necessary for the refining and perfecting of the work of art. It is questionable if a straight-jacket can warp, impair or destroy the genuine and the indispensable ability, and for anything short of a genuine and an indispensable ability there should be no tolerance, no encour-

agement, no preservation. A hard theory, perhaps, but surely a sound one. It would seem a good thing if, for a time at least, the production of art could be curtailed. That is to say, one kind of art. What is needed is not more art, but an infinitely higher, keener standard of public taste and critical perspicacity.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE MAP OF EUROPE

BY JOSEPH MCCABE

IT is sometimes complained by American observers that the parties to the great European struggle have exchanged their rôles. Germany, it is said, set out with a boldly avowed intention to overspread her neighbours. For decades her professors had insisted that it was precisely the function of a high civilisation to oust decaying neighbours, absorb little peoples which were too small for the tasks of the world, and impose its loftier *Kultur*. Germany must take up the historic rôle of Persia, Macedonia, Rome. . . . And myriads of lesser oracles proclaimed the stern duty in the first decade of the twentieth century, until all Germany braced its nerves for the advance. By a natural antithesis, Belgium, France, England, and Russia played, in the great tragedy, the part of disinterested defenders of their goods.

As time went on, it is suggested, the parties changed sides. Germany began to pose as an heroic defender of its hearths and homes against a flock of aggressive wolves, while its opponents put forward designs of seizing territory. Japan speedily absorbed its bit of China. The British Empire annexed the remainder of the German colonies. France swore upon the grave of 1870 that it would have Alsace and Lorraine. Italy fought for the possession of "*Italia irredenta*." Serbia wanted Bosnia and

Herzegovina. Rumania wanted Transylvania. Russia must have Posen and Galicia. It looked to many an outsider as if they who had set out to draw the dragon's teeth would finish by sowing in the soil of Europe a fine crop of dragon's teeth.

America is interested. She wants no man's territory. She has plenty, and can afford to be virtuous. But could she join in this comprehensive partition of the territory of the Central Powers? Has she, hoping to end war, entered a war which inaugurates a long series of wars for the recovery of lost territory?

Let us first see how far there has been a real change. On the part of the Allied Powers there has been little or no change. The war, we now know, was foreseen, and every party to it entered upon it with at least one definite idea. Great Britain being, like America, sated with territory and therefore very virtuous, desired and desires no acquisitions. The suggestion that she might try to keep one foot on French soil is too childish to be considered. But Great Britain probably knew that her colonies would keep the German colonies they occupied; and she learned long ago that it is not wise to attempt to dictate to colonies. France and Russia, on the other hand, proclaimed from the start that they would "free" Alsace and Lorraine and

the Slavs, Italy and Rumania unblushingly entered the war for what they could get out of it.

It is in Germany that a change is detected. That practically the whole German people at the start recognised the war as aggressive and approved it can hardly now be questioned. They were going to spread their higher *Kultur*—with great profit to themselves. As the plan of a rapid conquest failed, and the prospect of any conquest paled, the German press adroitly changed the attitude of the people. All through 1916, at least, when I followed the chief German organs with interest, the nation solidly believed itself to be the victim of a particularly criminal aggression. These brutal Anglo-French-Slavs were jealous of their commercial supremacy and would destroy it at the root. However, now that the criminals had started the war, and lost, Germany must, of course, exact some compensation for the sacrifices imposed upon her. She would retain most of the territory taken, and exact in addition an indemnity of ten billion dollars from England. For the sake of the moral future of the world criminals could not be allowed to get off scot free.

The world at large seemed unattracted by this naïve programme, and it may now be assumed that this first plan of the settlement of the map of Europe must be abandoned. Germany has begun to fall from her high-water mark. In December, when the Chancellor made to the world his vague offer of peace, the German press energetically discussed for a week what terms of peace might be sanctioned. There was no trace whatever of the supposed dictation to the press on the part of the authorities. With complete freedom and entire lack of restraint the various journals put forward the plans of their respective parties. The Conservatives would retain all they had and get more—Calais, for instance, Holland, and so on. The Liberals would be content with keeping the greater part of what they held. Journals representing fully

nine-tenths of Germany loudly protested that they would accept a peace based only on a recognition of "the fruits of victory." That was the new moral phrase. The organs of the Socialists alone expressed a dislike of acquisition of territory; but the great majority of the Socialists were ready to support the Chancellor in his vague claims of "rectification of our frontiers," "security against further aggression," and so on, which, in effect, meant acquisition of French and Russian territory and the virtual retention of Belgium, Poland, Serbia, and Rumania.

The war had to continue, and by this time (the end of 1916) the English and French had proved their ominous superiority in guns and aircraft, while the failure of the German campaign in the east meant a greater stress than ever in Germany. To the German authorities before the end of 1916 it was clear that the hope of expansion was over, and a continuance of the war meant that they would very slowly, but at grave cost to themselves as well as the Allies, be ousted from the occupied territory.

They resumed the large diplomatic game by which they trust to withdraw from the field with honour and profit. They offered secretly to yield the provinces of northern France and Belgium, and even to compel Austria to yield the Trentino, though not Trieste, to Italy. This meant that they would keep Serbia and Rumania, under Austria-Hungary. They would control a rich, and largely unexploited, strip of the earth from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, and a few years' patient application of the German genius to the full development of the eastern section of this territory, from the Danube to the Persian Gulf, would put the Central Powers in a position of enormous strength. They could completely isolate east from west and cause grave concern to either, or both. France and Italy were too long-sighted to accept the specious offer made them, and the second plan of settlement, which meant merely a postponement of the war, was laid aside.

As far as Germany is concerned the settlement of the map of Europe is not now the subject of a fixed programme. She will see what, at each stage of the war, she can retain of her conquests. The magnanimity of her peace-offers has not impressed neutrals as she intended it to do. The simplicity with which Germany credits all the rest of the world with simplicity is her one feature of innocent childhood. She is really genuinely upset to find that the American peoples, whom her peace-offer was intended to impress in her favour, are rapidly forming a league against her. Her failure in such matters is not so inconsistent with her general ability as is generally supposed. It is due rather to the conceit which accompanies her ability. She has penetration, but she refuses to believe that others have as much, and thus she overreaches herself.

The settlement of Europe will become a critical and delicate issue when Germany is honestly prepared to offer her foes the *status quo ante*: to retire absolutely, without reserves or "rectifications" of frontier, or "economic agreements" with Belgium and Serbia, within her old lines. It is not now difficult to foresee that hour. Her campaign in the east failed: the Russians held her up in Rumania, the resources she found in Rumania were not nearly what she expected, and Greece was prevented from joining her. Her internal campaign in Russia failed, and there is ground to believe that she quite confidently expected Russia to retire from the war this spring. She at once, with characteristic energy, tried to turn the revolution to advantage, and pumped fiery pacifist outlaws into Russia; and it seems that in this also she has failed. Her submarine campaign is doomed to failure. The crews grow more incompetent every month, several hundred ships still enter and leave British ports every day, and the time is rapidly approaching when the newly cultivated soil of Britain will produce a vast crop of food. Her internal conditions grow worse and worse. She juggles with proportions of potatoes,

corn, and meat, to appease the rising discontent, but she is obviously short of food for men and guns. She can no longer put up a successful defence even on one front, and the first faint cries of hysteria are heard in the German press.

A new plan of settlement, with "concessions" which will "astonish the world," is announced. The educated world is not likely to be astonished. The President of the Reichstag tells a Socialist audience that he has not much sympathy with people who talk of gain of territory. It will now be a simple matter of "rectification of frontier," of "guarantees of future peace," and so on.

All the rich resources of the German tongue are put at the disposal of their authorities. But a world which at this very moment sees a simple phrase like "military necessity" made the excuse of the most wanton and diabolical destruction of civilian property, the enslavement of civilians, and the most scandalous rape of thousands of young women, will not again be duped. Germany, wrapped in her fading robe of victory, will continue to lower the price of peace until at last, hammer in hand, she will say: "The lowest price is the *status quo*. Attempt to go beyond that—attempt to carry among the women and children of Germany something like the horrors I have carried among the women and children of the rest of Europe—and I will astound an already astounded world by my possibilities of intimidation."

That time is not now far distant, and the peoples who are in the alliance against the Central Powers need to have a clear and firm conception of the settlement. The horrors of a continuance of the war against a people whose criminal casuistry will be enhanced by desperation need not be described. In every land large numbers will persuade themselves that the end is attained. Is not German militarism already discredited when its gain of a hundred thousand square miles of territory is torn from it? Will not the German people, mourning two millions of its finest sons—as it will do before this year is out—seeing a fur-

ther million maimed and mutilated, be genuinely weary of war? Will there not be a revolution?

If one may transpose the famous phrase of Pascal, the head hath its reasons which the heart knoweth not. Neither voice of the human constitution must be exclusively followed. To protract the war solely in order to gain territory would be a programme to which the heart of America would never consent; nor would there be less revolt in England. But to relax the struggle solely because it is bloody, to refuse to face the future with clear, cold eyes, would be an equal outrage upon the intelligence, and would mean only that the heart which is spared to-day might know fresh and worse anguish to-morrow. The warmth of heart of the pacifists I have met in England and America has one natural disadvantage: it leaves less blood in the head than is required to face the grave crisis of the future. Let us see if a solution can be found which adjusts the claims of humanity and wisdom.

The ruling idea of settlement in the mind of England is that there shall be no renewal of the war. The idea of crushing Germany, of punishing crime from sheer vindictiveness, is, and always was, confined to a section which does not influence national decisions. The British Government early announced its general or guiding aim, and has never altered it: we will clear and restore the invaded territory, and we will secure peace for the future. In that aim America can fitly join. To that aim the claims of other Allied Powers must be subordinated.

That aim is not consistent with an acceptance of the *status quo*. The course of the war, the tragic and criminal alternatives invented by a German militarism, which is now fighting desperately for its own prestige, may conceivably compel an acceptance of the *status quo*; but we should do well to recognise that it would mean failure. Every Allied Power would have to remain armed to the teeth. The whole atmos-

phere of Europe would remain sultry and menacing. One of the most stupid and mischievous pastimes of good people is to speculate about the future without consulting the past. France in 1871 was not tired of war, nor so exhausted as to be unable to contemplate it. As early as 1875 she had completely healed her wounds, and she confronted Germany in such attitude of proud defiance that Bismarck was concerned. Germany has lost more blood and gold than France did in 1870 and 1871, but she can afford to lose it. She has enormous power of recuperation. The *status quo* means the distinct possibility, if not the probability, of a new and worse world-war in this generation.

This is to assume that there will be no revolution, psychic or political, in Germany. We have no serious reason to expect a political revolution. Political grievances in Prussia will be met, and we ought not to fool ourselves by exaggerating the supposed "despotism" in the empire at large. With a fresh supply of food the present spreading irritation will be relieved. It is merely the sourness of an empty stomach. Psychic revolutions, on the other hand, have never before been noticed as consequences of war. They are very familiar to rhetoricians and essayists: they are quite unfamiliar to historians. It would be folly to build on such things. If they happen, in time, it is another matter. At present there is no indication that the German people differ substantially from their leaders, or would contemplate disarmament. The League to Enforce Peace which *they* contemplate is a league of nations armed to the teeth, with Germany a little more armed than the others and having a louder voice than the others.

It is entirely plain that we cannot have a reasonable security of future peace without a readjustment of territory. The task of statesmanship is to effect this and leave as little ground as possible for future dreams of "redemption." One might take the bald position that we will transfer territory and

people from the Central Powers to such an extent that they *cannot* redeem them. But this would mean the detachment of fragments of the German people against their will, and the proportions of the international police (the armies at the disposal of the League to Enforce Peace) needed to prevent reunion and revenge, the nervous alertness and suspicion of neighbouring Powers for years, the internal difficulties caused by the detached provinces to their new authorities, would be colossal. There are militarists whose intellectual outlook is as little patient and precise as that of pacifists.

It is possible to settle the map of Europe in such fashion that no peoples will be transferred against their wills, yet the Central Powers will not have the least reasonable prospect of renewing the war at any future date. This settlement may, in fact, be gathered from the more or less explicit declarations, at various periods, of the Allied Powers. It is advisable for Americans to fit the effects of those declarations into an organic scheme of settlement, and consider if such a settlement does not harmonise with the two principles which form their chief moral equipment on entering the war: the future peace of the world, and the right of small peoples, or fragments of peoples, to be no longer transferred like cattle.

In applying these principles to Germany we at once see that very little "dismemberment" is possible. The empire is almost a solid block of thoroughly Germanic people. Posen in the east and Alsace-Lorraine in the west are the only debatable provinces. To give bits of Germany, as has been proposed, to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France and Russia might seem a fit punishment of crime, but that æsthetic satisfaction is hardly worth the mighty legacy of anger it would leave in Europe. That would not be "settling" the map of Europe, but unsettling it to an extent that would almost imply a permanent army of occupation. It is hard, as the Germans have been saying, to let criminals go scot

free. But the principle of justice in our time is not punishment, but reform and prevention. We can attain our end otherwise.

For the detachment of Posen, whose two million inhabitants are overwhelmingly Polish and anti-German, the German Empire can entertain no grievance beyond the soreness of defeat, which will in any case be acute. The case of Alsace and Lorraine is entirely different. Of the one million nine hundred thousand inhabitants of the two famous provinces, only about two hundred thousand speak French. The speaking of French has not been encouraged since 1871, and the expression of the true sentiment of the people has been so severely checked that opinions differ as to whether the majority of the people would, on occasion, vote for France or Germany. I have read a large literature, French and otherwise, on Alsace and Lorraine without discovering the material to decide this. That the majority of the people were happier during their two hundred years of French rule than during the forty-six years of German rule seems clear; and that is a powerful argument for France. Germany has had grave and constant trouble, and this was by no means confined to the small French-speaking district.

Probably this argument will suffice for the majority of Americans, who have a strong bias on the side of France. They may add that France needs and merits material compensation for the brutal outrages she has endured, and the heroic sacrifices she has made. Let it pass. France insists on recovering the provinces, and I know none in England who dissent. But it is wise to bear in mind that this plan is the weakest point in the whole scheme of settlement, as far as future peace is concerned. You will never persuade a German that a mass of one million nine hundred thousand people, of whom only two hundred thousand speak French and one million seven hundred thousand German, are not Germans. Some would detach only the French-speaking district, which will

not satisfy France. Some would hold a plebiscite, and I doubt if France would agree to that. Of the one million nine hundred thousand Alsace-Lorrainers a million and a half are Catholics, and the Vatican would not willingly see them pass under the French Republic. These million and a half Catholics contribute very largely to the formation of the Catholic group (the Centre) in the German Reichstag, and the Vatican does not wish to see that reduced. Alsace-Lorraine, therefore, is not so simple a matter as most people imagine. I believe, however, that—assuming the victory of the Allies—France will annex them, and that their solid contentment under her judicious rule will take the sting out of any German dream of “revenge.” The logic of events will settle that difficulty.

The detachment of Alsace-Lorraine and Posen will reduce the population of Germany by four millions. The population of France (allowing for loss in the war) will rise to about forty millions. France and Britain together would henceforward have a joint population of about (excluding Catholic Ireland) eighty-three millions in face of Germany's sixty-three millions (under the new scheme). To the former we may add the eight millions of Belgium, for Belgium, France, and England are blood-brothers henceforward, and will not again slumber in regard to their common interests. The odds in favour of peace increase. But the main part of the plan remains to be seen, and this makes the odds overwhelming.

A philosophic historian may some day see in the whole war a struggle for the possession of the Balkan Peninsula. Germany, Austria, and the Vatican wished to spread over the Balkans. Russia and the Russian Church had a rival ambition. Italy was a third party with some interest. Possibly if we let the Balkan peoples possess themselves, and give them every encouragement to develop, we remove one of the deepest sources of European trouble and help on our solution. The genuine frontier of

the Germanic peoples, and also of the Magyars, is the Danube and the Drage. There are millions of Slavs (six millions in Bohemia and Moravia alone) north of it, and there are many Germans and Magyars south of it, though these are sporadic invaders. Now the southern Slavs hate the Austrians and Magyars. They have suffered vilely, in spite of administrative improvements, from them, and long to be free from them. We will consult their wish and detach them. Bosnia and Herzegovina shall go to Serbia, the Italians of the south to Italy, the Roumanians to Roumania, and the eastern Slavs (in Galicia) to Poland. Let us see what the effect of this just transfer would be.

In Croatia-Slavonia, Dalmatia, and the Coastland there are three and a half million Serbs and Croats—both Slavs, but the latter are Roman Catholic, and the Serbs have an independent church. In the Trentino and on the shores of the Adriatic are about seven hundred and eighty thousand Italians or Italiotes. Practically all these will pass gladly from Austria-Hungary. In the Bukovina are three hundred thousand Roumans, and a further vast proportion of Slavs. In Galicia are five million Poles and three and a half million Ruthenes. The Galician Poles have no quarrel with Austria, which has treated them well, but would presumably join in a restoration of the old kingdom of Poland, or the formation of a Polish republic of twenty million members. In Transylvania is a further, and worse, mixture of peoples, who are mainly *not* Austro-Hungarian.

Now the distributor of territories will, in laying his hand upon this broad fringe of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, not only not violate the new principle of the right of small peoples to self-government, but he will meet their ardent aspirations and redress some of the most brutal of recent historic wrongs. And he will do more than anything else to prevent a future war. The old Austria-Hungary, with its population of forty-nine millions, was a solid ally; and its

connection with Bulgaria and Turkey promised Germany even more solid support in the future. But the new Austria-Hungary will have a population of only thirty-six millions, and even of these fifteen millions will be Slavs or of other races. And instead of a connection with Greece, Bulgaria, and the undeveloped Ottoman Empire, the way will be barred and guarded by a new Serbia of six million people, and a new Rumania of ten millions, under the tutelage of Russia, Italy, France, and England. Probably a new Greece and Albania will be amicably associated with Serbia and Rumania. Bulgaria will nervously look to its behaviour. Turkey will at least, one trusts, be compelled to disarm the Dardanelles, and the shearing of its remoter provinces will make it less valuable as an ally and less disposed, ever again, to link its fortune to that of a German adventure.

Beyond this it seems hardly necessary to proceed in order to have every reasonable security. The Bohemians and Moravians would doubtless like also to be detached from Austria-Hungary, and their total population of nearly ten millions would form a compact little state; but it could exist, between Germany and Austria, only if the Allies guaranteed its existence, and they may shrink from further guarantees of the maintenance of small nations. The proposal has been made to detach Bavaria and Silesia from Germany and add them to Austria. That would probably be a futile source of irritation, as strength added to Austria is not really taken away from Germany. It would be better to let Austria and Hungary, which will continue united in their mutual interest, sink to the status of a second-rate Power. Bulgaria need not be touched, and may be the more confidently relied upon in the

future. Turkey must certainly lose its part of Armenia, if not most of its disgracefully handled eastern empire. But the problem of forming protectorates there is too large to be discussed here.

Germany, thus deprived of all prospect of renewing the war, may then withdraw its long opposition to the advance of arbitration. Every other great Power in the world will have lost all interest in war. Russia, Italy, France, England, the United States, and the minor States associated with them, will henceforward form a group of Powers ready to submit every conceivable quarrel to arbitration. Probably Japan, Spain, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden will join such a league of peace. There is so very little ground for resistance in each of their cases that a great wave of international eagerness would soon bring them in. If the peoples of Germany and Austria-Hungary refuse to join in such a compact to submit every future quarrel to arbitration, and thus prevent the formation of a complete League to Enforce Peace and to reduce national armies and navies to police proportions, we will know that they still cherish futile dreams of aggressive war. It is difficult to think that they will do this. In any case their last hope of disrupting, after the war, the alliance of civilisation against them has foundered with the transformation of Russia. The nations which gathered about their frontiers will leave sentinels there, if the offer of permanent peace—one cannot, with such an acute memory of horror, offer them immediate friendship—is not accepted. They will be unable again to crack the crust of Europe and let loose the livid flood, and they will slowly and sullenly drop into line. There is a way out of this hell to permanent peace and international justice.

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS AND THEIR CHILDREN

WHERE a river roars in rapids
And doves in maples fret,
Where peace has decked the pastures
Our guardian angels met.

Long they had sought each other
In God's mysterious name,
Had climbed the solemn chaos tides
Alone, with hope aflame:

Amid the demon deeps had wound
By many a fearful way.
As they beheld each other
Their shout made glad the day.

No need of purse delayed them,
No hand of friend or kin—
Nor menace of the bell and book,
Nor fear of mortal sin.

You did not speak, my girl,
At this, our parting hour.
Long we held each other
And watched their deeds of power.

They made a curious Eden.
We saw that it was good.
We thought with them in unison.
We proudly understood

**A complete list of the contributors to the "Masque of Poets" appeared in the May BOOKMAN. Readers are invited to send the Editor their opinions of the poems and of their authorship.*

The Masque of Poets

Their amaranth eternal,
Their roses strange and fair,
The asphodels they scattered
Upon the living air.

They built a house of clouds
With skilled, immortal hands.
They entered through the silver doors.
Their wings were wedded brands.

I laboured up the valley
To granite mountains free.
You hurried down the river
To Zidon by the sea.

But at their place of meeting
They keep a home and shrine.
Your angel twists a purple flax,
Then weaves a mantle fine.

My angel, her defender
Upstanding, spreads the light
On painted clouds of fancy
And mists that wrap the height.

Their sturdy babes speak kindly
And fly and run with joy,
Shepherding the helpless lambs—
A Grecian girl and boy.

These children visit Heaven
Each year and justify
The time we cried and parted,
And every dream and sigh.

From books our God has written
They sing of high desire.
They turn the leaves in gentleness.
Their wings are folded fire.

ALEXANDRA

Breasting white whirlwinds
On the drift-bound mountains,
Challenging the sleet-edged
March wind's mirth:
Far in summer woodlands
Whelmed in the storm and thunder
(Fearless filial daughter
Of the kind brown earth),
O the bonny, strong, courageous health of Alexandra!

Deep thoughts, wide thoughts
Fill her tranquil musing,
Make her clear cheek colour
And her still breast rise:
These with steadfast labour,
Skilled and single-hearted,
Safe she founds on homely soil,
And rears them to the skies!
O the sword-bright, reason-proving mind of Alexandra!

Robust and tender
Is her home-grown feeling;
Swift her espousal,
Of the kindmost's part;
Instinct her free faith
And her loyal valour;
Native to her west-born,
Fellow-caring heart,
Wide as heaven and warm as home, the heart of Alexandra!

Far forward-looking
Is her candid spirit,
Is her gallant, gracious,
Calm and open soul.
Like an ox for service,
Like a bird for freedom,
Moves her lucid purpose,
Single toward its goal,
Such the spirit high and fine that burns in Alexandra!

Sayest thou, this picture
Paints no earthly woman?
Nay, but in our Valley
Is her dwelling-place.
Nay, for yester-even
Did I walk beside her,
Listened to her low voice,
Looked upon her face,
Ay, my comrade long and well-beloved, Alexandra!

The Masque of Poets

DEFEAT

Though you have struck me to the bloody core,
 It is indeed only one scar the more!
 And I'll not turn from you as at the other strokes,
 Nor say "Good-bye" as other times I said.
 The agony still chokes,
 And still it seems most restful to be dead.
 But I'll not say "Good-bye" nor turn away
 Nor parting lover play. . . .
 Leave you? Take everything save all—my heart?
 I know the scene too well, too well my part!
 Hot tears and bitterness; and I would go,
 Go for an hour, a day, a week—
 Is bitterness so short called pique?
 And in the old, old way without regret
 I would return to you;
 And in the old, old way you would forget
 That ever I had gone, and let
 Some casual tenderness
 Be my return's caress;
 Or, in some vague, absorbed distress,
 Lift up your shadow eyes to mine, still wet.

SMELLS

Why is it that the poets tell
 So little of the sense of smell?
 These are the odors I love well:

The smell of coffee freshly ground;
 Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
 Or onions fried and deeply browned.

The fragrance of a fummy pipe;
 The smell of apples, newly ripe;
 And printers' ink on leaden type.

Woods by moonlight in September
 Breathe most sweet; and I remember
 Many a smoky camp-fire ember.

Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
 The balsam of a Christmas tree,
 These are whiffs of gramarye. . . .
A ship smells best of all to me!

RASPUTIN

A STUDY IN DEGENERATION

BY ABRAHAM YARMOLINSKY

I

THE most extraordinary career of the man whose name heads this article is interesting from more than one point of view. Grigóry Rasputin, the court favourite of the deposed Russian sovereign is, above all, a loathsome symbol of the Sodom of the old régime from which Russia has just fled. Rasputin was not so much a source of corruption as an evil weed sprung from the corruption of the social *milieu* where he thrived. But he was more than an agent and a representative of the autocracy. Against his own will he undermined the very principle of the political order which he served. It is as if Rasputin had come to reduce the system of autocratic bureaucracy to absurdity, and thus to facilitate its downfall.

The authentic story of Rasputin's life has not as yet been told. All manner of legends are naturally clustered around his figure. While he was alive but few details of his biography found their way into the Russian press, although the general character of his activities was an open secret. His death loosed a flood of facts which had previously been suppressed by the censorship, and since the revolution, more of the "saint's" doings have been given publicity both in Russia and abroad. Our main source of information concerning Rasputin is the memoirs of the former Monk Sergey Trufanov, which are at present being published in the New York press in several languages. While Mr. Trufanov's veracity is not unquestionable, it cannot be doubted that no more important document has seen print since the revelations made by Maximilian Harden several years ago about Prince Eulenburg and some other members of the German court.

II

Sergey Trufanov, better known under his ecclesiastical name of Father Iliodor, is a picturesque figure. Born in 1880, he came into prominence during the mighty political upheaval through which Russia passed in the years 1905-6. At that time he identified himself with the powers of darkness and reaction. In fact, he was the soul of anti-revolutionary Russia. He sincerely believed in the divine rights of autocracy and hated the cause of freedom with all the powers of his violent, masterful nature. He made himself known as a popular preacher first in the town of Pochayevo, where he took his monastic orders, and later at Tzaritzyn, a large industrial city on the Volga. This fanatical monk gravitated to the masses, and so potent was the influence of his fiery word that his numerous followers formed around him something in the nature of a separate religious sect. In Russia it is possible to found a new cult even without the few million shekels which, according to Ernest Renan, one needs to start a religion in the East.

As the fame of the preacher grew, the authorities felt somewhat uneasy, all the more so when Father Iliodor began to attack in his sermons the government and denounce it with the fervour of a Savonarola. On one occasion, for instance, he suggested that some of the ministers and governors should be flogged in the Czar's stable. For a while the unruly preacher remained unharmed, because Rasputin interceded for him in critical moments. It appears that the powerful court favourite had thought it necessary to enlist Iliodor's friendship and co-operation, and the close association of the two men lasted several years. Then suddenly, in 1912, Iliodor,

aided by Bishop Hermogenes, declared war on his former associate. The break has often been explained as a result of rivalry for power at the Czar's court. In his memoirs the former monk alleges another cause. At first, he asserts, he sincerely believed in Rasputin's saintliness, but gradually it dawned upon him that his friend and protector was a false prophet whom it was his duty to crush.

The odds were against Iliodor in this struggle, and Rasputin's triumph was complete. The monk was exiled to a distant monastery and his followers in Tzaritzyn were attacked by Cossacks and policemen within the walls of his church. When the news of the Tzaritzyn massacre reached Iliodor he sent the Czar the following despatch: "A curse will fall on thee for the sacred blood of the people, which has been innocently shed." Shortly after Iliodor threw off his cassock and, a new Luther, married one of his devout followers. There was no room in the Russian Church for such independent spirits. Here is a portion of the famous letter of renunciation which Iliodor addressed to the Most Holy Synod and which he signed with his blood:

For the last ten months I have been requesting you to set free the Russian Church and the Russian people from Rasputin's rule. I have informed you that if you will not do so, I shall renounce the Church. You have not heeded my words.

May the future generations judge you.

May History judge you.

May eternal Truth judge you.

I renounce your God.

I renounce your Faith.

I renounce your Church.

And here is another characteristic passage from the monk's letter to the Synod:

Oh, ye swindlers! Oh, ye serpents! Oh, ye spiritual offspring of the slayers of Christ! I can no longer be in your midst. Take back my priestly robe and know that when the day of reckoning and revenge comes, with the strength given me by in-

vincible Truth, I shall tear your gorgeous robes and silk cassocks as a panther tears its prey. . . .

At first the Church authorities made vain efforts to dissuade the monk from renouncing Orthodoxy. Then the spiritual arm gave place to the secular and, to make a long story short, on the testimony of a provocative agent, Iliodor was indicted in blasphemy, high treason and an attempt to overthrow the existing régime—which all meant that the government was bent upon getting rid of the troublesome monk. Instead of waiting for the trial and then swelling the population of some God-forsaken Siberian hamlet, Iliodor decided to shake off his feet the dust of his native land. Disguised as a woman he fled to Finland, and early in July, 1914, secretly crossed the Swedish frontier. He settled in Christiania and wrote down his revelations about the Russian court, which several months ago he brought to New York.

III

The man destined to become the uncrowned ruler of Russia was by birth a Siberian peasant. He saw the light of day in 1871 in a village lost in the shoreless marshes of the government of Tobolsk and inhabited mainly by horse thieves and burglars. He was christened Grigóry and later nicknamed by the village folk *Rasputin*, which is a derivative of a Russian word signifying "a dissolute fellow." It appears that in his youth the future celebrity lived up to the reputation of his native village and bore well his name. The archives of the Tobolsk court-house contain the record of charges brought against Grigóry Rasputin, the one for horse-stealing, another for perjury, a third for violating an old beggar-woman and two little girls. At the age of twenty-five he married a peasant woman and had with her two girls. It is worth noting that although Rasputin seems to have

had some schooling he never quite mastered the arts of reading and writing.

Then at thirty, the rake and thief underwent a sudden change, the origin and import of which it is difficult to determine. He became devout and meek, and began to practise asceticism. At one time he used to spend his nights and a part of his days in a cave which he had dug out, in the shape of a grave, in a stable. Religious exaltation in Russia is strangely coupled with a physical restlessness, a sort of *mania ambulatoria*, which has led to the formation of a peculiar class of chronic pilgrims (*stranniki*), made up of various nondescript extra-social elements. Rasputin became a *strannik*, and began to travel from shrine to shrine, from cloister to cloister. A saint, he used to tell his disciples later on, appeared to him in a vision and said: "Grigóry, take a staff, wander among people and save them from sin." This period of his life is reflected in a curious opusculé, entitled "The Life of an Experienced Wayfarer," which Rasputin is said to have dictated to one of his female worshippers. It partakes of the nature both of an autobiography and a mystic manual. It is certainly a curious piece of writing. The general impression it makes is that of helplessness and even imbecility. Yet its incoherence and platitudes are in spots shot through with passages where one senses a genuine, if primitive, mysticism behind the rude stammerings of an immature mind.

Probably during his peregrinations Rasputin became acquainted with a mystic sect known in Russia under the name of *Khlysty* (flagellants). This sect, which is one of the oldest manifestations of Russian popular mysticism and which is thought to have its root in ancient Slav paganism, is strongly tinged with eroticism. The rites of the *Khlysty* aim at producing a state of collective frenzy in which religious ecstasy is definitely mingled with sexual fury. It appears from the complaints addressed to the Holy Synod by the peasants of Rasputin's native village that,

when back home from his wanderings, he practised orgies resembling those of the *Khlysty*. The gatherings of men and women presided over by him took place at night around a fire out in the open and ended in unspeakable debauches. He is also known to have outraged at that time several nuns.

These scandalous deeds did not prevent Rasputin from acquiring the reputation of a saint. He became a personage of some consequence and was treated with reverence. It is worth noting here that he was never ordained either monk or priest. His fame spread rapidly, and soon the news reached the Church circles of the distant northern capital that a great saint had arisen in Siberia. The province was becoming too narrow a field for the "saint's" activities. Either at his own initiative or at the instance of his friends he decided to go to Petrograd. In 1903 Grigóry Rasputin reached the capital where he was destined to achieve a career whose brilliancy eclipses that of Cagliostro and whose infamy is unprecedented.

IV

In December, 1903, a young monk chanced to run across Rasputin in the gloomy hallway of the Ecclesiastical Academy of Petrograd. The young monk was Iliodor, who gives this blunt description of the saint's appearance:

Grigóry wore a plain, drab-coloured overcoat. Its large pockets were swollen like those of beggars, who are in the habit of chucking into their pockets all manner of objects. The trousers were not better than the overcoat. They were tucked in his dirty boots and looked like two large, stuffed bags. The hair on his head was dishevelled, and his unkempt beard looked like patches of fur pasted on his face. To make his sight uglier and more repulsive his hands were grimy and his finger-nails were in mourning. Besides, a most offensive odour emanated from the saint's body.

It is noteworthy that even when he became a frequent guest in the aristo-

cratic salons and boudoirs neither his manner of dressing nor his habits of personal hygiene underwent any considerable changes.

Opinions vary concerning the way in which the Siberian peasant penetrated into the ecclesiastic and aristocratic circles of the capital. The honour of having introduced Rasputin to several church dignitaries and mystically inclined society women seems to belong to Archbishop Theophanes, the then rector of the Ecclesiastic Academy of Petrograd. The profligate peasant at once achieved a great popularity in the high circles of the two capitals. He became in the eyes of many "a god descended on earth in human form," "a great prophet," "a seer." Aristocratic ladies prostrated themselves before him and kissed his feet. It is remarkable that not only hysterical women were deceived by Rasputin. A noted Russian investigator of Sectarianism, an author of numerous volumes on this subject, is said to have proclaimed Rasputin "the dawn of a new religious life for the Russian people."

Students of neuropathology and of occult psychic powers might no doubt contribute a good deal toward explaining Rasputin's ascendancy over women. There was an uncanny power in his gaze, which an observer found strikingly similar to that of Leonardo da Vinci's "John the Baptist." One of the twelve "sisters," who formed a sort of private harem of "the saint," wrote on one occasion that she felt the saint's presence at the distance of five thousand versts. The possibility of semi-conscious hypnotic suggestion in Rasputin's relations with women is not improbable.

At the time Rasputin arrived in Petrograd he had a definite conception of his divine mission and even something in the nature of a mystic "doctrine," if it is possible to speak of a doctrine in connection with his primitive intelligence. He relates in the "Life of an Experienced Wayfarer" that during his early wanderings, he once entered a lonely house and beheld an ikon,

which wept and said to him: "I am weeping over people's sins, go and save people from their sins and passions." Later on, the notion that it was given to him to cleanse the world from sinful passions took a definite shape in his mind. He professed to have the gift of exorcising the demon of fornication from both men and women—mainly, women. He did it by physical contact, for he taught his flesh was sacred and all that issued from it was a source of light. The methods of healing used by Rasputin—they are described at some length in the aforementioned memoirs—belong to the field of sex pathology. It is not difficult to recognise in them the man whose deeds were recorded at the court-house of Tobolsk. Mr. Trufanov gives a long list of Rasputin's patients and victims.

V

In the year 1903 Rasputin appeared at the Imperial court. Here begins the most astonishing part of the story. The following is Iliodor's latest version of the circumstances under which the "saint" gained access to the former Czar's household. In the course of a visit to the salon of Madame Lakhtina, a court lady and wife of a general, Rasputin exclaimed: "I see on a heavenly cloud the child that will be born to Russia." Grand Duchess Militza, daughter of King Peter of Montenegro, and wife of the Emperor's cousin, heard this utterance and reported it to the Empress. At that time the imperial pair were greatly distressed by the fact that hitherto all their children were girls. They went from one shrine to another in the hope that this would bring them the fulfilment of their ardent desire. The Siberian peasant was taken to the palace and seems to have established himself securely at the court, by promising the anxious parents that the next child would be a boy. A few years before this happened, the same promise was made by Père Philippe, a French spiritualist whom Nicholas kept

mainly for the purpose of consulting the ghost of his father Alexander III. But the child was a girl. Rasputin was more fortunate. In 1904 the Czarina gave birth to a son. Later on, the prophet startled Iliodor by declaring that he gave the Czarevich to Russia. When afterward the monk had an occasion to see the little heir to the Russian throne, he was struck by the family resemblance between the boy and Rasputin's daughter.

Saints of lowly birth and of more or less dubious authenticity were a tradition at the Russian court. The imperial family, in the words of a Russian general, had "the superstition of peasants." In his capacity of court magician and seer, Rasputin had several predecessors, but none of them wielded an influence comparable to that of the Siberian muzhik. The imperial family, including the Czar's daughters, were completely under his spell. The royal couple and Rasputin formed something in the nature of a mystic *ménage à trois*. The ex-Czar worshipped him like the image of God on earth. "Grigóry, you are Christ!" he is reported to have exclaimed on one occasion. "Consult oftener with Grigóry about your sermons," he said once to Iliodor. "He will lead you aright. He is our father, our saviour. God sent him to us." The Empress constantly longed for his presence and wrote to him amazing letters in which she addressed him as her "beloved, never-to-be-forgotten teacher, saviour and tutor." Both Nicholas and Alexandra had unshakable faith in his divine gift of healing; the very clothes he wore were a fetish in their eyes. We gather from Iliodor's words that in one instance the Czar bandaged his neck with the collar of one of Rasputin's shirts, as a remedy against sore throat. One of these shirts, which by the way the Czarina herself embroidered for "the saint," was once found in the bed of the little Czarevich. It had been placed there by the anxious father himself as a talisman.

It appears that Rasputin succeeded in

impressing upon the weak-minded Emperor and the hysterical Empress the notion that he, the prophet, had a mysterious power to protect the heir from harm. This notion was probably the main foundation of his power at the court. Iliodor is responsible for a complete version of the story that Rasputin headed a group of unscrupulous blackguards who played on the royal parents' affection for their little son. Whenever the saint felt that he was neglected or threatened by disfavour, the boy was secretly administered mysterious yellow powders which rendered him ill. Then Madame Vyrubova, a lady-in-waiting, who was very intimate with the Czarina and completely swayed by Rasputin, would hint to Her Majesty that Father Grigóry alone could save the boy by his prayers. The holy man would come and mumble his prayers. Since the powders would no more be administered to the boy he would grow better and the "saint's" prestige would, naturally, be strengthened.

VI

Rasputin's activities were not by any means confined to the narrow sphere of private life. His influence reached out beyond the salons and boudoirs of his worshippers. The most astonishing thing about his career is the fact that he was an important factor in the political life of Russia. Because of his enormous influence over the sovereign Rasputin was a personage of national and even international importance. It is a humiliating thing for Russians to admit, that for several years past the vast empire was ruled, in defiance of all human and divine law, by a half-illiterate, dissolute charlatan.

There can be no question, of course, of Rasputin's political views. He sided with all the dark, reactionary forces which were active in Russian officialdom. He gave the religious sanction to the Czar's dominating political idea, probably the only one his feeble mind could master, namely, the idea of the

inviolability of his autocratic power. As a Russian journalist has pointed out, Rasputin was primarily a middleman between the political adventurers and gamblers, on one side, and the sovereign, on the other. Solicitors literally swarmed in the reception-room of his apartments on Gorokhovaya Street. He was very accessible, not too expensive and, above all, he was powerful. He made and unmade ministers of state, appointed and removed highest church dignitaries, thwarted the plans of Russian diplomatists and influenced the legislature. He was friendly toward Count Witte, who frequently consulted him. He disliked, just as Nicholas himself did, Premier Stolypin, "the Russian Bismarck," as he has been called, and it is probable that he had a hand in his assassination. He foretold Stolypin's death eleven days before it actually occurred. He overthrew Kokovtzev, Stolypin's successor. One metropolitan and one procurator of the Most Holy Synod were among his creatures. He installed Protopopov, the most unpopular man who ever held the office of Minister of Interior in Russia. In Stürmer's premiership, Rasputin's influence reached its high-water mark. His desire was supreme law. If his demands were not met speedily or accurately enough, he reprimanded the Prime Minister over the telephone without minding the presence of outsiders. Needless to say that Rasputin's activities were strictly guarded against publicity. The press was forbidden to mention his name or to allude to him. Quite recently a scientific treatise which was quite ready for sale was arrested and suppressed for the reason that a passage in it, treating of peasant story-tellers and their influence, was construed as an allusion to Rasputin. In 1915, the "saint" visited a fashionable restaurant in Moscow and behaved in such a way that the police officer on duty made out a warrant for his arrest. As a result, the officer, the head of the police, and the prefect of the city lost their posts.

Incredible as this may seem, Rasputin had also a voice in questions of international policy. Although he did not approve of the Russo-Japanese war, he opposed an early peace. When the peace negotiations began, he happened to be in Siberia on a visit to his native village. One night, so he told Ilidor, he had a vision: in passing through the gate of his house he beheld in heaven the Holy Virgin with swords in her hands, turning from the Russians to the Japanese. He interpreted this as an auspicious sign and telegraphed to "papa and mamma" (that is how he called Nicholas and his consort) that he should not conclude peace and wait for him. "They answered," the story goes on, "that they could not wait more than three or four days. So I immediately took the train for Petrograd, but it was late, and when I came, it was all over—Witte had already concluded peace." In subsequent years Rasputin adhered to pacifism. He held that Russia could not enter war as long as there were so many internal enemies—he meant revolutionists and Jews.

Accounts differ as to the rôle he played in July, 1914. According to one report, he was away from court in those critical days. "Ah, had I been with him," the "saint" is quoted, "Nick would not have gone to war." Another report, however, makes him largely responsible for this war, or at least for Russia's participation in it. Whichever of these two versions may be true, the outstanding fact is that early in the war Rasputin became a mighty instrument in the unscrupulous hands of a pro-German party which worked for a separate peace and a friendly entente with Germany. The existence at the court of what was christened by the Russian press as the Potsdam Party became a *secret de Polichinelle* long ago. It is well known that the traitorous cabal was headed by the Czarina, who is a Hessian princess, and by many high officials and influential ladies. It is less known that a memoir favouring the conclusion of a separate peace with the Cen-

tral Powers was presented to the government by members of the Potsdam Party, as early as November, 1914. Rasputin was the main pillar of this group, which sought to bring about a union between the two autocracies, the Russian and the Teutonic, for the purpose of crushing European democracy. Before his death he stifled the prosecution of Stürmer's secretary, who confessed to being in the pay of Germany. This deed typifies his activities for the last two years.

VII

"Rasputin's historic rôle," says a Russian writer, "consists in that he united all Russia in a general hatred for the dark, irresponsible forces." In late years the figure of the mystic court favourite loomed up before the eyes of Russian society as a sinister emblem of the régime which made it possible for the scum of the nation to run the affairs of the country. But he was hated not only for his political machinations. His amorous exploits and his activities in connection with the appointment and removal of officials made him the object of much personal enmity. In 1914, a devout young woman who had been outraged by Rasputin made an attempt on his life and seriously wounded him. Minister Khvostov is said to have been at the head of a plot against his life, and Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholayevich—Rasputin surely had a hand in his removal to Caucasus—threatened to hang him if he ever came to the front. On several occasions the best and the wisest among the ruling aristocracy protested against the "saint's" influence. A short while before the war Count Vorontzov-Dashkov, a personal friend of Alexander III, said to Nicholas at the end of an official report: "Now, I must speak to you about a different matter. Do you know, that with your Rasputin you are heading straight for a disaster? Do you know that your son's throne is at stake?" The conversation was long, and at the end of it the Emperor

sobbed, but matters remained unchanged.

The first public attack on Rasputin dates from the year 1910. It was quickly stifled. In 1911 the "saint" was entrapped and tried before a secret tribunal, made up of Archbishop Hermogenes, Father Ilidor and a certain Mitya the Blissful, a former Court Prophet, supplanted by Rasputin. The latter confessed his sins and promised to mend his ways and never to cross the threshold of the palace. He did not keep his promise. In 1912 the Duma addressed an interpellation to Minister of Justice Scheglovitov and Minister of the Interior Makarov concerning Rasputin's activities. Needless to say that the interpellation resulted in naught. In this connection the saint wrote the following letter to the royal couple:

DEAR PAPA AND MAMMA:—

The devil is again at work, and the Duma serves him. There is plenty of revolutionists and dirty Jews in the Duma, and their desire is to overthrow the God-anointed sovereign. Guchkov is a dog; all he wants is to sow discontent with his interpellations. Papa, the Duma is yours and you can do with it anything you please. The idea! Interpellations about Grigóry! Allow no interpellations.

GRIGÓRY.

In November, 1916, the profound indignation against the "dark forces" which acted behind the veil of the Russian court finally came into expression in the Duma sessions. Deputy Purishkevich, one of the reactionary Sauls converted by the war, suggested in a speech that both the Duma and the Council of the Empire should march to the palace and implore the Emperor to dismiss Rasputin. Another deputy, a priest, denounced the sham saint in the name of the Church. About the same time several personages of high rank, among them the Emperor's brother, attempted to exert pressure on both the sovereign and his wife for the purpose of removing the pernicious influence of the mystic. All was in vain.

Early in December rumours began to circulate in Petrograd to the effect that Rasputin would be assassinated, and on December 19th (January 2, 1917)* his dead body was found in the Neva near the Petrovsky bridge. Exactly under what circumstances the villain of the drama of modern Russian history met his fate, is still a mystery. The only facts established are that Rasputin was assassinated on the night of December 11th, at the palace of Prince Yussupov, which towers above the waters of Little Neva, and that the deed was done by a group of young aristocrats, among whom was probably Grand-Duke Dimitry Pavolovich, the Emperor's cousin, and also a Duma deputy. No arrests were made in connection with the assassination. The news of Rasputin's

*The Russian calendar is behind the reckoning of time accepted in the West by thirteen days. On May 1, 1917, the new Russian Government abolished the old Julian calendar and introduced the Gregorian.

death filled Russia with deep joy. A performer in a Petrograd vaudeville house started his number with these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, let me congratulate you upon our common great joy." The audience replied with a mighty cheer. In Moscow, a war-relief organisation opened a subscription list, headed with a gift of twenty-five thousand rubles, in the name of one of Rasputin's executors.

The heroes of the mysterious drama *à la Ponson du Terrail*, which took place in the palace on the Neva, were no revolutionists. They deemed it their duty as faithful servants of their Emperor and country to put an end to the career of the mystic blackguard. But their act resounded in the ears of the awakened nation like the first rumbling of a coming storm. These young aristocrats knew not that they had given a signal to the most radical and thorough of revolutions that has ever shaken up a body politic.

SAINTE GENEVIÈVE AND THE HUNS:

TWO EPISODES OF THE PARIS OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-DAY

BY GERTRUDE LYNCH

I

AT A little town in France, known familiarly as Juilly, but whose railway station has a considerably more aristocratic sounding nomenclature, Dammartin-Juilly to be exact, there is situated one of the best equipped and complete hospitals established by our generous country. One might almost apply the word "charming" to it, if that did not seem a little too incongruous with the thought evolved by that word "hospital." It was an American woman, known as well in the artistic circles as the fashionable, who selected this site out of several offered by the French Government. In three months after the choice had been made, without altering in any essentials its superficial aspects so loved by the history-wise, the interior or working part had been completely transformed and Le Collège des Oratoriens, as it is known in educational vocabularies or the Seminary in the vernacular, was ready now as an organised "Ambulance" to receive the wounded who came to it largely via Compiègne, many of them fresh from the battlefield or with the slightest of first aid assistance; for the hospital at Juilly was, at the moment of its establishment, the nearest of any to that long Red Line that is now rippling onward to the East, as if its curves were tinged by the Rising Sun.

I have spoken of its original use as a college. It was here that many of France's statesmen and cardinals—statesmen of the Church—were educated. In the niches which break the monotony of the cloister walls are the busts of these celebrated men and on the *pelouse* which loops the great, grey

building with its ribbons of green, are statues commemorating their gifts to posterity. It was owing to these gifts that, a few years ago, when the split came between Church and State and similar establishments were secularised, that tragic time when priests and nuns were turned adrift, this was allowed to remain without interference by official dominance and to retain its original use and subsidy.

War has done, however, what the schism of political parties did not, and the young abbé, head of the Church school, has gone with his boy pupils to the front, leaving vacant the residence part of the big building, in which is now housed the hospital staff.

Dammartin-Juilly is in the *arrondissement* of Meaux, community of Marne. It is not far from Senlis, poor, bombarded Senlis, of which there are only charred houses and broken masonry. On my way there I passed through territory already historic and a peasant woman, my only companion in the railway compartment—where I rode third class, as the other cars were transporting troops—pointed out to me the livid lines of trenches already grass-edged, which had been made ready for defence. She showed me something more, a big clasp knife that had belonged to her son, killed in the battle of the Marne; it was gnarled and twisted as if the lightning had played with it and tossed it aside.

I saw the Seminary under delightful auspices, an exquisite autumn day. As the lumbering, lead-coloured car with the scarlet cross on its side passed through the village street, it was saluted by the pedestrians. Then, turning into

the road that led to the hospital, for a mile the only moving object we passed was a little peasant girl sitting in a two-wheeled cart, zealously knitting while the donkey plodded faithfully along, without any other spur than the sense of duty, in which he resembled many of his human neighbours.

The hospital is located in the midst of a wonderful park. There are avenues of poplar trees, which seem to have been created especially for the French landscape, companioned by planes and beeches. There is an artificial pond on which swim swans and ducks, a little overfed at present, owing to the too constant attention of the convalescents, who find in this occupation something not too absorbing, yet infinitely interesting.

I was the day-guest of a New York doctor and his wife, sent out at the head of an American "unit." After we had made the tour of the hospital we wandered about the grounds. Climbing a steep incline of earth, bounded by an ivy-grown stone wall, they designated the breach where a year before a cannon had been placed, for this was the final spot attained by the scouts of the German army on that memorable route toward Paris. As it happened the wind was right and we could get the sound of the firing from the battlefield, like the dull rumble of far-off thunder. How incongruous in this beautiful environment, which seemed at the moment to define the very spirit of autumnal repose. It was that discordant note between peace and strife, the machinery of war and the fruits of tranquillity, between Abel, the cultivator, and Cain, the murderer, made emphatic every day of this terrible war.

I had visited many other hospitals before this and the pleasant pictures of the landscape have, as is inevitable, vague outlines in my memory, but, whenever I think of that day at Juilly, my mind inevitably reverts to the last place where I was conducted by my charming host and hostess, and this place has to do with my present story, is the inspiration of it, in fact.

It was a shrine to Sainte Geneviève, the patron saint of France. This is but a stone's throw from the main entrance, the end of a pilgrimage for many who have the sanction of their Church for a belief in its miraculous powers. We stepped down some stairs footworn by pilgrims; at the foot a gushing fountain is protected by an iron grille and in the niche above stands a small statue of the beloved woman which, in spite of the crudity of the outlines, a surface worn by many credulous lips and hands, still preserves a certain majesty.

"You must drink from the fountain and wish," said Doctor L—, handing me the pilgrim's cup. I obeyed.

Of course I wished for peace. What else could one wish for at that time, in such a spot?

The day before President Poincaré and his official staff had visited the hospital and at the shrine of Sainte Geneviève had drunk the water and followed the traditional custom of the place. I wondered if they, too, had wished for peace; wondered how many of the thousands who have come there since the war commenced had made a similar request.

The story of Sainte Geneviève is one where fact and fancy mingle in a curious mosaic. Here, it is said, she stopped one autumn day—perhaps lovely as that when I visited her shrine—on her way back to Paris from one of her many tours of philanthropy and miracle-making. "Footsore and weary, unable to proceed on account of the terrible thirst which there was no way of assuaging, she lifted her eyes to the heavens and struck the ground with her staff. Immediately the water gushed forth, and refreshed in body and spirit, she continued her way." The stone steps, the grille about the perennial stream, the statue in the niche to-day commemorate an episode in a life replete with interesting incidents.

This legend, with a few additions in regard to her life and work, which I have verified and added to by my own researches since then, were told me as we sat on a bench shaded by the branches

of a majestic beech tree, in response to my questioning; for the story of Sainte Geneviève, read in schoolgirl days, was long since pigeonholed in my memory and was revived only on those occasions when I had visited the Pantheon and gazed awestruck at the marvellous frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes. It was a story that had inspired this great artist to his most glorious achievement.

In our field of vision were an Arab convalescent knitting zealously on a long grey stocking that trailed down the length of his white burnous; a nurse in her spotless uniform supporting on her strong young arm a cripple, a boy scout in khaki with a flying scarf of green, taking his recreation on roller skates. Through the opened windows one caught glimpses of the ceaseless activities of the wards, doctors and orderlies, nurses and auxiliaries, patients and visitors, charwomen and the men of the ambulance corps. The silver surface of the pond was broken by an occasional ripple as a swan passed, turned and passed again, seeking an elusive dragon fly with burnished wing. The merles twittered in the branches overhead; here and there a crimson leaf marked the turning of the seasons.

There was nothing to suggest war and its atrocities. It was an ideal place in which to hear a romance, and the life of Sainte Geneviève is that—a tale of achievement and of inspiration, beside. And if this be not excuse enough for the revival of this bit of history put, as it were, in modern framing, perhaps that may be found in the undisputed fact that while this world's war is going on, all of our activities have been accentuated, those of scientific, inventive, mechanical meaning, as well as those of the arts. So we study history with new vigour—not only political history which finds reason for the present struggle, but legend and story as well, which have part and lot therein.

II

The early life of Sainte Geneviève is wrapped in the mystery with which

historians usually manage to surround their great. Some claim that Saint Germain de Auxerre visiting Nanterre, her birthplace, saw her with the vision of the seer, which is denied to grosser humanity, selected her from the multitude standing about, and dedicated her to God. Others state her family, even at that time, had gained place and wealth and her leadership was an assured and natural fact. However acquired, that she had influence and wielded it magnificently, is denied by none.

Power she had, particularly over the women, and through them over the men of Lutece, the early name of the dwelling place of the tribe of Parisii. Lutece has been translated by Carlyle, who never erred on the side of æstheticism, to mean "Mudtown," and was a settlement on an island in the Seine. To-day when you leave the Métro at the station called La Cité, you are on this very same piece of territory, now connected by two fine bridges to the mainland. From its vantage point, you may see the Palace of Justice, where are tried the famous law cases which make world reading and where are now held special courts in which are brought the offenders against military discipline. Nearby are the famous *Conciergerie* which housed the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, Notre Dame, Sainte Chapelle—closed as are so many historic monuments during the war.

A few steps and you are now on the Left Bank, the beloved quarter of the students who in that memorable first week of the war marched, a solid body, to place laurel wreaths on the statue of King Edward VII, the ever faithful ally of France. Following this route, the famous Boule' Mich', you will reach in time, possibly zigzagging through the Rue de Sorbonne, the gaunt, uninspiring looking buildings of that famous university, the Sorbonne, named from an obscure chaplain, Rovert de Sorbon. A little beyond the Sorbonne, you come to the Mont Sainte Geneviève, on which stands the Pantheon, and nearby, on the

Place Sainte Geneviève, the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, where now rest the ashes of our heroine. To her tomb have come in times past pilgrimages of tourists to see one of the celebrated monuments of French history. To-day there are no tourists, but the French women are still faithful and visit it continually to gain inspiration from its silent tenant for deeds not greatly dissimilar in character from those which she, who was a "feminist" before the word had come into use, had quietly performed without dreaming of the publicity Fame has awarded her.

When Geneviève lived, war was the occupation of men. They struggled, not only for food and shelter, but for life itself. The work of the settlements was left to the women—it had to be. To-day history repeats itself. The wheel has turned. The cycles have made their everlasting revolution but with a difference: for where the woman of brains, of vision and extraordinary achievement stood, isolated by her superiority from her fellows, to-day there are thousands, nay, millions of Genevièves great in *morale*, in wisdom, in willingness to sacrifice, in activities of unnumbered sorts.

Geneviève is the first woman who stands out as a personality in the early history of Paris—a meagre settlement harassed by enemies on every side and, when the enemy was not at hand, demanding vigour of body and of brain, came the stalking figure of Starvation, requiring infinite resource of skill and foresight. Just as it was reaching what might be called a stage of development out of chaos, came Attila, "the Scourge of God," descending with his armed cohorts over the fruitful countries of Europe and boasting that "the grass shall never grow where my horses have trod," a threat that seems to have been justified by events, if one recalls the history of the devastation wrought by that mighty horde.

The settlement on the island in the Seine, whose ideal situation could not escape the hawk-like, predatory eye of

this robber baron was on the map of his intended capture. He reckoned, however, without the woman. And the woman was there—to protect her young as a mother protects her children. History differs in regard to her triumph. Some say she went to meet him and that, won by her majesty of mien, by her fearless eye, by her eloquence and by that something indefinable, the halo of good deeds and pure thoughts, Attila, the Hun, became Attila, the Humble. Other authorities claim that, exerting her right, Geneviève demanded that the women of Paris assemble in the church of Notre Dame and pray for deliverance, for which a nine days' period of devotion—the novena—was established.

Whatever the method, the end was secured, and this episode is to-day one of the most impressive and picturesque bits of French history. It has, moreover, a spiritual appeal, in which a great deal of the history of that wonderful country is lacking. What would have been the fortune of the little island in the Seine without her intervention? Surely it would not exist as it now is; it must have been delayed in development, if not actually put off the map of Europe entirely. It was due to this, undoubtedly, that fifty years later Cloves, then King of Northern France, could write to his father that Paris was "a brilliant city, queen over other cities, a royal city, the seat and head of the Empire of the Gauls. With Paris safe, the realm has nothing to fear."

Between the threatened invasion by Attila and the time of the writing of this letter, Geneviève was not idle. There are many absorbing stories of her activities. One is that she saved Paris from starvation, plying in her boat between hostile soldiers encamped on both sides of the Seine and bringing back a load of provisions. Up to that moment, the story is one of fact, then legend adds its footnote that "the miracle of the loaves and fishes was duplicated." Geneviève watched over Paris for four-score years. She saw it grow; she saw it become great. She saw it change

from an uncouth settlement to the centre of learning and arts and never did her own influence wane or alter. What a contrast her history to those of Kings' Light o' Loves! What a difference exists between the memory she has left and that of the famous courtesans of her own and succeeding eras!

When she died in 509 A.D. the citizens of Paris made her their patron saint. The hill on which she is buried was named for her. The Pantheon, which replaced the simple church in which she was first laid to rest and in which her personality still dominates, when it was secularised by the government, could no longer hold her sacred ashes; these were removed to the church of Saint Etienne du Mont. So this quarter of Paris, the section devoted to culture and to generous educational movements, is indelibly imprinted with the impressions made by her gracious passing.

III

Now, we must bring the story of Sainte Geneviève nearer the present! In the early part of September, 1914, was fought what some still call the turning battle of the war and the importance of which no authorities gainsay, whether they be officials of the "Entente" or the Central Powers. Even in official reports it is designated as "The miracle of the Marne." As this it will go down in history: "the miracle of the Marne." On the coverlids of hospital cots, on the snow-white expanses of damask stretched across dinner tables, minus all but the coffee and sweets, you see men, wounded or well as may be, diagramming, by the aid of pencils, matches, toothpicks, cigarettes, the inexplicable elements of this struggle, all disputing, as do the military chiefs, the why and the wherefore.

At the time of the battle of the Marne, a "novena" had been established in Paris by Church authorities. The final draft of men, comprising that marvellous Sixth Army, so called, that went out to the front in automobiles, had passed through the gates, leaving

behind them the women of Paris, who were called upon to pray to Geneviève, canonised after her death, who had once saved Paris from a similar fate, in a similar way. All responded to the call. All Paris—feminine Paris—was on its knees. There was no question of sect or creed involved. It was no time for the word "heretic" to pass tortured lips. Protestant and Catholic alike, poor and rich, young and old, believers and unbelievers, saints and sinners, women of fashion who had had neither time nor inclination for such futility as prayer, prayed as if they had never done anything else.

Pallid lips murmured forgotten syllables. Stricken voices died away in inarticulate tones. Fainting ones were tenderly ministered to by those whose hearts were equally torn but whose flesh was more resisting. Wordless prayers there were from some who could not, if they would, believe that miracles still might be; simple petitions from those less complex in their mental processes, who believed in Sainte Geneviève as an actual intermediary. Whatever the motive—there they are—the women of Paris kneeling side by side, caste and class, all external marks of condition brushed aside and forgotten, as they ever are in moments of great danger. They are bound together by a great sorrow; suffering spiritually in a mutual agony, imploring together a spiritual aid. Hour after hour, day after day, unconscious of mere bodily fatigue, kneeling on the cold flags of uncarpeted aisles, their stricken faces bathed in the transmuted light of memorial windows, these women pray.

It is an extraordinary sight to the onlooker. In the great nave spaces of Notre Dame and in the smaller chapels, where prayer seems a more intimate thing, they supplicate the Divine Presence, who alone knows what the famous Persian poet has called "the scheme of things." Ugly and beautiful faces salute the silver crucifixes as they are carried by; acolytes in red and white march, swinging costly censers; hun-

dreds of candles burn steadily and the sanctuary lamps, like Titan eyes, glow through the breath-fog. The churches are open everywhere in Paris and in the country, and everywhere there is an unending procession. Without premeditation the one time indifferent and unbelievers walk within, led by some secret, yearning power which allows none to refuse its wordless request.

There are lines of peasant women in sabots and black stuff gowns; Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul with great winged caps; little girls dressed in blue, denoting that they are dedicated to the service of the Virgin; women of the fire-side, of the shop, of professions and trades; women who have lived only for society and forgotten that trivialities ever existed; women who have dragged themselves from sick-beds to come; women of many nationalities, many faiths, all kneeling under the great dome of Notre Dame.

Up the magnificent steps that lead to the portal of the Madeleine, that one time temple of reason, a similar throng comes, traversing the Rue Royale, the Place de la Concorde, the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue de la Paix—an unending queue that passes and returns. Within the church, the chapel of Joan of Arc is never vacant.

The famous market women of Les Halles, immortalised by Balzac, enter the church of Saint Eustache, called in honour of their daily devotions *L'Eglise des Femmes des Halles*. Here, snatching a few half hours, now and then, from their arduous labours, they pray for their soldier boys. It is these women who in the early days of the war established in one of the city's most magnificent buildings, that of Le Grand Palais, where in times of peace the ex-

hibitions of the painters are held, a most splendidly equipped hospital, outranked by none of its kind.

You may see the same scene enacted in La Trinité, in Saint Augustine, in Saint Julien des Pauvres, in Saint Severin, in Saint Germain de l'Auxerrois, where was sounded that tocsin which started the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; in a word, in every spiritual sanctuary in the city. What a picture for the visualising mind. These women of France praying and, beyond on that stern battle line, their men fighting!

IV

This is no brief for or against. I think the story of Sainte Geneviève, as I heard it and have repeated it, carries its own message to the seeking soul. With many I would like to believe that the prayers of the women of Paris saved the city at the time of the battle of the Marne. Some do. One thing we all believe, that prayer is more efficacious in its results than the mitrailleuse, that thought is greater than machinery.

Of one thing we are sure—that in the splendid organisation that preceded the Great Useless War, everything was taken into account by the enemy, except the Human Soul. Between that acknowledged fact and the simple story told, there is more than a delicate thread, which may be snapped at the slightest tug of reason.

"Perhaps if all the women of the world, irrespective of nation and of creed, had knelt and prayed the war might never have been—perhaps it might, even now, cease to be."

So I have heard it said!

What woman disbelieves?

VIVIANI AND JOFFRE

BY JULES BOIS

AMONG the eminent members of the French mission to the United States two personalities stand out, one representing the civil power, the other the military element. The first is M. René Viviani, the second, Marshal Joffre.

A minister in several cabinets, and even President of the Council, in the days before the war, M. Viviani has since the outbreak of hostilities been a member of the government. In 1914 he was our Prime Minister, and it was he who coped with Germany's first onslaughts. He subsequently became keeper of the seals, then Minister of Public Instruction, then for the second time, Minister of Justice, at the same time holding the post of Vice-President of the Cabinet. In sending him to the United States, France wanted to express the highest esteem and the affection which she has for the sister-republic. M. René Viviani is connected with the group of independent socialists, which has furnished statesmen who combine energy with a spirit of reform. It is sufficient to mention names like those of M. Aristide Briand, Millerand, Painlevé, Augagneur. The independent socialists differ from the much more numerous group of the so-called "unified socialists" in that they preserve their individual initiative, and do not accept the edict of a party.

Besides, socialists in France do not correspond to the few socialists in America, as far as political programme and, especially, social status is concerned. Especially in late years, our socialists have been constantly representing the most advanced elements in the Republic. Independent socialists in particular are within the circle of the government; they are not politicians forever intrenched in the camp of opposi-

tion. They have not handed themselves over to international socialism; they are ardent patriots.

M. René Viviani is a lawyer. As a speaker, he is impassioned and highly persuasive. Several of his speeches in the Chamber of Deputies received the distinction of being posted for public reading. Clemenceau called him to the Ministry of Labour. His name is connected with the Workingmen's Pension Law.

The first time I met Viviani, he was not quite thirty, but he was already deputy of Paris. He had been elected by the fifth district, one of the most industrious and intellectual in Paris. It is situated on the left bank of the Seine and is considered one of the hemispheres of the capital's brain. As a matter of fact, it is there that are found the Latin quarter, the Sorbonne, the Pantheon, the Faculty of Law. Viviani received his education there. Everything about the man revealed already the tribune, destined for mighty parliamentary combats—his complexion, that had the tawny pallour of the African-French; his eyes, alternately keen and languid; the face with features of Latin regularity and firmness; his carriage at once powerful and brisk, and his ample and colourful speech.

Born of French parents, in Algeria, where a new France, characterised by an ardent climate tempered by the breath of the Mediterranean, is in the making, Viviani combines a temperament both meditative and impetuous, with that fineness of mind which Paris alone gives to those who have passed through its tutelage. In fact, nothing that relates to arts and letters was ever of unconcern to this politician, whose brilliant and vehement speeches

never abandon the pure academic form. We have had an illustration of this in the memorable address which he delivered in Mount Vernon, at Washington's tomb.

Viviana had an occasion to appreciate Marshal Joffre's superior qualities early in the war, during a time when they worked in most intimate collaboration. Both in America and in France many articles have been written about Marshal Joffre. But the view-point of a Frenchman who lived through the tragic hours of the first battles and who for the last few months has been imbued with the American atmosphere, may have a special interest for readers in this country. In fact, it seems to me that the glory of this soldier—a glory which we have seen originate, take firm root, and grow in France,—coupled with the impression which he is now producing on the people of the United States, where he has been a recent guest, throws a final light on the position which he must occupy in history.

Joffre is the soldier of democracy. That is why he sets America aflame with enthusiasm as he did France. His thickset frame, firmly knit and vigorous, his clear eyes, which observe you from beneath bushy eyebrows, his firm and kindly mouth, his bristling moustache, the simplicity of his manners, his clean-cut, reserved language,—all that goes to show that there is nothing in him of bluster and affection. He is truly "papa" Joffre, the father and even the grandfather of the *poilus*. It is the *Poilu* himself beneath the white *panache* of this unique Marshal of France.

I have discovered that the American reporters have found him timid. True it is that he does not like to be in the limelight, to push himself forward, to attract attention. He is not timid, he is modest—no longer the military tinsel of former days. In the first place, in a democracy the truly great men do not need pomp and display in order to command the respect of the masses. The latter, on the contrary, would mistrust

them and would take them for charlatans, if these heroes were not simple. Democracies judge true value by naturalness and *bonhomie*. They are more clear-sighted and more fastidious than peoples tamed by a régime of authority. They rate men, not by the costume that they wear, very little by the words they utter, but mainly by the deeds they have accomplished.

Now it is an outstanding fact that Joffre, in circumstances peculiarly pathetic, saved France by his directness and simplicity. Not that he has manifested the genius of a Napoleon, a genius which, moreover, would have been, no doubt, out of place in the present strategic and tactical contingencies, requiring less of inspiration and more of cool-headed calculation, less of impetuosity and more of patience. Colonel Repington, the military critic of the *London Times*, has expressed this judgment: "Joffre is not at all the type of 'fair knight' dear to the heart of romantic girls. He is nothing but a plain soldier, modern and scientific; he is a scientist without the defects of one. Nowadays war is a war of silence and anonymity. It agrees well with Joffre's genius. It is a silent war, a war of fatigue and resistance; he who holds out longer has the upper hand."

And yet this man, outwardly so calm and even cold, was born in the south of France. He is a Basque. His country-house is situated not far from Canigou, the snow-covered mountain, which readily symbolises southern exaltation restrained by winter's snows. Alphonse Daudet, himself a Provençal, remarked that no one is bolder, and at the same time more self-possessed, than certain Southerners. They are volcanoes under snow. Their fire is not of the type that devours, and is useless, when it is not dangerous. The fire which smoulders in them is, if I may say so, a disciplined fire, a more intense and yet beneficent one, which, concentrating its flames instead of scattering them, produces the large glowing hearth at which hearts are

quicken and warm. Joffre has in him that fire. He has imparted a spark of it to every French soldier, who, besides, was quite ready to receive this salutary influence and to strengthen it by his own initiative. Thus, the Generalissimo and the most obscure *poilu* have been in harmony ever since the beginning of the war, resolved to do their duty to the end. And this with so much more tenacity and a spirit of sacrifice all the more intense in that neither the Generalissimo nor the soldier wanted this war. It has been imposed upon them. The matter at issue was not individual or national ambition, but self-denial and immolation; not a design for conquest but an unshakable will for defence and deliverance.

Joffre bears witness to the profound modifications which the character of France has undergone under the Third Republic. New qualities have been added to old ones, former defects have been either moderated or transformed into qualities. It may be said that the *poilu* of to-day is superior to the *grog-nard* (veteran) of the Revolution and the First Empire. *He does not grumble.* He has as much dash, but he possesses, without a doubt, more perseverance coupled with a clearer conscience of his mission and his duties. Even then the soldier of the First Republic knew himself to be irresistible, for he was the soldier of liberty, the citizen-soldier. But the armies of those times were not the entire people. Their unanimity was not as integral, their certainty to represent not only the national rights but also the rights of all the nations was not as deeply implanted both in their brain and in their heart. The *poilu* of to-day feels himself truly the brother of all the civilised human beings of the globe; his strength, already immeasurable, has now been still further increased by the entry of America in the great alliance. This country, so generous, so disinterested, confirms him now, beyond all doubt, in his function as a liberator not only in relation to our in-

vaded territories, but also, to the most sacred human principles which are to be protected against the menace of the barbarians.

This harmony between the Generalissimo and the men as to the reasons and the aim of the war has truly created a new state of mind in the democratic armies. Discipline is no longer a rule imposed, in a sense, from outside, but an inner law accepted voluntarily by all. Before the war, a German said shamelessly to a French deputy: "You republicans, you have neither discipline nor generals." The deputy replied, with a foresight which was nothing but a correct vision of things: "It is true that we Frenchmen have not your German discipline. We have replaced it by the love of the officers for their soldiers and the love of the soldiers for their officers,—a love founded on common ideas, similar ideals, and the same respect for the democratic truths tested by the entire nation." And the deputy, Dr. P. Pujade, added: "As for French generals, I know only one of them, but I know him well. I should advise you not to provoke him."

The Third Republic, just like other parliamentary republics, has been severely upbraided for over-indulgence in words, long speeches. Present-day France has, nevertheless, produced silent soldiers and Joffre has been justly surnamed "the taciturn." Not that he suppresses in his family circle or among intimate friends his natural verve, but in action he disdains the hollow music of phrases. He ponders over his designs; silently he puts to himself and solves problems; he aligns columns of men or numerical figures with the serenity of fertile silence. And so his very presence is energetic and energising. The soldiers who have approached him know that he is a reservoir of vigour and confidence. Furthermore, whenever the necessity of speaking arose, he spoke—briefly, strongly, effectively.

It is proper here to recall some of the

memorable phrases from his proclamation of September 6, 1914: "The safety of the country is at stake. . . . We must let ourselves be killed on the spot rather than retreat. . . . No faltering can be tolerated to-day. . . ."

The whole of France, in arms, complied with this order. The result was the victory of the Marne.

Marshal Joffre's rise was unbroken and rapid. At the age of sixteen he was Bachelor of Science, at seventeen he entered the Ecole Polytechnique. Sub-lieutenant during the war of 1870, he worked so well at the Paris fortifications that at the age of twenty-two he was promoted by Mac-Mahon to the rank of captain. He distinguished himself at Cochinchine and in the Soudan, and he hoisted the tri-colour on Timbuctoo the Mysterious. His scientific works as well as his military merits placed him before the war at the head of our armies.

All Parisians are familiar with the small mansion occupied by Marshal and Mme. Joffre at Passy, Rue Michel-Ange. The couple lived there in perfect harmony. Thanks to the radiating kindness of Mme. Joffre, her husband always found in their home regularity, rest, relaxation, joy. Like most French wives, Mme. Joffre is animated, cheerful, modest, industrious, possessed of a sober elegance and an affection for her home which makes her put it above everything else. In the midst of celebrity she has always shunned notoriety; and she sought refuge from the tributes won by her excellent heart and illustrious name in work, in the peaceful seclusion of the family. It is said that the dream of the couple is to buy, after the war is over, a motor house-boat, and thus to cruise anonymously along the rivers of their beloved France, to which the Marshal will have been the first to give the assurance of victory.

A SCHEME FOR A STOCK COMPANY

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

My Saturday morning course in the Contemporary Drama at Columbia University is attended by a hundred and fifty students, of both sexes, whose ages range from seventeen to sixty. They come from many different sections of the country, and may be regarded as fairly representative of the sort of public that is particularly interested in the contemporary theatre. Every now and then, before I bring up for discussion some unusually popular and celebrated play—such as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, or *Candida*, or *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, or *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*—I ask the class to tell me how many of its members have seen the piece in question; and I am always staggered and disheartened when only five or six hands go up in the entire room. More than nine-tenths of these particularly interested students of the stage have never actually seen these notable and standard plays, because they did not happen to be living in New York in those seasons when these pieces were first set before the public. It is only reasonable to suppose that the plight of my students is not at all exceptional, and to assume that there are thousands of other people in New York who, though seriously interested in the best that has been thought and said in the contemporary drama, have missed their only opportunity for seeing several of the most celebrated plays of recent years.

It is only in the English-speaking theatre that great plays are utterly withdrawn from currency so soon as they have come to be regarded—at least in a restricted sense—as classical. Our theatre is astonishingly wasteful. It tosses away to undeserved oblivion the best plays of the best playwrights it has called into its service. The theatre is conducted otherwise in all the countries

of continental Europe. If a great play happens to be written by a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, an Italian, a Norwegian, or a Spaniard, it is not thrown carelessly into the scrap-basket so soon as its initial run has been completed; it is permanently preserved, as a part of the dramatic repertory of the nation that has produced it. For many years, it will be acted ten or twenty times a season; and then, for half a century, it will be acted three or four times every year; for any play which, at the outset, has come into the theatre trailing clouds of glory and displaying intimations of immortality is a play that no continental nation can willingly permit to be forgotten.

But, in the English-speaking theatre, the career of a great play is very different from this. At the outset, it may perhaps be acted for an entire season in London or New York; the next year, it may be sent "on the road" in the United States or on a tour of "the provinces" in England; and, subsequently still, it may be acted fitfully by half a hundred cheap stock companies in little towns: but after that, the play is thrown away and never acted any more.

Since the modern English drama was inaugurated by Sir Arthur Pinero in 1893 [the date of the initial production of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*], at least a hundred plays have been written in the English language that are worthy of being seen and studied again and yet again; yet nowhere in the English-speaking world does there exist a theatre that is dedicated to the endeavour to keep these plays before the public.

Something, manifestly, should be done to remedy this "great refusal" of our theatre to recognise and reverence the accomplished fact of greatness. Some Villon should arise, to chant a tragical

ballade demanding an answer to the question, "Where are the plays of yesterday?" . . . *Man and Superman, The Mollusc, Mid-Channel, Michael and His Lost Angel, Hindle Wakes, The Admirable Crichton*—why should plays so eminent as these be left to gather dust upon the shelf when they might be gathering applause behind the footlights?

The answer is that neither in England nor in America does there exist a national theatre—like the Théâtre Français—which has been chartered to perpetuate the milestones and the monuments of the dramaturgic genius of the nation. Our people, furthermore, are singularly lacking in the instinct for conservation. In America—at least—we have no past; and this is probably the reason why we overvalue the present and bet too heavily upon the future. We lose our breath in chasing the elusive light of novelty, and lack serenity to settle down and contemplate the landmarks of the road that we have travelled.

It has been proved in practice that the repertory system—which works easily and economically in the national and municipal theatres of France and Germany—cannot be imposed successfully upon the public of New York. Our people are not accustomed to a change of bill from night to night; they expect the run of any play—however long or short its period—to be, at least, continuous; and the experience of Mr. Winthrop Ames at the New Theatre, and Mr. Granville Barker at Wallack's, and Miss Grace George at the Playhouse, convinced all three of these experimenting managers that any change of programme between a Monday and a Saturday was disconcerting and discouraging to the ticket-buying public. People who came to the box-office with money in their hands to buy tickets for a certain play would go away again when they discovered that another piece was to be given on the night in question. But no experimental manager has yet discovered an objection to a fre-

quent change of programme, provided that the run of each successive play shall be continuous, and provided also that the date for each successive change of bill shall be clearly and emphatically impressed upon the public.

We have not had a first-class stock company in New York for more than a dozen years. Is there any irremediable reason why such a company should not be organised at present, for the specific purpose of recalling to the attention of the theatre-going public a series of great plays by great authors—all of which have been written since 1893 [and therefore in conformity with the conventions of the contemporary theatre], and all of which have been written by British or American authors [and therefore in conformity with standards of taste to which our theatre-going public is accustomed]; is there any real reason why a stock company, that should never present a single play which had not already been approved by the public and praised by every critic as a masterpiece, should fail to be supported by the thousands and thousands of people who are interested eagerly in studying the best that has been thought and said in the contemporary drama?

A scheme for such an institution has recently occurred to me; and though I have not as yet found time, in the midst of many labours, to work out all of the details, I am ready at least to outline the essential principles of the undertaking. I offer this prospectus freely to any manager who may be willing to put it into practice; and I should be very glad to lend a helping hand toward the establishment of the sort of stock company that I have in mind.

First of all, it would be necessary to rent a theatre outright for a season of thirty weeks, beginning in October. Perhaps some semi-abandoned playhouse that is not so very distant from the centre of the theatre district—like the Garrick, for example—might be secured at a rental that would be comparatively low. Next, it would be necessary to assemble a well-balanced company of

experienced professional actors. The acting should be of a high order of excellence; and there should be no dallying with beginners or with amateurs. That it is not by any means impossible to collect the sort of company that I have in mind, was proved by Mr. Winthrop Ames in his experiment at the New Theatre and again by Miss Grace George in her more recent experiment at the Playhouse.

During the season of thirty weeks, precisely fifteen plays should be produced, and each play should be performed two weeks, and two weeks only, regardless of its comparative success or failure. The entire programme of fifteen plays to be presented should be announced before the beginning of the season, and subscriptions should be asked for on the strength of this announcement. Every item on the list, without exception, should be a play originally written in the English language, since 1892, by some author of acknowledged excellence—a play, moreover, which ran for many weeks or months when it was first produced, and is now regarded by a consensus of both popular and critical opinion as a masterpiece according to its kind.

These requirements are high; but it is by no means difficult to find plays that fulfil them. Here, for instance, is a list of fifteen plays, of many kinds, that might be offered as the programme for the initial season:—*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Gay Lord Quex*, by Sir Arthur Pinero; *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, by Henry Arthur Jones; *Candida* and *Man and Superman*, by George Bernard Shaw; *The Admirable Crichton* and *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*, by Sir James Matthew Barrie; *The Mollusc*, by Hubert Henry Davies; *The Silver Box*, by John Galsworthy; *Don*, by Rudolf Besier; *Hindle Wakes*, by Stanley Houghton; *The Easiest Way*, by Eugene Walter; *The Truth*, by Clyde Fitch; *The Witching Hour*, by Augustus Thomas; and *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, by Eleanor Gates.

This list has been written rapidly

and almost at random; and it would be very easy to draw up several other programmes of fifteen well-remembered plays that would be equally attractive. If a stock company of experienced and well-known actors should offer to produce these fifteen plays [or fifteen other plays of equal interest] in thirty weeks, would it be very difficult to secure subscriptions for the season on the strength of this announcement? The public would be assured in advance that every play would be worth seeing, and that every play would be well acted; and the management would be certain in advance that every play would be reviewed with critical approval by a press that could be counted on, for once, to be unanimous.

Every encouragement should be offered to induce the theatre-going public to subscribe for the entire season of fifteen plays. Thus, the seats in the orchestra might be sold to subscribers for a dollar and a half and to non-subscribers for two dollars, the seats in the balcony might be sold to subscribers for a dollar and to non-subscribers for a dollar and a half, and the seats in the gallery might be sold to subscribers for twenty-five cents and to non-subscribers for fifty cents. Season tickets for the balcony and gallery, admitting the purchaser to one performance of each of the fifteen plays, should be offered in blocks of ten or more, at even cheaper rates, to students of our colleges and schools and workers in our social settlements.

If I am right in thinking that my own students at Columbia are not exceptional but representative, and that there are thousands of people in New York who are eager for an opportunity to make acquaintance, or renew acquaintance, with the acknowledged masterpieces of our modern English drama, it would not be difficult to secure sustained support for a season of fifteen plays of the quality that has been indicated by the tentative list which I have ventured to suggest. The force of habit is as strong in theatre-going as it is in every other exercise of energy; and

I believe that these people would soon acquire and enjoy the habit of sitting in the same seat, on the same evening, every other week, to see an adequate performance of a play whose merit is known to be unquestionable.

A considerable amount of the working capital of this hypothetical institution would be furnished by subscriptions—after the plays had been selected, and the company had been engaged, and a prospectus [announcing both plays and company] had been published. But, of course, the major portion of the capital would have to be supplied by some commercial manager who believed in the idea, or borrowed from certain public-spirited citizens of the type concerned in the directorate of the Metropolitan Opera House. An initial investment of not less than one hundred thousand dollars would be necessary, in order that the director of the undertaking should be able, at the outset, to lease a theatre for thirty weeks and to engage a company of experienced actors for the same period. I believe, however, that the first season would return a profit of at least ten thousand dollars, or ten per cent. on the original investment; and I believe, also, that the percentage of profit would be increased in subsequent seasons.

Frankness compels me to confess that, when it comes to high finance, I feel myself being dragged out, by an undertow, beyond my depth; I am not accustomed to think easily in thousands; but I know, at least, that the sort of institution which I advocate could be conducted much more cheaply than the average theatre on Broadway.

In the first place, it is cheaper to lease outright a semi-abandoned theatre for a period of thirty weeks than to secure admission to an active theatre, and to continue tenure, for the same period. In the second place, the rate of royalty that has to be paid to a great author for a great play which is more than three years old, is considerably less than the rate of royalty that has to be paid to an inconsiderable author for a new play

that may turn out to be devoid of merit. By a blanket arrangement that could easily be made with the agents who have been deputed to represent the authors, the fifteen plays enumerated in the list which I have ventured to suggest could be produced at a fixed royalty of two hundred dollars a week; and this is much less than the royalty that has to be paid for any new play that is not an arrant failure. In the third place, a considerable saving could be made in the matter of adjusting the salaries of the actors. Many excellent performers who customarily demand two hundred dollars a week for their services would be willing to join the sort of company I have in mind at a salary of one hundred dollars a week. On this point, I speak with knowledge, for I have talked with several actors about the proposition. Any actor who might join this hypothetical company would be assured of thirty weeks of continuous employment, instead of the usual two weeks; he would be assured of an entire season on Broadway; and he would also be assured of a certain opportunity, within a single season, for playing fifteen different parts, each written by an author of acknowledged eminence, before the eyes of every manager and critic in New York. In view of these three inducements, which would be absolutely guaranteed, there is scarcely an experienced actor in the profession who would not willingly accept a considerable diminution in his customary salary. The reason why many actors demand a salary of three or four hundred dollars a week is merely that, after they have rehearsed for nothing for three weeks, the play may fail and they may be summarily discarded from employment, with only two or three weeks' pay for five or six weeks' work. These same actors could be signed up, at half salary, for a metropolitan season that was guaranteed to last for thirty weeks.

The expense for scenery in the sort of theatre that has been suggested would be extremely slight. In most cases, the very scenery that was employed in the

original American productions of the plays could be rescued from the storehouse at a merely nominal expenditure for transportation. Furthermore, the current cult of scenery, which has perhaps been over-emphasised in recent seasons, would be properly subordinated to a recognition of the primary importance of the contributions of the author and the actors.

Two reasons have actuated the suggestion that a change of programme should be made not weekly but fortnightly. In the first place, it has frequently been indicated [as in the case of *Candida*] that a great play, whenever it may be revived, can crowd the theatre in New York for at least sixteen performances. In the second place, it is desirable to avoid any overworking of the actors. An established play—in which the "business" has already been worked out and recorded—can easily be rehearsed and acted by a company of experienced performers within the short time of a single week. If a fortnightly change of bill should be established, the actors would not be required to rehearse at all during the first week of the run of any play: they would begin rehearsals of the subsequent production only at the outset of the second week of the play that was being currently performed in public.

A permanent stock company of no more than a dozen artists would suffice for the casting of most of the plays that would be listed in the programme. Other actors might be engaged, as guests, from time to time, to supplement the cast of any particular production. Though the entire list of fifteen plays should be promised to subscribers in advance, and no renegation of this programme should afterward be counte-

nanced, it would not be necessary to establish in advance the order in which the various plays should be exhibited. By such a reservation, it might be possible [for instance] to arrange a date for the promised two weeks' run of *Candida* at a time when Arnold Daly did not happen to be acting in any other play. Mr. Daly might then be invited, as a guest of the permanent stock company, to resume, for that particular fortnight, his original rôle of Marchbanks. This principle has been established for many years in the municipal theatres of Germany; and it has recently been exemplified in New York by the gracious gesture of the Washington Square Players in inviting Mary Shaw to resume her original rôle of Mrs. Alving in their projected revival of Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

In suggesting a rather random list of fifteen plays for presentation in the course of the initial season of this hypothetical stock company, I have not attempted to arrange them in the order of production. The season, of course, should open with a pleasant comedy; and, thereafter, plays of serious complexion should alternate with plays of lighter mood. But it is only at one single little point that my own mind, in this regard, has already been made up. I should like to see the season terminated by an eloquent performance of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*, the masterpiece of Barrie—so that the almost intolerably lovely speeches of Alice in the final act should seem to serve as a sort of valedictory to the public after many months of beautiful endeavour; and I should like to hear these speeches read once more—as they were read of old—by another great guest who would be welcomed by the company and by the theatre-going public.—Ethel Barrymore.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

IN *The Madness of May* Mr. Nicholson is altogether spirited and delightful, a romancer and master of fantasy released from the bondage to which his will has too often reduced him—the bondage of being a sober interpreter of American life and character. Fancy has its own interpretation, and there is more human nature and truth in this holiday excursion than in many of this writer's earnest journeys in quest of the real. And the book has its "idea," gracefully bound up with its nonsense and its sentiment and its very adroit and amusing plot. Of course the whole thing may be pricked and exploded easily enough, by those who like to destroy beautiful bubbles. Regarded in the stern light of reason, the potential villainy of the Deerings, father and son, is not highly probable; but thereby hangs the tale, and Mr. Nicholson presents it to us with a smile and a shrug, as the kind of thing called for by the conditions. He has more than once expressed his ironical enjoyment of the absurdities of convention: "The long arm of coincidence

beckons us," cries the R. Hood of this narrative. We shall test for ourselves all the claptrap of the highest-priced novelists. And plenty of contrivance follows, but not by way of burlesque: all our coincidences, in fact, are satisfactorily resolved and accounted for before we have done with them. The story must not be told here, lest its fairy savour be spoiled for new readers. It is a story to be read by all honest lovers of romance in terms of whimsy.

The Light in the Clearing is another fine and characteristic performance by an old favourite. Mr. Bacheller sees life always through a glow of kindly emotion. He is sentimental, if you like, but we do not suspect him, as we must suspect some of our professionally "glad" story-tellers, of cultivating and purveying sentiment as a commodity. He has a sincere faith in human goodness, in honour and the simple virtues as they may be raised to a high power of effectiveness by strength and purity of will. Hence the zest with which, in the present tale, he revivifies the figure of an American who failed to achieve the height of official greatness only because his ambitions were upon a less spectacular plane. It is Silas Wright's purity and nobility of character, his eminence in his own time as a touchstone of the moral and social virtues, which inspire Mr. Bacheller to show him to us in his natural setting. In his Preface he quotes with approval the summary by Wright's colleague in the Senate, Benton of Missouri: "He refused Cabinet appointments under his fast friend Van Buren and under Polk, whom he may be said to have elected. He refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; he rejected instantly the nomination of

**The Madness of May*. By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Light in the Clearing. By Irving Bacheller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Slippy McGee. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company.

Peter Sanders, Retired. By Gordon Hall Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If Wishes Were Horses. By the Countess Barcyńska. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Changing Winds. By St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Ford. By Mary Austin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Aurora the Magnificent. By Gertrude Hall. New York: The Century Company.

1844 for Vice-President; he refused to be put in nomination for the Presidency. He spent that time in declining office which others did in winning it. The offices he did accept, it might well be said, were thrust upon him. He was born great and above office and unwillingly descended to it." This extraordinary figure it is the purpose of the romancer to present, not as the central figure in a political novel, but as the good genius of a countryside and of a nation. His story proper has to do with the adventures and development of a youth of Wright's own "north country," as Mr. Bacheller calls it, one Barton Baynes, who is taken up and befriended by Wright, and who is destined to follow in the great man's footsteps as a power for good in the national life. But this sounds rather dry, and dry the story is not. Mr. Bacheller not only places his romance in the thirties and forties, but succeeds in making that period and its people "come alive" for us. He is wise in setting his action in his own rural northern New York, which was Silas Wright's region, for this writer is always happiest in his interpretation of country folk and country ways. The little farm on "Rattleroad in a neighbourhood called Liketysplit," where the orphaned Bart was reared is typical of millions of homes then and now. City men often forget, when they condescend to exploit the country for literary or literary-commercial purposes, that the national life is there, the essence of it and the bulk of it—and that it is city folks and city ways that are actually outlandish, and often ludicrous. Of Silas Wright and Bart Baynes and the solid, homely Americanism they stand for, Mr. Bacheller has told a moving tale. He himself honestly possesses that gift of experience and of sympathy which, in his Epilogue he demands of the American of the future: "Wanted by all the people—a servant born of those who serve and aspire, who has known want and trouble and all that passes in the Little House of the Poor:

. . . Who has felt in his heart the weakness and the strength of his brothers and, above all, the divinity that dwells in them."

Mrs. Oemler's *Slippy McGee* is a story of similar temper—a book of optimism, a document for universal human service, in the form of a romantic story. But the story itself, like Mr. Bacheller's, is quite able to stand on its own feet. They are both stories of the "built" kind, with plots carefully framed and balanced, and the human types generally recognised as available for such a plot. Both stories contain the handsome young hero, the handsome young villain, the wicked rich man, the lovely heroine who is nearly forced by worldly parents to marry the wrong man, the benign adult whose influence counts for so much. Slippy himself presents a modern motive which has no parallel in Mr. Bacheller's tale: the crook motive. It has become over-familiar in recent fiction and drama: but this story presents it in a fresh and impressive way. Slippy McGee is that triumph in romance, the apotheosis of his type. To begin with he is the now familiar great criminal, prince of the underworld, greatest cracksman in America, and all that. But the present action begins at the moment when his professional greatness ends perforce—when he is cast up, a cripple and a derelict, upon the quiet shores of a little Georgia village. The good angel of Appleboro, the priest-aristocrat De Rancé, tells the story. It is he who rescues the forlorn and rebellious Slippy, restores him to life, and sets him in the way of a second career of great usefulness and eminence. But the ex-cracksman is not reformed outright. Pride in his old craft dies hard, and the habit of it still harder. Much of our interest in the long process of his rehabilitation lies in our recurrent fears that he may relapse and all the good padre's effort and love go for nothing. More than once the fatal backward step is pre-

vented by a sort of miracle. Love and righteousness triumph in the end. Slippy ceases to be, and John Flint comes into his full being, the distinguished entomologist, the beloved friend of all Attleboro. The skill of Slippy, to be sure, is to display itself once more in dramatically cutting the knot which denies happiness to the maiden of John Flint's not altogether hapless love. One has to blink details a little, as always in romance. That Father De Rancé, whose own style is so totally (and, one must think, needlessly) humourless, should be able to report, *verbatim et seriatim*, Slippy's outrageously correct lingo of the gutters is, taken literally, absurd. However she may choose to employ these conventions of the story-romancer's art, it is notable that Mrs. Oemler, herself a Southerner, takes a vigorous fling at more than one shibboleth, notably that hollow convention of colonialism and "Southern chivalry" which story-tellers have been wont to handle so tenderly.

The motive of *Peter Sanders, Retired*, is not altogether dissimilar. Sanders, like Slippy McGee, has been in his way an enemy of society, leader of a dubious profession. He, also, is forced to "retire," and only by degrees comes to be reconciled to his loss of occupation, and to find something other and better to do with the rest of his days. But this is less a "built" story and more a study of character. The case of Slippy McGee and John Flint is represented as a sort of case of dual personality—the one is the antithesis of the other, and no opportunity is lost to point and emphasise the contrast. Peter Sanders, on the other hand, is by no means a bad sort to begin with. What we assist at is a gradual change in point of view and emphasis rather than a radical change of character. Sanders, the famous gambler, with his magnificent and discreet establishment for duly accredited and solvent guests, has not spent his years as the desperate criminal openly at odds with the powers. He has existed rather

by friendly arrangement with them, till a young and ambitious district attorney comes along and chooses Sanders as a spectacular target for his newly forged weapon of reform. Through his attorney, Sanders is warned that he must choose between exile from New York and Sing Sing. To Sanders, at sixty, with his established and not altogether bad eminence, his luxurious dwelling, above all his great collection of valuable books, this comes as a shock, almost an outrage. He has always done honourably according to his code, he has never been seriously disturbed; and he closes his establishment and sets out for Europe in no pleasant or resigned mood—determined at the first opportunity, when this new political broom shall have gone the way of its kind, to return to business at the old stand. He is a bachelor, of few friends, a man of naturally sensitive nature veiled by surface cynicism—a lonely man as he sets out to drift about the world with a single faithful servant (a mere type, this man, the faithful British butler of tradition). On shipboard and here and there during his wanderings in Europe takes place a series of tentative *rapprochement* with divers fellow-beings whose only advantage over him rests upon their respectability as members of society. Meanwhile, he finds himself increasingly homesick for America, and presently returns under an assumed name. The mild adventures which follow involve his growing familiarity with and liking for the good dull people who make up the orderly world. And here is where Mr. Gerould's method differs most strikingly from Mrs. Oemler's. It would not have been a difficult thing to provide Peter Sanders with a few sensational adventures of body and soul through which he might have been, as it were, forced out of his cocoon and shown in his hitherto concealed glory as a leader and healer of men, or what not—like the gorgeous butterflies upon which McGee-Flint founds his later fame, and which are to be taken as symbolic of

him. But if the soul of Peter Sanders does, in the course of this narrative, emerge, he remains a modest, grey moth of a man. He becomes, with his tongue in his cheek, a maker of perambulators; he honestly cherishes the decent social recognition to which he has risen, becomes, in a way, a lover of his kind: and that is all. That is enough, many of us may well think who prefer Mr. Howells (of whom this book faintly reminds one) to, let us say, Sir Gilbert Parker.

If we were to take Martin Leffley at his face value as the central figure of *If Wishes Were Horses*, we should find it difficult to read the story with patience. He is not far from a caricature of the selfish, unprincipled British bounder who tries to lift himself by the bootstraps to eminence and the respect of his fellow-men. He is clever enough to invent a temperance drink, and to profit by it; to become an effective speaker, and a member of Parliament at the price of serving as tool of a faction. But he is not clever enough to see that, for the likes of him, honesty is at least the best policy, decency of life the only hope of permanent advancement in the social and moral scale. His eventual enlightenment and change of heart are rather too much like conversion: we can be glad only for his wife's sake. But indeed it is for her sake, and for that of the doughty old aunt who sees her nephew so clearly and despises him so frankly for what she sees, that we are glad of the book at all. These two women, utterly different in character and point of view, are admirably drawn. Aunt Polly, the sophisticated old bird of many passages, with her mordant philosophy, her keenness of eye, her utter kindness of heart where kindness is deserved, is a figure not to be readily forgotten. As for Rose Leffley the wife, she is the immortal woman who conquers by sweetness and goodness, whose mental limitations are as nothing in view of her tenacity of

character—the woman whom life cannot defeat. With the aid of Martin Leffley, it does its best to defeat her, to overwhelm her, but she wins in the end—wins even Martin, such as he is. The two Leffley children also, youth of the second generation with their ruthless honesty and desire for sound and honourable living on their own terms, are notable portraits. We are asked to believe a little too much in believing that even the pusillanimous Martin deliberately exposes his daughter to the approaches of a noted rake for the sake of his personal advancement. After all our bother with him we cannot feel that this alleged male, this Martin Leffley of the programme, is anything better than a dummy or a bogey, a deliberate foil for feminine force and virtue to display itself against. But there is much feminine force and virtue here.

Changing Winds, by the author of *Mrs. Martin's Man* and *Alice and a Family*, is a book with a man in it, though without a hero in the romantic sense. Our Henry Quinn of Ulster is by no means of that kidney. He has the sensitiveness of his race without its hardihood, is a physical coward even. Luckily he is not, like so many of our budding "artists" of fiction, a moral and spiritual poltroon. His rugged and aggressive father's devotion to him is no doubt possible because he feels in the boy, beneath his apparent weakness, essential elements of strength. This is the story of the gradual development of those elements by contact with life. It is also a portrait of modern Ireland, in all its complexity and flux. Quinn senior is an Orangeman and a Unionist, but despises England and her works. "The motive of his Unionism, however, was neither loyalty to England nor terror of Rome; it was wholly and unashamedly a matter of commerce. . . . 'We've got our teeth in their skins, an' they're shellin' out their money gran'! That's what the Union's for—to make them keep on shellin' out their money.

An' instead of tellin' the people to bite deeper an' get more money out of them, the fools of Nationalists is tellin' them to take their teeth out! Never! he would exclaim passionately, 'never, while there's a shillin' in an English pocket!'" Mr. Quinn, who loves the vernacular, is an Irish gentleman, bred at Trinity College, Dublin. In that institution he has small confidence, but it is Irish; therefore his son, whom he wishes to be an Irishman above everything, is to go there. Sending him to a good English school, however, is not the best of preparations: there Henry makes an Irish fourth to an English trio of schoolboys. The bond between them is so strong that their years at Cambridge and his at Dublin—uninspired years for him—cannot separate them. He does not lack interest in Ireland, but he cannot respond to the new movements which are already in full swing in the direction of asserting the national character and restoring the national tongue and customs and political independence. It all seems fantastic and artificial to him, he has no strong sense of allegiance to Ireland as opposed to England. In England, indeed, are his best friends, and there is to be his chosen home. Reluctantly his father lets him go to London, where, with his three friends, he is presently at work. He is to be a novelist, another of the friends is a playwright, a third an engineer, and the fourth a lawyer. They all succeed, and together form the nucleus of a little group of political and social speculators who call themselves the Improved Tories, and who serve as touchstone—yes, this must be said—for the author's opinions of recent England. There is much plain speaking in this connection, and I notice that some reviewers are shocked or outraged by it. To me, at worst it is in refreshingly bad taste. And, after all, the story is the main thing. Its culminating phase is the now inevitable one in fiction: the four friends and the Britain they stand for are put to the fiery test of war. Presently one after

another has paid the extreme price, and Henry Quinn survives to face his responsibility alone. Successful work as a novelist lies before him on the one side, and a happy marriage—and his grim duty on the other. How in the end he is reconciled to it and goes forth without fear or regret to his death, is the substance of the closing scene in a story of uncommon range and power.

Of the central figure in *The Ford* also it must be said that he is not the robust male type born to impose itself upon the world without hesitation and without failure. Kenneth Brent is son of a California sheep-rancher whom misfortune has balked of the success his skill and industry deserve. The boy is much like his father, but permits himself to be urged into the field of "big business"—the development and financial exploitation of California lands and treasures. Kenneth becomes secretary and confidential legal ferret of the great man of the district, Rickart, in whose hands lies the determining power in a vast number of enterprises and "deals" connected with the opening up of the country. The portrait of Rickart is to me the most interesting thing in the book. He has the name of a man without heart or conscience, is indeed utterly without ruth for anybody or anything who may get in the way of his schemes. For example, though he has a high regard for Kenneth's father, and a real affection for Kenneth himself, he permits them to go to the wall more than once when they present themselves as slight obstacles in his path. Any project upon which he has set his mind becomes in a way sacred. He cannot conceive of any consideration which ought to interfere with his straight journey to his end—or rather his straightest possible journey, for to Rickart the end justifies the means, and no means is too devious if it be necessary. In short, finance as he practises it, appears a series of applied Prussianism—a phenomenon by no means without

parallel among our greater "captains of industry" and generals of finance. The decisive moment in Kenneth's life, the moment of his meeting with the angel at the ford, and his successful struggle for his own soul, is that in which he first realises the colossal selfishness of Rickart's creed, and deliberately opposes himself to it. Incidentally he throws into the balance not only his relations with Rickart, but his one chance to be "in" on a vast stroke of business which would have assured his fortune and his position in the world of finance. His rebellion does not cost Rickart much, or bring Kenneth any reward better than a knowledge of his own path, and the will to choose it. This is a story of fine feeling and (to use a wooden term) exceptional workmanship. Its four women might be taken as a microcosm of the modern world of women: the selfish, shallow, pleasure-seeking type, who is Kenneth's mother; his sister Anne, the cool-headed, staving sort, able to cope with men, at least with business men, on their own ground; the beautiful and rattle-headed Virginia, who wishes to reform the world and live the rights of woman and preach the rights of mankind, and cannot rule her own household or her own soul; and womanly Ellis, strong in her birthright of goodness and health—the type of Martin Leffley's wife—whom Kenneth is lucky enough to marry.

On the whole, one feels that Mrs. Austin's personal admiration is for Anne, with her strength of mind and will, her power to cope with men and things upon their own terms, rather than for Ellis, who remains a figure relatively misty and impersonal. A far more striking interpretation of womanliness triumphant is *Aurora the Magnificent*. In a rough sense, she is of a type long a familiar in fiction—the American girl of crude upbringing and impossible manners who is abruptly submitted to the test of contact with an ultra-civilised society. Nothing could

be more preposterous than the chance which imposes Mrs. Aurora Hawthorne, as she calls herself, upon age-mellowed, fastidious Florence. She might have been the daughter of a Cape Cod pilot and still have acquired some elements of taste and decorum, might at least have learned grammatical speech. Not so: she bursts upon the little Florentine world with her full Yankee flavour merely tinged by, and as it were set free by contact with, the ebullient West. She sees nothing in Florence's treasures of art, and makes no bones of her blindness. She cheerfully furnishes the great house which her new wealth permits her to take, according to the abominable standards of her "home town." Under the tutelage of the old playmate and ex-schoolmistress who is her companion, she tries laughingly to curb a few "breaks" of speech in public; but she has no real sense of inferiority to the courteous and sophisticated people to whom, by degrees, she becomes known. That she is not a serious cause of offence to them is the beginning of the miracle—a miracle of womanly character making itself perceived through the crudeness, the "freshness," the sheer buffoonery of the girl busy with her "good time." In the hands of most story-tellers, the development of the situation would be obvious. Either the girl would retire defeated, a sadder and somewhat wiser woman, from her hopeless encounter with the kind of society the late Henry James used to label "the better sort," or "the finer grain;" or she would be more or less violently reformed and converted into that thing of horror, a perfect lady. Neither of these dull and null events is permitted to happen—one feels that it could not happen with this Aurora whose magnificence is a magnificence of heart and soul such as the possession of taste and manners would not materially affect in one way or another. All this is brought out and pointed by the central episode of Aurora's romance. She has had her experience of men, a luckless marriage,

a fine friendship or two. Her wealth she owes to the gratitude of a man—and his daughters have dragged her name through the mire in the attempt to wrest it from her. A good solid American wants her. But he is too much her own type, she requires a complement, and finds it almost beyond be-

lief in Gerald Fane, Florentine-American, painter and connoisseur, sombre of mind and lonely of heart till the magnificent Aurora swims, in spite of him, into the centre of his consciousness. That this can be for the good of both of them, you will not believe—till you have read their story.

TO A LIBRARIAN

BY GUSTAV DAVIDSON

Your dwelling is a temple of great minds
Whose dreams lie pregnant in these countless tomes
Crowding about you. The grandeur that was Rome's
Survives in the storied page; here Egypt finds

Her works of art reclaimed, for the vast winds
Which bore them down are conquered by the thought;
And Greece that with a song great empire wrought
Still to herself the whole world's kinship binds.

Dante and Shakespeare and the lights of France,
Goethe and Ibsen and the Slavic soul
That stirred his nation's pulse—beat side by side!

You are their guardian. In the casual glance
Daily you view the mighty honour roll
Of minds that felt and leaped to God's own pride!

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

FRANK DILNOT'S "LLOYD GEORGE:
THE MAN AND HIS STORY"*

THE Great War was still in its first half year when a document went the rounds of the American press, which purported to be a just-found posthumous writing of Count Leo Tolstoy. It was a prophecy foretelling the war and its devastations. The authorship of this document was promptly denied by the Tolstoy family, and indeed there was little about it that sounded like the point of view of the great Russian thinker. It was the usual sort of thing that crops up in the wake of any great happening. But it contained one thing that no other of the "prophecies" contained. It foretold how, during the latter period of the war, a "Man from the North," of obscure origin, should come to be the foremost figure of the great conflict, and a leader of the reconstruction that should come after peace had been won. There was some idle speculation as to this personality, then the pressure of catastrophal facts soon drove the "prophecy" out of the public mind. By some strange kink of the brain it flashed back into the memory of the present writer in reading Mr. Dilnot's book. For in this Welshman, the son of a poor school teacher, brought up by his uncle, a village cobbler, we have indeed a "Man of the North" who is now undeniably the foremost figure of the great conflict, and who, though an autocrat at present, is yet the greatest democrat English statesmanship has ever produced. Lloyd George, the present Prime Minister of England, shares with Emperor Wilhelm the honour of being the moving spirit of the world catastrophe. Generals and ad-

mirals may play their part for a time, but out of the swelter rise the two leading figures—the autocrat of democracy, and the autocrat of monarchy—confronting one another as representatives of two great forces struggling for world dominion.

The story of David Lloyd George is one of the most romantic and striking that all history has to show. And we are indebted to Mr. Dilnot for a simple, sincere and engaging description of this remarkable Man of Destiny. To the average American, impatient of backgrounds, and forgetting anything but what is headlined in the newspapers to-day, Lloyd George is a creation of the Great War. But David Lloyd George was a personality in England long before the war. At an age when many men whose lives have fallen in far easier places are still struggling to prove their worth, this obscure Welshman had already set all England by the ears, and like his namesake, the Judean shepherd boy, had hurled his defiance against the Goliath of English landlordism, against the most sacred vested right known to the modern world. And, as in the ancient tale, the tiny stone brought the giant down, and David Lloyd George broke the century-long power of the House of Lords. No attack was too bitter to be hurled at him, no appellation sufficiently venomous to express the angry scorn and contempt of flaunted aristocracy against this democrat who had dared to storm the sacred stronghold of hereditary ownership of land. And yet to-day this most-hated man in England

. . . rules England, rules her with an absoluteness granted to no man, king or statesman, since the British became a nation. A reserved people like the British, conservative by instinct, with centuries of caste feeling behind them, have unreserved-

*Lloyd George: The Man and His Story. By Frank Dilnot. New York: Harper and Brothers.

ly and with acclamation placed their fate in the hands of one who began life as a village boy.

Any single step in the career of Lloyd George would have been enough to fill the life of even a gifted man. But this man has gone on from startling step to startling step, until this simple unvarnished tale of it, giving only facts that are well known, but bringing the extraordinary personality of the man clear before us, reads like a production of unbridled imagination.

It was in 1866 that Richard Lloyd, cobbler of the village of Llanystumdwy in North Wales, took upon himself the burden of support of his widowed sister and her little son and daughter. Richard Lloyd was not only kind, but wise as well, and as the little lad grew and thrived under his protection he realised that the boy had an unusually keen, alert mind. He realised also that it would be a crime to condemn such a mind to a life of hard manual labour. With his small savings, representing a life of toil, he gave young David an education and a start in the practice of law. These facts as told by Mr. Dilnot from well-authenticated sources, dispose of tales rife at the time of the famous Budget fight, to the effect that Lloyd George was an "ignorant Welsh miner, an uneducated demagogue" and more such unworthy accusations that came from his titled antagonists. It is amusing, and characteristic, to learn that the first exploit by which David Lloyd George distinguished himself among his comrades of the village school was the organisation of a revolt against the custom of forcing the children of non-Conformists to go to church on Ash Wednesday and recite the Church Catechism and the Apostles' Creed. The revolt was put down and the youthful ringleader punished, but the practice of forcing Church dogmas into the mouths of children was stopped.

The spirit of revolt against blind authority and tradition, once awakened, remained the motive of all Lloyd George's acts. In his own village and in

all the countryside, the boy noted, and rebelled in the soul of him at the absolute power enjoyed by the lords of the soil over the bodies of their tenants. The organs of public opinion, school, press, Church and courts of law were in the service of the landlords, and in his early years as a poor and struggling solicitor David Lloyd George fought one battle after another to free the bench at least from magistrates who could judge only as the lord of the manor desired that they should. A now forgotten case, the burial of an old quarryman in Church of England ground but with non-Conformist rites, which Lloyd George put through, made him famous in all Wales at twenty-five and brought him the Liberal nomination for Parliamentary candidate. His chief opponent was the squire of his native village, and in this first apparently hopeless fight against British landlordism the young democrat won. From then on, until the great achievement of his early career as a Cabinet Minister, the famous Budget of 1910, called by many the most important event happening in England since the signing of Magna Charta, the "boy politician" was ever the centre of excitement. His antagonists tried to explain his growing fame by ascribing it alone to his flamboyant oratory. But each new exploit, each new development of his career, was an unexpected shock that gave the lie to all their assertions.

The story of the great Budget fight is well told, except that Mr. Dilnot does not quite seem to grasp the fundamental character of this first attack on the stronghold of landlordocracy. To him the social insurance features of the Budget are of equal importance; but the social insurance schemes would never have roused the fossilised House of Lords to a bitter struggle which forever lost them their power to interfere in financial legislation in the United Kingdom. It was not even the little "half-penny on the pound" of land-value taxation that so embittered them. It was the instituting of a regular system, to be repeated every few years, of

correct valuation of the land of England, thus showing the people of England to whom the land of England really belongs, that the Lords could not stomach. This they fought with a venomous vehemence which was anything but noble or even gentlemanly. Mr. Dilnot slurs over these details slightly, but they are fresh in the minds of many here who watched with bated breath this first meeting of two great forces, feudalism and democracy. All England was at white heat, but Lloyd George, gallantly upheld by Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, won out and the House of Lords was shorn forever of some of its most dangerous prerogatives.

It is one of the ironies of fate that the man who won this battle for democracy should now be the great autocrat of England, and that, in his whole-souled desire to win the war for his country, he should find himself compelled to turn on the man who had always befriended him, always believed in him. The supplanting of Mr. Asquith by Lloyd George in the position of Prime Minister is truly one of the minor tragedies of the World Tragedy, when considered in the light of a decade of friendship between the two men.

The career of Lloyd George since the war began, and his gradual rise to international fame as a great centre figure of the conflict, is better known here than the story of his earlier battle for democracy. But it is well worth reading in Mr. Dilnot's telling of it, and the glimpses of the personal side of the man ring true. The last chapter, on what the future holds for Lloyd George, and what task will be his after the war, gives food for much thought. This it was that called the forgotten prophecy to mind. And indeed in this *Man of the North* we may have, as Mr. Dilnot believes, the man who can lead in the great work of reconstruction as he now undoubtedly, for a large portion of the civilised world, leads in the task of destruction. Our thanks are due to Mr.

Dilnot for the most plausible picture yet given us of the most extraordinary man of the epoch.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

II

WILFRID LAY'S "MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS CONFLICT"*

The remarkable discoveries of the newer psychology, and especially those made through psychoanalysis, are as yet familiar to a comparatively small number of people. The vast majority have an idea of the work of Freud and Jung about as definite and as accurate as was that of those who believed Darwinism to be merely a somewhat absurd theory that our great-grandparents were monkeys. And yet there is no person possessed of even average intelligence who could not profit by a knowledge of those discoveries, while to all whose business it is to deal with mankind, whether as teachers or writers, employers or politicians, such knowledge would seem almost indispensable, because of the flood of light it throws on the words and acts, motives and thoughts of people in general—and of our individual selves in particular.

This eminently useful knowledge has, however, seldom been put in the brief, simple, comprehensive form which appeals to the general reader, and that is one among many reasons for welcoming Dr. Lay's fascinating and very practical book. Here we find psychoanalysis applied to such every-day problems as our reluctance to get up in the morning—a reluctance shared by great and small, for did not Marcus Aurelius remonstrate with his soul regarding his desire to remain comfortably in bed instead of getting up and going to work?—likes and dislikes, fears, education, many illnesses, lack of concentration, the popularity of motion-pictures, and that most perplexing of riddles, why certain men fall in love with certain women and *vice versa*.

**Man's Unconscious Conflict*. By Wilfrid Lay, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The consequent revelations are not always flattering to our self-esteem, and more than one cherished theory is ruthlessly demolished. For instance, the "mothering" of a husband by his wife, so generally praised, is, according to Dr. Lay, "a kind of action which is likely to cause the greatest unhappiness," while a large amount of what we call sympathy proves far less admirable than we are prone to believe. But the book is decidedly more constructive than destructive. And it tells us much about the nearly exhaustless possibilities of the Unconscious, that Titan, who delights in cheating us, in making us "think that what we see is what we want to see," yet who can, if we are willing to try hard enough, be constrained to do our bidding.

We are killed, not by work but by "our own unemployed energies," declares the newer psychology; and those unemployed energies are affecting every moment of our lives, both waking and sleeping. What those unemployed energies are, what they do to us, and what we can, if we will, do to them, thereby immeasurably enriching ourselves and the world, we may learn through these exceedingly interesting pages. In one way or another, we are all teachers and critics; and to attempt to teach anyone or to criticise anyone without some acquaintance with the newer psychology is to be merely impertinent. For many centuries the precept "Know thyself" has been repeated with varying degrees of emphasis; but only in recent years has it been possible to acquire accurate information about ourselves and the "unconscious conflict" which everyone of us is waging every moment of every hour.

Louise Maunsell Field.

III

KATHERINE JUDSON'S "MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA"*

*Myths and Legends of British North America. By Katherine B. Judson. Chicago: A. C. McClurg and Company.

Fashion comes and goes. Periods of wisdom come and go, to be replaced, as likely as not, by periods of madness. There is satisfaction in the assurance that the esoteric ring of ancient lore persists in its perennial charm. Miss Judson is not a novice in the domain of our Indian mythology and folk-lore, nor does her latest contribution fall short of her former efforts in general excellence. A considerable number of fairly representative myths of the various tribes of Canadian Indians have found their way to the pages of Miss Judson's book. A large selection of well-executed cuts enhances the æsthetic appeal of the work. The author has, however, been less successful in her comments on some of these samples of Indian art. The Haida totem poles, for instance, facing the title-page do not represent "Indian genealogical trees," but carved representations of the crests or totems of one or more inmates of houses which the poles adorn. These carvings usually symbolise mythical animals or birds, although their artistic embodiments are often quite human in character. Similarly on page 60 only the first two paintings are rightly identified as of killer-whales and the next one as that of a raven. The remaining three paintings, on the other hand, have different meanings, the last one representing a mosquito. It is highly characteristic of the symbolism of this area that the representation of a mosquito cannot, without rather careful analysis, be differentiated from that of a bird or even of a huge sea mammal. Again in the cuts facing page 85, the eye-like patterns do not represent the eyes of the whale and the raven, but the joints, the style of representation being probably derived from the cross-section view of a joint. A few brief remarks from the author explaining the highly interesting peculiarities of Northwest coast art would have added much to the suggestiveness of the work without in the least detracting from its popular appeal.

No justification can be found for the promiscuous arrangement of the myths of wholly heterogeneous provenience. Even though limitation of space may be held accountable for the obviously arbitrary selection of material, the unity of form and content characteristic of the myths of specific areas ought not to have been destroyed. The time has passed when the reading public eagerly absorbed any collection of Indian myths even though it may have represented little more than a collection of myths about the Indians. Any selection or arrangement of native material, which tends to dissociate it from its natural setting, leads to a wholly erroneous impression on the mind of the reader. The author's resolve to exclude from her list all but "the quaint, the pure, and the beautiful" in the Indian's folk-lore is a most dangerous maxim. But taking the myths, such as they are given in Miss Judson's book, a more judicious arrangement would have enhanced the value of the work immeasurably. Nor is it easy to see why here also some introductory remarks about the different geographical areas and their inhabitants would not have been perfectly in place. No suggestion whatsoever, for instance, is contained in the book of the vast contrast between the life and customs of the Eskimo of the arctic littoral and those of the Northwest coast Indians. Their material accomplishments, social organisation, religious beliefs, are wholly different; and no less different are their mythologies. The minds of the coastal Indians work along highly imaginative lines, their stories abound in miraculous events, supernatural interventions, guardian spirits, powerful and ingenious culture heroes, such as the Raven or the

Mink, who introduce the arts and crafts, teach man how to entrap and ensnare the beasts of the land and the ocean, and again play vicious tricks on their human brethren. When compared to these the myths of the Eskimo are strikingly matter-of-fact. He does not worry himself about the origin of the world, nor that of animals, nor even that of man himself. His tales and traditions abound in concrete descriptive detail of traits and customs, which can still be observed in and about the snow dwellings of these northern folk. In the centre of his epic accounts the Eskimo almost invariably places man himself. Animals, giants, gnomes, supernatural creatures, play but a subordinate part. And what is true of the Eskimo and the Indians of Alaska and British Columbia applies equally to the other groups of Indians included in Miss Judson's survey. Brief ethnological sketches of each one of these preceding the collections of myths would have given depth and perspective to what otherwise presents but a loose and somewhat unintelligible mass of more or less attractive primitive lore.

It is the sincere hope of the reviewer that these critical remarks will not be interpreted as a manifestation of the specialist's pedantry. No attempt has been made to discourage the popularisation of the imaginative efforts of our Indians. These, no less than his law and ethics, his social code and religious rite, deserve to be known and appreciated in much wider circles than is at present the case. But popularisation should consist in simplification, not in misrepresentation, whether of form or substance, if justice is to be done to the memory of the receding past.

A. A. Goldenweiser.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

ONE of the most promising and interesting organisations that the war has already brought into

The Vigilantes existence and put on the firing line of work, is the Vigilantes, a society of prominent authors and illustrators, the slogan of which is "For Patriotic Purposes." The formation of such a society shows clearly a fact long suspected: that the American market is more lucrative for literary material than the English, a situation that is well illustrated by the contrast in method of the two countries. In England, immediately after hostilities were declared, a society of writers was formed to help the members of similar professions, as it was believed they would be harder hit than any others, which has been proved true. That British organisation has done yeoman work and it may be that if the price of paper soars and budding talent becomes more and more obvious, the Vigilantes will have to follow the example of their transatlantic cousins, but such time has not yet arrived and may be delayed *sine die*, if we read correctly the roster of names connected therewith.

The Executive Committee consists of Porter Emerson Browne, Monroe Douglas Robinson, Charles Hanson Towne, Thomas C. Desmond, Hermann Hagedorn, Julian Street, J. Harry Welling, Executive Secretary. With true American chivalry, the proceedings, which will last through the war and possibly thereafter, commenced with a luncheon at Delmonico's to the women members, approximately sixty of whom have been enrolled. Notable features of this function were the opening address by Augustus Thomas, the speech of Mrs. Mary Austin and the poems written and delivered by several of the poetic fraternity. Besides the

Committee, the guests comprised Gertrude Atherton, Mrs. William Faversham, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Poole, Mrs. Edwin Arlington Robinson, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Lynch, Abbie Farwell Brown, Elizabeth Dejeans, *et al.*

The objects briefly outlined by the new society are: To arouse the country to a realisation of the importance of the problems confronting the American people; to awaken and cultivate in the youth of the country a sense of public service and an intelligent interest in citizenship and national problems; to work vigorously for preparedness, mental, moral and physical; to work with especial vigour for Universal Military Training and Service under exclusive Federal control, as a basic principle of American democracy.

Although the business part of the society is not in the finished condition that it expects to be in the near future, the articles contributed by the Vigilantes are already being syndicated to nearly every newspaper of importance in the country, and it may be added, with an eye on that business section, that the primary object of the Vigilantes is to arouse, not to lecture; to stimulate, not to stun.

• • •

Miss Temple Bailey, author of *Contrary Mary* and *Mistress Anne*, is a

War and the Novel Northern woman with Northern ideas and associations, who was born, however, in Virginia. In the recent discussion of our American fiction and the effect that the war will probably have, both upon its style and upon its production, she gives many interesting thoughts. "I am convinced," she says, "that we writers in America will not go to England, or to France, or to Germany for our models.

Their masters may be able to teach us form. They can give us little else, except the tradition and inspiration of their own genius. We cannot think like them. We must think for ourselves. Indeed, we are thinking for ourselves, and the great American novel will be written by The American—the made-in-America American, who is on fire with dreams for his own country. A great book is never written in cold blood. It is written in hot blood, and it is written with a pen of fire.

"This is not the day for the funny story. It is not the day for the frivolous story. The time is ripe for a story of deep spiritual significance. It is the time for a story of deep national significance. We are thinking serious thoughts. Death stalks through other lands. Women are wearing black, and little children are wearing it, too. Men are going by millions into the Great Beyond. What do they care as they face the enemy for the morbid self-analysis of some neurotic hero or neurasthenic heroine?"

"These things must inevitably affect our fiction. We cannot fiddle while Rome burns. We weep with our brothers across the sea, and we ask ourselves, 'What of our own country?' 'What of War?' 'What of Peace?' And the things which we ask ourselves we will attempt to answer in the books we write."

• • •

Mary MacLane would afford a very interesting study to our amateur psychoanalysts. Her first book, published nearly a dozen years ago, made something of a literary sensation, and now comes a new work, *I, Mary MacLane*, along very much the same lines, and evidently the result of a minute consideration of her own—and to her, most important—psychology. She does not hesitate to lay bare the most secret thoughts, and sometimes apparently the most inconsequential, that can come to a lonely woman isolated, both

geographically and mentally, from the rest of the world; and she even goes so far as to describe those dreams that well up from the depths of the subconscious, when the inhibitions of conventional morality and social restraint are inactive. A case of "introversion" is what the psychoanalyst would call it, and just plain morbid egoism is what the rest of us ordinary individuals would say. Of course much of it affords interesting reading, if we maintain our own sanity while deploring the author's bias. It undoubtedly expresses in vivid form many of our inmost thoughts and longings which we seldom permit to occupy our conscious minds; and so to the student of human nature, it throws some light on that perpetual variant, the feminine mind. Here is a little of her work:

But I, looking at Me, see a woman standing high on flame-washed battlements of her life in whom burn and beat the spirits and lights and star-discords of uncounted tired lustrous ages. I see Me forlorn and radiant, drab and brilliant. I see Me wrapped in a fiery potentiality of pain and beauty and love and sorrow. I hear wild voices in Me like horrid-sweet wailing of ghost-violins, muted but crying loudly in frightful reasonless vital joy and in unspeakable terror and sadness. I see Me ragged-clothed, bleeding, with disordered, tangled hair and blood-shot eyes, with coarse soiled hands, broken-nailed, like a criminal's: a woman of woes. And I see Me wistful in quiet pure garments like one seeking light. I see Me old as old sin and young as new Spring days. I see Me un-sanely sensitive and hardened over—closed in worldly cases: guarded antagonism round my thoughts, protecting indifference round my Heart, dead silence round my Soul. I see Me with brains to know, with prescient mind to grasp, with mobile sense to feel. I see Me all futile, all hopeless, all miserable. I see Me all poetry. I see Me all wonder, mystery and beauty. I see Me!—

—much more than that, *this* Me sitting here! my deep grey wanton dark eyes: my lips—

like pink flowers—with the inscrutable expression: my white fingers—slim, strong, glossy-nailed, silken at the tips. My glass gives Me back to Me, sitting by it, languid of Body, tense of spirit and Mind, bathed in witcheries of Self—

I love my Mary MacLane! Ah—I love her!

• • •

Yale graduate reunions will be "dry" this year if ex-President Taft, a "Committee of Seventy-one," consisting of some of Yale's prominent alumni, and particularly the senior class of Yale this year, have their way. An appeal just sent out by Mr. Taft to 21,500 Yale graduates asking their support in a movement to reduce or entirely eliminate the drinking of liquor at class reunions to be held in June is based upon patriotic motives, with the view of influencing public opinion in favour of prohibition during the war. The present academic senior class at Yale voted to oppose the use of class funds to purchase alcoholic drinks at class reunions and other class gatherings, and an effort will be made to introduce similar movements in all the colleges of this country.

• • •

Probably the first authentic declaration upon the Jewish problem in Russia to reach this country from Paul N. Milyukov, Foreign Minister, in the present provisional Russian government and to a great extent the controlling hand of the recent revolution, is contained in a series of essays upon the subject, published last month under the title *The Shield*. The keynote of the work is struck by Milyukov, when he declares that anti-Semitism has been fostered by the Russian autocracy as a weapon against all liberal movements within the state, and to turn the attention of the masses from the more pressing problems of the day. He writes:

It (anti-Semitism) was simply a new po-

litical weapon, in a sense. As long as the nation was voiceless, as long as all matters were decided by the bureaucracy in the quiet of offices, committees and ministries, it was possible for the government to ignore the people as a factor in legislation.

But when the nation was called to participate in state affairs there arose the need of influencing it in a certain sense. It became necessary to work up the masses, to act on their intellect and will. Official anti-Semitism is the most primitive means of satisfying this need, a simplified attempt to bridle the masses, to suggest to them the feelings, motives, views and methods which are in the interest of those who play the game.

In other words, demagoguery came into being. For the purposes of demagoguery a special political weapon, corresponding to the political conditions under the new régime, was created—namely, artificial political parties. Thus anti-Semitism of the new type, however strange this conclusion may appear, is the product of the constitutional epoch. It is a response to the need for a new means of influencing the masses. And in this sense anti-Semitism plays in Russia the same rôle as it played in Western Europe.

• • •

Prophesying to a great extent the part that the Jews were to play in the Russian revolution, Milyukov goes on to show how the Russian autocracy has employed anti-Semitism to cast the revolutionary movement into disfavour. Though it is not true, the writer asserts, that the liberal movement is entirely the work of the Jews—since to do so would cast shame upon the Russian people—he does insist that the Jews may be counted upon to aid in every struggle for freedom. Milyukov's explanation of this is as follows:

Anti-Semitism serves in Russia one more purpose. It is not sufficient to influence the masses. It is also necessary to act on the powers that be. If it is imperative to get hold of the masses, it is also necessary to frighten the authorities. Thus a new ver-

sion of the anti-Semitic legend comes into being; the legend of the Jew as the creator of the Russian revolution. It is the Jew—so our anti-Semites assure us—who created the Russian emancipatory movements; it is he who formed the revolutionary organisation; it is he who marched under the red banners. . . .

The Russian who would give credence to this tale would show his disrespect for the Russian nation. To assert that it is only owing to the help of the Jew that the Russian people freed themselves is tantamount to saying that without the Jew the Russian nation cannot reach the road of its own emancipation. No, however great my respect for the exceptional gifts of the Jewish people may be, I will not refuse the Russian nation ability of taking the initiative in the cause of its own freedom.

. . .

America has become a "socialised" nation almost over night. All our means of production of the necessities of life and of war are being rapidly taken under government control. The production of food, steel, ships, ammunition, war-supplies, coal, railway material, together, of course, with the human elements involved of skilled labour for ship-building and farming, and men of fit physique and training for the trenches, are being conscripted and co-ordinated for the single purpose of winning the war with the least waste of material and time possible. It is interesting to consider that all this is well on the road to accomplishment within a brief month after the declaration of war, and that it represents the goal of the state socialists, among which Mr. H. G. Wells has for many years been numbered, and that what their propaganda could not accomplish, grim necessity has achieved in the briefest of periods. Our railroads afford an enlightening illustration. Before the war, competition between the companies was of the keenest nature, both in the commercial and money markets, and it was

only through legal measures that the cut-throat methods of secret rebates to freight shippers were finally abolished. A common practice up to the declaration of war was for the railroads to make use of each other's freight cars, and to return them only when traced down by the agents of the owners, or when they had become junk. With the commission of railroads now at Washington in charge of mobilising the country's transportation facilities, all this is changed. Freight is no longer shipped back and forth, waiting a speculative market, and freight cars can be sent out only in the direction of their owners' roads. No preferences are given and orders for preferential deliveries of foodstuffs or coal are applied without discrimination and with the only object in view of accomplishing the desired result. These men in charge of this mobilisation no longer think in terms of personal competitive gain and stockholders' dividends—they think in terms of national necessity and national efficiency. Shall we return to the old wasteful competitive system after the war? It is earnestly to be hoped not. The last argument of the supporters of private competition—namely, that it fosters initiative and development because of the financial premium upon progress under such a system—will, we may believe, be another of the survivals of the old mechanical theories of economics to be scrapped by the Great War. To get the benefit of human inventive genius and initiative, we no longer have to offer great money inducements. We are at last developing that spirit first strikingly evolved in the old Athenian democracy—that spirit of duty to the state and of responsibility for the state's welfare which led Athens to the full flower of her power and of her art. This motive, at work in our new democracy, may be hoped to accomplish more on a higher plane of idealism than the indiscriminate chances of financial reward under a *laissez-faire* competitive system.

In contrast to the efficiency of our executive branch of the government is the lamentable spectacle of our legislators wrangling over the details of the Conscription Bill that everybody wants at once. At the time of writing, some thirty odd days after the declaration of war, the conference to adjust the differences between the House and Senate bills on conscription has, after serious delay, brought in a compromise measure that leaves many points open for discussion and later settlement; and in the meantime the patriotism and generosity of the country are running wild because of the failure of the proper channels of organization. Anybody of discrimination who has listened to the debates in either the Senate or the House on the conscription question must have been struck by the utter futility of the flowery, spread-eagle oratory that was calculated to enhance the self-esteem of the speakers, and add next to nothing to fair and scientific judgment of the question. One well-known senator recently occupied the floor for an hour in advising a committee investigation into the railroad-rate increase situation, concerning which he impressed upon his fellow-legislators in every other sentence he knew nothing except hearsay. Had the worthy senator spent fifteen minutes in the necessary investigation himself of the facts, he would have been in a position to present his case simply and directly, and recommend measures that carry the conviction that comes from the man who *knows*. It is both pathetic and ludicrous that in our democracy the legislators, mostly drawn from the legal class and securing their positions through political or personal influence, or through their ability to impress the public with their loud-sounding oratory that signifies nothing, should be symbols of our neglect, rather than of our civic sense of obligation to the state. Congress cannot conduct this war, and the best thing it can do is to delegate its powers to our card-

Running a War

cataloguing President, who has both a sense of organisation and of detail as well as the vision to select his goal and drive irresistibly for it. It is not that democracy is therefore feeble or a failure, as Charles Ferguson has recently so ably pointed out, but that it should have the sense to pick out its great men—its Lloyd Georges and Woodrow Wilsons—and give them the authority as well as the responsibility to the people.

...

We are in a unique position: the whole world, outside the isolated Central European powers, is turning to America as the friend in need to render the help that will solve its problems. England and France have sent us their best brains to consult on the means and methods of our assistance, and the smaller nations that have hitherto remained neutral are hurrying to fall in beside the United States, and to offer such facilities as they have for use under our direction. Probably never in the world's history has one people occupied such a commanding position—or been more liable to have its collective head turned by the attention paid to it and by its opportunity for power. As the whole of our resources is used for peace or for national egotism, for disinterested helpfulness or for commercial advantage, for democracy or for militarism, for self-sacrifice or for world-aggression, for impartial justice to every people—including our enemies—or for national aggrandisement, for world safety or for national jealousies, for world co-operation or world competition, so shall the future mind and life of our people and our people's children turn. And it is in these days of preparation that our aims, our ideals must be crystallised, and be kept ever before us through even the

A Unique Opportunity



Medici Bruckmann Photo

Imperial Gallery, Vienna

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST, BY REMBRANDT VAN RYN. FROM "THE IDEALS OF PAINTING," BY J. COMYNS CARR

darkest days that are sure to come. After all it will be brains that will finally establish the new basis for civilisation, and so far our brains are the freest from emotions of any of the combatants. And it is a real duty to keep them so, and to put them, in all sincerity and humility, at the service of our allies when they no longer need the assistance of our arms and materials.

There is a paragraph in J. Comyns Carr's *The Ideals of Painting* which may be commended to anyone who has wondered as to the outcome of the meeting of modern art with the Great War—to which art has brought so much egotism and love of novelty, and war such a burden of rhetoric and hate:

Art and War

It is only mediocrity that seeks to set its

own sorrows to music: genius leaves upon the very threshold of the world its spirit, inhabits all memory of experiences purely personal to itself. Its vision probes too deeply into the lives of others to be greatly concerned with its own: for it is sympathy that supplies the motive power of all great creative achievement, sympathy so overwhelming and absorbing as completely to banish from the realm of art every vestige of the kind of egotism that we may sometimes trace in the work of men of inferior endowment.

The late Percival Lowell was one of the most picturesque figures in modern American life. Every incident and every aspect of his life sparkled with surprises and contradictions. It was not lived in a pigeon-hole. Much of his first twenty years out of Harvard was spent in Japan; and the four books into which this experience crystallised were written in a delicately beautiful prose that was poetry in all but form. Suddenly, in

**A Picturesque
American**



THE LATE PERCIVAL LOWELL



MARICE RUTLEDGE, AUTHOR OF THE NOVEL "CHILDREN OF FATE" AND OF THE WAR SKETCH IN THIS ISSUE OF THE BOOKMAN, "BETWEEN TRAINS"

the early nineties, he built a splendid observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, and, as if it were a sort of chrysalis, soon emerged from it a full-fledged and meteoric astronomer. He had already served as secretary to a Korean commission to the United States, but he now became, in the popular imagination, Ambassador from Mars to the Earth. As a scientist, he could erect daring edifices of speculation which earned the scorn of his more cautious fellows, or could, with equal enthusiasm, work ten or eleven hours a day for weeks at a time at the most elementary computations. As an author he could be brilliant, witty and popular, or distinctly abstruse. As a man, he was irascible and sympathetic, partisan and generous. The poet and star-gazer was bronzed and sturdy in appearance, a shrewd investor and director of several large corporations; and the author of *The Soul of the Far East*, which Lafcadio Hearn called "a marvellous book,—a book of books!

a colossal, splendid, godlike book," was passionately fond of detective stories! Genius in this country has seldom been so pyrotechnic.

• • •

Marice Rutledge, who contributes to this month's BOOKMAN the striking little war sketch "Between Trains," affords an interesting example of the effect of war-relief work upon a sensitive, creative temperament. Miss Rutledge has been a writer of fiction, and under her own name is well known in literary circles in this country; but the war has so changed her point of view and creative ideas that she has chosen to begin her literary career over again with a new type of writing, and of course under a new name—"Marice Rutledge." Her first book after this change was *Children of Fate*, published a month ago, in which she tells of war life and conditions; and

her vivid sketch in this issue gives a glimpse of some of the horrors she has seen and known at first hand. At the beginning of hostilities she and the Vicomtesse de Rancougne took up supplies—food and clothing—to the Belgian soldiers and civilians near and around Ypres and Furnes. During the bombardments of Ypres and Poperingues she was under fire many times, and she was at Royes when the battle of Royes began. She also took care of the artists in Paris, fed and clothed them, during the first year of the struggle. Now she is back in America, telling us in her books and articles of the war life she has seen and taken part in. Perhaps from her picture given here some of our readers will recognise the real personality behind the name of "Marice Rutledge."

• • •

In his introduction to the catalogue of the Zuloaga exhibition, Dr. Christian Brinton remarks that
The Art of the painter once confessed to him, "I realise
Zuloaga that I belong to another age, that I have remained a sixteenth century person, like the surroundings in

which I grew up. I have a horror of every manifestation of modernism." Within a little world of art, perhaps Señor Zuloaga is not a modern, for the feverish intellectuality that radiates from Paris has turned modernism in art into a hothouse growth. But in the larger and cooler world outside, he must be ranked, whether he wishes it or not, as one of the most modern of men. For he has done for art the service which is most characteristic of our age, freed it from everything that has claimed dominion over it,—nature, stories, moods, emotions, theories, traditions, virtuosity, and even beauty itself,—and left it autonomous and self-propelling. He regards all these things not as ends in themselves, but as means to an end. He is not a worshipper, but a builder; and he will build nothing that cannot stand alone, nor build higher than he can build soundly. And, finally, no brush-stroke seems unnecessary, none is subordinate to any other, or to any group of others. One cannot read off objects as a whole, as from, say, a canvas of Fortuny's, and ignore their details. Every bit of paint demands equal attention. His pictures are democracies, not feudal states.

THE YEAR IN POETRY

BY WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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II

MR. EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON standing at the head of the group of formal metricists also stands at the head of our poetry to-day. In his art there is a probing alchemy of thought searching out the secrets and mystery of human character. He lights the strange

contours of the spirit, flashing upon them, sometimes a direct and sometimes a reflected revelation of humour, of psychology, and fate. In substance his poetry comes nearer the ironic comedy of Shakespeare than any poetry I know. He "observes the comedy of incident in life," in which the humorous, the pathetic and the tragic become interpen-



EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN AGAINST THE SKY." FROM A PAINTING BY LILLA CABOT PERRY

trated. And he does so with a verbal tone that is sometimes polished with a hard surface, and sometimes with a magic having an elemental merfice. His mood and quality have been consistent from the beginning, and *The Man Against the Sky*¹ shows them developed more profoundly and to more prophetic issues. The notable distinction in this volume compared with Mr. Robinson's previous book is in the advance



ROBERT FROST, AUTHOR OF "MOUNTAIN INTERVAL"

he has made from presenting the character of the individual to interpreting the destinies of mankind. The noble poem on *The Man Against the Sky*, and that keen, unravelling chronicle of Shakespeare the man in "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man From Stratford," attests the large visionary preoccupation of the poet's mind. He confesses it is a riddle, but behind the riddle is something to be known, and it is the wisdom of all our experience to guide the soul by that star of mystery. So,

Whatever the dark road he may have taken,
This man who stood on high
And faced alone the sky,
Whoever drove or lured or guided him,—
A vision answering a faith unshaken,
An easy trust assumed of easy trails,
A sick negation born of weak denials,

A crazed abhorrence on a brief ambition,—
Whatever stayed him or derided him,
His way was even as ours;
And we, with all our wounds and all our powers,
Must each await alone at his own height
Another darkness or another light;
And there, of our poor self dominion reft,
If inference and reason shun
Hell, Heaven, and Oblivion,
May thwarted will (perforce precarious,
But for our conservation better thus)
Have no misgiving left
Of doing yet what here we leave undone?

And the same note diminished sometimes to personality, as in *Flammonde* or the complexed indecision of "Bokardo," and dissolved into the acid of "The Poor Relation," gives the reader the conviction that this poet, to quote a phrase from his poem on Edward MacDowell, pursues his art "to console humanity with what he knows."

Mr. Frost came into his own so quickly with his home public that scarcely any poet of our generation, not even Mr. Masters, defined his material and treatment so clearly and impressively upon readers. *Mountain Interval*² combines the lyrical treatment of "A Boy's Will" and the narrative treatment of "North of Boston," though lacking the unity of both the earlier volumes in conception and interest. He still, with a passionate devotion, keeps to the New England background, and from it with an inexplicable conjuration of poignant speech calls forth from its hard soil and bleak sensibilities types that are intensely human, and to whose experiences he gives a magic touch. He plays every stop on the scale of colloquial speech, within this collection a preponderance of that humour above the earlier books. The best narrative Mr. Frost has written is in *Mountain Interval*. "Snow" is intense, dramatic, with a twist of irony in the end, superbly approached and sprung, with the confident flare of genius. Again "In the Home Stretch," though less successful than "Snow," we

have another of Mr. Frost's narratives in his familiar colloquial vein, this time dealing with the effect of a newly occupied house in the country upon a sensitive woman. The feeling of her remark to the man who was moving in the furniture when he asked where he should put the walnut bureau, haunts the reader with the fears she felt at the unseen and unknown presences in the very texture of the old house. She said:

Put it on the top of something that's on top
Of something else.

In the shorter poems Mr. Frost has sometimes so compressed expression that the meaning does not always stand clear. In a poem like "Birches" a simple country tradition of boyhood is given a natural expression beautiful in its lucidity of recollection and imagery, while it carries at the core a meaning of much common importance; and in other poems, such as the sequence "The Hill Wife," where the poet has painted an incomparable portrait with the es-



LOUIS V. LEDOUX, AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF ELEUSIS"

sence of New England tragedy in it, there is the inevitable, clear touch of genius. There is no mistake in the application of that term to a man who writes into eight lines what Mr. Frost has put into "A Patch of Old Snow":

There's a patch of old snow in a corner
That I should have guessed
Was a blow-away paper the rain
Had brought to rest.

It is speckled with grime as if
Small print overspread it,
The news of a day I've forgotten—
If I ever read it.

We have not lost our interest in Greece of the gods and heroes, and are periodically led back to the fascinating legends of that beautiful old world. Mr. Ledoux's *The Story of Eleusis*³ and Mr. Hagedorn's *The Great Maze*⁴ are two very complete attempts to revivify the antique materials with the substances of modern passion. The themes of both these pieces, one shaped on the model of a lyrical drama, the other told in blank verse narrative, in spite of their classical subjects are meant to embody motives of universal inter-



OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN, AUTHOR OF "THE CYCLE'S RIM"

est. Mr. Ledoux's drama rehearses with true Greek fervour and modelling the legend of Persephone, and Mr. Hagedorn borrows from Homer the story of the return from Troy of Agamemnon and the events leading up to his murder. In both these poems there is a fine beauty of expression "The Story of Eleusis" with its rich, elaborate rhythms is as perfect a thing of its kind by an American poet. While there is a more human interest in the ill-starred return of Agamemnon, as Mr. Hagedorn adapts the story to his need of shifting the actual murder of the king from Clytemnaestra to her lover Ægisthus, there is alike in both pieces a symbolical feeling for truth and humanity which outweighs the remote glamour of the material. Both pieces have the temperament of poetry to the fullest degree, which stands in the end against any choice of theme.

The poetic temperament even in poets is not a common thing. No American poet has revealed it more consistently than Lizette Woodworth Reese, or more intensely at times than Bliss Carman, or more fragrantly than the unknown, passion-tossed poet of *The Book of Winifred Maynard*.¹³ The new editions of Miss Reese's *A Quiet Road*⁶ and *A Wayside Lute*,⁵ need no added praise here to what already has been given them in affectionate abundance by critics and readers alike. In Mr. Carman's *April Airs*,¹⁴ one meets, too, with a familiar spirit, rejoicing in nature with that careless rapture which utters strains



DONALD EVANS, AUTHOR OF "TWO DEATHS IN THE BRONX"



AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR, AUTHOR OF "LIFE AND LIVING"

of kindly wisdom and gentle philosophy. The glamour in this collection may have the quietude and mellowness of sun-down, but mystery still fringes the open heart, and virtue and courtesy are the natural qualities of the mind toward the world. The lyrical mood of Mr. Carman's art still retains its enchanting measures.

The poet who wrote the poems in *The Book of Winifred Maynard* is dead, so a prefatory note tells us. Her real name is withheld. "These poems of hers, covering a period of thirteen years in her life (from seventeen to thirty), were written for herself, and shown to very few people." The evidence is that the poems in this book were written from the bitter depths of experience. It is one of the most interesting books of the year. This woman prayed for the "one great gift of love," won her prayer, and the gift seared her soul to the quick. And how she tells in "The Reason":

I do not hate the woman
Between my Love and me,
Whose right in him is guarded
With due formality;

Yet her I would not pity
And I would bid him come,
Had I not seen her little child—
But now desire is dumb.

Her little son, that should be mine,
Looked up in startled wise,
And "Who are you?" he said to me,
His father in his eyes.

The verse of Winifred Maynard is lucid, modeled on simple patterns of metre, and convinces by the passion it expresses rather than the decorations of art. Experience graduates through three stages: "Asleep" in the innocent delights of life, "Dreaming" in the confidence and expectation of love, and "Awake" in the bitter reality of the "ruined fragrance" of love and life. It comes to the final triumph of reason over instinct, but that serenely accomplished, the soul does not hesitate to give unrestricted utterance, as in poems like "Tullia," "Answer," "But in the Night—," "Appassionata," and "Saint Catherine," to the fidelities of love above the tyranny of convention and the storms of passion.

Temperament again flowers with exquisite fragrance and colour in the lyrics of Ruth Guthrie Harding in her volume *A Lark Went Singing*.¹² But here the quality is wistful, almost evanescent in the embodiment of simple moods and themes. The work is, as Richard Burton says in his admirable introduction, "a kind of psychic tremble," has an "impulse of withdrawal," and "delicacy and indirection are like diaphanous veils that enhance the loveliness within." Time and again, from Mrs. Harding's singing lips, breaks the unconscious voice of beauty. Brief snatches of songs with hints of secrets and memories. "The Call to a Scot" is a good example:

There came an ancient man and slow
Who piped his way along our street—
How could the neighbours' children know
That to her ears 'twas passing sweet?
With smiles they spoke the ragged kilt,
And jeered the pipes, in mirthful file;
But, strangely moved, she heard the lilt
That rallied Carrick and Argyle.

A stroller, playing in the street,
Half-hearted, weary, out of place—
But his old measure stirred her feet,
My baby with the Gaelic face:

She squared her shoulders as she stood
To watch the piper 'round the turn—
Nor dreamed what beat within her blood
Was Robert Bruce and Bannockburn!

In place of the tender and lyrical fervour which Miss Norton gave us in her first volume, *The Little Gray Songs of St. Joseph*, her later volumes accomplish little more than clean and clever workmanship, though *Roads*³¹ rises in one or two poems to more inspirational heights. I hope it will return more firmly and expansively in her future work. Mr. Scollard, in spite of his unremitting practice, retains the freshness of his lyrical impulse, and *Ballads Patriotic and Romantic*²⁴ turns a variety of themes through neat rhythms and appealing rhymes. The stately manner of Mr. Sterling's art finds in the San Francisco Exposition²⁶⁻²⁷ and the large natural scale of the Yosemite²⁵ ample scope for his sweeping imagination, and these three slim, beautifully illustrated volumes serve not only to record an art of noble proportions, but also a background with immense features. In Mr. Ketchum's *Profiles*,¹⁸ Miss Stern's *At the Edge of the World*,¹⁷ Mr. Bryson's *Smoky Roses*,²⁰ Mr. How's *A Hidden Well*,²⁸ Mr. Firkins's *Poems*,²² and X107's *Life at the Lees*,²³ there is much excellent verse with occasional flashes of power. Mr. Ketchum has in "Roadside Rest," written a song that has travelled all over the English-speaking world; Mr. Firkins's "On a Subway Express" stands so far as the ultimate expression of this phase of modern urban life; it has been deservedly popular. Mr. How has a genuine poetic note, feels deeply, can lock a lyric neatly and construct a fine sonnet. He has a glimmer of imagination which trails a narrow light into the corners of human nature. There is a pathetic history about the poems of X107 which makes their interest more social than artistic; whoever the woman

is who suffered disgrace at the hands of society, she may feel that disgrace extirpated by the revelation of her soul in these poems. "We may confess," Mr. Deland remarks in his foreword, "that our way of punishing the body may, and often does, destroy the soul. In this little book, the soul of X107, in spite of us and our blunders and cruelties, is yet alive, and sings." Conscience plays a large part in these poems, and just a shade of ethical warning, but, on the whole, they ring poetically true.

To read into Mrs. Coates's collected *Poems*⁷ is to become re-acquainted with many poems already a part of our surviving possessions, and to meet with a sheaf of new ones through which are expressed the poet's manifold emotions on the war. Not all the storm and stress surging around the advanced moods and forms of the radicals can sweep this idealistic and melodious poetry from devoted attention. It stands too solidly upon human principles for that, and has a way of honouring spiritual virtues too reverently to fail of the deepest appreciation. Always aiming at the universal, Mrs. Coates gives expression to our common hopes and aspirations, our common joys and sorrows, to ideals and sentiments of lofty appeal.

The soul has need of prophet and redeemer;
Her outstretched wings against her prisoning bars,
She waits for truth; and truth is with the dreamer,—
Persistent as the myriad light of stars!

It is the refreshing sanity of the old fashioned voicing the eternal message of life.

And Mr. Neihardt in *The Quest*¹¹ speaks in the same accents, only with the voice of youth. He wins his suffering through a more wilful spiritual abandon. This volume is a collection, with such omissions as the poet thought wise to make, of the books published previous to the *Song of Hugh Glass*. The poems present the "succession of attitudes toward life incident to growth out of the erotic period into manhood."

The volume, then, is to be read as an organic whole; and, thus approached, the physical exuberance of "A Bundle of Myrrh" is merely a record of experience that becomes illuminate in the spiritual wonder of "The Stranger at the Gate." Apart from the substance, the form of the poems becomes more finished; formal metres create a piercing and subtle melody. The imagination, which in the earlier work swept through the material ecstasy of life, is now trained and concentrated to course through the veins of spiritual sight. The earlier sowing of erotic experience, about which my doubts were plentiful, producing this fruit of spiritual magic, amply justifies Mr. Neihardt's purposes, which must heartily be acknowledged. Truly, the poet has extraordinary powers.

Another poet who, in her latest work, has invested a melodious gift with deeper promptings is Amelia Josephine Burr. *Life and Living*⁹ shows a steady gain in strength, but a strength which takes no liberties with the assertions of art. Where another poet would make a radical pretension with such a theme, as in "The Flirt," or such a story as Miss Burr tells in "Mary of Egypt," or such an immoral episode as related in "Free," she shows a superior poetic power by moulding them within the restrictions of proprietary metres. So she seeks for reality, but never once abandons those qualities which makes verse itself a delightfully singing and emotional expression. Where she formerly gave freedom to an impulsiveness which lured her perilously near to the borderland between sentiment and sentimentality, she now gives it such a heavy burden of experience its course is deflected. "The Poppies" and "Brother Angelico" show the more mysterious direction. What that direction is she gives us a hint in this stanza from "A Song of Living":

I give a share of my soul to the world
where my course is run.
I know that another shall finish the task I
must leave undone.

I know that no flower, no flint was in vain
on the path I trod.
As one looks on a face through a window,
through life I have looked on God.
Because I have loved life, I shall have no
sorrow to die.

The kinship of Mrs. Marks to Miss Burr is that of an elder sister whose charms have matured. *Harvest Moon*⁸ is, as I have said elsewhere, the first rounded utterance of a woman's heart on the war. All the subtle craftsmanship of Mrs. Marks's art is in this book. And it is firmly and arrestingly supported by ideas and emotions which will turn man's attention to the spiritual petition of woman's life in history. These concluding lines from "Heritage" have a solemn implication:

O fool and blind, and battled for,
Whose strength is this you spill in war,
But hers?—Who laughed the stars to scorn,
When you were born.—

When you were born.

The lines "To a Dog," "Harvest Moon" and "Woman-Vigil" evoke memorable pictures, each with their darker shades to fix the attention. But Mrs. Marks leaves an aspirational tone in her final poems. There has been intense pain, a predominant anxiety over this "shadow moving at midnight," but by some miracle of faith the poet endures to exalt in the predominant triumph of Light.

Light of Light, give us to see, for their sake.
Light of Light, grant them eternal peace;
And let light perpetual shine upon them;
Light, everlasting.

The renaissance of New England life and character in poetry given its impulse by Robert Frost has been ably and interestingly carried on by Charles Wharton Stork in *Sea and Bay*,¹⁵ and Frederick E. Pierce in *Jordan Farms, an Epic in Homespun*.¹⁶ Mr. Stork's narrative presents the influence of the sea on a man's life, painting in the romantic background of Narragansett Bay. Mr. Pierce's narrative, a "stern and

rural" tale, tells the story of a profligate's influence upon the lives of a farm-folk and their homestead. Both poems are written with verbal sureness, though the flexible lightness of Mr. Stork's blank verse contrasts sharply with the drab tone and insensible directness of Mr. Pierce's tale. Mr. Wallis's *The Testament of William Windune*¹⁰ hints somewhat of Mr. Pierce's poetic mood, but the theme gives it a far different effect. William Windune "disposeth of his worldly goods" after the manner of the Greater Testament of François Villon, and performs a rather gloomy duty. There is in the course of these bequests considerable speculation on life and nature, character, destiny and death, and in them the poet shows very positive gifts. The shorter poems in the volumes dealing with various themes show a handling of common metres which scarcely modify the stern texture of substance. This particular quality is so individual with Mr. Wallis it denotes an original promise which should make the poet's future important.

A more sprightly note is in the romantic glamour of Mr. Benét's *The Great White Wall*²² and Mr. Cabell's *From the Hidden Way*.²⁹ In the first we have, in Mr. Benét's inimitable rhythmic flare, a narrative of ancient Tartary and Cathay, chronicling the deeds of Terrible Timur in his attack upon the Great Wall of China. Mr. Cabell makes seventy-five adaptations from mediæval rhymers, Moreau, Passerat, Alessandro de Medici, Nicolas de Caen, Paul Ver-ville and others. In rendering, or rather adapting, these mediæval poets into English, Mr. Cabell has made the art his own. The sprightliness, colour and spirit of a romantic age are revived in these poems.

The parodies in Mr. Untermeyer's —and *Other Poets* afford us a treat. The gift of wit is here displayed. The power to catch the quality and style of the poets parodied has been bestowed upon Mr. Untermeyer with becoming grace, a grace that does not lack its little ironies. The imitative range of the paro-

dist is exceptional; here, dressed up in Mr. Untermeyer's fun, are Masters, Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, Masefield, Yeats, Noyes, Dobson, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sir Owen Seaman and "F. P. A." A clever and original idea in light verse are the "Attempted Affinities," in which is shown the sort of poems that might be produced in collaboration by Heinrich Heine and Clinton Scollard, Andrew Lang and Oscar Wilde, Shelley and Laurence Hope, William E. Henley and François Villon, and many other famous poets. Concluding his volume with "Pierian Hand-springs," Mr. Untermeyer proves his consummate lightness of touch in writing familiar verse. He tips foible and fancy with bright rhymes and nimble wit.

The appropriate conclusion to this group of conservative poets is on a note of domesticity and patriotism. T. A. Daly's *Songs of Wedlock*¹⁹ is a tribute to the "home's heart" and all its possessions in a man's life. That tender outpouring of the father-heart "To a Thrush" is included. And as husband, too, there are many lovely tributes here praising the sanctity of home and vows. The domestic sentiment of Mr. Daly's poems has a kinship in the protective spirit of Mr. Stafford's patriotism. *The Land We Love*³⁰ has significant timeliness. The poems make one realise by their inspired earnestness and sober love of duty the sacred traditions of our national existence. And never once does Mr. Stafford lose his artistic balance in giving voice to his patriotic fervours. His art is as admirable as his sentiment is genuine. In this time of conflict, when America has joined in the battle for the ideals of democracy, this "Invocation" should be cherished and sung by every American:

O Thou whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles,
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and
warm;

If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea-blue shield, her mountain mail,
But sweeping wide, from Gulf to Lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above—
Be lightning for the land we love!

Mr. Masefield is still the most popular of the English poets with American readers. His *Good Friday and Other Poems*³³ offers us two aspects of his talents, one in which he seems to have lost some of his earlier power; it is in the dramatic narrative of Pilate sentencing Christ to death; the other aspect, a new one, is the series of sonnets of fine spiritual import in which I believe Masefield to have reached his supreme expression as a poet. Mr. de la Mare, who gained much in appreciation by his recent visit to America, must vie with William H. Davies, who is by far less well known to us for pure, instinctive, magical utterance. *The Listeners and Other Poems*³⁴ is a collection of subtly evoked moods, the embodiment of things elemental, in which the impermanence of dreams is given the witchery of realisation. Mr. Davies's *Collected Poems*³⁵ has the same magical expression as Mr. de la Mare's art, but with a firmer background in experience. He has the same childish delight in life that the Elizabethans had, and he has somehow caught their infectious quality of expression. All his emotions are fresh, and he presents them unconsciously. That's his charm, and also his wisdom. In all this he has the irresponsibility of pure genius, rather like Herrick and Blake than like the more philosophic Wordsworth.

There's nothing in Man's mind
 Can catch Time up behind;
 In front of that fast Thief
 There's no one—end this grief.
 Tut, what is Man? How frail!
 A grain, a little nail,
 The wind, a change of cloth—
 A fly can give him death.
 Some fishes in the sea
 Are born to outlive thee,
 And owls, and toads, and trees—
 And is Man more than these?

The naïveté of his assumption of what man is is as exquisite and wise as his proof of man's frailty. The best critical opinion admits that the poems of William H. Davies are as likely to live as those of any English poet of his day. And if the life and character of the English working class of to-day survive in literature, it is in the poems of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson that they will interest future generations. This poet portrays the life of labour much less as a social idealist than as an artist. It is human nature that interests him first of all, and the background of labour but serves to emphasise the quality of character and temperament forced into action and expression. The dramatic reveries of *Livelihood*²⁷ differ only from Mr. Gibson's previous volumes in the suspense and intensification of incident. The incident is nearly always a pathetic or tragic one, in which an almost stark realism of theme is clothed in alluring verse. The third section of *Battle and Other Poems*²⁸ deals with the same materials, and in the same vivid manner, as "Daily Bread." In the second section he is miscellaneous. But in the first is a series of short etchings poignantly presenting the life, thoughts and emotions of soldiers in the trenches. These are memorable, and will hang as a pendant to Mr. Gibson's fame. The collection of Mr. Colum's poems in *Wild Earth and Other Poems*²⁹ defines for the first time to American readers the quality of the poet's art. It is an art that deals, as Mr. Gibson's does, with humble folk, but they are the peasants of Ireland hav-

ing a natural poetry in their natures, and instead of effecting realistic truths there are incantations of dreams and visions. The chief merit of Mr. Colum above other Irish poets is that he puts into these a tone of sombreness which can only arise from conscience. He inter-fuses the spirit of his race with the symbolism of earth, which gives to his lyrics and ballads a touch of mystery. With Mr. Ledwidge, who has lived close to the earth as a farm labourer, the atmosphere of earth incorporated in nature, rather than the obscure, mysterious body of the earth itself, charms. His verse in *Songs of the Fields*⁴⁰ mirrors the beauty of what he sees in nature rather than attempts to record any meaning of her eternal mystery. His attitude toward flowers, fields, birds, skies, the seasons, day and night is wholly emotional, but it is of an ecstasy which draws from nature the very secrets of her joys and gives to his art the perfection of image and light melody. In Mr. Salmon's *Songs of Wind and Wave*,³⁹ the most important of his interests is with nature, though the note is not so spontaneous as Mr. Ledwidge's, and his mood conventional. It is rather determined craftsmanship than impulsive response which gives merit to his work.

To the re-issue of Hilaire Belloc's earlier poems Mr. Kilmer has written an enthusiastic introduction. Belloc, he tells us, "is not the man to spend much time in analysing his own emotions; he is not, thank God, a poetical psychologist. Love songs, drinking songs, battle songs—it is with these primitive and democratic things that he is chiefly concerned." Gallic clarity—Mr. Belloc, as is well known, is part English and French—is the great charm of these *Verses*,⁴¹ the clarity of a musical brook. But it is a calculating art in which the emotion is too detached from the theme to strike beyond the mental defences of the reader. Only for the sake of contrasting methods, compare the substance of Tagore's poems. Here at once the appeal is to the emotions and by the emotions to the spirit. The poet is thor-

oughly within his mood, which lifts his entire nature to the plane of his utterance. About Tagore's fidelity to Indian philosophy, which a prominent American critic attacked lately, we should care little if he brings to us a mystical sense of divine promptings. This he does in *Fruit-Gatherings*,⁴² which, as a rendering of account of the soul's stewardship of life, is a sequel to the probationary devotion sung in "Gitanjali."

What was a tributary from the main stream of American poetry a few years ago has grown into a broad, deep stream itself. From this latter stream tributaries are flowing; the American poetic landscape is watered with many currents. The free verse of Mr. Masters falling into a lyrical mood when he wills it and without the trammels of metre and rhyme; the Imagism of Miss Lowell in the cadence of a unit-rhythm disdaining rhyme and accent at one time and at another dressed in all the vigorous and romantic apparels of metre and rhyme; the polyrhythmic cadence of James Oppenheim formulating the loose organism of Walt Whitman's lines; the wilful defiance of Carl Sandburg's boisterous and explosive expressions, which neither deceive nor conceal from us his constitutional tenderness nor sensitive impulsiveness to beauty; John Gould Fletcher's novel detachment through colour and image from any subjective obligation to life, and his very personal responsibilities to the influence of an old house; Conrad Aiken's juggling with every tempo in the poetic scale till a confusion of principles to confound the virtues of the vaudeville stage⁵⁹ and expose the luridness of Freudian science;⁶⁰ and the trinitarian Spectrics, Anne Knish⁶¹ and Emanuel Morgan,⁶¹ who, with regular metre and correct rhymes, performs poetic miracles—these are some of the daring innovators in American poetry to-day, who are in their way giving to the art a quality of genius. You may like little or much of this work, that is as your taste or your judgment pleases; a lot of it is bad, very bad, but a good deal is good, and in essence poetry.

Of Mr. Masters's two volumes, *Songs and Satires*⁴³ and *The Great Valley*,⁴⁴ the former has a larger quantity of better poetry, the latter a finer body of ideas often more strikingly than emotionally clothed. But in both volumes he proves himself characteristically the most American poet of to-day. In *Men, Women and Ghosts*⁴⁵ Amy Lowell has written a volume of stories in verse in a variety of forms in which the gamut of experience is disengaged from centuries of action, the backgrounds international, and in a method as unrelated as the transcriptions of the pictorial and sensuous effects of natural objects. Rhyme and metre, in many combinations, *vers libre* in many patterns, polyphonic prose, are all practised with vigorous and artistic results. There is intellectual passion and emotional subtlety in these poems, to appreciate which one must study the verbal ornaments which gives them expression.

The Imagistic method is represented with considerable force by H. D. in *Sea Garden: Imagist Poems*,⁴⁶ a volume of glacial magic from which tone and colour and the warmth of intensity radiate with beauty; by Richard Aldington, in *Images—Old and New*,⁴⁷ with more fragility of temperament, in which Greek clarity curiously blends with the ugly truths of modern realism; by Mr. Fletcher, in *Goblins and Pagodas*,⁴⁸ who transforms abstract ideals into articulate colours and embodies memories into pensive shapes with considerable skill. Mr. Fletcher's ability is undoubted, but his poems lack a certain contagious element which prevent his sharing popular honours with the leaders of Imagism. Mr. Lawrence's *Amores*⁵⁵ has Imagist tendencies, but an over-impulse of passion diverts it into the channels of psychology. He is a complete artist in that he gives to the sensual the beauty of a poison flower. His poems have the mystery of fascination and the fascination of mystery. Mary Aldis's *Flashlights*⁵¹ is a collection of modern sketches in verse and tales in metre of the most striking kind. Page for page, it has more

of the pity of life in it, with all its truth and without the bitter irony, than any book since Mr. Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*. She feels for humanity as other poets feel for beauty. Mr. Evans, in his two volumes, *Two Deaths in the Bronx*⁵² and *Nine Poems from a Valetudinarian*⁵³ works out of futurism to spiritual atonement. The first volume has a biting flavour in the substance, the second is a confession of "lost illusions," but an assumption of spiritual realities. Mr. Oppenheim, in *War and Laughter*⁴⁹ has the same spiritual and emotional progenitors as Mr. Sandburg in *Chicago Poems*,⁵⁷ and with a similar radicalism of form they are far apart in both intellectual and visionary results. Both poets are tremendous forces, but one is the thrust of the rapier, while the other is the blow of the bludgeon. Mr. Sandburg is a personality in which the aims of art, once he became conscious of them, would make him a great poet; at present he is only potentially a poet, and yet this potentiality envisages life at times with such appealing subtlety and charm and conviction that one is almost ready to forgive him for his offences. Mr. Oppen-

heim in *War and Laughter* intensifies rather than broadens the ideals which made his *Songs for the New Age* so notable an event in American poetry.

The posthumous collection of Adelaide Crapsey's *Verse*⁵⁶ shows us a poet who had an economy of speech with a prodigality of spirit; there is the touch of genius in these poems. In Mr. Sanborn's *Horizons*⁵⁸ and Helen Mackay's *London, One November*⁵⁰ there is good work in the free forms, though Mr. Sanborn has not wholly abandoned regular metres. Mr. Arensberg's *Idols*⁵⁴ is a volume of polished craftsmanship, and he gives distinction to words whether built into the framework of a sonnet or compressed into an epigrammatic quatrain. His emotion is nearly always intellectual.

Three volumes worthy of extended treatment are Ruth Comfort Mitchell's *The Night Court and Other Verse*,⁶² *The Cycle's Rim*,⁶³ a sonnet sequence by Olive Tilford Dargan and *The Star Fields and Other Verse*,⁶⁴ by Willoughby Weaving, the latter an English poet with a fine gift of imagination and a subtle command of simple metres.

*1—The Man Against the Sky. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

2—Mountain Interval. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

3—The Story of Eleusis: A Lyrical Drama. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: The Macmillan Company.

4—The Great Maze and The Heart of Youth. A Poem and a Play. By Hermann Hagedorn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

5—A Wayside Lute. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher.

6—A Quiet Road. By Lizette Woodworth Reese. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher.

7—Poems. By Florence Earle Coates. Collected Edition. Two Volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

8—Harvest Moon. By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

9—Life and Living: A Book of Verse. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company.

10—The Testament of William Windune

and Other Poems. By J. H. Wallis. New Haven: Yale University Press.

11—The Quest. By John G. Neihardt. New York: The Macmillan Company.

12—A Lark Went Singing and Other Poems. By Ruth Guthrie Harding. With an Introduction by Richard Burton. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.

13—The Book of Winifred Maynard. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

14—April Airs: A Book of New England Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

15—Sea and Bay: A Poem of New England. By Charles Wharton Stork. New York: John Lane Company.

16—Jordan Farms: An Epic in Homespun. By Frederick E. Pierce. New Haven: Yale University Press.

17—At the Edge of the World. By Caroline Stern. Boston: The Gorham Press.

18—Profiles. By Arthur Ketchum. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

19—Songs of Wedlock. By T. A. Daly. Philadelphia: David McKay.

20—Smoky Roses. By Lyman Bryson.

New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

21—"— and Other Poets." By Louis Untermeyer. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

22—Poems. By Chester Firkins. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

23—Life at the Lees. By X107. Boston: Hall's Book Shop.

24—Ballads Patriotic and Romantic. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

25—Yosemite: An Ode. By George Sterling. With a Cover in Colour after the Painting by H. J. Breuer and Illustrations after Photographs by W. E. Dasonville. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

26—Ode on the Opening of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, February, 1915. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

27—The Evanescent City. By George Sterling. With Nine Illustrations after Photographs by Francis Bruguière and a Cover in Colour after the Painting by Will Sparks. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

28—A Hidden Well: Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

29—From the Hidden Way: Being Seventy-five Adaptations in Verse. By James Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

30—The Land We Love: Poems Chiefly Patriotic. By Wendell Phillips Stafford. St. Johnsbury, Vermont: Arthur F. Stone.

31—Roads. By Grace Fallow Norton. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

32—The Great White Wall: A Poem. By William Rose Benét. Illustrated by Douglas Duer. New Haven: Yale University Press.

33—Good Friday and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

34—The Listeners and Other Poems. By Walter De La Mare. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

35—The Collected Poems of William H. Davies. With a portrait by Will Rothenstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

36—Battle and Other Poems. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

37—Livelihood: Dramatic Reveries. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

38—Wild Earth and Other Poems. By Padraic Colum. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

39—Songs of Wind and Wave: A Collection of Verse. By Arthur L. Salmon. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons.

40—Songs of the Fields. By Francis Ledwidge. With an Introduction by Lord Dun-

sany. New York: Duffield and Company.

41—Verses by Hilaire Belloc. With an Introduction by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Laurence J. Gomme.

42—Fruit-Gatherings. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

43—Songs and Satires. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.

44—The Great Valley. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company.

45—Men, Women and Ghosts. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

46—Sea Garden. By H. D. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

47—Images Old and New. By Richard Aldington. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

48—Goblins and Pagodas. By John Gould Fletcher. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

49—War and Laughter. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company.

50—London, One November. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield and Company.

51—Flashlights. By Mary Aldis. New York: Duffield and Company.

52—Two Deaths in the Bronx. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown.

53—Nine Poems from a Valetudinarian. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: Nicholas L. Brown.

54—Idols. By Walter Conrad Arensberg. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

55—Amores. By D. H. Lawrence, New York: B. W. Huebsch.

56—Verse. By Adelaide Crapsey. Rochester, New York: The Manas Press.

57—Chicago Poems. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

58—Horizons. By Robert Alden Sanborn. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

59—Turns and Movies and Other Tales in Verse. By Conrad Aiken. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

60—The Jig of Forslin: A Symphony By Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

61—Spectra: A Book of Poetic Experiments. By Anne Knish and Emanuel Morgan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

62—The Night Court and Other Verse. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

63—The Cycle's Rim. By Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

64—The Star Fields and Other Verse. By Willoughby Weaving. With an Introduction by Robert Bridges. Oxford, Eng.: B. H. Blackwell.

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Art

The Study and Enjoyment of Pictures. By Gertrude Richardson Brigham, A.M., Ph.D. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A compendium of pictures of both American and European cities, giving equal value to the study of modern and older schools.

Domestic Science

Domestic Architecture. By L. Eugene Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Of practical value to those planning or remodelling houses; the history of domestic architecture, and the development of the typical styles found in the United States, with plans.

The Candy Cook Store. By Alice Bradley. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.00.

Three hundred recipes for every kind of candy that can be made in a home kitchen without special machinery.

Better Meals for Less Money. By Mary Green. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25.

Sensible suggestions: food facts and seven hundred reliable recipes.

Mrs. Norton's Cook Book: A Guide for Selecting, Cooking and Serving for the Home Table. By Jeannette Young Norton.

The result of twenty years of cooking experience and fifteen years of writing on household topics.

Interior Decoration for the Small Home. By Amy L. Rolfe, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The rules of art applied to the problems of decorating and furnishing homes of moderate means.

The Joyous Art of Gardening. By Frances Duncan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

A compendium of information suitable to the beginner.

1000 Things Mothers Should Know. With Reference to Tiny Babies and Growing Children, Their Clothes, Their Care, Their Training, Their Food, Their Entertainment. By Mae Savell Croy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

Bodily needs, character-building influences, health rules, medical care, hygiene and sick-room suggestions.

The Diary of an Expectant Mother. Anonymous. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.
Thirty-eight chapters of intimate experience.

Drama

Yzdra. By Louis V. Ledoux. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

A revised edition of the tragedy in three acts.

The Plays of Emile Verhaeren. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.50.

"The Dawn," "The Cloister," "Philip II," "Helen of Sparta."

Five Plays. By George Fitzmaurice. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.25.
Fantasies by the Irish folk-dramatist.

Plays of Augustus Thomas. French's Standard Library Edition. New York: Samuel French. 50 cents each.

Eight typical plays bound in separate volumes, each with preface by the author: "The Witching Hour," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "In Mizzoura," "Oliver Goldsmith," "The Harvest Moon," "The Other Girl," "The Earl of Pawtucket" and "The Capitol."

The New Convert. By Sergei Stepniak. Translated by Thomas B. Eyges, with an introduction by Prince Peter Kropotkin. Boston: The Stratford Company.

A play of the Russian revolution in four acts by a hero of the Russian revolution who depicts a real Nihilist.

Wilderness Rose. American Dramatists' Series. By Eve Owen Cochran. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.00.

A pageant-play of early Colonial life in New England, with love and jealousy, Indians and witchcraft.

Sinbad the Sailor: His Adventures with Beauty and the Peacock Lady in the Castle of the Forty Thieves. By Percy Mackaye. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A lyric phantasy in three acts.

Economics

Women and Work. By Helen Marie Bennett, manager of the Chicago Collegiate Bureau of Occupations. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$2.00.

The economic value of college training: a plea for the consideration of the psychology of the girl to her occupation.

The Railroad Problem. By Edward Hungerford. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company. \$1.50.

Some chapters are: "The Sick Man of American Business," "The Labour Plight of the Railroad," "The Opportunity of the Railroad."

The Immigrant and the Community. By Grace Abbot. New York: The Century Company. \$1.50.

Some of the chapters are: "The Journey of the Immigrant," "The First Job," "The Immigrant in a Social Programme."

The Offender and His Relation to Law and Society. By Burdette G. Lewis, Commissioner of Correction, New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00.

A book on prison reform for the layman.

An Inductive Study of Standards of Right. Present Day Problem Series. By Matthew Hale Wilson. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.

A practical consideration of the ethical standards demanded by the different occupations.

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Mr. Cushing and Mlle. Du Chastel. By Frances Rumsey. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.

A Franco-American romance made up of the conflict of egoisms between two people, and the bearing of other characters on their lives.

The Magpie's Nest. By Isabel Paterson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.

A story of the great Canadian Northwest, in which the heroine tries to live by the heart instead of by the head.

The Triflers. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.40.

A story of how a young American heiress solves the problem of too many suitors.

Up the Hill and Over. By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.35.

A novel of American village life in which a famous young physician faces the question: "Shall man be true to an old love, changed by years and the corroding touch of vice?"

An Alabaster Box. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A New England village story of a young woman's atonement for a father's crime.

Pippin. By Laura E. Richards. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

A romance of a child of the slums who develops an interesting philosophy which leads him into experiences amply com-

pensating for the trials of his earlier years.

Gold Must Be Tried by Fire. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

The story of a girl who revolts at the "eternal grind" of the mill, and achieves through tragedy the fulfilment of her dreams.

The Straight Road. Anonymous. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A divorcée's confessions of her fight with the world of men.

Grapes of Thorns. By Mary T. Waggaman. New York: Benziger Brothers. Frontispiece.

A story of a terrible wrong, the mystery of which is solved in the last chapter.

Sea Plunder. By H. De Vere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.30.

The story of a freebooting expedition, with both English and German cruisers in search of the sea robber.

Slippy McGee. By Marie Conway Oemler. New York: The Century Company. \$1.35.

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Jerry. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

The story of the adventurous life of an Irish terrier.

The Problem of Cell 13. By Jacques Futrelle. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35.

A psychological detective story about a man who thought his way out of the death cell in a famous prison.

I, Mary MacLane. A Diary of Human Days. By Mary MacLane. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. With portrait. \$1.40.

A frank human document purporting to reveal the author's most intimate life.

Mistress Anne. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A love story of a Maryland girl, an aristocrat by birth, who teaches school—believing that work is worthy service—until two men complicate the situation.

The End of the Flight. By Burton Kline. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

The story of the struggle for success of a Harvard Law School graduate in a small town.

Antony Gray—Gardener. By Leslie Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

The story—laid in South Africa and on an English estate—of what a recluse did

- when granted by his doctor a scant twelve-months of life.
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- The Humming Bird.** By Owen Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.
A baseball story of a "prep" school.
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A story of motherhood.
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A story of two old maiden sisters whose early Victorian prejudices are upset by their French nephew and his ideas of art.
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A love story of a young preacher's sacrifice and its reward.
- The Madness of May.** By Meredith Nicholson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.
A phantasy about a man who was going

to commit suicide and didn't because of springtime intoxication.

The Life of Lazrillo de Tormes and His Fortunes and Adversities. Done out of the Castilian from R. Foulché-Delbosc's *Restitution of the Editio Princeps*. By Louis How. With an introduction and notes by Charles Philip Wagner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.
A translation of the Spanish novel.

Outposts of the Fleet. By Edward Noble. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Nine stories of the merchant service in war and peace—sketches previously published in English papers.

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A story of the time of Joshua, with love element.

Cecelia of the Pink Roses. By Katharine Haviland Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A love story of a little girl of the tenements who is sent away to learn to be a lady.

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The Middle Years. By Katherine Tynan. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

Intimate pictures of English social, literary and political life and of well-known persons, such as Mr. Balfour, Madame Blavatsky, William Dean Howells.

My Reminiscences. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece from portrait in colors by Sasi Kumar Hesh. \$1.50.

Stages in the author's mental and spiritual development more than that of external circumstances.

African Adventures. By Jean Kenyon MacKenzie. West Medford, Mass.: Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. Illustrated. 30 and 50 cents.

Six sketches, the product of sympathetic personal experience.

Matthew Arnold: How to Know Him. By Stuart P. Sherman. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

Arnold as poet and critic of books, of men, of education, of religion.

Misinforming a Nation. By Willard Huntington Wright. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.25.

A criticism of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in relation to its effect on the development of American culture: the defects in its attitude toward the Novel, Drama, Poetry, British Painting, and many other subjects.

Education and Living. By Randolph Bourne. New York: The Century Company. \$1.25.

A series of constructive studies in which the "self-conscious" tendencies of the modern schools are discussed in every phase.

Twenty Minutes of Reality. By Margaret Prescott Montague. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

An experience with some illuminating letters concerning it.

History

History of Germany in the Nineteenth Century. By Heinrich von Treitschke. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Introduction by William H. Dawson. 2 vols. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. \$3.25.

Written during the author's early days at Leipsic and Freiburg.

A Short History of Ireland. By Constantia Maxwell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Home Rule Problem is among those set forth by the author, who is lecturer in history at University College, Dublin.

Parliamentary Reminiscences and Reflections, 1868-1885. By the Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$4.00.

The inner history of the past half-century as related by the author, whose Parliamentary career began in the days of Disraeli and continued without a break until 1906.

Brazil Today and Tomorrow. By L. E. Elliot. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$2.25.

Written by one who has spent many years in South America, and whose knowledge is based on personal studies of conditions and tendencies there.

Kentucky's Famous Feuds and Tragedies. By Charles G. Mutzenberg. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company. \$1.25.

An authentic history of the feudal wars of this State.

An Old Frontier of France: The Niagara Region and Adjacent Lakes under French Control. By Frank H. Severance. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 2 vols. Illustrated. \$7.50.

A contribution to the history of French exploration and settlement in America, in which the author supplements rather than duplicates existing works of wider scope.

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Miss Li'l' Tweetty. By Louise Clarke Pyrenelle. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.20.

The story of a little girl who lived on

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Forty stories intended to interest, entertain and instruct the child—by a leader of children's classes.
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A story of a little girl of Tyrol and a magpie—based on historic tradition.
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A story of the enjoyable times of a girl of sixteen who is a member of the Girl Pioneers of America.
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- Story Plays for Little Children. With Music, Finger Plays and Rhythms.** By Mary Leora Hall and Sarah Elizabeth Palmer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. With frontispiece in pen-and-ink. \$1.25.
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- The Way of the Gate. King's Highway Series.** By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, in collaboration with E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D., LL.D., Yale University; George Hodges, D.D., LL.D., Cambridge, and Henry Hallan Tweedy, M.A., Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. 65 cents.
The story method of presenting moral and religious training for the home and private school: forty-four stories.

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- How to Run an Automobile.** By Victor W. Pagé, M.E. New York: The Norman W. Henley Publishing Company. Seventy-two illustrations. \$1.00.
Concise instructions and distinctive features of control.
- How to Develop Your Personality.** By Clare-Tree-Major. Foreword by Sir Herbert Tree. Preface by Francis Trevelyan Miller, Litt.D., LL.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. Portrait. \$1.00.
Twelve chapters with suggested exercises.
- Helps for Student-Writers.** By Willard E. Hawkins. Denver, Colo.: The Student-Writer Press. \$1.00.
Twenty chapters of practical discussion of technique for beginners.

Poetry

- The Love Poems of Emile Verhaeren.** London: Chiswick Press: Charles Whittingham & Company. \$1.25.
In three parts: "The Shining Hours," "The Hours of Afternoon" and "The Hours of Evening."
- Idylls of the Dane.** By Irene Elder Morton. Boston: The Gorman Press. \$1.00.
Poems which have for their theme the wandering of a Danish princess in search of peace.
- A Lonely Flute.** By Odell Shepard. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.
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- Songs from the Plains.** By Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00.
Lyrics, sketches made in New Orleans and Kansas City, portraits, sonnets and translations.
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Poems and Parodies. By Thomas Kettle. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Portrait. \$1.00.

The collected poems of a professor, soldier and Irish leader who died at the front in France.

Asphalt and Other Poems. By Orrick Johns. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

Fifty-one poems of varying character, many of which have appeared in magazines.

The Yosemite and Other Verse. By Caroline Hazard. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Some hundred poems, in three parts: California Verse, Miscellaneous, Studies in Blank Verse.

The Dance of Youth and Other Poems. By Julia Cooley. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.25.

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Selections of war poetry, grouped by nations.

A collection of eighty-four poems, some of which are reprinted from magazines.

The Song of the Sirens. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An adaptation of the story of Ulysses, in two parts.

A Feast of Lanterns. The Wisdom of the East Series. Edited by L. Cranmer-Byng, S. A. Kapadia. With an introduction by L. Cranmer-Byng. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 80 cents.

Chinese poetry, reflecting Oriental ideals and philosophy.

War's Echo. By Ronald Gurner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. One shilling.

Twenty-eight poems recording impressions gained during experiences in and between the lines.

Some Imagist Poets, 1917. An Annual Anthology. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.75.

Poems by six authors—many reprints from magazines.

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A Simple Study in Theosophy. By Michael J. Whitty. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25.

A non-technical study of the principal teachings of Theosophy.

Zone Therapy, or Relieving Pain at Home. William H. Fitzgerald, M.D.; Edwin F. Bowers, M.D. Columbus, O.: I. W. Long.

Some of the eighteen chapters of the book have appeared in magazines.

The Philosophy of Conduct. Human Personality Series. By S. A. Martin. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.50.

A brief introduction to the study of ethics, intended for use in college classes.

An Introduction to Social Psychology. By Charles A. Ellwood. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$2.75.

A study of the social life on its psychological side.

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The Faith and the Fellowship. By Oscar L. Joseph, B.D. With an introduction by Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.25.

Discussions of the message of Christianity and the mission of the Church.

Agameticus: The Purple Hill. By Ethel Morse and Leon Morse. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00.

Four parables for the story hour at the Camp Fire.

The Last Weapon. By Theodore Wilson. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 25 cents.

A vision of the mission of the Church in the present world crisis.

The Relief of Pain by Mental Suggestion. By Loring W. Batten. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.25.

A study of the moral and religious forces in healing.

The Social Teachings of the Prophets and Jesus. By Charles Foster Kent. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Christianity as it relates to the layman's problems, such as poverty, the living wage, the programme of Socialism, the divorce question, and others.

Faith in Christ. By John J. Moment. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

The personal conviction of a modern theologian, neither academic nor controversial.

Hand Book of the New Thought. By Horatio W. Dresser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Teachings, estimates and definitions, and practical suggestions.

Truths that Save. By Frank H. Decker.

Boston: The Pilgrim Press. \$1.00.

Chapel talks of a minister.

Sociology

The Master Problem. By James Marchant, director of the National Council of Public Morals (England). New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$2.00.

A survey of what is being done in all nations to combat the social evil and to stop the white slave traffic.

Science

The Ornamental Trees of Hawaii. By Joseph F. Rock, botanist of the College of Hawaii. Published under patronage,

Honolulu, Hawaii. With seventy-nine photo-engravings and one colour plate. A non-technical volume treating the ornamental shrubs and trees of Hawaii.

War

Russia's Message: The People Against the Czar. By William English Walling. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. Illustrated. \$1.50.

By an author who has a first-hand knowledge of the national character and conditions.

Comrades in Arms. By Captain Philippe Millet. With an introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

Sketches of the English soldier by a Frenchman—his brother-in-arms.

The Call of the Republic. By Jennings C. Wise. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00.

A national army and universal military service as the only safe solution of unpreparedness.

Janus and Vesta. By Benchara Branford. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A study of the world crisis in relation to the ethical and philosophical history of mankind, and a suggestion of the future hope of the world.

Letters from a French Hospital. Anonymous. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

Accounts of an English girl's experiences as a volunteer war nurse in a French hospital.

Rifles and Shotguns. By Warren H. Miller. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A Spanish war veteran's practical, semi-technical information on sporting, the military rifle, military shooting positions, and the curriculum of the National Rifle Association.

Italy and the War. By Jacques Bainville. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.00.

The first authoritative analysis of Italy's position in the Great War: the interpretation of the spirit of the new Italy.

Women of Belgium. Turning Tragedy to Triumph. By Charlotte Kellog. With an introduction by Herbert C. Hoover. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

Fundamentals of Naval Service. By Commander Yates Stirling, U. S. A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$2.00.

In five parts: an exhaustive commentary and reference book on the subject.

The only American woman member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium tells the story of the work.

Grapes of Wrath. By Boyd Cable. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.35. Twenty-four hours in the life of a private soldier.

At Plattsburg. By Allen French. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

The life of the "Plattsburg Rookie" in training through drills, range-shooting, hikes, and sham battles.

A German Deserter's War Experience. Translated by J. Koettgen. New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$1.00.

An anti-militarist tells a tale of fifteen months' fighting.

The Battle of Verdun. By Henry Dugard. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A description of the battle from the standpoint of a military critic, as well as with the spirit of the painter and the poet.

In the Claws of the German Eagle. By Albert Rhys Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The author's share with fellow-prisoners in the torments of trial as a spy by the German Military Court in Brussels.

Mobilising America. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A small volume of practical suggestions based on the experience of other democracies.

Campaign Diary of a French Officer. By Second Lieutenant René Nicolas. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A translation verbatim from the journal of an educated and accomplished man thrown suddenly into a position where the elemental qualities of manhood alone are recognised.

The Altar of Freedom. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

An appeal to the mothers of America.

The Complaint of Peace. Translated from the *Querela Pacis* (A.D. 1521) of Erasmus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 50 cents.

1802 reprint of the translation made by T. Paynell, but published anonymously.

The Nature of Peace. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Seven chapters: an enquiry into the nature of peace and the terms of its perpetuation.

Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow, formerly Chancellor of the German Empire. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Portrait. \$2.00.

Why Germany became a great naval power, its colonial expansion, its interior problems, are some of the problems discussed.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of April and the first of May:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Light in the Clearing	Lewis Seymour
New York City.....	The Lifted Veil	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale
Albany, N. Y.....	The Road to Understanding	The Lifted Veil
Atlanta, Ga.....	Possession	The Road to Understanding
Boston, Mass.....	The Lifted Veil	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Boston, Mass.....	The Road to Understanding	Louisburg Square
Boston, Mass.....	Louisburg Square	The Lifted Veil
Baltimore, Md.....	The Chosen People	The Light in the Clearing
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Chicago, Ill.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Dallas, Texas.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Denver, Colo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Des Moines, Ia.....	The Road to Understanding	In the Wilderness
Detroit, Mich.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Thoroughbred
Detroit, Mich.....	The Lifted Veil	Undertow
Houston, Tex.....	The Road to Understanding	The Tiger's Coat
Indianapolis, Ind.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Madness of May
Jacksonville, Fla.....	In the Wilderness	The Road to Understanding
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Road to Understanding	Piccadilly Jim
Louisville, Ky.....	The Lifted Veil	The Road to Understanding
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
New Haven, Conn.....	Cinderella Jane	The Girls at His Billet
New Orleans, La.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lifted Veil
Norfolk, Va.....	The Road to Understanding	In the Wilderness
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Road to Understanding
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Sailor	The Road to Understanding
Portland, Me.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Providence, R. I.....	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Changing Winds
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Richmond, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
San Antonio, Tex.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
St. Paul, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The First Hundred Thousand
San Francisco, Cal.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
San Francisco, Cal.....	Mendel	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Seattle, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
St. Louis, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
St. Louis, Mo.....	In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Tacoma, Wash.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toledo, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Toronto, Can.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Utica, N. Y.....	Greenmantle	The Light in the Clearing
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Worcester, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Greenmantle Wilt Thou, Torchy Cinderella Jane The Middle Pasture	Changing Winds Road to Understanding Jerry of the Islands The Lifted Veil	Autumn Pip To the Last Penny Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Tiger's Coat The Mannequin In the Wilderness In the Wilderness
Mistress Anne Light in the Clearing Piccadilly Jim Those Fitzenbergers	In the Wilderness Mistress Anne Lilla Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Changing Winds The Brown Study In the Wilderness The Son of Tarzan	Pip Pip Road to Understanding The Road to Under- standing
Light in the Clearing Wildfire Wildfire Oh, Mary, Be Careful! Those Fitzenbergers Lydia of the Pines The Son of Tarzan Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mary 'Gusta Light in the Clearing Limp Wildfire Road to Understanding Mary 'Gusta Wildfire The Light in the Clear- ing	Road to Understanding In the Wilderness When a Man's a Man The Lifted Veil The Son of His Father In the Wilderness The Lifted Veil Little Billy Bowlegs	Oh, Mary, Be Careful! Jerry of the Islands Piccadilly Jim Piccadilly Jim The Son of Tarzan Green Mansions In the Wilderness The Lifted Veil
The Road to Under- standing Road to Understanding Light in the Clearing Light in the Clearing The Light in the Clear- ing The Sailor	The Light in the Clear- ing In the Wilderness Undertow Best Short Stories of 1916 Wildfire	The Son of Tarzan Changing Winds The Lifted Veil The Balance The Thoroughbred	The Adventures of Jim- mie Dale Light in the Clearing The Stingy Receiver Wildfire Mr. Britling Sees It Through The Lifted Veil
Mr. Britling Sees It Through Road to Understanding Pip	Mr. Britling Sees It Through In the Wilderness Undertow Mr. Britling Sees It Through Road to Understanding Lydia of the Pines	Cinderella Jane The Horner's Nest The Adventures of Jim- mie Dale The Hillman Undertow	Children of the Desert Light in the Clearing The Light in the Clear- ing The Wonderful Year Mistress Anne
In the Wilderness Mr. Britling Sees It Through Changing Winds Those Fitzenbergers Piccadilly Jim In the Wilderness	In the Wilderness Lydia of the Pines The Lifted Veil The Adventures of Jim- mie Dale Wildfire Jan and Her Job Lydia of the Pines First Hundred Thousand Road to Understanding Wildfire	Lydia of the Pines In the Wilderness The Son of His Father The Triflers	Oh, Mary, Be Careful! Light in the Clearing Children of the Desert Lydia of the Pines
The Son of Tarzan Road to Understanding Road to Understanding Possession In the Wilderness Road to Understanding In the Wilderness Greenmantle Cappy Ricks Road to Understanding The Wonderful Year The Thoroughbred Lydia of the Pines	The Thoroughbred The Taming of Calinga The Sailor The Brown Study Oh, Mary, Be Careful! In the Wilderness Our Next Door Neigh- bors Bindle Road to Understanding The Adventures of Jim- mie Dale Greenmantle	Pollyanna The Triflers In the Wilderness The Tiger's Coat The Lifted Veil When a Man's a Man Best Short Stories of 1916 In the Wilderness Road to Understanding Undertow The Son of Tarzan The Man Next Door The Son of Tarzan	The Thoroughbred Mistress Anne Wildfire Wildfire The Thoroughbred The Sailor Oh, Mary, Be Careful! Undertow The Lifted Veil Jerry of the Islands Wildfire Wildfire The Road to Under- standing When a Man's a Man I Accuse Penrod and Sam The Son of Tarzan
Kingdom of the Blind Lydia of the Pines Road to Understanding Lydia of the Pines		Wildfire The Lifted Veil The Lifted Veil Mistress Anne	

The Book Mart

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
The Business of Farming. Wm. C. Smith.
The Pan-German Plot Unmasked. A. Chéradame.
New Ideals in Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
Woman. Vance Thompson.

An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
The Gardenette. Benjamin F. Albaugh.
Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
The New Poetry: An Anthology. H. Monroe and A. Henderson.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 448 and 449) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10
" " " 2d " " " " 8
" " " 3d " " " " 7
" " " 4th " " " " 6
" " " 5th " " " " 5
" " " 6th " " " " 4

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

POINTS
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells.
(Macmillan.) \$1.50 320
The Road to Understanding. Porter.
(Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40 288
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
(Stokes.) \$1.50 168
The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller.
(Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50 144
The Lifted Veil. King. (Harper.)
\$1.40 118
Wildfire. Grey. (Harper.) \$1.35 85

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard.
Autumn. Muriel H. Coxon.
The Balance. Francis R. Bellamy.
The Best Short Stories of 1916. E. J. O'Brien.
Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.
The Brown Study. Grace S. Richmond.
Cappy Ricks. Peter B. Kyne.
The Castaways. W. W. Jacobs.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
Children of the Desert. Louis Dodge.
The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
The Dark Forest. Hugh Walpole.
The First Hundred Thousand. Ian Hay.
The Gardenette. Benjamin F. Albaugh.
The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
Green Mansions. W. H. Hudson.
Greenmantle. John Buchan.
The Hillman. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
The Hornet's Nest. Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.
I Accuse. Anonymous.
In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
Italy, France and Britain at War. H. G. Wells.
Jan and Her Job. L. Allen Harker.
Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
Kingdom of the Blind. E. P. Oppenheim.
Lewis Seymour. George Moore.
The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
The Light in the Clearing. I. Bacheller.
Lilla. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes.
Limpy. William Johnston.
Little Billy Bowlegs. Emelie B. Stapp.
Louisburg Square. Robert Cutler.
Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willsie.
The Madness of May. Meredith Nicholson.
The Man Next Door. E. Hough.
The Mannequin. Julie M. Lippman.

The Mark of Cain. Carolyn Wells.
Mary 'Gusta. Joseph Lincoln.
Mendel. Gilbert Cannan.
The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
My Second Year of the War. F. Palmer.
New Ideals in Business. Ida M. Tarbell.
The New Poetry: An Anthology. Monroe and Henderson.
O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
Our Next-Door Neighbors. B. K. Miniates.
Penrod and Sam. Booth Tarkington.
Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse.
The Pan-German Plot Unmasked. A. Chéradame.
Pip. Ian Hay.
Pollyanna. E. H. Porter.
The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.
Possession. Olive Wadsley.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. Robert W. Service.
The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
The Sailor. J. C. Snaith.
Seventeen. Booth Tarkington.
The Son of His Father. Ridgewell Cullum.
The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
The Stingy Receiver. E. H. Abbot.
The Taming of Calinga. C. S. Carlsen.
To the Last Penny. Edwin Lefevre.
The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster.
Those Fitzenbergers. Helen R. Martin.
The Tiger's Coat. Elizabeth Dejeans.
The Triflers. Frederick O. Bartlett.
Undertow. Kathleen Norris.
When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
Wildfire. Zane Grey.
Wilt Thou, Torchy. Sewell Ford.
Woman. Vance Thompson.
The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

JULY, 1917

GHOSTS OF THE NEW WORLD

("There are no ghosts in America.")

BY ALFRED NOYES

THERE are no ghosts, you say,
To haunt her blaze of light;
No shadows in her day,
No phantoms in her night.
Columbus' tattered sail
Has passed beyond her hail.

You'll meet in Salem town
No silver-buckled shoon;
No lovely witch to drown,
Or burn beneath the moon;
Not even a whiff of tea,
On Boston's ghostly quay.

Then let your Pullman cars
Go roaring to the West;
Till, watched by lonelier stars,
The cactus lifts its crest.
In that strange painted land
One desolate shade shall stand.

Majestic and forlorn,
Wreck of a dying race,
The Red Man, half in scorn,
Shall raise a spectral face,
Inscrutable as the sky,
To watch *our* ghosts go by.

Must Europe grope at last
Where Rip Van Winkle went,
To find an age has passed
And lit a continent,
And made "a world elsewhere,"
With graves, and graves to spare?

O, ghostly Spanish walls,
Where brown Franciscans glide,
Is there no voice that calls
Across the Great Divide
To pilgrims on their way
Along the Santa Fé?

What? On that magic coast,
Where Raleigh fought with fate;
Or where that Devon ghost
Unbarred the Golden Gate,
Saw you no strange bronzed men
Beat in from sea again?

Must all those dead lie still?
Must not the night disgorge
The ghosts of Bunker hill,
The ghosts of Valley Forge,
Or England's mightier son,
The ghost of Washington?

No ghosts where Lincoln fell?
No ghosts for seeing eyes?
I know an old cracked bell
Shall make ten million rise,
When *his* immortal ghost
Calls to the slumbering host.

INSTEAD OF THE THORN

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK

(Countess of Warwick)

LOOKING at the record of comparatively modern history, it will be seen that the aims capable of stimulating the thinking section of Europe's population have been essentially altruistic. Noble impulses have, from time to time, fired the minds of all classes, the faith in an unpopular creed has made glad martyrs. Peter the Hermit was able to stir the chivalry of Europe. To be sure, that chivalry accomplished little, met with many defeats about which history is indiscreetly reserved, committed many abominable actions, and brought back to the West diseases unknown before; but there was an enkindling idea behind the movement of the Crusades. The Reformation was hardly less remarkable than the struggle for Palestine; regarded as a medium for human regeneration it was more significant. Abuses practised in the name of the Church and Vicar of Christ could be endured no longer, a certain definite instinct told people that the Pope and those who spoke in his name should not fall to the level of the times, but should transcend it. In each case we find the people who followed the crusade or embraced reformed doctrines concerned for the safety of their souls. To rescue the Sacred Places from the Moslem, to remove Christianity from Papal corruption, these were the ideals that could light unquenchable fires in the hearts of simple men and rob death of its sting. By the side of such movements affecting the people of many countries and extending over a long period of years, the French Revolution is almost dwarfed, and this outbreak, too, still looming large in the minds of men—there are so many still living who must have talked in their youth with those who took part in it—

was founded upon great ideals. Since those days we claim to have made a larger progress in a single century than that which the Revolutionaries had gathered through all the years separating them from the times of Richard Cœur de Lion or Martin Luther. Yet the passionate energy of destruction that sweeps across the world to-day is an expression of the great unrest that affects nations or continents from time to time, uniting us in some subtle fashion with Crusade, Reformation, Revolution, and many another movement of less significance. It would appear that these vehement outbreaks are not in their nature fortuitous; they recur at certain intervals as though part of the scheme that brings Vesuvius, Ætna, or Krakatoa into violent and destructive eruption from time to time. There are some who even hold that world calamities come in regularly recurrent cycles, others believe mankind breaks out of bounds at intervals that follow a certain mathematical progression; there are even those who find the same phenomenon in the life of women and hold that the ebullitions of feminism in the years before the war bore a close resemblance to recorded outbreaks by women in past centuries. The whole underlying suggestion is of predestination, of kings and peoples caught in the meshes of the Imminent Will, as Thomas Hardy has tangled them in *The Dynasts*, suggesting that the first Napoleon was but the moving finger that writes at the bidding of the unseen unknown. Whether we are or are not the heirs of disaster upon whom trouble is bound to fall, it is at least clear that the large forces inherited by science from the nineteenth century are available for other ends than those to

which they have been applied. The nations have been given certain powers, presumably denied to them in all world history down to a few years ago. They are using these powers as a child uses a newly acquired knife, cutting whatever will yield to the blade, without any reference to the knife's proper function, until sooner or later its own fingers suffer.

It seems that we have advanced far upon one of the recurring periods of world unrest in circumstances that make it possible for civilisation to be penalised to an extent beyond precedent. The passionate uplifting toward the religious life that prevailed among Crusaders and Reformers, the sacrifice for Liberty that redeemed so many of the excuses of the French Revolution find no counterpart to-day. The Allies are fighting much as doctors fight a cholera epidemic or the plague; they know if they do not destroy they will be destroyed by it. Germans and Austrians labour because they have been told they are engaged in a defensive campaign against a world grown greedy, jealous, and unscrupulous—that it is "Theirs but to do or die." The only people who may possibly be fighting with a sense of religious conviction are the Turks, and they have at most no more than a very moderate satisfaction, for if they are fighting "the Infidels," there are those among them who have been their good friends for many years, who stood between them and destruction in seasons past. They are fighting, too, not for themselves, but for another Infidel who supplies them with weapons and ammunition and hard cash, for all of which he will, in the fulness of time, present a bill. Valour is everywhere. Friend and foe have shown it to an amazing extent amid alarms never sounded before since first war began in the world, but of enthusiasm there is hardly a glimpse. The old spirit of the fighting man cannot thrive in an atmosphere in which death arrives at breakneck speed through clear sky from some monstrous gun fifteen miles away, or from aircraft two miles or more

above the ground. Such joy of combat as is inherent in man, survival of days that leave no room for pride, may be stimulated by the cavalry charge or in less degree by the bayonet assault; but the nature of the area of fighting tends to forbid the one and the machine-gun galls the other, and there is, in all probability, hardly a combatant on either side who for all his granite quality of endurance does not desire peace.

Where, then, is the enthusiasm, the atmosphere in which war was wont to live and thrive? It has gone, I think, to two classes—the first, those who make vast stores of munitions for the destruction of life; the second, those who labour ceaselessly to mend some of the evils that war enforces. More than half the non-combatant world looks after the making of wounds, the residue of the industrious seeks to heal them. The passion of the fighter that once filled the earth has yielded to the passions of the profit-maker and the patriot, sad though it be to name the two classes side by side.

Few people have any idea how the passion for munitions has bitten into the national life and even threatens to corrode it. Of what obtains in enemy countries we can have no sure knowledge, but among the others we know that Japan is working on a vast scale and has gone far to arm her old-time enemy, Russia. As far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned, we have facts and we have figures. They reveal the amazing truth that the world has turned all the patiently and painfully acquired resources of its civilisation to blast a large part of that civilisation off the earth. Nature's wealth, in the form of raw material, the finest and costliest machinery, the most skilled direction that is at a nation's disposal—these are but means to the one end. All England is at work, every district is mapped out, the hammer meets the anvil and women work at the lathe in countless places where before war broke upon us all industry was agricultural. On the one hand, we read of seven firms—five

in Sheffield, one in Glasgow, one in Newcastle—whose united capacity exceeds that of Krupp's; on the other hand, the schoolboy writes home to say that the headmaster has installed a lathe, or a couple of lathes, and that the "fellows" are giving so many hours a day to the national service. There are in Great Britain twelve vast munition areas where day by day the output increases, new buildings are fitted, men and women, boys and girls acquire a greater facility, the reserves mount up. One can hear in the silences of imagination the sound of the skeleton reaper's scythe as the steel touches the grindstone. From Cornwall to the Norfolk Broads, from Portsmouth to Aberdeen—farther north, too, if one would be exact—this enormous national energy expresses itself that we and our Allies may hack, blast, explode a way through the ranks of those who hope to treat us in like fashion. They are striving to that end with all who can be spared from the fighting line, and, in the high interests of frightfulness, have already added poisonous gas to the list of armaments and murder by submarine to the incidents of war. In the United States one powder firm (Du Pont) was said, in the beginning of the year, to have sixty million pounds' worth of orders for the Allies. Its dividend for 1915 was two hundred per cent. In December last agents of Germany replied to this menace to their plans by setting the extension works on fire. These had been put up in less than a year by ten thousand work-people, they housed thirty thousand souls, and in a night were a heap of ruins. I could continue to set out similar figures from the pile before me, but they do but tell the same story over and over again of violent activity, sustained endeavour, profits, dividends, sudden wealth, feverish excitement, prosperity in Protean shapes—most of them ugly.

Briefly, then, we have millions of men fighting one another under conditions that destroy nearly all sense save the sense of duty, and we have millions la-

bouring with enthusiasm to provide their fellows with the means of continuing to destroy, these last building up something in the nature of a vested interest in destruction. We also have a few people—few by comparison rather than in actual numbers—to whom war is a cry for help, a cry to which they must instantly respond. They are repairing what is not irreparable, feeding the hungry, nursing the sick, clothing the naked, opening the eyes of the blind. Theirs the task to sweeten the bitterness of life, to comfort the mourners. Whatever the profits of their venture, they are of the kind that not even the Chancellor of the Exchequer can touch, they are not of this world. Finally, we are told by statisticians, who perhaps derive a certain confidence from their knowledge of the difficulties facing all who would seek to controvert their figures, that at the end of 1916, after twenty-nine months of war, the wealth of the world stood reduced by the sum of twelve thousand million pounds—that is, by a sum equal to five times the annual taxable income of the British Isles, according to the statements of those who are supposed to understand this question. The greater part of this immeasurable sum will have been irretrievably lost, burned up in towns and villages, blown to pieces in shells and fortifications, wasted in worn-out equipment of every sort and kind. That is the cash price for a decision as to whether or not Germany—or should we not say Prussia and the Hohenzollerns?—shall claim the hegemony of Europe, and if the war does not end this summer the price will presumably increase at the rate of one hundred millions a week, of which the British Empire will presumably be expected to find her colossal quota of some thirty-five millions. Surely in years to come, when this madness is past and nothing but part of the heavy price remains, sane people will ask themselves if a system of government that demands such penalties for the price of its ambition should be allowed in conceivable circumstance to persist on any part of a

planet whose inhabitants have more than a faint glimmering of reason.

But it is not the colossal expenditure of life, energy, and resources that strikes the keynote of world tragedy; it is rather the misdirection of force. In the summer of 1914, before world-shattering war broke out, there was enough in the sorry scheme of things to call for strife, but for strife of a different order. Let us suppose for a moment that the world that has dedicated all its resources in blood, energy, and treasure to wilful and premeditated destruction had elected to turn those resources to the removal of the admitted evils of our civilisation. Suppose it had kindled the same high enthusiasms, promoted the same carefully considered organisation, handled the vast material wealth. How should we be standing at the beginning of the year 1917?

Throughout the whole cultivable zone there would not be an untilled field. No man, woman, or child in Europe would be going in need of any of the necessities or reasonable amenities of life. Every city might have its educational endowment; the working day could have been divided in fashion that left for the humblest toiler his hours for recreation and improvement. Food, instead of doubling its normal prices, would have halved them, disease might have been greatly reduced, poverty abolished. The world that lies crying in pain would have been singing its songs of joy. The forces that have gone to the ruin of life would have hurried Time far along the road to the millennium. In the plenitude of the earth's richness, anxiety and greed and ambition might have received their death-blow; the divine event to which all creation moves would no longer have been far off. Nothing more was needed to bring these changes about than the energy, the skill, and the sacrifice that have been so sedulously devoted to the cause of death, destruction, and dismay. None of us knew the potentialities of the world we lived in; we haggled over small causes and mean gains while we had within our

reach the fulcrum with which to move the earth. Now, almost as soon as we realise what we possessed, we have lost it, and the aftermath of peace must be full of poverty, pain, and irremediable economic stress. In no conceivable circumstance can the world be happier. Victors and vanquished alike must mourn their dead, and know that for the living the state can do little to mitigate the bitterest suffering. All the hopes and the ambitions of reformers must remain for an uncertain period in the land of dreams, and in place of the brotherhood of man there must be all-consuming bitterness and rancour that only the years can heal, perhaps incompletely. There were so many generous forces afoot in 1914; for every evil under the sun it seemed as though some remedy were slipping from the knees of the gods. A common instinct toward betterment was stirring the working classes throughout the world. Sordid sometimes in its incidents, it was at least associated with high principles. The inequalities of life were touching the conscience of mankind. Those who amassed colossal fortunes were endowing hospitals, colleges, great institutions, public libraries, parks and pleasure grounds, research work of every kind. Wealth, however selfishly acquired, was bringing with it a certain sense of responsibility unknown before. Those who had toiled for mankind and were nearing the end of their labours were conscious of a goal in sight, to be reached, if not by them, by those destined to carry on the struggle. They were full of the belief that man's inhumanity to man was diminishing, that a certain unity of higher purpose was to be discerned even in the backward countries, that the spirit of brotherhood was being blown like a flame about the world. It needed no more than a supreme effort of civilisation to burst the bonds that fetter humanity and realise for all something of the beauty of life.

What was the world's offence that, when the moment for the supreme effort came, it should be devoted to the destruction of all that had been accom-

plished, to hurling bruised humanity back to the foot of Calvary? These things are beyond us; we know nothing more than that the root of all this evil was in ourselves, and that as we had reaped so we have sown; that our conception of life was false and that the germ of death is in every falsehood. We shall not have in us after the strain and stress of world war the energy and the means to carry on the struggle where we left it off; our energies will be needed to combat new evils. First and foremost we shall be faced by the Frankenstein of armaments called into being to enable us to survive, and for a part at least of the future a huge vested interest that can thrive only on blood and sacrifice, and will have both means and the will to use them, to keep the machinery of destruction from rusting. This horror faces all the countries, belligerent and neutral alike, and unless peace can discover some genius who has not been found in war the outlook is dark indeed. There is a certain savagery in man; war develops, peace represses it. We shall face it in the developed stage, and there must be tens of thousands whom the rude buffets of the world have so incensed that they are careless of the future, indifferent to the claims of normal life. They will be scattered over all lands, and many a country will lie desperate in the grip of penury and ready to risk its poor remains of fortune upon any hazard, however dangerous. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon; and Europe has fed on war, outrages, and unimagined cruelty.

Did not Byron write, in satirical vein, that the saddest words in the language are, "I told you so"? Certainly they are among the most futile, for the Fates of old time, Providence to-day, may shape the future, but must remain powerless to alter the past. There are those who tell us that, had we prepared for war, had we adopted a measure of compulsion and spent upon the fighting services the money devoted to National Insurance, Old Age Pottances—I should

have written Pensions—and the rest, the war would not have taken place. It seems to me that the government tried, after the manner of its kind, to steer a middle course, and that a nation that can send more than three million civilians to become voluntary soldiers at short notice in time of war has thereby made good its rooted objection to Conscription in time of peace. However that may be, it is a little dangerous for the reactionaries to plead neglect of Conscription and a scanty measure of care for the poor as prime causes of our embarrassment. It is quite as easy for those of us who hold opposing views to point out that the fringe of national wealth had not been touched, that what the poor needed was not less assistance, but more, and that had the capitalist classes encouraged the union of workers the world over, internationalism might have kept militarism at bay until the vision of its cruelty, extravagance, and futility had spread from the working classes to those that employ them. There are those who hold, with seeming justification, that the feeling against war was growing fast, and in another decade it would have been irresistible, and that the knowledge of this impending change helped to force the German hand. This is not the view of a class, but of thinkers representing all classes. Granting for the moment that the belief be true, what would have been the results if labour, instead of finding itself cribbed, cabined, and confined, had been free to strive for universal peace in order that the world's assets, mental, moral, and material, might be preserved? Capitalism may well ask itself the question, for war has demanded the children of all classes, and there is no discrimination in shot and shell. They take their toll where they find it.

We live our lives along the lines of a prevailing convention; these conventions accumulate evils as the hull of a ship gathers barnacles, and only when some great upheaval shatters the very foundations of custom are we able to realise how necessary the upheaval had become. It was to conserve wealth, to make broad

the path of the fortunate few, that labour was robbed not only of the full fruits of its service, but of the means to improve itself and correct its own shortcomings. The result has been that labour had not the unity of purpose and the strength to forbid war, and we have seen millions of men without a quarrel, without even a strong racial antagonism, opposed one to another that a few "exalted" people may follow out a scheme of conquest—some rearrangements of the earth-fetters called boundaries. Wealth is wasted even more freely than life, and those who allowed considerations of money-getting to override all others will in many cases see their possessions swept away because they deliberately reduced the strength of democracy, the one force that can say to Kings and Kaisers: "We will not shed our blood for the sake of conquest." It has been argued that Germany, at least, has educated her people thoroughly, and that they still go to war without a murmur, thereby proving the futility of education as the handmaid of peace; but, on the other hand, we must admit that they were cowed as well as educated, and many shrewd observers hold that, in spite of the drill sergeant, Social Democracy was growing at a pace that warned the military party to take their fateful decision before a proletariat, strong as well as enlightened, hurled them from place and power.

By the side of the really fundamental fact these questions lose their significance. What we have learned since August, 1914, is that Europe was equipped with resources in knowledge, money, experience, and latent goodwill sufficient to transform the face of the world—to fulfil the hopes and dreams of patriots and reformers, to place all her children in a position to develop their lives to the highest point of utility, to seek love rather than hate, to enter upon a vast Revivalist Campaign in the interests of civilisation, to enlarge the boundaries of human brotherhood, to share among all the burdens and the blessings, the pain and the joy of the soul's brief transit

from eternity to eternity. Every hope was justified, but none was to be realised. All the energy, all the hoarded riches have gone to destruction rather than to construction. Pain and sorrow that called for healing have been multiplied, and humanity, that might have scaled the heights to which its eyes were turned, is crucified afresh. That there is a resurrection in store we dare not refuse to believe, but we know that it must come so slowly that many of us may not hope to see it. The great chance was put before us almost without our knowledge, and we were not worthy. We have developed impulse without vision; our moral growth has lagged behind our material development. We were in this regard bankrupt, and did not know the relation of the modest assets of our conduct to the immense liabilities we had incurred by reason of our progress, for it goes without saying that our spiritual solvency depended upon the measure in which we directed the new sources of power and wealth to high ends. In short, a world grown rich and capable, with new powers to develop and exploit recently discovered values, laboured for the individual and not for the community. Had there been a brotherhood worthy the name, the earth's riches would have brought good to one and all, the wealthiest country would merely have been the one best able to help and develop the backward ones. Men ask for freedom, sustenance, and security; it is for these things they strive, and down to three years ago the world was developed to the point at which there was enough for all. It is difficult to realise that these conditions did exist, that Western civilisation stood perhaps within a few years of its goal, and that on a sudden, to satisfy the ambitions of a small class that creates nothing save corruption, millions of hands that had been taught to build up were busy casting down. The creators had become the destroyers not only of wealth, but of the ideals they should have guarded with their lives. It becomes suddenly easy to understand the old du-

alistic conception that is scattered through the world of religion—the powers of Asgard and Jötunheim, Odin and Loki, Ormuzd, the god of Light, and Ahriman, the god of Darkness, Christ and Satan. For the civilisation in which we take a pride, the spirit that combats the forces of what we regard as evil, the spirit of optimism that made the fight possible—all these things have suffered.

There is no help. When war has exhausted itself, humanity will need to start again to take up the old burdens and grapple as best it may with the new ones. The question we have to ask ourselves is whether the lesson will have been mastered. Will the people have realised the full significance of dynasties, personal ambitions, pride of race, intol-

erance, despotism, discipline run mad? Will it be prepared to take such action as will rule out these forces as possible destroyers of world peace? If the lesson of this war has been learned and Democracy has the courage to apply it, some of the enthusiastic forecasts of years immediately to come may prove less ridiculous than they seem now. If, on the other hand, war leaves us with our old conventions still firmly rooted or finds us too happy in the passing of one catastrophe to trouble about the possibility of another, then, as far as the eyes of the imagination can see, Democracy must toil hopelessly, like that Corinthian king who in some unlocated underworld pushes the stone that may never quite reach the hill-top and put a period to his labour.

H. G. WELLS AND HIS MENTAL "HINTERLAND"

BY WILFRID LAY

I

IN A striking passage in his *Psychology* William James says that the contributory factors resulting in the line of our reverie are inextricably complex, and adds: "If I hear a friend describe a certain family as having *blotting-paper* voices, the image, though immediately felt to be apposite, baffles the utmost powers of analysis. The higher poets all use abrupt epithets, which are alike intimate and remote, and, as Emerson says, sweetly torment us with invitations to their inaccessible homes." Similarly Wells speaks, in *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*, of "A certain Miss Garradice, one of those mute, emotional, nervous spinsters who drift detachedly, with quick, sudden movements, glittering eyeglasses and a pent-up, imminent look, about our social system. There is something about this type of womanhood—it is hard to say—almost as though they were the bottled souls of departed buccaneers grown somehow virginal."

Now the epithets are alike intimate and remote in being supplied from the Unconscious, which is the most intimate part of us, and is, because of the many repressions to which our memories have been subjected, most remote from our conscious life. What James says later about the folly of an attempt to trace out the contributory factors is now contradicted by the researches of psychoanalysis, and the blotting-paper image about the voices would not now baffle or elude investigation. With the proper study of the mental associations of the friend who used the metaphor, the appositeness of the image could in all probability be clearly traced.

In the *Wheels of Chance* we read that "many men have never seen their

own profiles or the backs of their own heads, and for the back of your own mind no mirror has been invented." That book was published in 1896. Evidently Wells found or himself invented the psychoanalytic mirror, for in his novels he has analysed the fundamental motives of human action, and I believe his novels cannot be adequately read without some knowledge of psychoanalysis. The chief point would be lost. His novels show a deep understanding not only of human motives, but of the psychoanalytic classifications of them.

The main difference between the analytic psychology and the old-school psychology is the clear recognition of the nature and qualities of the Unconscious and of the part played by it in human behaviour. What goes on in the back of your own mind is nowadays a great deal better understood than it was when Wells wrote his first novel or James his *Psychology*. In the study of the intimate processes of the mind, the novelist has really antedated the psychologist; for the former, who has not been restricted by the dogma that mind is not existent outside of consciousness, has been free to make his own inferences and to take a view of the mind that has been denied to the old-fashioned psychology of the schools. This is referred to in the following words of Lady Harman, speaking to Mr. Brumley: "A novelist always seems so wise in these things. He seems to know so many lives. One can talk to you as one can scarcely talk to anyone. You are a sort of doctor—in these matters."

II

A successful writer is one who has thrown off all inhibitions. None has

been more successful in this than H. G. Wells. In freeing himself from his constrictions one fulfils his destiny. Some destinies are not fulfilled, so to speak. Such a person is felt to have expressed himself incompletely. One is delighted to find in Wells a mind that shies at nothing. In many writers one seems to miss the clearness of a square, direct view; but in reading Wells our vision is perfectly centred and focussed, the image achromatic and free from distortion, the lens he supplies us flawless. That is my feeling after reading a dozen of his novels, straightway in rapid succession, finding no dull spots, not even noticing the entoptic phenomena in my own mental vision.

And while presentation of the conscious world is clear and full, the recognition of the determining effect of the individual Unconscious is found everywhere in the novels. By the Continental psychoanalysts unconscious trends have been so specifically traced and described that in this small compass I shall be obliged to confine myself to the treatment of but a few of them. In another paper I purpose to outline the features of several of Wells's stories as seen by the mental science of to-day—a sort of spiritual psychoscope. Here, however, I can offer only the most general considerations as to the manifestations of the Unconscious in human behaviour, as he has portrayed them. In so doing I shall mention only three aspects, the general one of the so-called *Libido* or craving, the parent complex and the matter of ambivalence.

The noteworthy fact about the Unconscious is its overwhelmingly predominant potency in causing one's specific acts, as well as being the foundation of one's general character. By the myriads of unconscious ideas of which one is unaware, and the very existence of which one instinctively denies—"Forces below the level of reason and ideas"—one is absolutely controlled in the choice of an action, a topic or even a concrete definite thought. Wells is, of course, as much controlled as the rest of us, both

in the choice of situations and in the language in which he describes or narrates. The inevitable fact is the control—forever exercised by the Unconscious and as universally denied by the conscious life.

Wells's phrases for the Unconscious are varied and expressive. He speaks of "the vast hinterland of thoughts and feelings in which his essential self had its abiding place." He states the general problem of psychoanalysis when Trafford speaks of "a new set of riddles filling my mind, how thought swings about thought," and mentions "all the little drifting crystallisations of spirit with spirit and all the repulsions and eddies and difficulties that one can catch in that turbulent confusion."

III

The dynamic aspect of the Unconscious is the most important. The unconscious is a moving platform on which all the conscious activities take place; it is a shifting background against which the faces and the costumes of the actors in the human drama seem to change their every aspect; it is the variable light which is centred on the players in the field of consciousness. But more than all that, it is the sum of life itself—pushing forward, craving, instinctively progressing and, until this twentieth century, not recognised as something of extraordinary portentousness for human destiny. It is the real cause of war. It is the cause and the basis of all the moods for which Lady Harman had "neither terms nor recognitions." It is the real cause and, for most of us, a hidden cause, why we persistently pursue now one aim and now another. Our conscious reflection makes us sometimes doubt the value of our efforts. This antagonism between the critical consciousness and the uncritical but unceasing urge of vitality, is what constitutes the inconsistency of human behaviour, the explanation of all that is otherwise unaccountable. The sudden revelation of our nature, the unexpected emergence of a wish we thought we never could

entertain, or any of those other "mental landslides," as Wells calls them, is the coming into consciousness of one or another part of this unconsciousness.

Wells presents in his novels a humanity without the power of definitely and purposely examining the Unconscious. While psychoanalysis is implicit in all his narrative of the soul states, it becomes explicit and scientific in its methods only in the theories of the newer psychology. With it we can gauge to a certain extent the drift of the unconscious deep on which we float, and partly sound its mostly unfathomed abysses. They show us the tragedy of humanity going toward its fate unknowing, and helpless to avert what it would so gladly escape if it but knew.

The Unconscious, as an individual manifestation of a force which has perpetuated life through the ages, is in evidence in all the novels. In the many statements about modern life as one in which extraordinary power has been placed in the hands of men—a power for the rational use of which they have not yet been properly educated and which leads to wars and other forms of waste and devastation—we see Wells handling the question of the advantageous employment of the "surplus life that wastes itself in the world for sheer lack of direction," "the riddle of excessive power"—the very question to which psychoanalysis has contributed the most satisfactory answer. In almost all the novels of Wells we have a paragraph somewhere near the climax, consisting of the question, "What am I doing with all my life?"

All Wells's criticism centres about this question and the various ways his characters answer it. The successful employment of the energies of mankind, that is the social use of them, is called their sublimation. A natural sublimation on the part of the individual keeps the nation in a state of peace and prosperity. A repression of the energy inevitably breaks out in the individual as a neurosis or a physical illness, unless the number of individuals is great

enough, when it causes the neurosis of a nation, which is called war.

The name given by Freud, the founder of psychoanalysis, to the unceasing urge of vitality is *Libido*. Jung calls it *Hormé*, and Bergson speaks of the same thing as the *élan vital*. Putnam has suggested the word craving as the least inappropriate in English. The craving for life, love and action is realised by all the characters as being unsatisfied and they give their thoughts to the problem of using it, each in his own way. The women find it in wifely devotion and the bearing of children, the men in various activities. In *The Passionate Friends* Stephen finds his sublimation in his literary and publishing schemes in co-operation with the American, Gidding; in *The Research Magnificent* Benham looks for it, but, we feel, unsuccessfully; in *Marriage* Trafford declares he must turn from the study of atoms to the study of men; in *Tono-Bungay* young Ponderevo finds it in his work on flying machines and torpedo boats; in *Love and Mr. Lewisham* the man finds it in working for the support of his child, and Mr. Britling finds it in the sacrifice of his son and the service of his country and his God.

IV

It is comparatively easy to see the craving at work in the larger phases of life, in loving, in begetting, in getting money, in all forms of getting busy. It is a little harder to believe that it is equally clearly manifested in our acts which are apparently most trivial, in our awkward forgetting of names, our mistakes in reading, writing and all forms of perception, in mental and in physical disease. But as every conscious act is affected by the unconscious craving, this must be the case. Apparently trivial acts and mannerisms are proved by psychoanalysis to be the effects of unconscious complexes, and are called symptomatic acts. At bottom they are one with the many symbolisms of the world of thought. No act fails to symbolise the unconscious thought of the

individual. By conscientious study many of these symbolisms can be accounted for. With complete knowledge all would be clear.

Even the slightest personal mannerism becomes, in the strong light of psychoanalysis, a "flower in the crannied wall," which is daily being known more and more intimately, as the mental connections are studied by the newer psychology. Wells uses, and I am sure uses consciously, repeated examples of the so-called symptomatic acts, and those other evidences of the struggle of the Unconscious to break forth into consciousness. He indicates this frequently by the expressions "a hesitation," "an embarrassment," "a silence fell between them." Even from the time of the earlier novels he recognises first the existence and then, in the later novels, the effect on his characters of "the vast hinterland of thoughts and feelings."

Wherein Mr. Wells implies not only that this vast hinterland, which is his artistic expression for our prosaic word unconscious, is not only of enormous importance but it is rarely recognised and is the real individual in the sense of being a controlling and permanent force. He shows us this subconscious self developing gradually in the character of Mr. Brumley, Lady Harman's only real lover, as he comes into the full realisation of exactly how and how much he worships Lady Harman. In *The Passionate Friends* the characters of Stephen and Lady Mary are shown gradually becoming conscious of that deeper love which the author and the reader see in them at the start; in *The Research Magnificent* the almost imperceptible gradations of Benham's becoming aware of his intellectual estrangement from, and his unconscious, and therefore essentially controlling, craving for Amanda. In *Marriage* we have Trafford's year by year separation in spirit from his wife and their magnificently heroic and successful effort to win a spiritual union by the blotting out in the wilds of Labrador of all the influences which were pulling them apart. These

are the larger lines of the drifts of the Unconscious as shown in the characters of Wells's novels.

V

Into the more minute details of the specific acts and thoughts I have not space to go, but will give only an example or two. When, in Lady Petchworth's garden, Will Magnet wishes to propose to Marjorie, he suggests they go and look at the aviary. What more appropriate utterance of Magnet's unconscious craving than a wish to have Marjorie and the aviary in his eye at the same time? What more subtle way than that to intimate Magnet's idea of marriage as the caging of a bird? And what better way to indicate Marjorie's real disinclination to marry him than her reply that she hates to see birds in cages?

Such symbolisms meet us frequently in Wells's novels. They are always voices from that vast hinterland which reveal, to him who sees below the surface in human character, the workings of the subliminal Psyche. From the example given above, and through all the degrees of clearness, to the mention of the loss of voice in Aunt Plessington, when the success of her "Movement" seemed to be in danger, we are given countless illustrations of the outcropping of the vast life beneath the conscious perception. Aunt Plessington sees the futility of her sociological efforts, which are a constant activity on her part to compensate for the realities of married life which are denied her by fate. She loses her voice, psychoanalysis would say, because she unconsciously wishes her Movement to fail, and can satisfy her sense of justice only if it fails for some reason outside of her control. Her loss of voice is beyond her conscious control, but it is immediately supplied by the ever-ready and resourceful Unconscious, and Aunt Plessington's face is saved.

Aunt Plessington would naturally be the first person to reject such an expla-

nation, but this explanation of that kind of acts to which the performer assigns very different reasons is exactly the explanation which we have to acknowledge as the real one. Thus Ann Veronica does a very symbolic and symptomatic thing when she takes off the engagement ring which has been given her by Manning, and hands it to Capes to examine. Nothing could show more clearly that she really did not love Manning, and the act foreshadows her present offer of herself to Capes.

The disconcertment of the guest at the dinner (where Lady Harman shows such a shocking knowledge of the practical results of Sir Isaac's methods on his women employés) is shown by the guest's crumbling his bread into little pieces and by dropping his eyeglasses into the soup. Certain mannerisms of people occur in more than one character in Wells's novels; for instance the catch in the breath, and the whistling through the teeth. In *The Passionate Friends* it is said of Lady Mary that "she often said faintly daring things, and when she did, she had that little catch in the breath—of one who dares." In *Marriage* this motive is used in a humorous description of landscape: "He would prefer to look on broader, simpler lines, with just a sudden catch in the breath in them. A sob—such as you get at the break of a pine wood on a hill." This baffled Mr. Pope, but Marjorie took it. "Or a short dry cough of a cliff," she said." The catching of her breath is ascribed to Ethel in *Love and Mr. Lewisham* and in *Ann Veronica*: "I do not think our engagement can go on"; she plunged, and felt exactly that loss of breath that comes with a dive into icy water." In general the catch in the breath is used as if it were a gasp of delight, conveying the sense of utter abandon. The whistling through the teeth is a characteristic of Sir Isaac Harman and of Ponderevo. It seems to symbolise the ecstatic intensity of living, each in his own way, of these two who so pant after money and power.

VI

The essential nature of the Unconscious, fully recognised by Wells, with evident knowledge of European psychoanalysis, is expressed from one point of view in the so-called parent complex. This may be described as an unconscious spiritual dependence upon the parents, long after the normal period of childhood has passed. The relation of the son to the father and the reverse are in the different novels richly portrayed, from the general scheme of *The Passionate Friends*, which is written by the father in the form of an epistle to the son, to the lengthy account of this relation in *The New Machiavelli*. The relation of father and daughter is seen in the story of *Ann Veronica*, where the girl suffers from the overbearing authoritativeness of her father, Mr. Stanley, and breaks away from it; and at the end of the story the father influence is seen disintegrating. This is a true psychoanalytic treatment of this situation, for it is proved by psychoanalysis that no woman can be fully a true wife to her husband until this father influence is shaken off.

In *The Research Magnificent* we are given an elaborate treatment of the mother influence upon the son, a matter which I shall be obliged to postpone until another time. But it should be stated here that the influence of the mother has a very deleterious effect, particularly upon the marriage relations of the son, and is the cause of a number of forms of neurosis serious enough to prevent the unfortunate man from fulfilling in the normal way his true function in society as a man, a husband and a father. In passing, I might note that Wells's chief men characters show this mother influence in their search for a true love mate, and specifically in their constant variability until they find the woman who can mother them. In short, sexual promiscuity on the part of men is the conscious expression of the unconscious search for the mother element in women, the unconscious long-

ing on the part of these men to return to the mother. By this is meant that the qualities which the son finds in the mother during the period of his young childhood are exactly those which he seeks in his wife. As these qualities cannot be found in anyone except the man's own mother, he fails to find them in the women to whom he successively devotes himself, and as soon as he fails to find them in one, turns to another who seems to promise what her predecessors were unable to give. Mr. Britling with his eight amours is an excellent example. By the survival of his mother influence such a man is rendered incapable of appreciating reality in feminine shape. He has no means of knowing what the true wife should be. He sees all women through the medium of his unconscious memory of his mother.

Capes in *Ann Veronica* sums up the situation of the parent complex, saying: "I don't believe there is any strong natural affection between parents and growing up children. There was not, I know, between myself and my father—I bored him. I hated him. I suppose that shocks one's ideas. It is true. There are sentimental and traditional deferences and reverences, I know, between father and son, but that is just exactly what prevents the developing of an easy friendship. Father-worshipping sons are abnormal—and they are no good. . . ."

"Some day, perhaps, the old won't coddle and hamper the young, and the young won't need to fly in the faces of the old. They will all face facts as facts and understand. . . . Gods! what a world it might be if people faced facts!"

VII

The constant pressure of the unconscious craving to express itself in conscious thoughts and acts, and the equally constant pressure exerted by consciousness to keep back these attempted emergencies, is shown by implicit antitheses at every turn. Always the conscious sensation or perception is subject to a transvaluation by virtue of the uncon-

scious background. We see it in "the gentle apprehension which is the shadow of desire in unassuming natures"; in "a wife concealing the humiliation of an unhappy choice in a spurious satisfaction and affection"; the avoidance of looking at a person which becomes "a negative stare"; the way in which we "keep certain matters always in mind by conspicuously covering them away." The same complexity of thought is expressed in saying: "It is just as though we were each of us not one person, but a lot of persons, who sometimes meet and shout all together, and then disperse and forget and plot against each other."

It is indicated in Trafford's humorous speculation that "it is as if one needed a colder climate to brace a cook to his business," and in *The History of Mr. Polly* where it is said that "the name of Uncle Jim was written in letters of glaring silence across their intercourse"; or in *Tono-Bungay* where we read that Ponderevo in leaving his wife was "full of a desolating sense of relief"; in the "conscientiously refined and low-voiced people reeking with proud bashfulness" and in this passage from *The Research Magnificent*: "'After my visits to her,' wrote Benham, 'he would show by a hundred little expressions and poses and acts how intensely he was not noting that anything of the sort had occurred.'"

I spoke above of the unconscious wish on the part of Aunt Plessington that her Movement should not succeed. A marked strenuousness of conscious effort betrays the presence of an unconscious trend of the opposite direction; just as a salmon swims up stream in its spawning season. The strained effect itself of this conscious effort is the mark of its engagement in, its special occupation with, and its being determined by, the unconscious wish. If the conscious wish coincides with the unconscious, there is no strain, no disproportionate nervous tension. In Aunt Plessington one evidence of this conflict is found in her voice, which is a "strangled con-

tralto." In many instances the low-voiced woman is marked as having masculine traits, among others a sort of aggressiveness toward her weaker sisters, and in this evinces a psychical loss of sexual balance. In the well-balanced person the absence of the strain is noticeable as an unexcited, calm, composed manner and "a clear, unhesitating voice."

This antithetic nature of the individual psyche, illuminated by psychoanalysis and constantly emphasised in the characters of Wells's novels, is termed ambivalence. This antagonism is based on our physical make-up, constituted as it is by the counterstrains of opposing muscles, which alone make co-ordination of movement possible, and is exemplified in our psychical nature by the necessity of every perception's implicitly containing its opposite, at least as a background. The latter ambivalence is seen in the very nature of sensation itself when we reflect that a sound or a touch has to be changed into what it is not before we can become aware of it as having any quality whatever. Complete blackness is not a visual sensation until it is changing in consciousness into an incomplete blackness, and similarly for any colour; a constant tone ceases to be heard as a tone, and so on through all the qualities of sensation. Lady Harman, speaking of her husband's roadside advertisements, expresses this in the words: "One sees them so much that at last one does not see them."

Now if the opposite of a sensation is necessary to the very existence of that sensation, it follows that the opposite of every idea is in "the vast hinterland" ready to emerge at any moment. And Wells gives us no end of examples of this ambivalence. Putting into words this characteristic of human mentality produces a crackling quality in his style, much like electricity unexpectedly developed from fur. Its unexpectedness gives the reader that mental catch in the breath which is so symbolical of sudden and intense emotion. So whether we read in *The History of Mr. Polly*,

"So nearly akin are human joy and sorrow," or of that "immense affectation that there was no Mr. Polly in the world," or of the crassly gustatorial phantasies that filled the minds of Trafford and Marjorie in Labrador when their food was at its lowest, or when we find Mr. Polly saying that he cannot possibly return to the Potwell Inn, and immediately turning around and heading for it, we are impressed with the ambivalence of these situations.

In *Marriage* Marjorie's mother, Mrs. Pope, while calling on her some time after her marriage to Trafford, says: "If he had not married you—" which shows the ambivalence of the old lady's mind. Consciously, of course, she knows Marjorie *is* married to Trafford; but the irritation, at the time of her breaking of her engagement to Will Magnet, has so stirred the old lady's Unconscious that it wishes Marjorie were living with Trafford unmarried, and causes Mrs. Pope to suggest how badly Mr. Pope would have taken it, if—a very severe Wellsian comment on the British mother's unconscious feeling for her daughter.

VIII

To this dynamic aspect of the Unconscious and its ambivalence we shall have to add another tendency very strong in human nature—repression. Much of the hitherto inexplicable in human behaviour is now co-ordinated by the theory that thoughts and feelings, once repressed on account of their painful nature, do nevertheless, in that vast hinterland to which they are banished, complicate themselves and acquire a vitality seemingly all their own and repeatedly attempt to return thence and enter consciousness again. Such, however, is the lack of frankness and straightforwardness in our composition that, if they would return, they are forced to assume disguises. Thus it has been proved over and over again by Freud and his followers that an unhappy love affair, though apparently healed, has returned in the shape of

some physical ill, a neuralgia, a hysteria, some one or other of many diseases. At first sight it seems almost like believing in a joke as a serious matter—as if, indeed, it should be said that an *affaire du cœur* after once having been forgotten, should reappear as a cardiac affection. But this seemingly humorous situation is in reality no joke, according to the psychoanalysts. A wrong belief about love may really be the only true cause of a skin disease. Repression of natural instincts, the checking of the natural outflow of the unconscious craving, if not sublimated, may turn that vital force (conversion, they call that turning) inward upon the organs of secretion and cause a physical lack of balance known to us under the name of disease.

Psychoanalysis thus explains hysterics and many other forms of nervous troubles as the results of the conflict between the conscious and the unconscious parts of the ego. Likewise phobias, which are exaggerated and compelling fears (beautifully illustrated in the prelude to *The Research Magnificent*), and many other characteristics which, until the advent of the newer psychology, were classified merely as accidental eccentricities, are now known to be quite available keys to the understanding of human life.

The greater conflict is between the primordial craving of the soul for life, love and activity and the countless restrictions imposed by social conditions upon the expression of that craving. Wells satirises with keenest appreciation the essential qualities of that restriction as seen in English society. The tragedy of *The Passionate Friends* is caused by it. So is the attempt of Benham to understand true aristocracy and the failure of his attempt is due to his inability to reconcile the warring elements in his nature. In Lady Harman the unconscious craving is shown completely quelled even from her young girlhood, and her entire married life is a spiritual impossibility, due to her never being able to escape for an hour from the restrictions her conventional marriage has imposed. She is, indeed, a bird, not caged but handled, held in the covetous paws of her outrageous little husband, and freed at last by his death. In *Marriage* alone is a conscious attempt made to harmonise the Unconscious and the conscious life by the man and the woman whose complete happiness depends on that harmony. It is successful because of their extraordinary intellectual endowment, and in it we have a model for the solution of all similar conflicts.

ACROSS THE ZONE

BY ISABEL ANDERSON

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

I

It's the old, old road and the old, old quest
Of the cut-throat sons of Cain,
South by west and a quarter west,
And hey for the Spanish Main.*

OUR course was over the great Spanish Main, which could tell us tales hard to picture to ourselves in these modern days. Leaving behind Cape San Antonio, on the western end of Cuba, opposite Yucatan, we passed into the Caribbean Sea.

The stories of the early explorers are thrilling. Columbus, after his stop at San Domingo on his fourth voyage, sailed over to the Isthmus. Balboa crossed the Isthmus, where the canal is

*Masfield.

now, in 1513, and discovered the Pacific Ocean. Magellan, too, searched in these parts for a western passage. Of the other Spanish explorers, Davalos and Ponce de Leon went as far north as St. Augustine, Florida. It was with real delight that I read of Drake, Morgan and Kidd, of galleons, privateers and treasure ships.

Although the Spaniards looked upon the New World as their possession by virtue of the Pope's decree dividing all the newly discovered lands between Spain and Portugal, many French, English and Dutch ships defied the Spanish law and ventured to trade with the smaller settlements that were not garrisoned. The settlers were not too loyal to buy goods of these traders and thus



BALBOA HEIGHTS ROAD, LINED WITH ROYAL PALMS

avoid the payment of duties. In this way a smuggling trade grew up which had its headquarters on the coast of Hispaniola, where their ships could be safely moored and the crews could obtain meat by killing the wild boars and cattle that roamed through the interior. They cured this meat as they had learned to do from the Carib Indians. It was dried on a grating, called a barbecue, raised on poles two or three feet above a camp-fire. Only green wood was used for the fire, which was thus kept low, and on it were thrown at intervals the hide and bones of the animal. The meat cured in this way was called "boucanned," from the Indian word boucan, meaning dried meat and camp-fire, so these smugglers, who prepared it, came to be known as buccaneers.

But the buccaneers were not simply smugglers. They were on the Spanish Main "maugre the King of Spain's beard." The Spanish Government considered them "interlopers," and gave them short shrift. It was war to the knife between them and the Spanish ships. Gradually, more and more adventurers and desperadoes came to the shores of Hispaniola, and a colony was formed of these outlaws of the sea. After Sir Francis Drake's successful raid on San Domingo and Cartagena, great numbers of privateers followed and established a base on the small island of Tortuga. They soon made themselves feared by their raids. By degrees the French buccaneers got possession of Tortuga, while the English made Jamaica their headquarters. In time of war French and English governors commissioned them as privateers, and thus a sort of governmental sanction was lent to them.

Masefield has caught the spirit of the buccaneers in these dashing lines:

I'm going to be a pirate with a bright brass
pilot gun,
And an island in the Spanish Main beyond
the setting sun,
And a silver flagon full of red wine to drink
when work is done,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a
tarry Buccaneer.

With a spy-glass tucked beneath my arm and
a cocked hat cocked askew,
And a long, low, rakish schooner a-cutting
of the waves in two
And a flag of skull and cross-bones the wickedest
that ever flew,
Like a fine old salt-sea scavenger, like a
tarry Buccaneer.

Sir Francis Drake, greatest of the English captains, who perhaps had more than a dash of the pirate in him, came to his death in these waters, and the famous Dampier, who sailed three times round the world in the seventeenth century, is also associated with the Spanish Main. But Morgan is the best known, for among his exploits he sacked Old Panama, and was rewarded with the rank of admiral in the British navy and also with the office of deputy governor of Jamaica.

We were sailing in these waters near five countries that are commonly described as "on the Isthmus." Close to the narrow strip that actually joins the two continents are Colombia on the south and "happy Costa Rica" on the north. Costa Rica has been prosperous and peaceful until very lately, when they had a bloodless revolution. Its capital, San Jose, contains some very handsome buildings. Honduras is supposed to be the most out-at-heels, but has the distinction of having an honest president, by the name of Davila. Salvador is the only one of the Central American states that borders on the Pacific alone, not extending across to the Caribbean Sea. It is densely populated and has some fine mountain scenery. Only recently it has experienced a very severe earthquake. Guatemala is the oldest of these countries and at one time reached a high stage of civilisation, but now shares with Nicaragua the reputation of being the most troublesome.

It was our good fortune to have a narrow escape from a violent hurricane. A few months before, a steamer of this line had gone down in a storm, and not a soul or a vestige of the ship had ever been seen again. But as we approached Swan Island the wind died out and that night



CULEBRA CUT, LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE WEST BANK

the sky was ablaze with stars, and the Southern Cross was above the horizon—always a disappointment, however, for it is a poor galaxy and little suggests a cross. This island is a bit of American coral named for an old freebooter, upon which the United Fruit Company maintains a wireless station and a light-house, as they do on many other dangerous points on this coast, where governments refuse to do their duty. It was pleasant to reflect that this was the result of Boston enterprise. We moved slowly toward the light, for it was dark on the water, until we made out the dim outline of the little reef and saw the twinkling lanterns of small boats that came out to meet us and transfer food and fuel for the island. Only once every three weeks does a ship stop here to deliver supplies and mail, yet the men on the lonely reef know everything that goes on in the world through their wireless.

It is one hundred miles from New Orleans down the river to the Gulf of Mexico and fourteen hundred to the Isthmus of Panama. It was something of a revelation to appreciate where the Canal Zone, which is a strip across the Isthmus, is situated in relation to other places. The canal runs northwest and southeast, and, strangely enough, its Pacific end is farther east than the Atlantic end.

The light off Colon-Cristobol was at last sighted, and a torrential tropical storm came up also to make us realise that the steamer was nearing land. She slowed up for a while, but soon passed in behind the great breakwater that encloses the harbour entrance. The rows of lights twinkling along the shore made one feel it must be a second New York rather than Colon-Cristobol. Colon is the old Panamanian town, which is gradually losing its grip, while Christobol is the American town, where the new docks and terminals and offices are being built.

With the rising sun the doctor appeared and made a strict examination of all the passengers, for that is the only way to keep the Zone free from scourge.

He vaccinated almost every one on board. The pilot took our boat in to the wrong side of the dock, so that she had to back out and come in again, but at last she tied up and we were able to telephone to General Edwards—now in command of the northeastern department, with headquarters in Boston—whose guests we were to be. We learned that his "trolley" was on the way over for us, and in the meantime resolved to see the sleepy, sad little town. I say sad because most of it was burned down the year before.

It was picturesque, however, with its motley crowds of people, its porticoed houses and small shops, its plazas full of foliage and flowers, rather scraggly but glowing with colour.

Such a mixture of costumes as we saw! There were East Indians with embroidered caps and turbans, and Chinese and, queerest of all, the San Blas Indians, who were very amusing in baby derby hats. Years ago an enterprising American sold this kind to them, and now they will wear nothing else. They marry only with their own kind, and they will not let a white man pass a night in their village. The women wear nose rings and bead anklets, which are put on them in childhood and deform the legs as they grow larger. America really needs, and should arrange to acquire, their land in order to protect the eastern end of the canal. We stopped at the post-office in the Panamanian town. Not a soul was there to sell stamps, and we decided our letters might never get off, so took them over to be mailed in the Washington Hotel—quite the best in these parts—in the American town. The hotel was built in Spanish style, with terrace and balustrade facing the ocean, and a big tank by the sea wall for bathing.

General Edwards, at that time commanding on the Isthmus, sent his aide, a handsome young officer, to meet us in his private track motor. This was General Edwards's own conveyance, really a miniature railway car, which travelled over the track in the guise of a special train. The chauffeur was an orderly



ATLANTIC TERMINALS, INTERIOR OF PIER NO. 7

sergeant; it appeared that the labour unions had considered the position of such importance that they had protested to the President that a soldier ought not to interfere with the possible work of one of their members! We started off in this little car, backing and filling through the traffic in the town, and so began a strange trip along the marvellous and much talked of canal across the Isthmus.

Travelling in this curious motor was rather exciting, as the car did not run very well and the gasoline gave out, and we had to flag real trains and sidetrack—for there was tremendous traffic on the Panama Railroad, especially at that time, when the canal was closed by the great slide. We ran out into the country and jungle over fifty miles, past the great Gatun Locks, along the flooded lakeside, where villages and the wide valley were submerged by the waters of the dam and spillway at Gatun, past the Pedro Miguel Locks and the Miraflores and the Pacific approach, to Balboa, Ancon and the town of Panama, the

three communities at the Pacific end of the Zone.

The railway followed the canal part of the way, and part of the way wandered off through the jungle between the mountains, where there were fine bits of forest, and beautiful trees whose tops were all a mass of blue blossoms, and caiba and ylang-ylang, like flames, ablaze with yellow and red. Tangles of rank undergrowth darkened the ravines that led up between the ridges, and there were orchids in profusion hanging from the trees, and huge-leaved plants and trailing foliage and vines. Further back in the forest there were monkeys and paroquets, and in the streams many alligators. Where the railway ran beside the canal everything looked green, for the luxuriant tropical growth had obliterated the scars of the work of a few years ago.

The motor whizzed by villages in which canal workmen lived—"gold and silver workmen," as they are called. The "gold" are the white men, who get high

wages, the "silver" are the blacks. All these villages have been built by the Americans. Most of the houses are on stilts—on account of the rainy season and the tropical insects and snakes—and many have broad, screened piazzas surrounding them completely, so that no glass is needed in the windows. Some of the houses were made from old freight cars, yet decorated with beautiful orchids. For pets the people had black and white monkeys, small deer and parrots.

At last we reached Balboa, and here took a real motor to the General's house, half-way up on the ridge of high Ancon Hill, where it commanded magnificent views. It had wide windows and verandas, and cool rooms with fine baths, and we were made very comfortable. The servants were a black cook from Jamaica, who was very good, although she smoked cigarettes all the time she was cooking, a chambermaid from Martinique, and a butler, who was a well-trained Panamanian. The place was

clean and attractive and I never saw a mosquito all the time I was there. I had a visit from a spider, a water bug and a firefly in my bedroom, but that was all, though I heard that a boa-constrictor had been found under the house a few months before. Big lizards, however, crept round the gardens, for they especially like to eat the flower buds.

The cool, airy veranda was screened, so that the bright tropical sunlight was modified, and far below it extended one of the most interesting views in the world. We looked up the valley to the Miraflores Locks of the canal and the lake which they retain. On the other side was the bay, which makes in from the Pacific Ocean, broken by the high, steep islands that cover the entrance to the canal. Off toward the sea could be seen Fort Grant with its rows of red-roofed quarters. Far below us were the workshops and the marvellous new dry dock.

The town of Ancon, which was started by the French, is a veritable hanging gar-



STATUE OF COLUMBUS, WASHINGTON HOTEL

den creeping up the slope, its perfect roads winding zigzag up the sides of the mountain, with rows of tall palms along terraces and richly foliated hedges of croton and hibiscus. There are great shading trees—the mango, the rain tree, and the poinciana all aglow with red flowers—and the houses with verandas are smothered under masses of bougainvillea in different glorious shades, poinsettia and the pink "chain of love." In these lovely surroundings are the detached cottages of the hospital and the home of former Governor Goethals.

Beyond Ancon, on the other side toward the sea, is Panama "City," the Panamanian town which still remains to Panama, and which is a typical Central American city in flavour and appearance—except that it is cleaner and more wholesome. Here we had the unique experience of being able to visit, just by crossing a street (for Ancon and Panama join), a Central American city, a hotbed of sedition and revolution and bad government and dramatic incident, and yet were able to leave it by crossing back over the street into a well-governed American community—much better governed than communities at home.

An afternoon was spent in Panama City wandering about its picturesque streets with overhanging balconies hung with awnings and gay with flowers. Indians and Panamanians were living their lives out in the open, the women walking along with that splendid swing that comes from carrying loads on their heads, and señoritas smiling or demure, and lazy, ogling men in front of the cafés. There are more mixed colours there than can be imagined—blacks, browns and yellows—for there are many Chinese—hardly a really white family. We looked into rooms that were half bedroom, half shop. Again we went by plazas full of flowering trees, and strolled down by the sea, where terraces led along and boats were drawn up below on the rocks, past the president's house, with its guard of honour of loafing soldiers, and past the Opera House,

an ambitious building all streaked with tropical rain and heat, to the parapet of the old fort which juts out into the ocean. Here more armed soldiers sat about and spat about. The cathedral and several churches were interesting outside from their rich baroque façades, but inside their altars were covered with Lenten veils.

A rather curious social condition exists even to-day. In old times when the people revolted against Mother Spain and the Spaniards were driven out, some of the slaves became generals and bandit rulers. Revolutions still take place every four years at election time. The president in office when we were there was not a particularly good one. A Dr. Cherry was running to succeed him, who was supported by the better class of the people. He was not elected, however. Everybody of any prominence here seemed to be a doctor.

Panama was originally a part of Colombia. This northern bit revolted and seceded during Roosevelt's administration, and was sustained by the United States Government. Some people go so far as to say that the United States practically seized the Canal Zone, but our government offered to pay a large sum to Colombia, which sum that state is still haggling over. At one time Colombia boasted of her professors and poets; to-day she is going to pieces. There are even many lepers at large, one town in particular being filled with them—a town from which guava paste is shipped. What a pleasant thought!

Next to the canal itself the most interesting part of the Isthmus was the ruins of Old Panama, six or eight miles south of the present city. This Panama of the Conquistadores, the oldest European settlement on the western coast of America, dates from 1519. Here the treasures of Peru and the Philippines were landed, to be carried across the Isthmus by the Royal Way to Porto Bello on the other side and thence in galleons to Spain. It was more important than any other Spanish settlement in

America except Cartagena. Old Panama was on the shore of the Pacific, looking toward that Eldorado of the Spaniards, the empire of Peru. "Its situation on that beautiful blue bay, with the Andes snowy in the distance, and the islands, like great green gems, to seaward, is lovely beyond words." The site was not selected for its beauty, however, but for the practical consideration that on account of the mussel beds nearby the settlers would be in no danger of starvation. It took the name of Panama, meaning "the place where many fish are found," from an Indian village on the same spot.

Here, on the borders of the New World, was a bit of old Spain that was described by writers of the time as the peer of Venice. It probably had a population of about thirty thousand, and was "the greatest mart for gold and silver in the whole world. . . . There were pearl fisheries up and down the bay, yielding the finest of pearls." The merchants who amassed fortunes here built fine houses of stone in Moorish style or richly carved dwellings of native cedar, in which were paintings by Spanish masters and all the luxuries of Europe and the Orient. They erected convents and monasteries and a beautiful cathedral, whose tower is still a landmark to sailors. Nothing of all this is to be seen to-day but heaps of stones rising out of a tangle of tropical growth, the almost perfect shell of the cathedral tower, and the flat arch of the ruined church of Santo Domingo, which "is one of the wonders of architecture, continuing to stand in defiance of the laws of gravity and the trembling of earthquakes."

All this wealth and magnificence were protected by sea and marshes on three sides, and on the fourth was a causeway, in which was the stone bridge still standing. Thus surrounded by water, not anticipating attack from the Pacific, and believing the dangers of the Isthmus would protect them from the pirates of the Main, the Spaniards thought themselves safe. But in January, 1671, the redoubtable Henry Morgan, chief of the

buccaneers, landed at the mouth of the Chagres River, took the Castle of San Lorenzo, and advanced across the Isthmus. Instead of strengthening their fortifications and awaiting the enemy behind stone walls, the Spaniards marched in procession to the cathedral, where Masses were said for their success and gifts were laid upon the altar, and then took up their position on the plain outside the city. They numbered four hundred fine horsemen, twenty-four hundred footmen, and some Indians and negroes who were to drive two thousand wild bulls into the English ranks.

Morgan's ragged, hungry band of over a thousand men were exhausted from the long march, on which they had been forced to eat even the leather bags found in a deserted Spanish camp. It is said that "few or none there were but wished themselves at home." But they fought desperately, picking off the horsemen and charging the foot till the Spaniards fled in utter rout. After a rest Morgan marched upon the town, silenced the batteries, and soon was in possession of Old Panama.

While the pirates were revelling in the rich booty, it was discovered that the place was on fire, and in spite of all their efforts the great houses of the merchants disappeared in the flames; the warehouses, however, were saved. When Captain Morgan left the site of the city in February, "he carried with him one hundred and seventy-five beasts of carriage, laden with silver, gold and other precious things, besides six hundred prisoners more or less, between men, women, children and slaves." The Incas were avenged!

What a contrast! As we were looking at the ruins, along the trail road came a company of the Signal Corps of American soldiers, who were about to start in on manœuvres, with pack mules and equipage and in campaign uniform, and they turned in under the old tower and began to make camp. It was strange and novel to find these most modern of troops settling themselves un-

der the grey ruins of the sack of so long ago. A tropical storm came up and pelted down rain in sheets for a few moments, but neither men nor mules seemed to mind and soon the sun was out again.

We motored by some haciendas on the

trip out, which was over a rolling country with some plantations but chiefly grazing land. The cattle looked better than any I have ever seen before in the tropics. Along the way were some native houses, merely huts thatched with palm leaves.

(To be concluded)

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

HOWELLS

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

OPEN-EYED, open-hearted, open-souled!
So, sun, moon and stars
Have flooded you with their light
And their light's vision.

These states stand united
Through wisdom like yours:
Wisdom of the open-eyed
Allowing for blindness;
Wisdom of the open-hearted
Allowing for meanness;
Wisdom of the open-souled
Allowing for self-deceit.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE

BY WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

IN ITS day, and for two or three centuries later, the *Romance of the Rose* was the most popular work composed in mediæval Europe. It consists of about twenty-three thousand eight-syllable verses in the old French original. That forms a very considerable poem. A poem in two volumes would be sufficient in our day to rebuff most readers. But think of copying out in longhand such a poem! Time was something to be killed by our ancestors, and hands were found to copy this endless poem almost two hundred times. That is to say, we have nearly two hundred French manuscripts of the *Roman de la Rose*, and that does not account for all those that must have been lost in the course of six hundred years. However, the figures give us some idea of what mediæval literary popularity was.

The extraordinary favour of the poem is to be explained by its dual authorship and its dual message to the thirteenth century. One cannot in this case speak of collaboration, for Guillaume de Lorris wrote the first four thousand six hundred and sixty-nine verses of the poem as we have it about 1230, and Jean Clopinel de Meung finished it about 1270. Each poet wrote in his own spirit, and their joint labours make the poem what it is. Those whom Guillaume did not catch with his pleasant treatise on love-making applauded the scathing arraignment of mediæval institutions and customs in the latter and larger part of the poem. Our authors were both the products of that wonderful thirteenth century, when French mediæval art and civilisation reached their highest expression. It was the century of St. Louis, the second century of the Crusades,*when the Orient was beginning to penetrate the Occident, the finest period of Gothic architecture;

the poetry of epic and romance was still in its bloom, while the realism and didacticism of the *bourgeois* schools of poetry were just coming into being with the rise of the middle class. All this kaleidoscopic variety of thought and action is thrown on the screen of poetry in the *Romance of the Rose*. The first part looks backward, and is the apotheosis of that school of courtly love which at the hands of the Provençal troubadours had done so much to purify and hallow the sensual theories of Ovid. The second part looks forward toward modern times, not in its treatment of love, but in its frank and critical spirit of satire, in its determination to clean the Augean stables of feudal and ecclesiastical privilege and abuse.

Guillaume de Lorris was a faithful follower in Love's train. He was intimately familiar with the classic and mediæval tradition which had brought many men like him and Dante to feel that the fullest manhood could be attained only in the absolute devotion of woman-service. He was an idealist, a gentle spirit, and a seeker after beauty along conventional lines. He wrote on the art of loving a more artistic allegory than anyone who had attempted it before him. In this sense his part of the poem is the last word in the innocuous mediæval philosophy of love. He focuses the attention upon the Lover, but the Lover has his thoughts fixed upon the woman. Hence, woman though the passive recipient of passion and service, is placed upon a pedestal as the object of man's strivings. This conception of woman's rôle is pleasing to all women, and to many men. There is always a market for such sentiments as those entertained by Guillaume de Lorris, and never more so than was the case during the long leisure hours of woman's ex-

istence under a declining feudalism. Upward of a century before the *Roman de la Rose* was begun the romances of chivalrous adventure, relating the feats and quests undertaken by errant knights in honour of their ladies, bear evidence of the thirst for this kind of reading on the part of aristocratic women. This was the refined and leisurely public whose thirst for sentiment and gentle philosophy Guillaume de Lorris wrote to assuage.

Jean de Meung-sur-Loire wrote for a very different public. He was brimming over with another message to the next generation. Events were moving rapidly in this teeming thirteenth century, and Jean was more than abreast of his times. His is no poet's and lover's idealism, but a serious and solid naturalism, as Professor Lanson has remarked. He is a thirteenth-century Voltaire, an iconoclast, for whom nothing is sacred if it bars the way of common-sense and human nature. Less of an artist than his predecessor, he is more of a scholar. Familiar with the Past, disillusioned with the Present, he is convinced that there is something rotten in a civilisation held captive by feudalism and the Church. His cynical diatribes arrest attention. One can no longer allow oneself to be borne along upon the charming fancies of Guillaume's ornate allegory. Not the beauty of the Lover's world, but the sordid materialism of the mediæval *bourgeois*, smites us in the face the moment we have passed the limits of Guillaume's poem, and find ourselves delivered into the hands of a new guide and philosophy—*Dame Reason*.

The *Romance of the Rose* is an allegory, the most interminable allegory that ever became popular. Allegory is as old as literature. Many parts of the Bible are subject to allegorical interpretation, some of the finest mediæval literature is allegorical, and into the form of allegory much early Protestant thought was cast. But like the pastoral romance, allegory has had its day, perhaps never to be revived. At any

rate, it is dead or dormant at present, and he would be a rash author who would stake his reputation to-day upon an allegorical poem of twenty-three thousand verses, or upon a pastoral romance in six volumes after the manner of the seventeenth-century *Astrea*. Allegory is defined as "the description of one thing under the image of another." In our poem the allegory consists in the description of a man's effort to win a maiden, under the image of a man in a garden seeking to pluck a rose. Hence, it is quite fitting to speak of the romance of the rose; for although a flower may not be the chief figure in a romance, a maiden may well take that part.

Allegory was one of the most common and popular vehicles for philosophical, religious, and didactic literature at the close of the Middle Ages. Guillaume de Lorris is not to be held responsible for his employment of it. Like most mediæval poets, Guillaume would not have boasted of any originality; he would rather have vaunted his fidelity to tradition and authority. And he would have been quite justified in so doing. There is nothing original in his part of the poem except the elegance and grace and poetic skill which cause us to mark with a star the *Roman de la Rose* in our histories of mediæval poetry.

Not only is the poem an allegory, it is also the record of a dream. And dreams and visions have been utilised in didactic literature from the earliest times. Here, however, the dream need not bother us; there is plenty of time for the reader to forget it is all a dream, before he reaches the end of the poem and wakes up with the poet.

Then, too, the identification of the maiden with a rose is not original. Mediæval poetry is full of maids named Fleurette, Blanche fleur, Eglantine, and Violette, and we have not yet ceased to name our daughters Rose, Violet, Lily, and Pansy. Professor Langlois in his *Origines et Sources du Roman de la Rose* has pointed out that the application

of allegory to the treatment of the girl under the image of a rose had already been foreshadowed in a Latin poem, *Carmen de Rosa*, and in the French *Dit de la Rose*.

Neither the allegory, nor the dream, nor the rose, then, is original with Guillaume. No more original is the fourth outstanding feature of the poem: its elaborate theory of the art of love, leading up to a veritable philosophy or religion of love, by whose dictates the *honnête homme* of the late Middle Ages regulated his attitude toward the fair sex. When it is recalled that Ovid was, with Vergil, the best known of the Latin poets in the Middle Ages, it is evident what a mine of inspiration was opened in the *Metamorphoses*, the *Remedia amoris*, and the *De arte amandi*. Despite the literary value of much of Ovid's amorous poetry, it was an essentially physical and sensual conception of love which the Latin poet exploited. It had required the labours of Provençal troubadours and of mediæval philosophical writers to elaborate a nobler, if perfectly conventional, conception of woman as a superior creature to whom man's service was due by right. This conception of woman, which received its noblest interpretation at the hands of Dante in 1300, was a product of the twelfth century. Its rise and favour as a literary convention is variously and tentatively explained as being in part due to changing conditions in feudal life during the period of the Crusades, to the increasing place given to the Virgin Mary in Catholic thought, and to the spread of Provençal literary ideals throughout western Europe, notably after the Albigensian crusade dispersed in the early thirteenth century the homeless troubadours. Difficult as it is at this distance to distinguish such subtle currents of thought, we are on safe ground when we approach the purely philosophical and allegorical treatises composed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Professor Langlois has enumerated these previous treatments of the art of love, and clearly

indicated the debt of both Guillaume and Jean to them. The most important of them is the Latin prose treatise *De arte honeste amandi*, written slightly before the *Roman de la Rose* by André le Chapelain at the Court of Troyes in Champagne, presided over by the elegant and refined Marie de Champagne, daughter of that Eleanor of Aquitaine who first married Louis VII of France, and later Henry II of England. This treatise was called by Gaston Paris "le code le plus parfait de l'amour courtois tel qu' on le voit en action dans les romans de la Table Ronde," and may be considered the official guide-book to the domain of the god of Love.

The interest of English literature in the *Roman de la Rose* is, of course, due to the literal translation of part of the poem, generally ascribed to Chaucer. Professor Legouis in his recent work on Chaucer (1910) thinks that Chaucer owed much of his inspiration as a poet to the French poem, and that he certainly is the author of the first part of the English translation as it stands. The interest of Chaucer in the French poem is probably due precisely to its mixed note of artistic idealism and of healthy realism. But the translation of twenty-three thousand verses was a big task. It was never finished. Like Guillaume with his original, so the English poet with his translation had to stop short of complete execution. Jean alone had the long breath necessary for such a *tour de force*. However, we shall avail ourselves of this classic English translation, so long as the help lasts, and put our hand in Chaucer's while he leads us through the sweet meads of the Garden of Love.

The time of our Lover's dream is naturally the month of May:

Hard is the hert that loveth nought
In May, whan al this mirth is wrought;
Whan he may on these braunches here
The smale briddes syngen clere
Her bleful, swete song pitous,
And in this sesoun delytous,
Whan love affraieth alle thing.
Me thought a nyght, in my slepyng,

Right in my bed ful redily,
 That it was by the morowe erly;
 And up I roos, and gan me clothe;
 Anoon I wisshe myn hondis bothe;
 A sylvre nedle forth I droughe,
 Out of an aguler queynt ynoughe,
 And gan this nedle threde anon,
 For out of toun me list to gon,
 The song of briddes for to here
 That in this buskes syngen clere,
 And in the swete seson that leve is;
 With a threde bastyng my slevis,
 Alone I wente in my plaiyng,
 The smale foules song harknyng,
 They peyned hem ful many peyre.
 To syng on bowes bloomed feyre.
 Joly and gay, ful of gladnesse,
 Toward a ryver gan I me dresse,
 That I herd renne faste by;
 For fairer plaiyng non saugh I
 Than playen me by that ryvere,
 For from an hille that stood ther nere,
 Cam down the streme ful stif and bold.
 Cleer was the water, and as cold
 As any welle is, sooth to seyn,
 And somdele lasse it was than Seyn,
 But it was strayghter, wel-away!
 And never saugh I, er that day,
 The water that so wel lykede me;
 And wondir glad was I to se
 That lusty place, and that ryvere;
 And with that watir that ran so clere
 My face I wysshe.

While strolling beside the river, he came to a garden with a high wall round about, upon which were painted many ugly and fearsome images of Hate, Felony, Villainy, Covetousness, Avarice, Envy, Gloom, Old Age, Hypocrisy, and Poverty. After smiting upon the gate of this garden, the Lover was admitted by a charming damsel called *Idleness*, who passes him on to *Courtesy*. Through the lovely garden, to the accompaniment of sweet birds' song, *Courtesy* leads the Lover to where a gay dance is in progress, led by *Mirth*, *Gladness*, *Love*, *Beauty*, *Riches*, *Largess*, *Frankness*, and accompanying youths who owned their sway. One carries away from all this description of the garden of Love a memory of yellow

sunshine, green trees, graceful youth, and song of birds:

These briddes, that I you devise,
 They songe her songe as faire and wele
 As angels don espirituel.
 And, trusteth wel, that I hem herd
 Ful lustily, and wel I ferde;
 For never yitt sich melodye
 Was herd of man that myghte dye.

Of the train of dancers, the poet has much good to say, but particularly of Largess, the patron virtue of all mediæval minstrels, in which their hopes were set:

Largesse, that settith al hir entente
 For to be honourable and free;
 Of Alexandres kyn was she.
 Hir moste joye was, ywys,
 Whan that she gaf, and seide, "Have this."
 Not Avarice, the foule caytyf,
 Was half to gripe so ententyf,
 As Largesse is to geve and spende.
 And God ynough alwey hir sende,
 So that the more she gaf away,
 The more, ywys, she hadde alwey.

After the dance, the Lover walks off through the trees of this earthly paradise, leaving the pairs of lovers behind him:

Thanne hadde I wille to gon and see
 The gardyne that so lykede me,
 And loken on these faire loreyes,
 On pyn trees, cedres, and oliveria.
 The daunces thanne cended were;
 For many of hem that dauncede there
 Were with her loves went away
 Undir the trees to have hir play.
 A, Lord! they lyvede lustyly!

Coming along presently to the spring of Love, he gazed, as his forerunner Narcissus had done, into the depths, and saw reflected there a beautiful rose which he had not before remarked.

In thilke mirrour sawe I tho,
 Among a thousand thinges mo,
 A roser charged full of rosia,
 That with an hegge aboute enclosid is.

Cupid, ever on the watch for innocent victims, then shot the poet with five

arrows which he carried in his quiver, and each arrow served to wound more deeply the victim's heart. These arrows are named *Beauty*, *Simplicity*, *Frankness*, *Company*, and *Fair-Semblance*. Had not the last named been dipped in a soothing ointment, the wound would have been mortal. He who is smitten with this arrow does not die, but lives on in an agony of alternating hope and despair. The god of Love then instructs the Lover by means of a series of those "enseignements," "chastiments," or counsels which are current throughout old French poetry, as to how to live on and prosper in his new estate. The whole art of making love is here set forth. But most important of the injunctions is:

And alle wymmen serve and preise,
And to thy power her honour reise.
And if that ony myssaierie
Dispise wymmen, that thou maist here,
Blame hym, and bidde hym holde hym stille.
And set thy myght and alle thy wille
Wymmen and ladies for to please,
And to do thyng that may hem ese,
That they ever speke good of thee,
For so thou maist best preised be.

When he had been charged concerning the importance of dress, cleanliness, skill in music, generosity, fidelity, sincerity, and patience, this precious hint is added from Ovid and other experts in the way to woman's heart:

Yit with o thing I charge thee,
That is to seye, that thou large be
Unto the mayde, that hir doith serve,
So best hir thanke thou shalt deserve
Geve hir giftes, and get hir grace,
For so thou may thanke purchase,
That she thee worthy holde and free.

Then Love leaves him, fortified with a liberal allowance of that Hope without which "there should no lover live."

Next there comes to his aid a lusty bachelor named *Good-Address*, who leads him toward the Rose. The Rose has, however, many protectors, such as *Danger*, *Wicked Tongue*, and *Shame*,

whose hostility is overcome with difficulty by *Good-Address* and *Venus*, who is an enemy of *Chastity* and of the other guardians of the Rose. The climax of bliss and satisfaction is reached when the Lover was granted the privilege of kissing the Rose:

Thanne of my peyne I gan to lisse,
And to the rose anon wente I
And kyside it fulle feithfully.
Thar no man aske if I was blithe;
Whanne the savour soft and lythe
Stroke to myn herte withoute more,
And me alegged of my sore,
So was I fulle of joye and blisse.
It is faire sich a flour to kisse,
It was so swoote and saverous.
I myght not be so angwisshous,
That I moute glad and joly be,
Whanne that I remembre me.
Yit ever among, sothly to seyne,
I suffre noye and moche peyne.

Instantly all the careless guardians of the Rose are afoot and assume a hostile mien. *Good-Address* is arrested and confined within the strong tower of *Jealousy* for his connivance in the crime that has just been committed. The prisoner is placed in the care of an old hag whose cynical philosophy of love is later divulged, and who belongs to the ancient type of procuress which reached its most complete expression in the Spanish *Celestina* and in Regnier's *Macette*. Here we must leave the unhappy *Good-Address* in *Jealousy's* duress till the very close of the poem.

Deserted by his friends, and with the grateful fragrance of the kiss still fresh upon his lips, the Lover is now approached by *Dame Reason*. Here we take leave of Guillaume de Lorris, and deliver ourselves and the Lover into the rougher hands of Jean de Meung. *Reason* tries for three thousand lines to argue the Lover out of his fidelity to Love and enlist him in her own service. Rebuffed, she washes her hands of him; but God sends him a new and sympathetic counsellor in the person of a *Friend*, who tells him how to court the defenders

of the Rose, and win their confidence. *Love* next returns to help the Lover, and after rallying his barons, he decides to attack the tower of *Jealousy* and release *Good-Address*. Thus no real progress has been made in the love-story during the first seven thousand verses of Jean's contribution.

We are now in point of quantity halfway through the poem as it stands. The rest is taken up with endless discussions and set speeches by members of the host arrayed before the tower of *Jealousy*. Finally, an onslaught is made, the tower is set on fire by a shaft from *Venus's* bow, the defenders run off or are killed, *Good-Address* is set free, and the Lover culls the Rose.

"By the branches I seized the rose-bush, which was more pliable than any reed. And when I had it firmly in my hands, without pricking my fingers, I began gently to shake the bud, for I could not get it without causing it to stir. So I moved and pressed aside the branches as gently as I could, not wishing to do any violence. Yet I had to bruise a little of the bark, for otherwise I could not reach the object of my desire. Finally, in spreading open the leaves of the bud so as to see into its depths, I caused a little of the pollen to fall from the flower; but that was all the harm I did. . . . Then I blithely plucked the Rose from the stem of the leafy bush. And just as I picked the red, red Rose, the dawn appeared, and I awoke."

A few typical selections from the second part of the poem will give a sufficient idea of its character. *Reason's* definition of love, taken from André le Chapelain, strikes the note of Jean's philosophy:

"If I understand it aright, love is a malady of the imagination which develops between two free individuals of opposite sex. It is the product of the heat of a disordered imagination, and seeks bodily relief through the exercise of kiss and fond embrace. Love has no other object in view but to delight in the fire in which it burns. Not to pro-

duce fruit is its desire, but to revel in sensual delights."

No wonder that one has been justified in saying that "when he touched the Rose, Jean caused it to wither!"

The following is taken from Jean's account of the development of society among primitive men, reminding one of Rousseau's Dijon thesis and the *Social Contract*, written almost five centuries later:

"Because men thought so much of gold, they tore it from the soil, and wrested from the bowels of the earth the metals and the precious stones for which the people yearned, now become victims of avarice and covetousness. While one piles up, the other hoards; and because it can never all be spent, it is left to guardians, heirs and executors. . . . As a result of this, people grew wicked and went astray from their early mode of life. Given over to their evil ways, they became false deceivers. They struggled to secure their private property, and even parcelled out the land with boundary stones to mark the fields. Then they fought over these boundary stones, and took from each other what they could. While the stronger were engaged in securing the lion's share, the lazy sneaks who stayed at home entered their caves and stole their goods. Then some one had to be appointed to guard their homes, and seize the criminals, and secure justice for those who were wronged—some man whom none would dare to withstand. So they assembled to make a choice. And the choice fell upon the biggest and brawniest thug of all the number, whom they then made their prince and lord. He swore to safeguard their rights, and defend their homes, if each would in turn contribute to his support, to which they all then gave consent."

One of the best tirades, too long for quotation, is that of *Hypocrisy*, directed against all the smug churchmen and laymen who seek to enter the Kingdom of Heaven without casting aside their earthly baggage. Not less plainly than Molière in *Tartuffe* does this medieval

clerk distinguish between the real and the false *dévoit*. It is not his habit that makes the monk, and there is many a saint in private life who will never be canonised. It is not the dress without, but the heart within, that counts. So also, in another place, he defines the true gentleman:

"There may be some one who will maintain, as is commonly held, that the gentlemen are of better stuff, being born of noble stock, than those who till the soil and live by the sweat of their own brow. To them I answer, that no man is gentle but him who is intent upon virtue; and none is base but him whose folly is shown forth in his vice. He is noble whose heart is right; for gentle birth is of no avail unless the heart be gentle, too. His parents' prowess and the honour won by their accomplishments must show forth afresh in him. For when they died, their virtues perished with them, and their heirs got nothing but their pelf. So much they have, but nothing more, except what gentility and worth they may acquire by their own sense and virtues."

Jean's treatment of woman is that accorded her by the clerks, who inherited the tradition of monasticism. She was the cause of "man's first disobedience," and of most of the sin and trouble in the world—a siren whose wiles and tricks were ceaselessly employed to ensnare foolish and thoughtless men. Much of this treatment would not afford grateful reading in the twentieth century, but a few lines will show the mediæval coquette as she sets out through the streets:

"After she has carefully surveyed herself in the mirror to see if she is properly attired, she may step out into the street. Let her be careful of her bearing, that it be not too indolent and not too stiff, not too erect and not too stooping, but pleasing in whatever throng she moves. Shoulders and hips should be carried in such a way that none may be her superior; and let her tread daintily in her little slippers, which she must have made so neat that they will closely

fit her feet and leave no ugly wrinkles. And if her dress drops, or falls too near the pavement, let her lift it up at the side or in front, as if to get a little air, or as if she is thus accustomed to hold it up in order to walk more comfortably. Then let her see to it that her foot is just a bit exposed, so that any passer-by can catch a glimpse of its daintiness."

Enough has been said, and quoted from the poem, to indicate what a two-edged sword was wielded by the authors of the *Roman de la Rose*. It struck both ways, and those who escaped on one side were cut by the other edge of its seductive appeal. Two totally different conceptions of life and its purpose are effectively set forth in this long poem. No student of mediæval literature and society can afford to dismiss it without serious attention.

The courtly conception of love as the main object of life, to which man's highest efforts should be directed, continued to have its devotees, as Professor Langlois has well pointed out, long after the day of Guillaume de Lorris: the fifteenth century had its exponent in Charles d'Orléans, called "the last of the troubadours," and later generations were enraptured with the prose romances of *Astrée*, *Clélie*, and *Le grand Cyrus*. Who can deny that so long as men are men and women are women there will be those who will read, if not evolve for themselves, conventional treatises on the way of a man with a maid?

Jean de Meung had a different public in view, a public that was different not only in point of time, but in the social stratum to which it belonged. For this public, life is a much more matter-of-fact affair, from which idealism and sentiment are conspicuously absent. For Jean de Meung marriage is a very practical partnership, from which sentiment is excluded, but which has certain tangible advantages connected with human nature and the propagation of the species. It is in the speeches of *Reason* and *Nature*, which are not heeded by

the headstrong Lover, that Jean has expressed his own morality and that of his ilk. His cynical attitude toward many of the customs and abuses of mediæval society is placed in effective contrast by the charming, pastoral "cadre" or frame of what is ostensibly a love poem. Romance and naturalism! Never perhaps in the history of literature was a single allegory charged with such a double load.

For an obscure clerk, Jean de Meung was a very widely read scholar. Whereas Guillaume de Lorris seems directly indebted only to Ovid and Macrobius of the Latin authors, Jean draws freely upon Aristotle and Plato (in Latin translations), Cicero, Ovid, Sallust, Vergil, Horace, Livy, Lucan, Juvenal, Macrobius; of Christian writers he uses Augustine, Roger Bacon, Abelard, Jean of Salisbury, André le Chapelain, Guillaume de St. Amour, and Boethius. Professor Langlois claims to have identified the source of about twelve thou-

sand verses out of a total of seventeen thousand five hundred by Jean. He ranges at ease from Homer to the contemporary schoolmen. The fortune of the Lover and the Rose as conceived by Guillaume is perhaps the object of his least concern. He simply saw the possibilities of Guillaume's allegory, left hanging incomplete in the air, and while adding *Nature*, *Reason*, and *Genius*, used the same *dramatis personae* for the exploitation of his own rugged and common-sense philosophy. In his part of the poem, then, the interest of the modern reader is focussed upon the tirades of *Reason*, *Nature*, *Hypocrisy* and the rest. At times a poet, Jean is constitutionally a pedant. The combination is frequently met in the Middle Ages, when pedantry was the ear-mark of didactic poetry. At all times he is a daring philosopher, forecasting that break with the Past in Church and State which was not to be realised for five hundred years in France.

THE FRANCE WHO PRAYS

BY JULES BOIS

AMERICANS ought to know with a growing intimacy the France of to-day, faithful to her most glorious traditions, but so widely different from the France which biased or superficial reports had presented in a false light. The France that prays is one of the aspects of this true France. Our nation suffers, uncomplaining; it is buoyed up by the inspiration of the great liberating events now actually happening or those soon to come. The French people are united in a broad feeling of religious idealism, which is alien to all fanaticism and reveals itself in concentrated action. All the various confessions, including free-thought, are agreed on praying to the sublime Spirit, who is above us and whom everyone senses—whatever may be the name we give Him—for humanity's victory over the enemies of Right and Civilisation.

Besides, France has always been "religious" in the fundamental acceptation of the word. She always cultivated beautiful things and salutary ideas. The anti-clerical movement in our country was never anything but the political outcome of political conflicts, which are inevitable in a democracy. One of the guiding principles of the Republic, declared by Gambetta, is that religion is a *matter of conscience*, and that the state must not intervene in the domain of personal convictions either to thwart or to impose them. If in France religious beliefs have sometimes clashed, it was not for lack of earnest convictions but, rather, because of a superabundance of faith.

It is only in the course of grave national crises and among peoples who are engaged in an earnest quest for truth and justice that there manifests itself a religious spirit, free from all internal sectarian dimensions and from conflict be-

tween orthodox doctrines and free thought—a spirit harmonious, integral, disdainful of petty detail, and welded together in the fire of a glowing and mystic enthusiasm. Such is the case of France. Especially since August, 1914, the French have been *believing together* just as they have been *acting together*.

I am confident that a perfect solidarity exists between the loftiest ideas and the purest and most profound feelings. They are so closely connected that they penetrate each other, so to speak. Religion, patriotism, love—one cannot awaken the one without the others. They may all be summed up in one formula and reduced to one force, namely, the spirit of sacrifice, which is the very essence of Christianity. Before the great trial, in the face of the common danger, all Frenchmen have acted as patriots. Thus, the same love for the same ideal has welded together their hearts. Consequently it was inevitable that a unanimity of religion should be realised, not, indeed, by uniformity of ritual, but by identity of hope and fusion of all individual wills in one.

An impressive ceremony has recently taken place within the walls of the old Sorbonne. Catholics, Protestants, Hebrews, and even Moslems, gathered together to declare solemnly their willingness to collaborate in their supreme duty toward France, her Allies, and Civilisation.

After the speeches made by Messieurs Deschanel and Viviani, Monseigneur Baudrillart said: "French Catholics, obedient to the voice of your bishops and inspired by their conduct, you have generously responded to all the calls of our country. As army chaplains, ambulance men, hospital attendants, soldiers, each at his post, your priests have gallantly done their duty. Setting everywhere

the example, you have shed your blood plentifully. You have brought your riches without counting them; you have defended your country's good name before the world, proclaimed the justice of its cause and denounced the crimes of the foe that attacked it."

In the name of the Protestants, Monsieur André Weiss, in his turn, made this declaration: "The French Protestants bring their most resolute assistance to the magnificent effort of the nation, which has risen like one man against the powers of oppression and falsehood. Descendants of those proud Huguenots who, long before the Revolution, proclaimed the right of people to liberty, they affirm, in the very name of their religious faith, the justice and the sacredness of the cause upheld by the Allies."

Monsieur Sylvain Lévi expressed himself in these terms: "Israel has received from his prophets a steadfast faith in the triumph of Justice. To-day, France, which once emancipated the world, is again the champion of right. Her children of Hebrew faith will serve her unflinchingly until the day of triumph, which must restore to the French communities Alsace, their ancient cradle."

The next declaration, that of the Imam Katrandji, ended as follows: "In this great conflict the Moslems of Northern Africa, faithful to the religion of their fathers, fight side by side with those who have always defended it. Our wealthy coreligionists have contributed their means, the poor have given their hands. There is not a single family which has not sent one of its members to shed his blood for the cause of France, her Allies, and Islam."

The soldiers and the civilians have not waited for these eminent speakers to bring about an agreement of religions both at the front and in the rear. The war is a school of austerity, tolerance, strict moral discipline, and mutual respect. Never before have there been so many saints and heroes, most of them obscure and voiceless. How many Catholic priests have joined the ranks in

order to defend the sacred land of our forefathers and, at the same time, to bring the soldiers the encouragement and the solace expected from the ministers of the Gospel! There has been, and there still is, between all creeds a kind of rivalry of concord and devotion. Every Sunday, in Alsace, the Protestant parson helps the curé with the Mass, acting as organist. Dying soldiers hear prayers read by the regimental chaplain, irrespective of the Church to which he belongs. The authentic history of the rabbi of Lyon, who was slain on the battlefield at the moment when he presented a crucifix to a wounded Catholic officer, is well known. In a lecture delivered at the Lègué de l'Enseignement, M. Ferdinand Buisson, the promoter of the laws concerning lay education, recently demonstrated that this sacred union could not cease after the war, that it was both possible and indispensable.

In his book, entitled *The War Seen from an Ambulance*, M. L'Abbé Félix Klein, chaplain of the American ambulance at Neuilly, states that the year 1914 has inaugurated a new era of devotion, heroism and reconciliation. "God," he writes, "knows the good that has come out of so much suffering, and the still greater good which will come out of it in the future; that is why He has permitted all this affliction to enter the world, and has not checked the unbridled will, criminal but free, and, therefore, responsible for it. We, too, shall some day know it, this good for which so high a price has been paid. Unlike our beloved dead, we shall enjoy it not only in that invisible world where everyone reaps the harvest of joy or sorrow that springs from the merits or faults he has sown. We shall profit by it in this very world, where divine justice, which the unbelievers worship just as we do, but under another name, in the end deals out to nations, according to their conduct, prosperity or downfall, glory or infamy."

It is necessary to read the touching description of a midnight Christmas

Mass, as it is depicted by the same ecclesiastical writer. The scene is laid at the Lycée Pasteur, which houses the American ambulance.

"Everywhere were seen banners of the Allied nations and that of the United States. Large ones were nailed above the doors and along the walls; small ones stuck everywhere, even in medicine boxes and in the corks of the bottles containing sterilised water.

"The chapel was all decorated with garlands and fresh branches. Sober candelabras lit up, on the altar, a background of green plants, made gay by several white lilies and snowballs. A magnificent palm-tree framed with its foliages the tabernacle and the crucifix itself. Higher up, on the back wall, a sheaf of Allied and American flags placed our ambulance work under celestial protection.

"But the true decoration of our chapel was the presence of the many wounded men. What was most striking about them was not the variegated colourfulness of costumes and the racial differences, but rather their very wounds, whose tale was told, in too lucid a language, by the bandages on their heads or hands, by the slings which supported their arms, by the crutches on which they leaned, by the arm-chairs in which some of them had been brought to the chapel. Centred around Christ, who sanctified the altar with His actual presence, the gathering resembled the scenes which, nineteen centuries ago, took place in Galilee. And at the moment of the Holy Communion, when, carried by my trembling hands, He came near to many of those present, the words 'Heaven has visited earth,' which a melodious voice chanted divinely in the depth of the chapel, were true words."

The presence of the religious element in this war lends to it aspects of indisputable novelty.

Here is another story, which is as strange as it is truthful:

"An artillery captain silences the enemy's guns by means of several well-aimed shots. The battery is again on

the road and reaches a village or, at least, the ruins of one. The horses are speedily unharnessed. The men brush their clothes and disappear in a half-ruined barn. What are they going to do?

"A stone is placed on several empty cartridge-boxes. The captain is going . . . to sing the Mass. He is a curé. He hastily puts on his priestly robe; he looks rather queer, this curé who wears a cap with three galloons on it instead of a priest's cap. But there's nothing wrong with the Mass. . . . There is even a sermon, and what a sermon!

"He first tells his flock to pray for those for whom he is going to say Mass. *I particularly recommend to your prayers the German artillerymen whom we have just destroyed.* And he goes on to chant the *De Profundis*!"

The horrors of war, the pain it engenders, cast the human heart into unfathomable abysses, or, rather, exalt it to unsuspected heights. On these dazzling summits, in the double light of faith and heroic resignation, immortality is revealed to the elated spirit. Art and ideas are immortal and lend to those who practise them a portion of their eternity. Similarly, sentiments, too, are immortal; they impart to those who experience them an existence reaching out beyond the frontier of physical death. This survival is an example, a counsel, an action more efficacious than all the rest. It appears, nay, it is certain, that the heroes who had died for their country combat mysteriously, invisibly, side by side with those who, being alive, are, like their predecessors, prepared to sacrifice their lives on the altar of their common cause.

Here is a passage from a letter written by a mother who had already lost one of her sons and who encourages her remaining son, who is at the front, to do his duty to the end. This letter stoically witnesses to the faith that the dead co-operate in the work of reparation which the living have not as yet completed.

"May the Lord keep you safe for us

who love you! We have been already so pitilessly tried that 'He' may well extend to us this grace of sparing you. Besides, I have told it to you: the soul of our dear René protects you and watches over you, my little Daniel. I feel it with a force which I cannot express. *The very dead combat with you. I embrace you tenderly, my child.*"

There is an incalculable power in the collective prayer of a nation, especially if this prayer is unselfish. In our days the close study of the psychical forces will no doubt finally demonstrate, scientifically, so to speak, that prayer can work miracles, not only within the walls of revered sanctuaries, but also on battlefields, in bustling towns, in family life. Without prayer we would have either despair and utter prostration or a gloomy, disconsolate courage. It is necessary, as Monsieur Buisson wishes and hopes, that this state of affairs should last after the war and should be more than a temporary efflorescence of moral beauty.

Let us now listen to the words of Monsieur Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies and member of the French Academy, who has recently stated at a public sitting of the Institute that *a cry of love* rises high from the trenches and grave and hovers above the old soil of France.

"France of St. Louis, of Joan of Arc, of St. Vincent de Paul, of Pascal; France of Rabelais, of Descartes, of Molière, of Voltaire; France of the Crusades, and France of the Revolution, you are all sacred to us, and your sons have an equal place in our hearts as they have it in peril. Those who do not sight the common summit under the same sun have not looked either far or high enough.

"The same spirit must guide us in questions of religion. It is not sufficient to say governments have no authority in matters of religion. The state and the church even when separated meet in several grounds. May the spirit of wisdom banish fanaticism everywhere! Let us banish from our language these

old words forged for old ideas: intolerance, tolerance. What! do we have to tolerate, to suffer each other? Do we have to cause suffering to one another? What we must say is not 'tolerance,' but 'respect.'

"The thought which does not respect faith is not a truly free thought, and a belief which casts a slur on freedom, instead of increasing its own power, loses it. Whoever despises the religious forces is likely, in politics, to be out of his reckoning; and whoever wants to impose a religion corrupts its source."

In fact, there is every chance that these wise counsels will be heeded. If one follows the history of France attentively, one concludes that France is a land of faith. The brain and the heart of our country have never been divided between belief, on one side, and unbelief, on the other. It is, on the contrary, a land of two religions, both of them sincere and fervent, which had confronted each other before reaching a final union. No, France is not, as it has often been imagined, a country divided into *believers* and *unbelievers*.

We all are and *we all* were *believers*; but our methods are not identical, our rituals are different, just as the temperament of the French, which, although one in essence, varies in form. Some of us follow a traditional religion, Catholic, Protestant or Hebrew; others adhere to a natural, purely human faith. But are not all sincere and idealistic aspirations in a way truly religious?

Some gravitate to a revealed Word; others freely obey a law outside the traditional creeds, as formulated at the order and by the light of the individual conscience. The first lived, and now they fight and die with the hope of seeing Heaven open its gates before them, according to the divine promise of the Scriptures and the Holy Sacrament. The second, too, lived and now combat and die, with eyes dazzled by the splendour of their simple human duty.

But what an error, what a crime, to have supposed that there was an irreconcilable antagonism between the adepts of

traditional faith and those whom I shall call, not unbelievers, but independent believers.

Roused by patriotic heroism, both of them act together, and they are so closely united that what seemed to separate them can no longer be distinguished. Is not the blood which flows from their wounds one and the same? Mysterious fate, which places deathless laurels on these brotherly graves and on these hospital beds, so closely huddled together, does not separate them in its mercy and in its infinite justice. They are all

equally Frenchmen; they are all human beings.

It is thus possible, without being misled by idle fancies and illusions, to foresee already a beneficent result of this war, which has sown so many seeds of mourning that the harvest of justice may be reaped. At the time of the great Revolution our forefathers fought and died for the *religion of freedom*; to-day, their great-grandchildren combat, die, and will triumph that the *freedom of religions* may be definitely established.

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

THERE LIVED A LADY IN MILAN

THERE lived a lady in Milan
Wrought for a madness unto Man,
A fawn Il Moro could not tame;
Her beauty unbedecked with pearls
More than all Beatrice's girls,
Her eyes a secret subtle flame.

Brocade wherein her body dressed
Was hallowed; flowers her footstep pressed
Suspired incense ere they died.
Her father mazed with alchemy
Wrought in his cellar ceaselessly.
She lived in quiet, gentle pride.

And by her garden in his hour
Passed Leonardo, come with power
From Florence. So he saw her face
Bending above the shrivelled stalks
Of autumn on the garden walks.
And Leonardo drank her grace.

She was as if a sunset were
With fresher colours, clearer air,
And a more golden coil of cloud.
She was as if all citherns swooned
With one rich harmony myriad-tuned,
Haunting, enchanting, pure and proud.

**"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.*

The Masque of Poets

And Leonardo said, "Ladye,
I know not what you do to me
Who have and have not, seek nor find.
The sea-shell and the falcon's feather,
Greece and the rock and shifting weather
Have taught me many things of mind.

"My heart has taught me many things,
And so have emperors, popes, and kings,
And so have leaves and green May-flies;
Yea, I have learned from bird and beast,
From slouching dwarf and ranting priest.
Yet, in the end, how am I wise?

"Though with dividers and a quill
I weave some miracle of will,—
Say, that men fly,—though I design
For peace or war a thousand things
Gaining applause from dukes and kings,—
Though soft and deft my colours shine,

"Though my quick wit breed thunderbolts
I may not loose on all these dolts,
Things they are babes to comprehend,—
Though from the crevice in stone or lime
I trace grave outlines mocking Time,—
I know when I am beaten, Friend!

"Say that there lived of old a saint
Even Leonardo dared not paint,
Even Leonardo dared not draw,—
Too perfect in her breathing prime
For colours to transmit to time
Or quill attempt,—aye, ev'n in awe!

"Say this, cold histories, and say
I looked not on her from this day
Lest frenzied I destroy my art.
O golden lily,—how she stands
Listening! Beauty,—ah, your hands,
Your little hands tear out my heart!

"Do you not know you are so fair,
Brighter than springtime in the air?
What says your mirror to your mind?"
"Phantom," she whispered, "Do you plead
With ghostly gestures? . . . Ah, indeed,
Pity a lady deaf and blind

"Since birth!" . . . Then Leonardo turned
Saluting, though the sunset burned

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In nimbus round her,—went his way
In daze, repeating "God's defect,
Even he!—and masterpiece elect!"
He never saw her from that day.

LAGGARD

My mind is very swift and gay;
She flutters to and fro,
She knows a thousand things to play,
A thousand roads to go;

But oh, my heart will never play—
She sits and watches still
A stone she saw them set one day
Beside a low green hill.

AT MIDNIGHT

Now at last I have come to see what life is,
Nothing is ever ended, everything only begun,
And the brave victories that seem so splendid
Are never really won.

Even love, that I built my spirit's house for,
Comes like a baffled and a brooding guest,
And art and fame and love and even laughter
Are not so good as rest.

DUO

Woman in the garden
Where the angels came;
Nothing yet of pardon,
Nothing yet of shame;
Seraphs in her honour
To the gates repair,—
O, the sun upon her!
O, the golden air!

*Woman in the green ways,—
Young roots are sweet;
In and out the glean-ways,
Brown nuts at feet;
Planting, weaving, hoarding,
Saving from the wild,
Not for self or lording,
But for us—the child.*

The Masque of Poets

Woman in the tower;
 Moat and wall to guard,
 The rare, white lady-flower
 Blooming for her lord,
 Whose bright sword has won her
 From all knights that ride;
 His to serve and honour,—
 An unfading bride!

*Woman 'neath the master
 Of the feudal day;
 For the bread he cast her
 Paying life away
 To him, the mighty giver,
 Him, her soul and god!
 A sword for who would save her,
 And for her the rod!*

Now by fireside singing!
 Here at last is home;
 Over ages winging
 Again the angels come.
 Holy love and human
 In her worship rise.
 O, the light on woman
 Shed from children's eyes!

*To the factories feeding
 Hands and soul and will;
 Herded, and unheeding
 She is woman still.
 Trembling home in gloom light,
 Home—O mock of breath!
 In her eyes the loom-blight,
 In her shadow, death!*

Sons must pass to battle;
 Armour them with prayers;
 Never conflict's rattle
 Reach thy straining ears;
 In the home they've made thee,
 Mother, sit thee down;
 With their love they'll shade thee,
 With their fortune crown!

*Be it or here or yonder,
 Where'er thy children cry,
 Far as thy fairest wander,
 Far as thy dearest die,—
 Be thine the heart that fareth
 Past every dim frontier,
 Till who the last rood dareth
 Shall find a mother there!*

THE REVOLUTION IN ARABIA

III. SOCIAL FORCES: ITS DESTINY

BY AMEEN RIHANI

NEVER in the history of Europe have its Great Powers made such solemn pledges, such pompous declarations about the freedom of the small nations of the world and their inalienable right to govern themselves; but when the day of liberation comes, as we hope it will, the question will be asked, and with justice, Are these nations morally and socially and politically fit for the high task of self-government? I am now concerned with one of them, who, by the force of its arms, circumstances too favouring, has recovered its freedom and achieved its independence. But will the Arabs be able to maintain this independence and profit by it? Are they capable of establishing a government worth the name? Will they be able to defend it against foreign aggression? Are they willing to adopt modern methods for the improvement of their social conditions and the development of the resources of their land? Have they the men, the money, and the means? Without partiality or prejudice, I propose to answer these questions.

I wish to say at the outset that in treating of the Arabs, I do not include the Syrians, whom I shall consider apart. The Arabs themselves, it is well to recall, are not now making their first attempt at self-government. They had, as all the world knows, a glorious past; were supreme masters once of the world's most enlightened centres, their vast empire extending from Ind to Aragon; and they gave the world a religion which is professed to-day by three hundred million souls. The reign of the first four Khalifs of Islam was noted for its righteousness and justice; the Omayyad dynasty was marked for its brilliancy; the Abbassides of Bagdad, for its

culture; while the Arab Empire of Andalusia, though short-lived, reflected the brilliancy and culture and justice of them all. Arabia in those days could boast of great generals, great statesmen, great poets; and its khalifs, whether in Damascus, or Bagdad, or Cordova, encouraged literature, the sciences, and the arts, brilliant examples of which are furnished by the reign of Haroun-al-Raschid, Al-Mamoun and Al-Mo'tasam Billah. Theirs was the golden age, indeed, of a civilisation that survived, in various incarnations, their many empires. But their language and their literature have continued to flourish in their own soil. The Arabic language is one of the richest in the world—poetic, musical, flexible, capable of development; and Arabic literature is a treasure-house of the knowledge and art and culture of the Orient and the Occident.

And though they themselves were not the founders of a civilisation that has the stamp of a pure nationality, a characteristic of its own, like the English and the French of to-day, were it not for them the lights of Greece and Rome would have been extinguished forever. They kept the torch burning and passed it to Europe, in its dazzling splendour, representing the living genius of converging worlds. And yet they were not a people without initiative and invention, without a distinct national spirit. If their country was the filter, so to speak, of the civilisations of Greece and Rome and Persia—the one penetrating the Orient through Arbela, the other through Antioch, the last through Bagdad—they were the creators of a wonderful transmitting medium. Nay, more; for a people without genius and enthusiasm cannot absorb and transmit a

message of the mind. The soldiers of France spread broadcast in Europe the seeds of the French Revolution; the soldiers of Mohammed spread broadcast in the world, with the very hand of Islam, the seeds of the civilisations of Persia and Greece and Rome. Indeed, it was faith, that vitalising and humanising force of the soul, which the Arabs contributed to the foreign culture they acquired and proclaimed. And faith is not dead in the soul of Arabia. She has little or nothing to-day, however, to vitalise and transmit to the world; but she has much to assimilate and transmit to Islam. And it remains to be seen whether her ancient faith will fit into her modern aspirations.

A recent incident, curious in its suggestiveness, is interesting to relate. The French delegation, composed of Moslems from Tunis and Morocco, that went to Mecca to congratulate the Grand Sherif upon his accession to the throne, was also the bearer of a present, a clock in the shape of a submarine, from the French Government. The spokesman of the delegation, in his address to the King, alluded to the present, a clock also, that Haroun-al-Raschid once made to Charlemagne, and expatiated on the symbolical significance of this exchange of courtesies between Arabia and France in ancient and in modern times. An exchange of civilisations rather; or to flatter the Arabs, as behooves a spokesman, on such an occasion, their own civilisation, filtered in Europe, or infiltrated, might we not say, with the bacillus of materialism, is coming back to them after many centuries. But a clock in the shape of a submarine implies force, and treacherous force to boot. Will the Arabs understand? And should they succeed in establishing a great empire and organising an army to defend their land, will they ever be able to protect their coasts? The times have changed. So have the Arabs, and so have the nations that once were conquered by Islam.

Of course, three hundred years of Turkish rule will crush the spirit of

any people; on the other hand, there is always a sincerity, an earnestness, a fanaticism, both religious and political, in a people oppressed. And among the Arabs, among all Mohammedans, religious fanaticism is considered as the best safeguard of national sentiment, the most effective means of patriotic exultation, and the strongest weapon of resistance to foreign aggression. That is why the new kingdom of Arabia is based foremost on the claims and sanctions of Islam; and Islam would seem unconquerable in its faith, its customs, its traditions, considered alone as a religion, to say nothing of the moral support, for economical reasons, of course, which it will receive from France and England and Russia. For economical reasons, to be sure. For in these days no European nation or government will interest itself in any country or people unless for the purpose of exploitation. And so, the theocratic, patriarchal system of Islam, often benevolently despotic, has not changed much since the days of the first khalifs and is not likely to undergo any material transformation to-day, tolerated as it is by the three Great Powers mentioned—tolerated so long as it does not threaten their authority or interfere with their interests.

But this cannot be the attitude of the civilised world toward a people setting up a government of their own, and particularly a Moslem people whose polity is based wholly upon the Koran. For neither Europe nor America would like to see a recrudescence, for instance, of the evil-working Oriental question once it is solved and disposed of. And Arabia's superb position, situated as it is between three continents, makes it a point of dangerous contact for the vital interests of the whole world. A land of infinite possibilities, of abundant resources and extensive mineral wealth, commanding from the four points of the compass the Oriental highways of civilisation, it will always be, in one way or the other, a field of exploitation for many rival nations, a prey also to political aggression, if the Arabs do not suc-

ceed in establishing a strong government based upon justice and reason and the broader principles of humanity.

There is a possibility, of course, and a justification of such a government; but there is no fear to-day of an Islamic empire bent on conquest, as in the past. "Islam, or tribute, or the sword!" can never more become its cry to the world. But there are questions affecting the social conditions, the moral and political status of the individual in his relation to Islam and to the world, about which we would like to be assured.

The kingdom of Arabia, I have shown, is purely Islamic; and any polity to-day, whether based upon a religion and sanctioned by it or not, must conform to the elemental principles of equity, justice and freedom that are recognised by the civilised world. Now, in Islam, the written civil law, or *sunnah*, often clashes with the natural or what is called the common law, which is expounded in the secular or civil courts and which has on its side the executive power of the government. Is there no danger, therefore, in a purely Islamic polity, of the secular courts being abolished and the religious or Koranic tribunals re-established? In these, were the tenets of the Book of Allah to be strictly observed, slavery would be sanctioned; the adulteress would be stoned; theft would be punished by cutting off the hands of the thief; the cudgel, whose virtue and efficacy even the Arabs proclaim, would descend again from heaven; a witness to a contract or in a court of justice would have to be a Moslem; and wilful murder would be compounded by the payment of a fine—a man's blood is set in the *sunnah* at a hundred camels—to the family of the deceased, who have a right, however, of avenging their dead by insisting that the criminal be delivered to them to dispose of in such a manner as they see fit.

Most of these laws, however, are in desuetude to-day; but the civilised world would like to see them formally repealed, abolished legally forever. Will the Legislative Counsel of the new Kingdom of

Arabia do this? Will King Hussein encourage or sanction such reforms? We learn that he has begun his constructive work by establishing public schools, encouraging journalism, appointing competent and able Syrians to high offices in the government, and signing a treaty of alliance on board of a French cruiser with France. This is promising, indeed. And the Moslem, Arab or otherwise, is not made of inferior clay. He can appreciate the blessings of self-government if they are not forced upon him with a sword, and he can also abuse them if they are showered upon him with a free hand. But is his sense of right and justice as highly developed as that of a European? I quote, as an answer to this question, a learned sheikh's definition of a Moslem, which is equally true in theory of a Christian and oft-times in practice equally false: "A Moslem," says the sheikh, "is one who inflicts no injury with either tongue or hand upon anyone; who neither slanders nor abuses anyone; who helps his neighbour, whoever he may be; who succours the orphan, the weak and the oppressed; who is truthful in word and deed; who is loyal to his friends, true to his promise and honest in his measure." No higher principles of human conduct could be found in any ethical system or any religion.

Apart from this, however, and as showing the scope and limitations of a Moslem's mind, it is necessary to inquire how far will the Koran, which is the basis and support of the new government, encourage the pursuit of scientific knowledge. Let me give a few examples of how this book is regarded even by the most advanced of their thinkers and scholars. All human knowledge they claim can be found in the Koran; and they can find a few Orientalists, particularly Germans, to titillate in this their humour. One of these, a physician, pointed to certain passages in the Koran as foreshadowing the discoveries of Pasteur and Faraday and Kough, which led the ultra-zealous Moslems to declare that if the great astronomers also will

take the trouble to study the book they will find therein much to surprise and enlighten them. And see how the truths of science change, they argue further. First it was said that the sun revolved around the earth; then that the earth revolved around the sun, and now science teaches that every astral body revolves in the heavens. Hear the Koran: And they swing each in its own orbit. All this may be true, and may have but little bearing upon the free and earnest pursuit of knowledge. But will the civilised nations nowadays depend upon the Koran, for example, for a formula against the plague? While the cholera was spreading recently in the Ottoman Empire and devastating human life, Sheikh ul-Islam issued to the Faithful an order to say an extra prayer above the prescribed five and to read in the Koran the Chapter Al-Ahkaf! But if Islam could assimilate the civilisations of Greece and Rome and be the bearer of their torch to Europe, there is no reason why it cannot assimilate to-day the more wholesome features of European civilisation and be the bearer of its torch to the Orient.

And the fact that such a movement as Wahabism was possible in Arabia, is a proof of the aptitude of the Arab spirit, its liberal aspirations, and the elastic quality of its religious fibre. Had it achieved a complete success, Wahabism would have corresponded to the Reformation in Europe. The Wahabis, however, not only wanted to emancipate themselves from the shams and ceremonialisms and elaborate superstitions of Islam, but they also sought to free themselves from the tyranny of Turkish rule. And thus their political policy worked against their religious programme. Still, it must be admitted that Wahabism, as a liberal factor in the reformation of Islam, is not dead. Many advanced thinkers among the Mohammedans to-day advocate the essential features of its simple faith without its fanatical straightness and its ascetic, puritanic traditions. And these advanced thinkers themselves often have to have

recourse to the Koran to justify or to support their views on many a social and political question. In order to encourage the rich Mohammedans to send their sons to study in Europe one of them once wrote an article to prove that to travel in the world is not contrary to the tenets of Islam. Such means are often used to instil in the minds of the ultra-zealous the spirit of enlightenment and progress. In their own way, therefore, the Arabs must be left to solve for themselves their own religious problem. And I am firm in my belief that they are capable of so doing.

But what about the economic and social problems? No nation nowadays that is not progressive in its aims, scientific in its methods, liberal and farseeing in its laws, can ever hope to maintain its freedom and integrity, its solvency and pride. Arabia, supposing its solidarity as an empire is assured, will find itself to-morrow face to face with such weighty problems as that of the development of its natural resources, for instance, and the regulation of its commerce with the outside world. And herein lies the danger of foreign aggression. The brilliant prospects of its exploitation imply also the probability of a certain amount of foreign control. And this seems reasonable in view of the fact that if the Arabs cannot develop their own resources, some other people, judging from present tendencies, are going to step in and do it for them. The land shall not lay fallow forever; the riches of the earth shall not remain forever buried.

Four hundred years of Turkish rule have made a howling desert of the richest country in the world. Take, for instance, Mesopotamia. Barely one-tenth of the land there is cultivated to-day and only in the most primitive manner; the soil is scratched with the ancient plough, the seeds are sown among noxious weeds. And yet a grain of wheat yields from four to five hundred grains. This same country was the seat of mighty empires in the past, had a population of fifty million souls and yielded for their support in abundance. Now it has but two

millions and it is one of the most poverty-stricken velayets in the Ottoman Empire. Not only have the Turks not done anything to improve its agricultural and economic conditions, but they abandoned the country to a frightful rule of anarchy and rapine and extortion. The pashas bled the peasantry and the landowners alike, imposing upon them a dozen forms of taxation and persistently stifled in them any effort to grow or any hope of development. Revenues were often assessed at half the produce of the land; and many landowners were made to pay the arrears of revenues contracted by their predecessors, or sent as prisoners to Constantinople. And thus the cultivation of the land was further discouraged by a strangling system of taxation and extortion.

Indeed, after four hundred years of Turkish régime, the old Babylonian kingdom has become a pitiful spectacle of desolation: a land covered with ruins, a howling waste, the haunt of venomous reptiles, the breeder of contagious diseases. For the rain and flood waters, flowing in broken canals and ancient reservoirs, form stagnant ponds, which in the summer become pestilential marshes and miasmatic swamps. One can understand why the richest valley in the world, richer even than the valley of the Nile, has been depopulated. Whoever shall be its future master will be confronted with a most gigantic task of engineering equal to that which the English accomplished in Egypt. Now will the Arabs be able to reclaim this land and develop its agricultural and its mineral wealth? Will they, in other words, be capable of rebuilding what the Turks have destroyed? It is doubtful, unless they can obtain the aid of European experts and European capital; and this can be done without endangering the nation's independence and integrity, if the King of Arabia chooses his statesmen and advisors, not from the effete nobility of Hijaz, nor from the *ulema* class, nor from the chiefs of the tribes, but from the ranks of talent and ability. And these, it must be said, he can only

find in Syria and Egypt, or at best among the Syrians. That King Hussein is well aware of this, and is desirous of surrounding himself with men of executive genius, is apparent from the fact that he has already chosen a Syrian, a Moslem, of course, to be Minister of Foreign Affairs.

In a previous article I said that Syria is the cradle of the Arab Revolution. True, the Arabs have achieved it by force of arms, but its greatest protagonists and its martyrs are the Syrian intellectuals, Moslems and Christians, most of whom were executed in Beirut and Damascus last year. But Syrian leaders, among them army officers, who escaped from Syria and went to Hijaz, have also fought with the Arabs against the Turks. It was they, I learn, who had planned to start the revolution in Irak; but it was thought wiser afterward to launch the first attack in Hijaz because of its geographical and religious position. Its remoteness from the Turkish base of operation and the fact that it is the Kaaba of all Islam, gave the revolutionists a great advantage over their adversaries. Yes, the Syrians were everywhere active and instrumental in the success of the movement. It was a Syrian Moslem who presided at the Arab Congress in Paris; it was a Syrian Moslem who went to India in 1909 to stir up the Mohammedans there and bespeak their support; it was a Syrian Christian who, in 1905, first published a book in French on the Awakening of Arabia; and the centre of the movement in Egypt was vitalised, electrified by the Syrian mind.

And this political and intellectual activity on the part of the Syrians is the natural outcome of the educational movement which for the last sixty years has been fostered by foreign and native institutions, foremost of which among the former are the American College and the Jesuit University in Beirut. In the first the Syrian youth imbibed the American spirit of freedom; in the second he obtained the key to its literary treasures in French. And whatever we may say

of secular education, the religious guise it assumes in the first stages of a country's development seems to be necessary. One cannot fail to observe, for instance, that the popular educational system of Europe and America is wholly materialistic: it has but one ideal, that of success—success in the world at any cost. It has little or nothing in it of the spiritualities of life, and its tendency is to destroy the higher aspirations of the mind. Not so with these clerical institutions whatever their vices may be. And they are many, to be sure.

As many, too, are the various nationalities in Syria and Palestine. The French, the Americans, the English, the Russians, and recently the Germans and the Italians, have all contributed to the enlightenment of the mind of Syria, it must be admitted, as well as to the decomposition of her national spirit. That is why the Syrians have in the past been so divided in their political affiliations. The Maronites were French in spirit; the Orthodox, Russians; the Druses, English; the Protestants, Americans; and recently, as I said, the German Catholics of Cologne and the Italians have made a bid for a share of the nation's sectarian units. Their schools seem to have been established with the purpose of rivalling the French and the English: indeed, they were more anti-French than anti-Turkish or pro-Syrian.

The Moslems of the country, however, have remained Moslems; and now the Christians are becoming again Syrians. In their unprecedented calamity they found themselves alone, abandoned by their self-styled protectors. Europe has been deaf to their cries, and only America, and their brethren in America, hastened to their relief.*

But to revert to our subject. Some

*The Syrians in the United States have sent over a million dollars, through the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to their suffering people, and the Syrian-Mt. Lebanon Relief Committee, co-operating with the American Committee for Syrian and Armenian Relief, has sent a ship load of provisions to Beirut.

of the educational and benevolent institutions in Syria are said to be subsidised by their respective governments; others are said to be supported by private charities; but neither the one nor the other seems necessary. For in a short time after their establishment they become self-supporting, such is the avidity of the Syrian mind for knowledge, such the desire of Syria for education. The Jesuits, for instance, first entered Syria with little or nothing to set up even a hedge-school; but their university and their property, which were seized by the Turks, are the largest of any foreign institution in the country. I have been told that they filed a claim with their government against the Turks for twenty-five million francs! And their great success is not due, as some suppose, to France's foreign policy, which is based on Gambetta's saying, "Anti-clericalism is not an article of exportation"—that is, to France's support and protection; but mostly to native support, moral and financial, and to their own commercial genius.

Yes, I wish to record here the fact that most of the foreign schools and benevolent institutions in Syria have been supported and maintained, at least for twenty years past, by the Syrians themselves. But educated Syrians could hardly find a field for their talents at home. They, as well as the peasants of the Lebanon hills, were driven out of their country to distant lands—to North and South America, to Egypt, to Africa—by the tyranny of the Turks. And wherever they settled their intelligence and activity have been quite marked. In Egypt they are the leaders of public opinion; in Africa they are noted for their industry; in America they have made considerable fortunes in commerce. Lord Cromer, in his book on Egypt, says that the best collaborators of the English there have been the Syrians. They are indeed a shrewd and active and ambitious people; their dormant spirit, when evoked and given a chance, awakens with renewed energy and hope. And their leading minds are not, as is

supposed, given up wholly to idle speculations and poetic dreamings; they can be as practical and material as the Americans, and their aptitude in the mechanical and technical sciences is noteworthy. There are civil and agricultural engineers among them that can be trusted with the most important tasks. That is why I say that the King of Arabia must seek among them for competent advisors and experts in building his empire, in reconstructing what the Turks have destroyed.

And what is little known to the world is that most of the educated Syrians, the intellectuals, the scientists, and the poets, are born in Mt. Lebanon. In the shadow of the ancient cedars is the cradle of Syrian genius. And the people of these mountains, barely a million souls, have always constituted in themselves a separate nation—a state within a state. From their strongholds and fastnesses, rising from the valley of the Orontes and looking upon the Mediterranean, they have always, like the Arabs of the desert, defied all the conquerors of Syria—the Greeks, the Romans, the Byzantines, the Arabs themselves, and the Turks. A proud, brave, and liberty-loving people, they lived up to 1845 in absolute independence under the rule of their emirs and patriarchs. But at this epoch, because they supported Ibrahim Pasha in his Syrian expedition, the Turks tried to reduce them to submission; and true to its policy of "divide-and-rule," the High Porte succeeded in embroiling them with their neighbours, the Druses. The strife that ensued lasted till 1860

and culminated in the massacres of the Christians and the intervention of France. Mt. Lebanon was then constituted an autonomous province under the protection of six European Powers.

But the Turks are to-day wreaking their vengeance upon the Lebanones. The Protocol of the Powers has been annulled; Mt. Lebanon has been declared a province of the empire; its able-bodied men have been drafted for the army; many of its leaders and their families have been exiled to Anatolia; and those that are left behind, the aged and the women and children, are being deliberately starved out. Well may we ask, Where is France now to protect these loyal friends of France, this human heritage of St. Louis?

It is idle to speculate at the present time on the future political destiny of Syria and Mt. Lebanon. If the Mohammedans of the country are looking toward Mecca more so than ever to-day, the Christians, it is certain, are no longer looking toward Europe. But still under the mercy of the Turk, who is bent upon their extermination, they have no voice but that of hunger and no desire but that of salvation. If any of them should survive the sanguinary rule of Djemal Pasha and were asked whether they would like to be ruled by a European Power or by the King of Arabia, their answer would no doubt be that of the half million of their brethren in America and Egypt: Neither the Arabs nor the Europeans give us a government that is exclusively Syrian and exclusively Christian.

SONORA NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

BY CLAIR KENAMORE

I

WE kindled a fire on the iron plate, as Miz' Arivaldo requested, and arranged the stove improvised from an oil can so as to permit at least part of the smoke to escape through the hole in the wall of the car. The hole originally had been the slot through which the Mexicans living along the line had dropped letters. That was when the car was in the postal service and plied between Nogales and Guaymas. In some forgotten fight near the beginning of the revolution, a patriot had shot a bight out of the lower part of the slot and transformed it into a porthole suitable for rifle fire.

When the powerful Yaqui chieftain, Arivaldo, had brought an army of four hundred Indians down from the Bacatete mountains and dedicated them to the cause of the revolution, he had been made a general, and the new railway post-office, not a year out of the shops at St. Louis, had been presented to him for his private car.

The general's visible clothing were moccasins, a blanket and a Stetson hat. He had no sword, and he had not the faintest idea of what he would do with the car, but an inspection convinced him that it would be impracticable to take it up into the Bacatete mountains. He saw that it would make a good substitute for the cave in which he usually lived, and sent one of his men back to the edge of town (this happened in Hermosillo) to tell his squaw to come forward at once. That lady, in conformance with her invariable custom, did as she was bid. She was a squat person of fifty years, who carried an immense pack on her back supported by a strap around her brow. She led a well-laden burro and she was followed by two dogs. Arriving at the car, she

was acquainted by her lord with the new honours which had fallen to the family, and was instructed to begin the occupancy of the new tepee at once.

Being encumbered by but one skirt, and unfettered by stays, she had little difficulty in boosting her packs into the car and climbing into the side door after them. Once there, in the manner of the female of the species in any new apartment, she set about making it habitable. One end she made into sleeping quarters, by decree. The other end became her kitchen, dining-room, boudoir, and salon. In the mysterious upstanding cylinder of iron with the pipe which led out of the roof, she found only ashes. It had a strong door, so she made it a depository for all foods in storage, being convinced the dogs would be unable to gnaw through the iron. The case of wooden pigeon-holes on the wall provided admirable receptacles for chili peppers, tobacco, cigarette papers, spare buckskin thongs, and the innumerable other oddments women carry about with them. Under the steel frame intended to support open mail bags, she supsended a row of pots and kettles. Above were the general's saddle and saddle-blankets.

The iron plate in the floor of the car was so placed, of course, that a fire might be built upon it. The smoke-hole was too small, according to the ideas of the new proprietor, so she chopped it out with an axe to suit her fancy. The axe she obtained from a case over the door. With the axe were a crowbar and a folding canvas bucket, ingeniously contrived, and suitable for carrying water. She broke the glass and removed all the articles. A sign said "For use in case of fire only," but she could not read.

Eighteen months had elapsed between the time when she entered on her king-

dom and the cold, snowy day in Nogales when she promised to make some dulce if we would build a fire. In those eighteen months the general had followed the wars and she had followed the general. She had lost the burro, through forgetting to take it aboard one night when the train was moved. Otherwise, she found her home life nearly ideal. When I met her, she spoke a wonderful language composed of equal parts of English, Spanish, and Yaqui, and she dearly loved to talk. In the three guests who now shared her hospitality and her warm, flat smiles, she had devoted listeners. Except in times of absolute famine, she rewarded a polite listener with food, as tea pourers do everywhere. Present were, firstly, Harry, an American, antecedents unknown, who was the general's chauffeur, for that warrior had been so fortunate as to commandeer a big, thunderous automobile, property of a citizen who did not favour the revolution; secondly, José Maria de Salazar y Ruiz, machine-gun operator, at present incapacitated by a wound which was almost healed; thirdly, myself, who had supplied the machine gun.

We made a division of labour. I built the fire, being gifted; José assisted Miz' Arivaldo, and Harry rustled fuel. Through the smoke hole I watched him pulling the few remaining pickets from what was once the ornate fence around a residence.

It was very pleasant within the car when the fire was going. The general was in Cananea in charge of the garrison, with no date set for return. Through the smoke hole I could see the snow-storm sweeping down Nogales canyon, and in the open carriages with the little jingly bells the drivers were well muffled of head and neck.

The confection on which Miz' Arivaldo was engaged promised to be something like doughnuts, Spanish style. She manipulated each one and produced a piece of dough the size of a broomhandle and a foot in length. This she shaped into an "S" and immersed it in a can

of fat which simmered on the well-made and well-kept fire. Each action, however, was performed only in due and proper time. Before the dough was mixed we gathered on the floor about the fire, and the good lady began to talk as she worked, and to the end of the last doughnut no voice but hers was heard.

II

"Near where the Yaqui River runs into the sea there once lived Juan Ramon, a rich man who employed twelve peons to till his fields," she began. Any attempt to give her own wonderful language is quite hopeless. This is a true translation.

"He had a daughter, Dolores, who was very beautiful, and she was sought by all the young men between the Yaqui and the Mayo. Now, this daughter possessed a vest which had been given to her by a woman who lived in the Bacatete mountains. It was made of deer skin, tanned very soft, and it was covered with beads, and each of the buttons was a nugget of gold. One day, as she was riding through the fields, the sun grew hot and she took off this garment and tied it behind her saddle, but the knot was insecure and the beautiful vest fell to the ground. She went on to her home, and only there did she learn that she had lost it. Before she could return and search for it, the twelve men employed by her father had passed through the field along the road she had travelled, on their way home, and when search was made the vest could not be found. Juan Ramon was sure that one of the men had found it, but he did not know which one. He pondered long and finally hit upon a plan of action, for he was determined to recover the vest without paying a ransom. The next day, when evening had come, he called all the men to him and set upon the ground before them twelve little earthen jugs.

"'My daughter has lost her vest, which she greatly prizes,' Juan Ramon said, 'and one of you has found it, but I do not know which one. So I have

bought twelve magic beans, and they will tell me. Each one of these jugs contains a certain number of garbanza beans and one magic bean, all just alike to the eye. Now, the magic of these beans is this, that when one of them has been carried a kilometer by a guilty man it will melt into the air. Each man must take a jug and keep it over night. It will do no harm to any but the man who has my daughter's vest. Do not pour out the garbanza beans, do not count them, and do not lose any of them. Bring them back here to me to-morrow at noon."

III

Miz' Arivaldo at this point in her narrative drew the doughnut from the can, hung it on the mail-bag frame, and dropped the one she was manipulating ceremoniously into the fat.

"As the men walked homeward, each carrying his little earthen jug, Carlos Esmerelda said to his friend, Enrique Iturbide:

"Our master is a shrewd and clever man, but there is a man in Culiacan for whom I worked for many years who is cleverer than he. This man had a great stone granary, and after two or three years of traffic, which did not bring him the profit he believed to be due him, he became convinced that some one was stealing grain. He examined the building with great care, but could find no way by which a thief might enter, so he went to the alcalde and said:

"Some one is taking grain from my warehouse, but I cannot learn who it is, or even by what method he makes way with my property."

"The alcalde went with the grain dealer to the granary and they walked round and round the building but could see no outlet through which grain could be stolen. So they entered the granary, but could find no leak within. They sat upon some sacks of corn, and the alcalde said:

"There was one man who could have told us of the foundations and construction of this building, but, unfortunately,

he died yesterday and will be buried to-morrow. That was Manuel Soto, who even now lies in his house with candles burning at his head and feet. He spoke to me once of this granary and said:

"It was built for me by the first overseer I ever hired. He was a good and honest man, and I am sorry that he left my employ."

"But Manuel Soto did not tell me his name. If this overseer could be found he could tell us whether there is some passage about the building whereby a thief could enter at night."

"I also knew Manuel Soto," the grain dealer replied, "and he was a fair man and kind hearted. I have a plan to find this builder of the granary."

"So he went to the house of Manuel Soto and stood by the door. Many persons came to look upon the body, and the grain dealer greeted each one as he entered, saying:

"You, too, have come to weep at the bier of my master. Truly he was a good man, and I was the first overseer he ever hired."

"Among those who came was a man wearing a hat of Sonora, and when the grain dealer had said the words to him, the Sonoran took him aside and asked:

"Why do you say that you are the first overseer ever employed by Don Manuel?"

"It is to carry out a plan to discover a certain person whom I am very anxious to find," the grain dealer replied.

"The Sonoran considered this and stood for a time in deep thought."

IV

Miz' Arivaldo, who had been carefully fashioning another "S," now drew from the can the doughnut which had been simmering, and hung it over the tail of the first. She dropped the third one in the bubbling fat, and continued:

"Then the Sonoran looked at the grain dealer and said:

"It happened that I was once in the City of Mexico upon the fourth of

November. I stood in the sun by a high wall, when there came to me an old man who asked if there was nearby a church in which a sinner might rest and pray. I was struck by the look of sorrow on the old man's face, and engaged him in conversation. I took him to a small *fonda* nearby, and after he had taken tortillas and coffee he said to me:

" " " 'I live ten kilometers from Vera Cruz, alone, for I have long been widowed. Ten years ago my only daughter left my house when I reproached her for refusing the attentions of a young man who was the son of our neighbour, only to accept those of Arnulfo Gomez, who had been a ne'er-do-well from his boyhood, and who spent more time on the pavements of Vera Cruz than in his father's fields. She told me that she would marry whomever she chose, and I cursed her and cast her forth. I learned that she married Arnulfo Gomez, and I know that he was killed three years ago in battle, and now she has married some one else, and I do not know his name. Evil days have fallen upon me, since I can raise neither tobacco nor coffee without labourers, and I fear that I am near the end of my days. I have hoped for a long time to have word from my daughter, that I might go to her and beg her forgiveness, and to raise the curse I pronounced on her when she left my house. Two weeks ago there came down the highway Pedro Calles, who was a shoe mender in our village, but now is a colonel with many men behind him. He rode into the field where I worked and said:

" " " " 'Señor, I saw your daughter Carlotta in Mexico City.'

" " " 'I gave thanks to the saints, and asked if she had sent me a message. But he had not spoken to her.

" " " " 'As we rode through the city to take train for Vera Cruz, I saw her seated upon a balcony,' he said. 'I lifted my sombrero to her and she threw me a rose. I could not stop, for my column was behind me. But I marked the number of the house and the

name of the street, and you can find her there.'

" " " 'He gave me a piece of paper with the name of the street and the number written upon it. I sold my mule and what corn remained to get money to come here. This morning when I alighted from the train, I discovered that the paper bearing the writing had slipped from my pocket and was lost. Oh, wretch of misfortune that I am, how can I ever in all this great city find that one person, my only daughter? And I cannot wait long. This high land does not please my old lungs, and I have no money wherewith to stay here long or to hire searchers.'

" " " 'Was your daughter, Carlotta, a devout person like yourself?' I asked him.

" " " 'In truth she was,' the old man replied, 'and I know she must feel my curse heavy upon her.'

" " " 'A plan has come into my head,' I said, 'whereby I believe I can lead you to your daughter within an hour. Rely on the saints and come with me.' " " "

V

Miz' Arivaldo elaborately drew the third doughnut from the can and hung it on the second one.

" " " 'As we walked down the street, the old man said:

" " " 'It is a good thing to be kind to strangers, young man of Sonora. When I was a young man, I voyaged to the Island of Tiburon on a trading schooner. The captain had become angry at me, and he put me ashore there among the Seri Indians, who, as every one knows, are cannibals. The Indians made me a servant of the chief, who, although he was the greatest among them, was very poor. He had a daughter whose name was Lo Sa, and she was in love with a very poor young man named Go Mar. The girl loved to sing, but she did not sing well, and her father and every one of the tribe would bid her cease when she sang, all save Go Mar. He declared she had the divinest voice in the world. Because I had been in many states and had

learned many small things, they thought me very wise, and when Go Mar went to the chief and demanded his daughter, the chief asked me what he should do.

" " " " "I do not desire that she marry a man with not even a rifle wherewith to shoot a deer," he said, "and as there is no reason why they should marry, I am able to forbid it."

" " " " "If there were reason, would you be forced to give Lo Sa to Go Mar?" I asked.

" " " " "It is the law of the tribe," the chief said. "If there is good reason, they must marry."

" " " " "Now both Lo Sa and Go Mar had been kind to me. They had given me the skins to make what poor clothing I had, and had often supplied me with food, so I desired to help them in their desire for each other. So I devised a way. That night at the council fire, I said to the chief:

" " " " "Lo Sa delights to sing, and her voice is a painful thing to all but Go Mar. He finds great joy in her songs and therefore he should have her. Thus can you give him his heart's desire, and thus you will save the rest of the tribe from the pain of her voice."

" " " " "The other men in the council said I had spoken wisdom, and that it must be so. The chief was vexed but he must obey. So he said that when they had brought him four ounces of gold, they could be married. They were very glad, but they had no gold, and it was decided that both should leave the Island of Tiburon and work until each had two ounces of gold, and then return to their tribe. The chief's big canoe took them to the mainland, and Lo Sa went to La Paz, where she worked with the pearl fishers, for she could swim and dive better than any man, and Go Mar went to Nacozari, where he worked in the mines. In two months, Lo Sa returned. She had two big American coins, each of which weighed an ounce, and two small coins besides, but she was very unhappy. A month later, Go Mar returned and Lo Sa ran to him and embraced him ten-

derly. Then she said to him in a very low voice:

" " " " "Go Mar, I have a great sorrow. While I worked beneath the water at La Paz, an ailment took seat in my throat, and now I cannot sing at all. See, I cannot lift one of the notes which once ravished your heart."

" " " " "Lo Sa, your face is very beautiful and very sad," Go Mar replied, "but I cannot hear a word you say, for you speak too softly. While I worked beneath the ground at Nacozari, a blast went off very near me, and my ears are numbed. Only when one speaks very loud and clear can I discover the words."

" " " " "We all gathered about them, and the chief was greatly pleased.

" " " " "It is well," he said in such a loud voice that all could hear. "Now that my daughter can sing no more, the reason for giving her to Go Mar is passed, and I shall dispose of her as I please." " " " "

Miz' Arivaldo drew the last doughnut from the can and hung it on the line. She took the can from the fire, seated herself again comfortably, and resumed.

" " " " "Then I stepped to the centre of the council and said, "Chief it is not so. For if a man has good ears, he should have a wife to talk to him; and if a woman has a voice, she should have a man to listen to her. Lo Sa and Go Mar must marry, because she has no voice wherewith to sing, and he no ears wherewith to listen. They are mated even to their faults."

" " " " "All the councillors agreed that there was wisdom in my words, and the lovers were married. So grateful were they that one night they seized the chief's big canoe and took me to the mainland, where they bade me farewell with many tears. So I returned to my people." " " " "

VI

Miz' Arivaldo ceremoniously removed the last doughnut from the pendent line and gave it to me. I ate.

" " " " "We had come to the end of the street whereupon is the Church of San

Carlos," the Sonoran continued, "and I said to the old man:

" " "This is the fourth of November, San Carlos's day, and this is his church, If your daughter has not forgotten her religion, she must be worshipping here, for surely you named the girl for the saint on whose day she was born. It is, then, her birthday. We will wait here as the people pass out and see if she is among them."

" " "When the throng came forth, the old man scanned all faces, and soon with a great shout he ran toward a richly dressed lady, and clasped her to his breast. They gave me many thanks for bringing them together, and drove away in her carriage."

The terminal doughnut was handed to Harry, upon whose clouded face the light was beginning to break. Miz' Arivaldo crossed her hands in her voluminous lap and proceeded.

" " "Your plan was a good one," said the Sonoran to the grain dealer, "if you seek the first overseer that Manual Soto hired, for naturally he would call you to account when he heard you claim to be that man. Now I am the first overseer employed by Manual Soto. What service can I do you?"

" "The grain dealer told of the loss from his granary, and the Sonoran, who had built the granary, took him to the place and showed him how a hinged block of stone had been put in the base-

ment wall to let out water if the building were ever flooded.

" " "Doubtless some worthless rogue has learned of the outlet, and comes at night to swing the block of stone and enter. You must remove this hinged stone and set a solid piece here in good mortar, and the thefts will cease."

Jose Maria de Salazar y Ruiz received a doughnut in his unwounded hand, leaving but one upon the rack. Miz' Arivaldo continued her tale.

" "So," Carlos Esmerelda said, "he was wiser, I think, than our master."

"On the following day, when the labourers appeared with their jugs of garbanza beans, Juan Ramon took the jug from each man as he came, poured out the beans and counted them.

"Now he had put just six beans in each jug the night before and none was a magic bean, for there are no such things outside of the Bacatete mountains. Each one of the jugs returned had six beans in it, until Enrique Iturbide came. His jug held seven beans.

" 'Rogue, you have my daughter's vest hidden in your house,' Juan Ramon cried. 'For see, you knew that you were guilty and you have put another garbanza bean in the jug to take the place of the magic bean which you thought would disappear. Now will you bring back the vest without ransom?'

"And Enrique Iturbide did so."

Whereupon Miz' Arivaldo triumphantly ate the last doughnut.

THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

III. MANKUMARI DEVI

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

WHO is competent to claim that the perfume of the rose is better than that of the lily-of-the-valley? Some like the rose better, and there are others who like the lily better. And again, the same person in one mood may like the rose better, and in another mood the lily. So it would seem futile for some one to claim that the rose is better than the lily-of-the-valley.

Such is the case with two poets of equal merit. Who can claim that Shelley is greater than Keats or Keats greater than Shelley?

In my article on Kamini Roy in the January number of *THE BOOKMAN* I said, "Of all the women poets of India, perhaps Kamini Roy is the greatest." I shall be equally right if I say here, Of all the women poets of India, perhaps Mankumari is the greatest. It is hard to give a decision; it is hard to be exact in the case of two poets like Kamini Roy and Mankumari.

The difference between Kamini Roy and Mankumari is exactly like the difference between the rose and the lily-of-the-valley. The rose is reared in care and raised to perfection, while the lily-of-the-valley blossoms spontaneously with the genuineness of natural beauty and fragrance. Kamini Roy is academic and her style is polished, whereas Mankumari is unconscious of herself. The poems come to her as she puts them down. She writes her poems as a bird weaves its nest, or as the birds sing in the spring. She really sings like a bird, and sings out of the fulness of her inner emotions that are at once rich and pure. Her poems are so delicate and simple that they do not bear translation. There are many every-day phrases and idioms that make a marked impression on the

original, but lose their character and charm in translation. Unlike most of the poets, Mankumari's poems are universally good. Open her books of poems anywhere and you will always find her things charming. I would not dare say the same thing of Tagore or Browning.

Mankumari was born at Sagardari in the District of Jessore. Her father was the brother of the celebrated poet, Madhusudan Dutt, who is considered by many as the greatest of all Bengali poets, Tagore not excepted. Madhusudan Dutt introduced blank verse into Bengali literature and is the author of the classic *Meghnadbadh Kavya*. Mankumari's father was the manager of their little family estate. Her mother was an excellent housekeeper and an ideal mother. She never forgot to instil into the minds of her children lofty moral ideals. At six Mankumari was sent to the village *pathsala* (primary school) for education. From her early childhood she showed partiality to Bengali literature. Mathematics she hated from the very bottom of her heart. The village teacher was highly impressed with the literary taste and efficiency of the little girl "Manu," as she was called at home. At ten she read a great many of the books of Bengali literature, and her critical ability was an object of surprise to her teachers and guardians. Her uncle predicted great things of the little girl, and his predictions have come true. Housekeeping and literature were the two hobbies of the child. She learned to cook well. And still she cooks most delicious dishes.

From her early childhood Mankumari was of a thoughtful nature. Quite often she would go to the *ghat* to fetch water, and there stand intently watching the

running river, and she would forget everything about water and pitcher until some one from home would come and wake her up from the dream. At other times at midnight she would steal away from her bed and sit under a blossoming tree and talk with the stars and smile at the moon. At times she used to be hysterical with the ecstasy of joy at a moonlit night. Soon her neighbours began to call her "the mad girl." Yes, she was mad, indeed; mad with the poetic impulse which soon began to express itself in verse.

Mankumari was married early, and as is the wont in orthodox Hindu families, the romance began after marriage. The young couple were perfectly happy in each other's company. During this period of unalloyed happiness Mankumari wrote quite a few idealistic love poems to her husband, even though they lived in the same house. It is reported that her husband, too, wrote a few love lyrics, but the burden of poesy was too much for him, so he soon gave up writing poems. From that time on he enjoyed the poems of his wife all the more. These love poems of Mankumari cannot be had for publication. No amount of money can induce her to sell for publication one poem of this period. She once said: "I wrote those poems to my dear departed husband. Those are personal poems. They are too sacred to me to give to the public. When after death I shall meet him in the next world I shall recite those poems to him for our own happiness."

Within a few years after their marriage Mankumari's husband passed away into the cosmic silence, leaving her with their only daughter, Pryabala by name, and thus the poetess sang of "Silence":

In silence I came,
And in silence
I shall go away.
Whatever you have to give me, beloved,
Give, yes, give in silence.

The river shall flow in silence
And in silence breathe the west wind,

And in silence
You will have to play with me
In the house of play.

The moon will play hide-and-seek
From behind the dark clouds,
And laugh in silence;
And my morning sun
Will also peep in silence.

The clouds of the rainy season
Would pour forth their soothing showers
In silence,
And in silence
My lute would play
The tune of *Khambaj*.

In silence my hopes would blossom,
And in silence would wither
The blossoms of my wishes,
And in silence my muse would sing
The song of my soul.

The evening stars
Would keep looking at me
In silence,
And in silence we shall greet
Each other.

The spring and the autumn
Will come beside me in silence,
And he who loves me
Must speak in silence.

Everything in my life
Should be done in silence.
And when Death comes to greet me,
"Silence" should solemnise
The ceremony of the occasion.

And in silence
My departed beloved
Would appear before me,
And in silence, in absolute silence,
I shall hand over my life to him.

In silence I shall close my eyes
As I look at the smile on his lips.
I was born in silence,
So I love silence so much.

After the death of her husband Mankumari's entire life, love and activities

were centred around her little daughter.
In her was reflected the universe and
its Creator; in her rested her joys, sor-
rows, and consolations of life. Listen
how Mankumari addressed Pryabala on
her birthday:

Come, Pryabala, the queen of my heart,
Come to me, lift your pretty face,
And speak in your sweet voice.
Whenever I look at your face
And whenever I see you smile
I am simply beside myself
With joy, and my soul
Seems to float away
To a distant land.

Your face is bathed
With the rays of the same light
That lights the face of the moon
Against the blue sky—
The light that plays amidst
Lilies, jasmines and roses—
The light that makes the young sun
Beam with smile, and imparts
A halo to the dawn;
Yes, it is the same light that
Clothes this world in a crimson attire.

My eyes are tired looking at you,
And yet, I cannot help looking at you.
My heart trembles with ecstasy
To look at you,
And my soul seeks to run away
From me, as a mad man
Runs away from home.

That's why, darling Pryabala,
I press you so closely to my heart.
In your face and in your heart
I find heavenly love;
Your speech and your songs
Are the language of heaven.
And you yourself are a blossom
From heaven.

Men become immortal
With the perfume of your body,
And the entire world ripples
With love at your sight.
All quarrellings cease
And the entire human race
Forget their differences,

And become one in love.
And beside all these
There is something else
Mingled in your face. . . .
Your face reminds me

• • • • •

Let that rather remain unsaid—
Then the entire universe
Becomes imminent with God.
Then my words speak
Of the Vedas and the Vedanta.
Then I learn to realise
That there is a heaven and a God
And I distinctly realise
The immortality of the soul.
All the messages of the Vedas,
The Bible and the Koran
Are written for me on your face,
And I have learnt
My lessons of humanity
And universality from you.

Mountainous waves of joy
Roll on in my parched soul for you,
And myriads of flowers blow in beauty
In the sahara of my heart.
At my departure from this world
I shall leave my life with you.
I shall get, if you get,
What I leave behind.
The day you were born
Was a day of great joy for us,
So we named you Pryabala
(daughter of joy).

To-day, Pryabala,
I am poor and unlucky
And I have nothing to give you.
So please accept this
As your birthday present.

In the face of her daughter, in the
flowering of the fields, in the flow of the
river, in the solitude of her room, Man-
kumari always sees the face of her de-
parted husband. He is ever present in
her mind, and this feeling is best repre-
sented in her poem "Forget Me Not,"
which reads thus in translation:

Enchanting daughter of nature
Has decorated Spring in a picturesque attire

And is presenting her to his beloved earth.
 The full-blown blossoms
 Embrace each other in affection
 As they smile in joy.
 Sensing the approach
 Of the evening,
 The sun with a sense of
 Peculiar bashfulness
 Hides itself behind the western horizon;
 In such a sweet moment
 I heard the sweet words—
 "Beloved, forget me not."

The night was enveloped in deep darkness.
 I put out the light in my room
 And went to bed.
 And I was half conscious
 With the languor of sleep,
 A bee was singing merrily
 In a garland of *bakul* flowers
 Lying on my bed.
 And there on the river Kapotakshi
Jhap, Jhap ran the boats down the stream,
 And the boatmen
 Thrilled the people on the shores
 With their fervid songs.
 In the soothing languor of my sleep
 And in the throbbing pulsation
 Of the sweet music
 I heard the still sweeter note—
 "Beloved, forget me not."

The night was warm
 In early summer,
 I was worshipping
 The zephyr through the open window.
 The moonbeams stole their way
 Through the curtains
 And began to laugh
 As they fell on the bed.
 And they played
 On his sleeping face
 To impart on it
 A newer beauty.
 I turned and watched the face
 Again and again,
 And just then heard him
 Say in sleep—
 "Beloved, forget me not."

This "forget me not"
 Is inextricably entwined
 With my entire being.

It now sets me on fire
 And at the next
 Extinguishes the flame.
 Now I float on the ocean of life
 And then I dive deep into it.
 Now I cry, and again I smile,
 But always, yes, always
 I chant those sacred words—
 "Beloved, forget me not."

How is it possible to forget you?
 Who can forget his heart?
 Can men forget hope?
 Can lovers forget love?
 Can a devotee forget the deity
 He worships?
 The current of your love
 Has kept me alive,
 And your memory
 Has made this life
 Worth living
 In this hard and dreary
 World of ours.
 I have you always
 Before my mind's eyes,
 So I do not care
 Whether I live or die.

On that day
 When in accordance
 With the law of Providence
 I shall return
 To my own abode,
 You, beloved, will be able to see
 What is written on my soul
 In characters of living gold.

Kabyakusumanjali and *Pryaprasanga* are the two most important of her books of verse. She is a splendid essayist. Her essays on religious characters, like "Gandhari," "Savitri," "Sumitra," are excellent pieces of craftsmanship. Her lucid style, exquisite choice of words and depth of thought make her a finished essayist. It is in these essays that she is academic, which she is never in her poems.

Intensely religious by nature, Mankumari became all the more religious after her husband's death. Her devotion for God deepened, and her religious poems in *Kabyakusumanjali* breathe the fervent devotional fervour of a Hindu woman's

heart. In her devotional poems she never pretends to enter into a profoundly philosophical discussion, but by faith and devotion she expects to attain the *sum-mum bonum* of life—the Nirvana, as the Hindus call it. We translate one of her religious poems at random:

My Lord, if I am mistaken,
Please break not the illusion—
As long as I live
I will always call you my own
And in the end attain thy feet.
You are the father of the universe,
You made me;
What is the use
Of my delving deep
Into the mysteries of metaphysics,
And the enigmas of creation?

This affectionate world is
Beautiful with your beauty,
And boundless is your
Ocean of love.
The sun and the moon smile
With the breath of your love,
And the blossoms bloom
With the rays of your affection.

Father, mother, brother and sister,
And the love of husband
Are all your precious gifts.
Dear Lord, if I am mistaken
Please awake me not
From my dream of illusion.
You are my teacher
And I am your disciple,
Please teach me
The dominant facts
Of my duty.
I care not
If the malicious people
Hate me,
I fear not sorrow and sickness,
I fear not poverty and unpleasantness,
For I know that
You are the root, and
You the essence of my being
And in the end
The Ganges of my life
Would run *Kulu-Kulu*
Towards, and empty itself
Into the ocean of your love.

Mankumari's personal sorrows helped by her devotional nature have made her intensely humanistic. Those who know her know how at the least sight of sorrow in the world she is moved to tears. She cannot see others suffer. She loves to nurse the sick, and quite often even endangers her own life to save another life. She is charitable almost to a fault. She never refuses a gift if it is within her power. She at present lives with her daughter, who is married to a prominent lawyer at Khulna. Hundreds of destitute children of this city call Mankumari their mother, and she takes them all to her heart. All of her humanistic poems are exceedingly touching. Her "Mother's Cottage" would move many to tears. It is for this, her profound love for God and mankind, that Yarakumar Kaviratna, the poet, critic, and scholar, thus says in his introduction to *Kabyakusumanjali*: "Providence himself, for the good of humanity, speaks through some people some great truth, or expounds a great thought. We call such instruments of God as man God. We look upon Mankumari as one such person. The more I read her poems, and the more I know of her life, the more I am convinced of this fact." Illustrious poets and authors like Bankim Chandra Chattopadhyaya, Hem Chandra Bandopadhyaya, Nabin Chandra Sen, Gurudas Bandopadhyaya, and others have praised Mankumari's ideal life and works in exalted words. Her feeling for the poor and helpless is strikingly expressed in her poem entitled "The Beggar," and it translates as follows:

I, too, am one of you—
I, too, was reared with love
At my mother's bosom
And received affection
On my father's lap.
I, too, was addressed as
"Darling" and "honey."
And I, too, had my hours of joy
In my youth.
Yes, I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you.
The dawn was wont to appear

In its guileless beauty,
With its necklace of pearls
To assuage the sorrows
Of my heart.
And the luminous moon
Was wont to peep
Into my room,
For I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
In my heart, too, waves
Of intense desire
Rise and roar
As they flow in torrents.
I, too, have my rays of hope
Even though they may be like
The moon
Hidden behind the clouds.
I, too, have a life and a heart,
For I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
You are the birds of light.
I alone live in darkness.
My eyes do not know
What light is.
Will you save this insignificant
And fallen life of mine?
Will any of you be my own?
For I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
I, too, am born in the same earth
Where you are born.
But then, fate has decreed me
To be a beggar;
I cannot help it.
So I live in darkness
And in a sort of imprisonment,
Even then, I, too, am one of you.

I, too, am one of you—
Will you be mine
And call me your own
And thus relieve
The burning pain of my heart?
Will you give me
Just a little of your affection
And bring me into life again?
And thus prove how beautiful
Must be this Kingdom of God on earth.
Shall I ever be able
Even partially to attain
The goal of life
By begging of you?

Will you, dear friends,
Give me as alms—Life Immortal,
For I, too, am one of you.

The new nationalist movement in India has been steadily growing in potency during the last three-quarters of a century. Thousands of credulous Americans are being systematically deceived into believing by interested parties that the present spirit of unrest in India is caused by German agitation. Those who know anything about India know that the father of modern India, Raja Rammohun Roy, was born in 1774, two years before the American Declaration of Independence, and died in 1833, twenty-one years after the War of 1812. Our greatest poets and writers of the last century have been intensely patriotic. Many poems and plays that were written fifty years ago are proscribed to-day by the alien government that rules over India. Mankumari, like Mrs. Kamini Roy and Mrs. Swarnakumari Ghosal, Tagore's sister, is one of the torchbearers of Indian nationalism. Mankumari has always been a *purdah* woman, so much so that she never allows herself to be photographed; yet thirty years ago she wrote some of the most inspiring of our patriotic songs. By the sharpness of her speech she burns into us the shame of the present political dependence of India—a country where lives one-fifth of the total population of the world. In her poem "Who Are We?" she sums up the real cry from the very bottom of the heart of India. She has indeed an unflinching hope in the ultimate triumph of India when she would take her rightful place among the great and free nations of the world. "Who Are We?" reads thus in translation:

I heard a voice say at night—
"Who are we?"
And it reverberated on my soul.
I listened to it again and again
And was overcome with awe.
Listen, there again the voice sings—
"Who are we?"

Who are we?
 Our bodies are lean,
 Our clothes are not clean,
 We sigh heart-rending sighs.
 All our hopes of happiness,
 And prospects of peace
 Have vanished.
 How can you recognise us,
 How can you know who we are?

Who are we?
 We are always dependent on others,
 We are always engaged to serve
 At the feet of foreigners.
 And we are emaciated
 By the kicks and cuffs of aliens.
 How can I tell you who we are?

Who are we?
 We eke on
 Our miserable existence
 Only to cater at the feet
 Of the red-faced
 And harsh-speaking
 Foreigners whose hearts
 Are full of injustice.
 How can I tell you
 The story of our naked shame?
 How can I tell you who we are?

Who are we?
 Our unfortunate Motherland
 Is shedding tears all the time
 And she is being tortured
 In a thousand different ways.
 And yet we humbly bear the sight!
 And you ask who we are!

Who are we?
 Then listen—
 We belong to that great race
 That once held up
 The torch of knowledge,
 And conquered the world
 By thought.
 How can you know us to-day?
 In physical prowess, too,
 We were supreme.

The Mogul heart
 Trembled with fear
 At our bravery,
 And the British soldiers
 Were defeated
 Many times
 By our soldiers;
 So we to-day are rather ashamed
 To disclose our identity.

Our brave women
 At times of national calamity
 Were wont to put on
 Soldiers' uniform
 And fight for our country's freedom,
 And our children played with
 The enemy's blood,
 And now, really, who are we?

We may be all but dead,
 We may be despicably dependent,
 We may be the most hated of the hated,
 And yet,
 The great soul of India
 Is not dead.

We are descendants
 Of that great race,
 So, brothers, wipe your tears,
 Take courage in your broken heart.
 Three hundred millions
 Of human beings
 Cannot altogether
 Be wiped out of existence;
 You know how
 A tree grows
 From a grafted twig.

So give the gold you have,
 Give the jewels you possess,
 Break open your breast
 And give the blood of your heart,
 Yes, give all you have
 And thus regain your manhood,
 And the whole world
 Would turn
 And look at you with respect
 Again.

THE SOLDIER

BY MARICE RUTLEDGE

I

His name was Jean Paul Loup. He came from a race of peasants; his father and father's father had toiled in ceaseless monotony, living on what they reaped. Generations of patient men had bent their bony frames over this soil, digging, picking, kneading the clods. Jean Paul was the son of the land. The dumb love of earth and its creatures was in his heart. He knew what it was to labour the ground with the odour of worms in his nostrils and the hum of growth in his ears. He groped delicately among mouldy matter, watering the stubborn soil with his sweat, coaxing from it the fruits of the season, in order that he and his woman and children might live.

He was of the very structure of the land, gaunt and sturdy, with hands like sinewy roots and deep lines marking his face like furrows in a field. He asked for very little. His wisdom was that of a child. Dawns filled his naïve soul with unquestioning peace. When mists rose from the pores of the land and floated like smoke through the trees and the sky gleamed fresh as youth, he would stride over the fields, whistling to the birds. Twilights passed greeting him like ageing friends grown calm and just.

He lived with his woman, her greedy brood and the animals. But of all these, he loved best Grisel, the donkey. She was so gentle. A carrot, a portion of hay and water from the stream was all she needed to keep her in contentment. She treated the other clamorous beasts with courtesy due to her fellows; but she loved none of them as she loved Jean Paul, her master. When he caressed her between her ears, that were like silken furred leaves, she would lift her voice in worship—"Hee-hon." Jean Paul

would answer in the language of peasants.

"See you, my little friend," he would say, "the earth is everything. What have human beings done that is better? With a bit of land, we are kings. In the cities men are foolish and wicked. They squabble over bread and wine and women. They fight when they hate; they fight when they love. They never leave one another alone because they are afraid. Yes, my friend, they are afraid! The weak fear the strong and the strong fear the weak. It seems there is not enough to go round either of money or of goodwill. Here, what we reap is ours. My children sprout like asparagus plants. My old woman is famous for making soup. I am satisfied. Life is divided into parcels, my friend. Give me a bit of land, and God bless me if I am not the happiest of men."

II

One day Jean Paul was called. He went because he would not have known how to disobey when they told him he must fight to defend his land. He took his place passively among young men and old men, rascals and poets, men who were the dregs of the city, men who were philosophers, beggars, heirs to fortunes, schemers, peasants. His ungainly figure, decked in an ill-fitting uniform, was tumbled in with the rest, knocked into shape, and sent to the trenches.

Without hate in his heart, bewildered by the thing they called war, presented with an enemy, Jean Paul Loup floundered on toward the cannon's nozzle. There, where earth was trampled and torn, where forests were uprooted, villages fired, churches smashed, he fought. In the din of hell, where men were blown to bits, where souls were un-

shriven, where carcasses of animals filled the smoky air with stench, he fought. Where men rotted, blackening under the sun; where prayers never reached God, he fought. And the land he was to defend was bruised and devastated by the onslaught of madmen; the homes he was to protect were demolished by shells. The earth was rent with the noise of death. The taste in his mouth was that of blood; the smell in his nostrils was that of decay, and the sights he saw were for none of God's creatures.

Then hate, like a dark plant germinating in the bowels of the earth, began to grow in the heart of Jean Paul. There was no green in the trees; there was no dawn without bloodshed; there were no birds in the sky. They put a bayonet in his hand and he staggered blindly ahead, learning how to kill. For it was that or death as a coward: probably death in any case.

After a while he learned the lust of killing. He learned the feel of steel sinking in soft, spongy stuff that was flesh; the warm, slimy touch of blood. He learned the look of upturned, dying eyes, full of entreaty, full of defiance, or of resignation. He learned to recognise the grotesque poses of the dead, their final grins. He learned also the cunning of the wild beast: when to spring, when to hide. He learned to curse with the rest of maddened humanity. He learned other nameless things that linked men.

And now the rage of killing was with him.

There was an attack on a village. Jean Paul was foremost in the charge up the wrecked road, past burning houses, shooting, stabbing, yelling. . . .

On the stone steps of the little church a woman sprawled in ghastly surrender. Her clothes had been wrenched from her. A child with its throat cut flopped across her breast. An old woman was crucified on a barn door. A chicken lay crushed to a pulp. A horse neighed its final agony. A dog in ribbons stretched across the road. Little gardens were

battered and desolate. Huddled figures, like broken dolls, littered the road.

The enemy passed on.

Victory!

Jean Paul, bayonet slanting, raced after them. He zigzagged fantastically over the fields, shouting and cursing. He stumbled over the graves in a cemetery, shooting from behind tombstones, dodging shells from the big guns. He was upon the laggards, knifing them, wrestling man to man, mingling his breath with that of the enemy, rolling over the stained grass fighting for his life.

When it was over, he lay bleeding, with one leg torn off. But, later, a Cross was pinned on his soiled blue coat. He was congratulated and sent home. He was no longer of any use to an army.

III

He was back on his land. Like a crushed insect he dragged himself over the fields, seeking peace. But there was no peace. The earth held no messages for him. He shrank from the quiet of dawns, the steadfast friendship of the land. Everything was associated in his mind, now, with death and destruction. It did not seem possible that there should still be untrampled fields, singing birds and grazing animals. When the church bells pealed in the little village beyond, he thought of villages in flames; when his children came near him, he thought of the dead child on the woman's breast; when the animals raised their voices, he thought of the horse's death cry. For this reason, he could not bear to go near Grisel. For what he had most loved, now he shunned. He would have dug a hole in the ground and laid himself down and covered himself with earth, had he not seen so many men buried.

He was lonely. He missed the old men and the young men, the good men and the bad men, the cursing, the shouting, the danger. He even missed the

enemy. He wandered, day and night, over the land his fathers had laboured before him. His wooden leg went clumpety-clump on the soil. He strained his ears for the sullen sound of the cannon. The silence of the country was like a shroud. Sometimes he would crouch in a corner of the farmyard and watch his children and the animals at play, brooding over their innocence. But for Grisel he had never a look.

It was spring. A hum of life was in the air. The great travail was in earth and in the creatures of the earth. He wondered if the growing things did not hurt the soil. Blades of grass and vegetables pierced the sod like sharp little knives cutting their way. Spring was pain. The cracking of buds, the bursting of seeds, the green stains spreading over the fields, were so many wounds. The sky, when it deepened to crimson gashes flecked with red from the setting sun, was like a battlefield where clouds took shape of the dying.

The noise of a child crying, the odour of burning wood at mealtimes, the baying of a dog at night—all these things were connected intimately with an awakened lust that had never been appeased.

One day he took up his gun and shot a bird. The sound of the shot snapped the tension of his nerves. He reloaded his gun and shot again and again in the air, waking echoes. The bird had fallen. He took it up brutally and flung it aside. He hated the serenity of the evening. He wished for a great explosion that would split the surface of the calm and hurl all things into confusion.

He set traps and caught small animals, contemptuously watching their death struggles. They could not even bleed like men. Their cries were no more than the squeaks of midgits in a thunderstorm. He was not satisfied. He dreamed always of night attacks, of enemies, feeling resentful that he had been sent back. He hated them for breaking him and throwing him away.

One day there was a pig to be killed. The feel of the knife in his hand made

him happy. He killed the pig slowly, his imagination multiplying the screams until he heard again the roar of battle, felt again the madness of vengeance. The knife went in and out easily. Soon the pig lay mangled and useless, wallowing in dust and filth. Then his wife railed at him. But her voice was no more than a bird's chirp in the wind. She stared at him moodily and went back to her soup making. But he noticed with fierce satisfaction that, when he followed her, she and the children cowered away from him. Fear had settled in the house. Let them be afraid! If they knew what he had done "out there"!

When the soup was eaten and the little whitewashed room sank into shadow, he told them of the killing, glorifying the things he had done. Claspings the bread-knife, he showed them how he had struck the enemy. Kneeling on the stone floor, he showed them how he had strangled and stabbed. They shrank from him with wide, terrified eyes and gaping mouths.

"I did it all for you," he told them brutally, and laughed at their fear. They were lucky to be alive.

But when they had flung themselves on their cots and lay breathing heavily, there seemed no place for him beside his woman. Beyond the quiet of the house, he heard cannons. And, at last, clutching the bread-knife, he tip-toed stealthily out of his home. All about him was the night hush, great spaces of sky and field lit tranquilly by stars. From the stable came the rustle of the creatures sleeping on straw. The sense of their life, of the peace that dwelt with them, of the monotony of their faithful service, roused Jean Paul to savagery. A bitter hatred of the earth and the mild creatures of the earth entered his heart. He was a crippled outcast, denied the right of vengeance.

He drew nearer to the stable, slid the wide door open and hobbled in, his wooden leg tapping a furtive tune. Pungent smells of hay and beasts peopled the shadows. He felt his way blindly,

obsessed by passion. Suddenly he raised his knife and brought it down on the nearest thing. A creature screamed in agony. He thrust again and again. Something toppled over with a soft thud. He fell with it, his trembling hands dabbling in Grisel's blood.

The rest of the night he mumbled and prayed, pillowing his head on her stiffening flanks. At dawn, he lifted his eyes and saw what he had done. When he had looked his fill, he knelt beside her and, weeping, put the stained knife to his throat.

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

WHARTON

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

VIGNETTES in metallic tones
On fibrous olive black—
The more modern,
The more essentially 18th Century—
As stimulating
But as out of key
As the Princesse de Lamballe
Discoursing at a Thé Dansant.

SHANGHAI: AN EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONALISM

BY NATHANIEL PFEFFER

UNDER the Union Jack suspended from the high ceiling of the rather dingy meeting-room, the members of the Society of St. Andrew sat listening to their chairman read his report on the society's contributions to the British Aeroplane Fund. ". . . To do our part toward purging Europe of the menace of Prussianism," he was saying.

From the next room came the regular tramp of men marching, the thud of grounded arms and the harsh guttural of military commands. They were German soldiers drilling.

Yet there was no bursting of doors, no clamour, no attack; the Union Jack was not struck down. The chairman went on with his denunciation of the Hun, the soldiers rigidly goose-stepped. To each it was a commonplace not worthy of notice, an ordinary incident of wartime. For they were in the international city of Shanghai.

Shanghai is to-day a city of world consequence. It is interesting now for more than its commercial possibilities, its colour, variety and cosmopolitanism—a picturesque dot on the edge of an ancient empire where the loose ends of the earth tie up. To those with some thought for the organisation of the world that is being fashioned anew in the crucible into which the war has plunged it, it stands as the laboratory where the problems of internationalism, now a practical issue in world politics rather than a visionary's dream, are being worked out, if only on a small scale. What is being proposed for Constantinople, for the Near Eastern trade route, for some of the Mediterranean ports, for, ultimately, the world, has been in effect for some years in the unique experiment of the International Settlement of Shanghai. How practi-

cable is internationalism? How does it work out? How does it meet the test of war? Is it worth taking a survey of Shanghai?

Here is a city of ten thousand foreigners superimposed on, or rather within, an ancient Chinese city, inhabited by people of every nationality on earth and governed by all the Powers in concert and with co-equal authority. Here British, Germans, Americans, French, Austrians, Russians, Italians, Belgians, Scandinavians, Japanese, Hindus and various Mohammedan peoples have come to make their livings and establish their homes. It is cosmopolitan in the sense in which no other city is cosmopolitan. It is not predominantly French as is Paris, English as is London, American as is New York, Turkish as is Constantinople. Here neither race nor culture predominates.

It is a complex of all the civilisations and "kulturs." You can read newspapers in any language; you can send your children to a school where they will be taught their own language, literature and national interpretation of history; you can go to church and hear a sermon in your own tongue, whether it be Russian or Parsee. In the hotels and cafés three or four tongues can be picked from the buzz of conversation over the tables. The streets are vivid with the colours of the costumes of every people. It is an outpost to which each nation has sent its vanguard in the keen struggle for commercial and political supremacy in the world's richest market.

The internationalisation of Shanghai was worked out empirically rather than adopted by programme. It was developed slowly as the most logical way to deal with the problems that con-

fronted men of all nationalities transplanted in an ancient and backward civilisation; it arose out of as humble a need as that of passable roads and proper sewage. The first step came twelve years after the port had been opened to foreign trade by the Opium War of 1842, by which the British also obtained a grant of land just outside the wall of the native city. By 1850 the French had obtained a similar grant and the Americans had taken up, without a formal cession by the Chinese Government, a site adjoining the British and French concessions.

In 1854, when the need of more settled conditions of living had become pressing, a joint board was appointed by the three settlements to lay common drains and roadways and to assess taxes on the residents of the three settlements for their construction and maintenance. Then a joint code of regulations was adopted and a board of administration appointed for local matters. From this arrangement the French withdrew a few years later, setting up their own concession, which still stands independent of the International Settlement, though in important matters working in conjunction with it. Then in 1863 the American and British concessions were formally incorporated for municipal purposes with a single government. Into that government the other Powers have been admitted, and increased functions have been taken over, until now the ten square miles that make up the International Settlement constitute a completely independent community, internationally governed; and so efficiently governed that, in addition to its ten thousand foreigners, it has a population of four hundred thousand Chinese who have come there for increased security, greater comfort and better opportunities.

As it functions at present, Shanghai is in many respects a microcosm of the world internationalised and at any rate a working model for Constantinople or any of the other strategically situated cities whose domination by any one

Power is dangerous or provocative of friction. For that which affects it as a whole there is centralised control; for each of its integral parts independent control. No resident of the Settlement in any way forfeits his nationality. He merely merges it with that of his fellow residents in those matters of government which are better administered that way and in which nationality is more or less irrelevant. Thus, every resident is subject to the laws of his own country just as if he were at home; the law of every nation is operative over its citizens in Shanghai as if they were within its own borders. For example, the *China Press*, the American newspaper, is bound by one set of libel laws; the *North China Daily News*, the British organ, by another and more stringent set, often making a considerable difference in the way in which each presents the same news. That one man has duties and privileges that his neighbour has not merely adds to the flavour of life that is Shanghai's.

For the administration of its laws each nation maintains its own court, its own district attorney and its own jail. The smaller Powers maintain only consular courts, however. Litigation is conducted on the principle that operates in international law; that is, suits between citizens of different nationality are heard in the court of the defendant. For the Chinese there is a unique tribunal known as the Mixed Court—a court presided over by two magistrates sitting jointly, one foreign and one Chinese. The foreign magistrates, who are appointed by the Consular Body alternate in sitting. At present the British magistrates—or, as they are called there, assessors—sit Monday, Wednesday and Friday, the American assessors Tuesday and Thursday and the German Saturday. Assessors of other nationalities sit only when the interests of their nationals are involved. To this court are brought all Chinese offenders within the Settlement and civil suits between Chinese. Nominally the two assessors sit with equal

authority; in actual practice the foreign assessor's decision prevails, for as yet the Chinese comprehension of modern principles of justice is still primitive.

The other purely national agencies are, of course, the consulates and the post-offices. Each country maintains its own post-office, managed by officials appointed from home and operated under domestic laws and domestic rates of postage exactly as in a city at home. It is interesting to note that one of the appropriations last year in what is known in the United States as the "pork barrel" bill was for a new post-office for Shanghai. But in this case the appropriation was justified, for the American postal agency there has been notoriously badly housed since it was first opened.

The other agencies of government are all international. Final authority is vested in the Consular Body, the organization of the fourteen consuls, but the actual power is wielded by the Municipal Council, a body of nine men elected by the vote of all foreign residents with certain property qualifications. Because the British are not only most numerous but hold the greatest share of property they have a majority in the council. The present council is made up of six Britons, one American, one Russian and one Japanese. Before the war there was also one German, but he was defeated in the first election held after the war began.

The council has all the power of an American municipality with home rule. Under its jurisdiction are the harbour, customs, streets, roads, sanitation, water-works, electric light and power plant, licenses, taxation and so forth. Two checks however, operate on the council. First, there is the annual meeting of taxpayers, who meet to approve the budget and the apportionment of taxes. Second, any legislation passed by it of a general nature affecting the Settlement must be approved by the government of each nation. This is a contingency, however, which seldom arises.

The protection of the community is vested in a truly international military force and a police force, also international, though unofficially so. The Shanghai Volunteer Corps is made up of companies from each of the nationalities most numerous in the Settlement, with about one thousand troops in all. Each unit uses the uniform, weapons, manual and code of the army of its own country, but the officers are all appointed by the Municipal Council, which also makes the rules for the conduct of the Corps and from which the Corps takes its commands. This force has already on numerous occasions proved itself of great value in defending the Settlement in times of native uprisings, particularly in the revolutions of 1911 and 1913. And it is significant of the spirit of both the Corps and the Settlement that three months after the outbreak of the war the English, German and Austrian companies took part side by side in the annual sham battle and manoeuvres. But that, it may be said, was before the sinking of the *Lusitania*. Immediately after that tragedy it might have been inadvisable.

The police force is appointed and directed by the council. The majority are Chinese and Sikhs from northern India, but there are about five hundred foreigners, of whom the larger part are Scottish and Irish and the remainder of all nationalities. For the complicated problem of maintaining order in a city of four hundred thousand Chinese unused to Occidental ideas of order the police force is an effective and efficient body. And at no time, even since the war, has either the Volunteer Corps or the police force been used for any other purpose than the protection of the community as a whole; never has either been used in the interests of any one nationality.

The test of internationalism will always be, of course, its resistance in time of war. That test Shanghai has met. Its existence as an international community after two and a half years of war, into which almost all the rest of

the world has been swept, is *ipso facto* proof that it has met it. But it has not only retained its international character; it has also retained its neutrality. In spite of the large preponderance, in numbers and influence, of the subjects of the Entente Allies; in spite of the undisputed use of the city by the Germans as the headquarters for their propaganda for inciting insurrection in the Orient; in spite of much bitterness and high feeling and an unbroken succession of crises and dramatic incidents—life in the International Settlement has been at the tautest stretch of tension since August, 1914—in spite of all that, the Settlement has been officially neutral exactly as have New York, Madrid and Amsterdam.

The Municipal Council, though controlled by representatives of allied nations, has legislated only as the agent of a neutral community. In the harbour the laws of neutrality have been strictly enforced. German and Austrian vessels have been given the shelter of internment and their crews permitted to live on shore. Germans and Austrians have been allowed to come and go within their full legal rights. The British Enemy Trading Act, which since the spring of 1915 has forbidden trade of any kind between British subjects and those of hostile nations, has been enforced only within its rights, and the trade black-list applied only as it has been in other countries. German and Austrian commerce in China, it is true, has been completely paralysed, but that has been as the natural consequence of the blockade rather than of local restrictions. But their rights and privileges as citizens and taxpayers of the local government—the use of transportation facilities, light, power, water, even for commercial purposes—they have been accorded in the same measure as those of other nationalities.

Some infractions there have been undoubtedly but they have been almost entirely in personal relationships. Germans and Austrians have been expelled from the clubs, discharged from their employment in allied firms and virtually barred from social activities. A great deal of bitterness has been engendered, bitterness that will spoil for a generation the zest of the cosmopolitan social life that made Shanghai the "Paris of the East." But beyond that, with but a few minor exceptions, the infractions have not gone, although there have been opportunities and temptations in plenty. At least one of the escaped officers of the *Emden* was known to have made his way to Shanghai and taken shelter in the German club, but he was allowed to continue his journey, presumably to rejoin his country's forces. And in the "Medicine for India" case, when Chinese coolies were caught smuggling arms and ammunition out of the country to India at the instructions of Teutonic agents, although the name of the prominent Austrian business man who had given those instructions and supplied the arms was publicly known, he was not molested and is now living there, possibly still sending arms to India in the guise of medicine.

Possibly we may not be justified in drawing too sweeping conclusions from the results of international government in Shanghai; perhaps the stakes have not been so big in China as in the Balkans and Africa. But this much can be said: it has at least proved that nationalism is not the last word in the organisation of the world, and that some sort of federation, if only for the sore and sensitive spots of the earth, is not entirely visionary. What has been successful in a city on the Chinese coast at least deserves trying on the shores of the Bosphorus—and eventually, perhaps, on the shores of the Seven Seas.

THE BRIDGE

BY ETHEL WENDELL TROUT

OVER the rushing, busy stream
I stretch my mighty span,
Touching the heart of the city's mart,
With its turmoil and struggle and pain and smart,
Which have been since the world began ;
Watching the lives that go over, under,
Lives that are full of joy and wonder,
Lives that have been one mighty blunder,
Comedy, tragedy, dream.

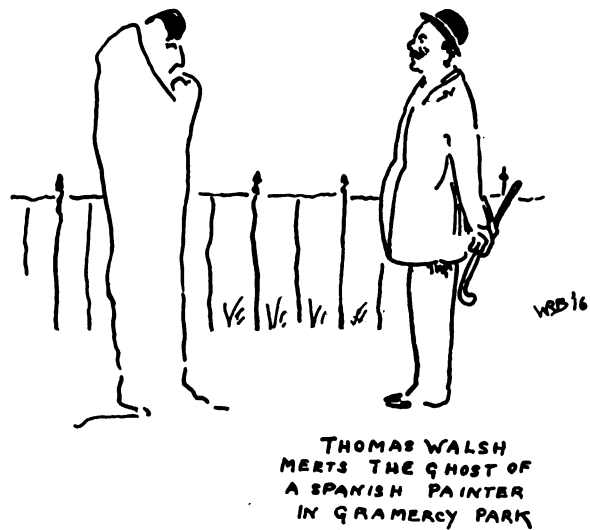
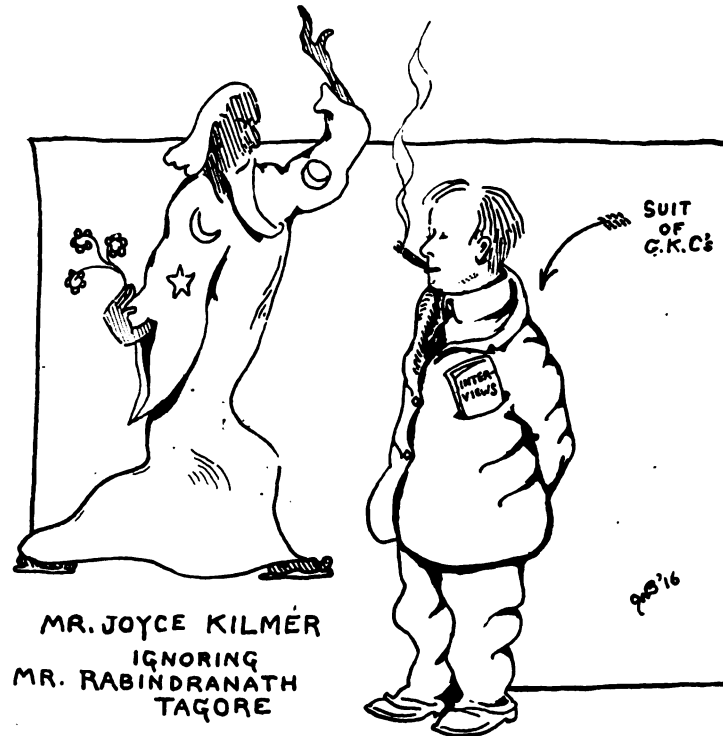
Day after day, and year after year,
I stretch my mighty span ;
Guessing the goal of each brain and soul,
Guessing how each man has paid life's toll,
What of it all is the plan ;
Watching the life that goes under, over,
Fussy small tug or deep-sea rover,
Pomp and vanity, riches and pride,
Grief and poverty, side by side,
Vision and smile and tear.

God knows the plan he has made for man,
And all are working his purpose out,
But I stretch my span, and the passers scan,
And wonder what it is all about.

THE MASQUE OF POETS AS SEEN BY
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT



EDWIN ARLINGTON 9/8/16
ROBINSON
*MEETS THE MAN FROM
ASOLO AT MIDNIGHT*



AMALGAMATED ART

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

EIGHTEEN years ago Mr. Ernest Newman wrote and Mr. James Huneker reviewed a book on Richard Wagner. Extraordinary collocation!—a critic of genius reviewed by a critic of genius, and both agreed that the essential and notorious premise upon which the most spectacular art of the nineteenth century had reared itself was a precarious premise, a premise fallacious, fugitive, negligible. Pater—if we accurately apprehend his meaning—would have subscribed to their point of view. In the opening sentences of *The School of Giorgione* we read as follows: "It is the mistake of much popular criticism to regard poetry, music and painting—all the various products of art—as but translations into different languages of one and the same fixed quantity of imaginative thought, supplemented by certain technical qualities of colour in painting, of sound in music, of rhythmical words in poetry. In this way, the sensuous element in art, and with it almost everything in art that is essentially artistic, is made a matter of indifference; and a clear apprehension of the opposite principle—that the sensuous material of each art brings with it a special phase or quality of beauty, untranslatable into the forms of any other, an order of impressions distinct in kind—is the beginning of all true æsthetic criticism." All of which is, we assume, a rather steep and tortuous way of proclaiming the inviolability of art's various mediums and manifestations.

In defending the synthetic point of view which served as a basis for his extraordinarily acute, sumptuous and compelling art Richard Wagner proclaimed his interesting belief that music as a purely autonomous art had practically ceased with Beethoven. The symphony, he contended, could progress no further.

Music as abstract sound, music unsupported and unilluminated by text, voice, action, scenery, colour was no longer a thinkable proposition.

Wagner made the mistake that the progressive in art often makes of assuming that because his particular temperament necessitated the constructing and exploiting of a new medium of expression, older mediums of expression had become permanently ineffectual. Obviously Wagner was in error. Tchaikovsky in his "Pathetic" Symphony, composed ten years after the death of Wagner, gave to the world a work which, despite its vulnerableness to academic criticism, yet remains one of the most memorable and original conceptions in all music. We do not allege the case of Brahms, for we think that Brahms, despite the inherent and indisputable beauty of much of his music, fails to supply us with a vital, an irresistible, an indisputable impulse. Obviously enough, the supreme confutation of Wagner's intemperate and somewhat premature hypothesis is to be found in Wagner's own music. We know that the very strength of Wagner lies in his failure to fuse the component elements of his art into an equitable whole. He who preached the indissolubility of his art, the dependence of its various ingredients, the one upon the other, yet retains his supreme and impregnable prestige by reason of the very thing he repudiated—the appeal of his music as sheer, unadulterated music. The music of Debussy's *Pélleas and Mélisande* is inconceivable apart from its association with the drama of Maeterlinck; the music of Wagner is both a conclusive commentary upon the action of the drama with which it is associated, and a kind of actual sound as authentically significant as the music of Beethoven.

But granting the paradox, the thing that is remarkable is that neither Mr. Newman nor Mr. Huneker nor any of those persons that have condemned the grandiose æstheticism of the composer of *Tristan und Isolde* seem to have perceived that Wagner was working in accordance with a kind of very subtle but none the less potent psychological law. At the moment we can think of no immediate evidence to the effect that Wagner himself appreciated this. In advancing and advertising the merits of his particular scheme of æsthetics, he need not have condemned as obsolete the symphonic form of Beethoven. His art was an amalgamation psychologically justified by the occult law of correspondences, of association of ideas. To call Wagner's intelligence a morbid, degenerate intelligence merely because it intensely reacted to the inevitable interrelationship between the arts is, it would seem, a rather too precious and extreme diagnosis. Granting all that the most inveterate antagonist of Wagner may bring against him, granting that Wagner as a music-maker incomparably outranks Wagner the poet, the philosopher and the dialectician—well, it is yet not entirely irrational to contend that Wagner's theory of a synthesis in the arts was justified and—in its superb consummation—exonerated.

Contrary to much eminent belief we can only partially disentangle the arts from one another. They are correlated just as our senses are correlated. Music instantaneously evokes an image in our minds, projects an emotion reducible to terms of literature. The Fifth Symphony of Beethoven, for all its perfection as sheer sound, remains, in a certain perhaps superficial sense, programme music. That such a statement may lay one open to a vehement charge of impiety is probable; but how shall we otherwise define a music that has admittedly for its basis a literary idea? It was inevitable that art should, sooner or later, mobilise all its various methods and mediums of appeal, that it should concentrate in one art the peculiar manifestations of all arts,

that it should impinge simultaneously upon our sense of sight, of thought and of sound. As this psychological amalgamation has become more and more refined, music has lost something, perhaps, of its earlier abstract perfection, its purely decorative quality, but it has gained immeasurably in emotional expressiveness. True, the process impeccably manipulated and logically carried to its ultimate conclusion stultifies itself. The music of Leo Ornstein, for example, is absolutely negligible as sheer music. Only when we are made acquainted with Ornstein's state of mind, of the idea back of this music does it become tolerably comprehensible. Evidently it is not a self-supported art. For all its external and alleged reversion to instincts of an aboriginal and untrammelled energy, it is, in the last analysis, the music of sophistication. In other words, it must be heard with the intelligence as well as with the ear drums. Its impact is no more pregnant of exquisite issues than is a banging of a drum; and if Ornstein believes that his hearers, unaided by any hint from him, are going to register a valid, or so little even as a vivid, emotion from this sort of thing, he is absurdly in error. Even the Debussy of the piano pieces, precious music-maker that he undoubtedly is, presents us with a kind of amorphous, emasculated sound that demands a literary explanation if it would yield us its ultimate degree of loveliness. With Chopin, for example, the intrinsic strength and beauty of the music quite aside from any literary or pictorial significance it may possess is sufficient. Debussy, on the other hand, must first excite his fancy and the fancy of his listeners with some poetic clue in itself provocative of a certain delicate pleasurablebleness. Having already created a mood and stimulated a sensuous receptivity with his titles ("Jardins sous la pluie," "Des pas sur la neige," "Pagodes," and so forth), he leads you, an enraptured captive, into an adroit, harmonic bondage. There is no denying the effectiveness of the method. Indeed,

the genius of contemporary French music is mostly in its titles. That it is not great music in the sense that the elemental surge and thunder of Chopin's C minor Etude, opus 25, is great music, is, of course, quite another matter.

Granting that in the process of amalgamation the component elements have become adulterated, debilitated and therefore lacking in something of their original validity, the result is, nevertheless, a heightened appeal, an impact upon our sensibilities infinitely subtle and intense. However memorable and moving Wagner's music is as a separate entity, it is incomparably more valuable, poignant and enrapturing when heard within the magical confines of its theatrical setting. That this statement will conflict with much popular opinion does not detract from its impregnable accuracy. No one who has not perceived the inextricableness of Wagner's various mediums of communication has penetrated to the essential gist, the inner ferventness and pulse beat of the most acute art that the world has yet known. Wagner is so great in his universality, simplicity, vigour and outspokenness that he may be enjoyed however much his original intention is thwarted and deflected. A park band could not impair the eternal, inevitable eloquence of that passage where a few chords, naked and primal as Genesis, peal out their panegyric to the dead Siegfried. So much of nobility and austere anguish cannot be denied or demolished. But the Wagner of the concert room is not and never can be the Wagner of the theatre. Eliminate action if you will, eliminate scenery, lights, colour—although these things are inestimable auxiliaries—but admit the indispensable significance of text! A passage in Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Tchaikovsky may move us as much as sheer music can move us, but how far short it of necessity falls in comparison with that moment in the *Walküre*, for example, when our literary emotions are excited by Brünnhilde's proclamation of the coming birth of Siegfried, and our musical emotions

are electrified by that sudden, ecstatic burst of sound from C to B major at Brünnhilde's words, *Ein Walsung wacht dir im Schooss!* Has the crowning function of maternity received a more glorious tribute from art than it does in this veritable apotheosis of sound miraculously mated to action and the concrete articulateness of the spoken word? The basis of the art of Wagner is a power that we have only dimly apprehended—the incalculable, sometimes sinister power of suggestion, of thought reverberations, of sensory echoings and re-echoings. Undoubtedly, an instinctive appreciation of this power is the latent impulse back of our modern tendency toward synthetic appeal. That the art of Beethoven is a purer, more native, more immaculate art than this art may not unreasonably be argued; that it is as vivid, intimate and essential to a contemporary range of emotion we emphatically deny.

One thing we simply cannot get away from—the obvious trend of the art of the last century in the direction of a constantly tightening acuteness and poignancy of appeal. All abstract, æsthetic axioms and theorisings to the contrary, the fact remains that expression is the cardinal aim of the art of to-day. We demand that the art and the artist project an emotion, create a mood, excite us to retrospection and face us with our own half-unconfessed disquietudes, desires and defeats. If the raw and aching urgency of this appeal can come to us in a manner and through a medium of consummate beauty, we are fortunate, and the highest altitude of art has been scaled. But it is obviously the characteristic of our immediate time to place a premium upon the expression at the expense of the beauty. We no longer ask that a voice, for instance, be sheerly and perfectly beautiful; we ask, nay! we demand that it be able to perceive, penetrate to and expose the interior gist, pith and marrow of the moving spirit back of the work of art. According to the finest distinction, one may no more properly call the activities of a Ludwig

Wüllner an individual art form than one would call the Russian Ballet an individual art form. Wüllner's treatment of German *lieder* consisted of a series of dramatic interpretations in which gesture and facial expression played a dominant part. Indeed, it is not entirely irrational to contend that the entire range of modern dramatic music depends for its essential effectiveness upon qualities other than purely musical ones. By no stretch of amiability or courtesy could we call the voice of a Mary Garden a beautiful voice, and yet who would willingly forego her Thaïs, her Mélisande, her Jongleur, her Salome? More illustrious still—indeed, a superlative example—was the case of Olive Fremstad. Fremstad's voice was inadequate to the demands she made upon it; she sang the difficult rôle of Isolde with her intelligence and her emotions rather than with her voice, and yet there can be no doubt that she presented us with a spectacle of a more beautiful and compelling persuasiveness than any other spectacle that our generation has seen. Fremstad's art is recognised by the few to-day, and will be recognised by the many to-morrow (sad perversity!) as the most consummate loveliness that the operatic stage of our time has known. "Fremstad's Isolde is great," says a veritable aristocrat of criticism, Mr. William Henderson, "even when the prima donna is out of voice." It was great, as all her interpretations were great, because it contained in its appeal—and to an ultimate degree of intensity—all that plastic grace, exquisite and ingratiating gesture, native beauty and appropriate timbre of voice can yield of eloquence and rapture. The spoken word Siegfried in the heart-rending second act of the *Götterdämmerung* sufficed to illuminate the entire drama with a spiritual radiance almost excruciating in its significance. No mere perfection of voice could have equalled the appealing import of this spoken word. Who that has heard her can forget her lament over the dead Tristan? Who that has seen her can forget her entrance in the second

act of the *Walküre*, a haunted, distraught creature with terror blown about her like clouds? Here voice, gesture, action, facial expression were miraculously woven into a symmetry that Rodin, no doubt, would have appreciated and recorded.

For the individual beauty of these moments—moments of which we are now unhappily deprived—we have no parallel; but we have seen something approximating their subtlety in the recent and notorious exhibitions of the Russian Ballet. It is not surprising that the appeal of the Russian Ballet should have proved a more or less tenuous and transient one. Pantomime, it may be tentatively assumed, can never succeed in maintaining a substantial hold on public attention. There is something undeniably ridiculous about it, something for which no adroitness of presentation can make amends. Perhaps it is the fantastic note that alienates and antagonises our interests—a valuable note, no doubt, but a note, in the last analysis, dispensable because dehumanised. The aboriginal frankness, the sinister suggestiveness of much that the Russian Ballet did was not calculated to endear it to the good graces of the majority. It was, however, a supreme exhibition of synthesis, combining with a kind of almost aggressive formidableness the various impacts upon our sensibilities that are contained in colour, in music and in action.

To note appreciatively the obvious abundance of this very modern effort toward a conglomerate appeal, is not, of necessity, to indorse it at the expense of the individual medium. As a matter of fact, the system is often abused and distorted and made to appear ridiculous. Co-ordination that is the result of a fortuitous, spontaneous and inspired impulse, and co-ordination that is the result of a very premeditated, self-conscious and super-precious striving are two distinctly different things. One cannot demonstrate this difference; one can only feel it. It is the indefinable but vital difference that exists between the legiti-

mate and the illegitimate, the authentic and the counterfeit. It is the thing that made Scriabin's colour symphony with its electric lighting apparatus appear a negligible idiosyncrasy instead of a significant novelty. Much of the so-called interpretative dancing of the present time (again synthesis!) remains intrusively inconsequential, not, necessarily, because the idea is wrong, but because the exploitation of the idea is inept. The Russian Ballet, for all that the ultra note in it repelled us at times, registered and maintained an undeniable salience through the inherent genius and vivid radiance of its projectors. Not only did it possess in Nijinsky an actor of unique and superior excellence (surely his slave in the *Scheherazade* was the rarest spectacle of recent years) but the entire affair was impelled by the controlling power of an impeccable sense of artistic values, compared to which the sort of artistic *faux pas* recently committed in this city by Miss Isadora Duncan appears a sheer effrontery, an insipid amateurishness. Miss Duncan's subjective impressions of Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony as proclaimed through the printed word and, less concretely, of course, through her various actions, were of a degree of imagination so sheerly commonplace and banal that Tchaikovsky, we are quite sure, would have vehemently resented and repudiated them. It all comes down to the question of good taste, and how few people possess that unerring and instinctive feeling for the fitness of things which we call "good taste!" Nijinsky and his associates exploited with consummate *finesse* the exotic note of grotesqueness and exorbitance which appears the dominant note in the art of the times, particularly since its obvious reversion to the point of view of the East. Much of their material demanded that kind of sharp, squat, menacing, ugly frankness and caustic conciseness of action which was first revealed to us in the *Sumurun* production of some years ago. In their happier moments all of this appeared an inevitable reflex of the matter in hand. But

it is a question whether the eloquent and mournful beauty of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, or the Allegretto of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is not enervated and caricatured by a treatment such as Miss Duncan imposes upon these works.

No doubt the symphony, the sonata, the string-quartet will continue to enlist the efforts of the musician, no doubt the spoken word is sufficient for an adequate realisation of the epic. In view of the fact that an impeccable co-operation of the various arts would probably necessitate a sacrifice of something of the essential potency of each one of them, this impeccable co-operation is evidently not a desirable thing. Wagner preached the sovereignty of the written word but he did not commit the unpardonable error of subordinating his musical inspiration to its dictates or to the exigencies of dramatic action. Paradoxically enough, the very inconsistencies for which he had been censured constitute the impregnable bulwarks of his abiding supremacy. His drama is merely a kind of gigantic programmatic note, and once the inspiration is set in motion he becomes primarily and spontaneously engaged in expression. We do not cavil over the upset to the equilibrium; we are grateful for the sublime flood of tonal irresponsibility that breaks from his orchestra. Compare this procedure with Debussy's *Pelléas and Mélisande* and realise the futility of logic. If symmetry, proportion, consistency of conception were the ultimate attributes of the abiding work of art, *Pelléas and Mélisande* would be the one perfect music drama. But perfection is the prerogative of the lesser workman of art. Does Debussy premeditatedly sacrifice all else to achieve this impeccable proportion, or is so salient a reticence and repression the reflex of a singularly sterile and emasculated temperament?

We may assume that music does not necessarily detract from colour and poetry, and that colour and poetry are latent attributes of music. Mr. Yeats would no doubt dispute the

point, but he does not object when George Moore solicits incidental music for their play *Diarmuid and Grania* from Elgar. Nor does Dunsany object when Mr. Steward Walker informs him that Arthur Farwell is writing incidental music for the *Gods of the Mountain*. From the conventional tremolo of the strings to which our theatres have accustomed us from time im-

memorial to the supersensitive suggestiveness of Debussy, music has proved itself a vital adjunct to drama, and the concrete pictorialness of drama—let us take at random the fire of the “Ring”—cannot fail to lend an onomatopœic vividness to sound. Who shall say then that amalgamated art is not a rational, a beautiful, an almost necessary thing?

SNAP-SHOTS OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

TARKINGTON

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

FAIRY tales,
Bully old fairy tales!
Cinderella
Coaxed from Heliopolis
To Indianapolis!
The Beast turned Barber
And Beauty—Manicure?
And now young Jack the Giant-killer,
Death to all grown-ups!

Fairy tales,
Corking old fairy tales,
Old only as spring is old
Or dawn is old
Or humour or love.

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE one story of this month, beyond doubt, is *His Family*. It marks a notable advance upon *The Harbor*, that first novel which was itself so much more than a "book of promise." Here is intensified our sense of an eye looking without confusion upon that most complex of modern scenes, New York; and the human story projected against that scene has far greater dignity and, in its way, beauty, than the earlier tale. Taken by itself, in so far as it may be, this story of a man and his three daughters has much of the quiet precision and naturalness of one of the earlier novels of Mr. Howells. We do not have to try to believe in these people; they *are*, and they are such stuff as neighbourhoods are made on. And they have the high quality of Mr. Howells's characterisation, as individuals, as American types of the hour, and, by their very fidelity of "colour," as representing humanity the world over. By telling his story from the point of view of an oldster, a member of a generation already past, the storyteller sets off the modernity which is its key-note. Forty years before our meeting with him, Roger Gale had come from the New Hampshire farm of his forefathers to New York, that place of mar-

vels which he still recalls as "the *young* New York" in contrast with that *old* New York of which the ancients of his own youth had babbled. Already it was a busy, noisy, adventurous place, but a place in which confusion had not become confounded: "a city where American faces were still to be seen upon all its streets, a cleaner and a kindlier town, with more courtesy in its life, less of the vulgar scramble. A city of houses, separate homes, of quiet streets with rustling trees, with people on the doorsteps upon warm summer evenings and groups of youngsters singing as they came trooping by in the dark." Such was the scene of Roger Gale's early manhood, of his toilsome and cheerful ascent of the ladder of a moderate "success"; of his happy marriage. The death of his wife has left him, in his forties, the dazed father of three daughters. In her last hours she has made him promise that he will "live on in their children's lives." But the failure of his faith in immortality and his despair of reunion with his mate have taken the heart out of him. He is nearly sixty, and his children have reached womanhood, before he rouses himself and begins to grope for life through them—almost too late. He finds himself in a strange city. Alien faces throng the streets, his down-town dwelling is overshadowed by apartment houses, a fever of unrest, social, commercial, and spiritual, fills the air. The three daughters have little in common but the tie of family. The oldest, Edith, a little feminine creature of thirty-five, is a too-devoted wife and mother, Victorian in intellect and morals, but slave of "the proper thing," which is to her the latest thing in housekeeping and child-rearing. She succeeds in making everybody very uncomfortable with her busy virtue, lacking which she would be a nice little thing enough. Deborah, the second daughter,

**His Family*. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This Is the End. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Cinderella Jane. By Marjorie Benton Cooke. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Good Girl. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

One Year of Pierrot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Jerry of the Islands. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Shadow Line. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

A Diversity of Creatures. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

takes her modernity with extreme seriousness. By way of public school teaching, she has become a sort of neighbourhood mother with a great and motley constituency. She has an abnormal sense of obligation, is determined to lift as much of the world's burden of ignorance and suffering upon her shoulders as she can stagger under—as long as she can stagger. But she is a real woman, and abstains from the wifehood and motherhood for which she is fitted only because she fears the life of narrow absorption of which her sister Edith is an awful example. The third child, Laura, is a modern of another type, a born daughter of pleasure, armed with the convenient theories of personal freedom, living one's own life, and so on, which enable her to do as she pleases with an easy mind. She marries to be the extravagant mistress of a careless husband, until her mood demands a second mating of the same sort; children she will not have. To the fact of his possession of these bewildering children Roger Gale awakes. He himself is naturally of open and curious mind, and his study of them is not without its exhilaration. By degrees the truth of their relation to him and to the world is brought home to him. They are part of a great sequence, an endless progression, an immortality of human experience "endlessly renewing itself," in which he himself has his place: in his children's lives he must himself live on. The hope of existence beyond the grave also is renewed in him. As he takes his quiet leave of life, a vision attends him of the generations who are to survive and follow him, toward some dim and happy end for the race. Children, in his dream, come marching along a great thoroughfare: "He followed and saw the street divide into narrower streets and byeways, into roads and country lanes. And all were filled with children. In endless multitude they came—marching, marching, spreading, spreading, like wide bobbing fields of flowers rolling out across the land, toward a great round flashing sun above a distant rim of hills. . . ."

If the central effect of this narrative is of firmness and poise,—the complex and shifting mass of modern life held and interpreted by a hand which is in no doubt of its task,—a totally opposite effect is that of *This Is the End*, by Stella Benson. In *I Pose* this young writer not long ago introduced herself to our somewhat perturbed consciousness. She was observing the British literary code of our century in being clever, in trying to jolt us in a new way, in asserting herself at all costs. But her recklessness seemed a little too real for comfort, her modernity too desperate, her feminine nature set too defiantly against any sort of simple emotion or faith. The impression is renewed in this second novel, or fantasy. The opening words of a narrative that is not divided into chapters gives the mood: "This is the end, for the moment, of all my thinking, this is my unfinal conclusion. There is no reason in tangible things, and no system in the ordinary ways of the world. Hands were made to grope, and feet to stumble, and the only things you may count on are the unaccountable things. System is a fairy and a dream, you never find system where or when you expect it. There are no reasons except reasons you and I do not know. I should not be really surprised if the policeman across the way grew wings, or if the deep sea rose and washed out the chaos of the land. I should not raise my eyebrows if the daily press became the Little Sunbeam of the Home, or if Cabinet Ministers struck for a decrease of wages. I feel no security in facts, precedent seems no protection to me. The wisdom you can find in an encyclopædia, or in Selfridge's Information Bureau, seems to me just a transitory adaptation to quicksand circumstance." There is another side to the puzzle, to be sure, for if whatever is, is not, then it is probable that whatever is not, is. "If the things which I know in spite of my education were false, if the eyes of the sea forgot their secret, or if the accent of the steep woods became vulgar, if the fairy adventures that

happen in my heart fell flat, if the good friends my eyes have never seen failed me—then indeed I should know emptiness, and an astonishment that would kill." This is the familiar Chestertonian reversal of things; but the writer is more certain of her negative than of her affirmative. Therefore we see young Jay, the girlish rebel against convention, domestic and other, becoming a 'bus-conductor in London, proving her independence of convention, and almost embracing one of those modern extra-matrimonial arrangements of which the very young think so favourably. In her case this affair is mystically involved in a sort of subconscious life, a dream world, in which Jay has always moved alone. Something, convention or common-sense, steps in to prevent the completion of her adventure, and (we gather) she slumps into respectability and marriage to a normal mate.

The lady of *Cinderella Jane* is another modern girl meeting life on its advanced ground. She meets it, however, in a very different mood, since she is sure of what she is after from the outset—namely, to be herself, and to express herself in terms of literature. A village maiden who has been recognised as a great hand to write, she comes to New York with her little wares, and there is presently set right by a kindly editor, who explains to her that she has a long and painful road ahead of her. He advises her to keep on writing, but not to try to publish anything until she is sure it is good. So she retires to her city cubicle, and for five years writes by night, earning her bread and butter as the drudge of a group of artists of both sexes, who need to have their studios and their stockings looked after. The most brilliant and beloved among them is Jerry Paxton. He has beauty and talent and no great force of character. He is not a lady-killer, but is in some peril of being lady-killed; and he presently follows an impulse of escape by offering marriage to the silent and safe Jane. She has had a moment of miraculous emergence in the rôle of Salome at

a fashionable show, but he knows nothing of her character or her ambitions. Now Jane has been advised by a notable critic to whom she has shown her work that she needs to come out of her cell and acquaint herself with life by risking some personal stake. It occurs to her that wifehood and motherhood may be useful for her purpose, so she accepts Jerry. He is disposed to be the old-fashioned husband, with a hand upon his wife's affairs, but she is determined to be very much the new-fashioned wife. Beyond the range of the domestic experiences they necessarily have in common, including parentage, she considers herself to be none of his business. Therefore she conceals the nature of the work which absorbs her, keeps her old work-room, and thither mysteriously resorts of mornings, leaving Jerry to mind the baby. Why not? does not she mind the baby in the afternoon, which is Jerry's chosen work-time? She writes a great book, is applauded by the world, and Jerry, who has been rather rebellious, duly comes to heel, asking forgiveness for not having understood what she has given him no chance to understand. But that is not the end of his purgation, for now the notable critic, having been relieved by Providence of a crazy wife, feels not altogether intelligibly free to express his love for Jane. Jerry catches him at it, and the three show themselves proper Shavians by discussing the unfortunate situation, and leaving it to Jane to decide which man she shall cleave to. She takes Jerry's child and departs for the country to think it out: luckily Jerry's child takes to very old-fashioned tactics by falling ill and revealing to Jane that the father is, after all, "her man." That she is also his woman is a fact which she does not mention, but we trust she has it in mind, for the sake of their future. The truth is, genius apart, she is a rather tiresome and irritating person—to the male observer, at least.

The Good Girl is oddly named, for the central figure is another of those aimless, blundering young males with much sensibility and little character, whom, ac-

cording to the younger British novelists, one might take to be a predominant type in the England of to-day—or at least in antebellum England. Vendred is amiable, he means well, he is a negative sort of gentleman,—and there is nothing else “to” him. Nor is the person of secondary importance in the story the “good girl” whom he weakly marries and weakly wrongs. The real study here is her mother, Mrs. Dover, a voluptuous ageless pagan, who takes her pleasure where she will, without fear and without self-reproach. Vendred, a man of some inherited means, leading the life of a blameless man about town, falls in love with this siren’s profile at a concert. Presently he discovers that she is herself a singer of high quality, but married to a soldier of fortune, and choosing, for some never-explained reason, to live shabbily and hand-to-mouth with him, rather than to take the fame and wealth which await her as a professional singer. Captain Dover is a man of schemes, always with a good thing to propose for unwary investors, hanging upon the outskirts of London society, and in some measure tolerated. Of this household Vendred in due time becomes, out of good nature, the chief support; and in the end his good nature is carried to the point of marrying the insignificant daughter of the house, which clinches his position of provider for the whole tribe. The little wife loves him, and is more than worthy of him, but her mother is by no means done with him. She has conceived one of her earthy passions for him, and easily annexes him as a lover when her chosen moment comes. So the flabby fellow goes about his two-faced business, falling deeper and deeper into the slough of his relation to his wife’s mother, till the inevitable reaction comes. But meanwhile the wife has been sacrificed, and her broken heart finds its quietus. Vendred feels pretty sick about it, and we are to gather that he will go on feeling sick about it for the rest of his life—if that matters. As for the siren, she is not pictured as desperate or remorse-stricken. Her captain and her lover having left

her at a loose end, she readily finds other fish to fry, and our last glimpse of her is in a rôle sufficiently preposterous, but by no means unhappy. The closing page or two of the narrative sums up the acrid humour of the story. Vendred comes upon the woman by chance in Italy, as the wife of a fat third-rate musician. She says to Vendred, “Poor Paul, how we plundered you!” He says that was nothing, he would go through it all again “if only the good hours would come back. You see you filled my life—you were all my life to me.” Then he says he is on his way to Paris to put some flowers on his wife’s grave. “Poor little Louise,” she said. “What a goose to throw herself away like that! But she was a good little thing.”

One Year of Pierrot, which is unsigned, is also as nearly dateless as may be. This is frankly a book of feminine sentiment untinctured by modernity. The chronicler is supposed to be a little French girl-widow who, after her husband’s death, is restored to interest in life by the birth of a son. We behold with her the world revolving, during his single year of life, about the matchless Pierrot. To all the world he brings content and inspiration. The place is Beaulieu; the chief persons are sundry typical village characters suitably coloured for their several parts in the particular action: a cowardly *gendarme*, a chivalrous brigand, a shrew with gold insides, and others of higher degree, all of whom desire or worship Pierrot. In the foreground is Mr. Jack Martin, a rich American artist with a hidden sorrow. He takes charge of the forlorn little mother after Pierrot’s birth, and sets the two upon a sort of throne in his establishment. If any bachelor ever doted on the child of a stranger as Mr. Jack dotes on Pierrot, we have never chanced to see or hear of him. Men who like to fondle babies a few days old are rare, even when such fondness, from the feminine point of view, might rightly be looked for. However, Mr. Jack does, quarrelling with the mother for the privilege of walking the floor with him! In return,

the admirable Pierrot takes Mr. Jack's happiness into his hands, sees to it that his sore heart is soothed, and duly does his share toward bringing about his winning of the nervous American girl who has feared marriage. Then Pierrot dies, rather needlessly, it seems, unless for the purpose of putting his mother's brave optimism to the final test. It is she, of course, who is the real centre of the story. To her belong the sweetness, the courage, the faith and generous spirit which she quaintly imputes to her baby son. Primarily, in short, she is a woman of heart, as her Mr. Jack is what used to be called a "man of feeling." It is a book which no reader should open who is not prepared to shed the tears of sensibility.

From this feminine kind of thing, ancient or modern, we may turn with some sense of relief to a book or two of purely masculine character. The late Jack London could not have understood a book like *One Year of Pierrot* or a man like Mr. Jack Martin. He was the type of man whom babies bored and embarrassed, but, by a familiar paradox of the male nature, he had no end of sentiment to bestow on dogs. *Jerry of the Islands* is in its way as full of sensibility as *Pierrot*. And it is Jerry as a baby dog whose adventures and nursery education we see this writer of "red blood" following with tender and absorbed gaze. The story, says the Foreword, is told from nature. "The adventures of my dog hero in this novel are real adventures in a real cannibal world," asserts the chronicler. Now we do not doubt that Jerry had a model, or that all the business in the book about the head-hunters and their exploits is based on fact. But there is one element in Jerry's education for which no evidence is offered—his learning, under the tutelage of a blind old savage, a "shorthand vocabulary" of practical utility. "Jerry, by an alteration in the quality and quantity of his whuff, would tell Nalasu that he did not hear; next, that he did hear; and, perhaps finally, that it was a strange dog, or a woods rat, or a man, or a boy—all in the softest of sounds that were scarcely more than

breath-exhalations, all monosyllables, a veritable shorthand of speech." Nor was this all. The old islander was threatened by enemies, and Jerry was trained to scout. The old man would give him instructions to go upon a particular beat, "all of which Jerry would carry out to the letter, and, arrived back, would make report. As thus: at the nest nothing unusual save that a buzzard was near it; in the other clearing three cocoanuts had fallen to the ground—for Jerry could count unerringly up to five; between the other clearing and the main path were four pigs; along the main path he had passed a dog, more than five women, and two children; and on the small path home he had noted a cockatoo and two boys." When at last Jerry is restored to civilised company, he finds no one to understand this speech, and is greatly troubled thereby! Clearly, he is a super-dog, even as Pierrot is a superbaby; and we may as well take the baby's mother's word for it as that of the dog's inventor. Jerry and his tale are more plainly fiction than that great dog story, *The Call of the Wild*; but what a story-teller this man was!

The Shadow Line is as characteristic in setting and atmosphere as anything Mr. Conrad has done. Again the real "hero," the dominant personality of the story, is the sea, with its mystery and glamour, its beauty and strength and lurking terror. Again we are convoyed into a sphere of dim but unescapable enchantment, a sea-realm as full of haunting magic as that which another ancient mariner imposed upon the spellbound wedding guest. In the distance we may be hearing the gay bassoon of peace or the trumpets of war, but for this moment our world is here. The subtitle, "A Confession," may lead us to surmise that the tale may be bound with special closeness to Mr. Conrad's own experience. His "shadow line" is that vague boundary seen ahead by every one at the appointed time, "warning one that the region of early youth, too, must be left behind." His instance is that of a young officer who for no sensible reason leaves his

comfortable berth on a comfortable ship in an Eastern port. He means to go "home" to England, for what object he does not know; some strange uneasiness drives him. But before he leaves the neighbourhood of the port, chance throws in his way that dream of the young seaman, "a command," a ship of some tonnage which has lost its master, and must be taken charge of at once. Going aboard, the new skipper finds the ship a beauty and well-manned, but haunted. The former captain, it seems, has gone off his head just before his death, and has planned his best that the ship and her crew shall make an end with him. The mate, who is still with the ship, has prevented this, but is oppressed with fear of his old skipper's vengeance, fancies him lying in wait for them at the spot where his body was dropped overboard. The ship clears land, but from the beginning ill luck attends her. There is no wind for weeks, the crew fall sick of malignant fever, by degrees the young captain, who remains well, falls helplessly under the evil spell. Then come tempests; the pumps have to be manned by half-dead men. It is the mate who finally staggers on deck and breaks the spell by bursting into wild, defiant laughter. From that moment, at least, the wind blows hard and true, and by a miracle of skill and endurance the two or three hands left with some strength still in them bring the ship to port. But the skipper has crossed the shadow line: his youth is past. The tale is told without that intricacy which we have come to brace ourselves for in Mr. Conrad's work; it is all perfectly simple and straightforward, and the more effective for it.

Mr. Kipling's last collection of stories, *Action and Reaction*, was published in 1909. But for two or three tales in the present volume, written since the beginning of the war, we find the same kind of material here, treated in much the same way. Apparently the writer has ar-

rived at his permanent manner, and pretty well covered his possible range. "As Easy as ABC" recalls "With the Night Mail." The time is the year 2065, the occasion a revolt by "the District of Northern Illinois" against the authority of the "Aerial Board of Control" which was described in "With the Night Mail" as "that semi-elected, semi-nominated body of a few score persons, which controls the planet. . . . Practically, the ABC confirms or annuls all international arrangements and, to judge from its last report, finds our tolerant, humorous, lazy little planet only too ready to shift the whole burden of public administration on its shoulders." But now, half a century later, an American "District" rebels, and is punished, by new electrical means of offence, which Mr. Kipling unfolds, as usual, in a vast deal of quasi-technical jargon. There follow a story or two of English country life, bringing out the contrast which Mr. Kipling loves between the country gentleman and the yokel whose roots are deeper in the soil; a story or two touching on the "psychical"; a dog story, a school story, two sketches of army life (the antebellum army of England and India); and, finally, two stories inspired directly by the War, in which the author focuses England's resentment against Germany upon the matter of her barbarous slaughter of the innocents, both in Belgium, and by means of air-raids over England. "Mary Postgate," the second of these stories, in the deep feeling which underlies its grim restraint of manner, and in its vivid projection of a single experience as embodying the whole matter, is a narrative of extraordinary power. But it embodies the brutal gospel of retaliation as well as the healing gospel of pity and terror; and we could have wished the verse which caps it, with its refrain "When the English began to hate," might not have been. But, alas, we in America may be able to understand that mood better a year from now!

DICKINSON'S "THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF ENGLAND"*

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

The Contemporary Drama of England is a book of quite extraordinary merit. It presents compactly all of the essential facts in the history of the English drama for the last hundred years; and these facts are patterned and proportioned with a nice sense of their comparative importance. But Mr. Dickinson is more than a mere historian. He is also a critic; and his criticism shows the exceedingly uncommon quality of common sense.

Nobody would guess from this book that the author is a professor of literature in the University of Wisconsin. He writes about the drama as if he had been brought up in the theatre. He knows—what very few professors ever learn—that the history of the drama is almost indistinguishably correlated with the history of the stage; and he never makes the mistake of judging plays as compositions written to be read. Mr. Dickinson has written one or two plays, and has helped to produce several others; and this practical experience has given him a proper understanding of the exigencies of the theatre.

For this reason, he avoids the pitfalls that usually beset the path of academic critics of the drama. His judgments are singularly sane. He does not overestimate the dramaturgic merit of the plays of Bernard Shaw, merely because they have been printed and bound to look like books and equipped with literary stage-directions and more literary prefaces. He does not consider John Galsworthy a dramatist of the first rank, merely because none of his plays has ever succeeded in the English theatre. And he

does not ignore Sir James Barrie, merely because the majority of his masterpieces remain as yet unprinted.

It is refreshing to read a book about the recent English drama in which due homage is accorded to Sir Arthur Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. Pinero once said, in conversation with the present commentator, "If ever you write a history of the modern English drama, be fair to Tom Robertson: if it hadn't been for Robertson, I could never have done what I have done." Mr. Dickinson "has been fair to Tom Robertson"; and he has been even more scrupulously just in recognising the importance of the work of the two more sturdy pioneers who followed Robertson, and went beyond him, and made the modern English drama possible. Mr. Dickinson says, in his chapter on Shaw, "By some Shaw has been given credit for creating the modern English theatre. Far from building the modern English theatre, Shaw would not exist as a dramatist but for the building that others had done before him, work which he adopted and turned to his own purposes."

Mr. Dickinson ranks Pinero as the ablest of all living English playwrights and regards Henry Arthur Jones as an honourable second. It is thus that these great craftsmen have always been considered by critics well acquainted with the theatre; but to find this traditional judgment reaffirmed by a college professor is a matter for agreeable surprise. Mr. Dickinson says at the close of his chapter on Pinero, "While Pinero has received the rewards of his work, it is doubtful whether our own times can estimate his position. Naturally there has been some disposition to depreciate his services as well as those of Henry Ar-

**The Contemporary Drama of England*. By Thomas H. Dickinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

thur Jones. That will not be the disposition of the future critic. It is more likely that Pinero will be hailed as one of the first masters of the technique of English comedy. He has shown command over more varieties of dramatic form than any other English dramatist. As in the case of Jones, most of Pinero's work was done before 1900. Even the noisy claims of his successors only throw into clearer light the record of his achievement."

But the whole book is just as well-in-

formed and sensible as this. Seldom does Mr. Dickinson give voice to an opinion with which the present reviewer would choose to differ. Perhaps he under-estimates *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Hindle Wakes*; perhaps he over-estimates the plays of Granville Barker; perhaps he does not fully recognise the greatness of *Alice Sit-By-The-Fire*. But these are minor matters. The abiding impression afforded by the book is an impression of continuous agreement.

THE INEVITABLE ADVENTURE

I CAME to New York because I could not help it. Mrs. Mamie knew.

I never suspected it of Mrs. Mamie, back there in the little Iowa town where I was born. She was just the very business-like, slightly hectic woman who arrived one day as the unexplained wife of our middle-aged, dreaming florist. We knew vaguely that she had lived in New York. I have an idea that the local gossips were inclined to purse their lips over the speculation as to her possible antecedents, but I did not pay any attention to that. I did not notice her particularly. She must be over fifty; and I will not see that age for a long time. Then when the little twice-a-week paper announced that I had gone to New York, she wrote me a letter. It shocked me; as the realisation that these older ones have also had their youth always shocks the new generation.

"Dear Boy," she wrote. "I am very glad that you have embarked on the inevitable adventure. I knew it was coming. Every now and then a boy or girl is born who is destined for the big city. I could tell it by the look in your eyes. Unless you are luckier than most you have some rough going ahead. But it's worth it. I just thought it might help a little for you to know that one who has been through the mill is with you, strong. You keep right on, wherever those dreams say go. I'm an old fool. Good luck, boy."

Her letter was forwarded to my little furnished room on Fourth Street. As I read it, all at once I saw a new Mrs. Mamie, who had been hidden from me before. A dozen little things which I remembered now told me of the wistfulness that she hid behind the hard surface which the city had given her. Mrs. Mamie knew. What is her story, I wonder? Somehow I know she

will not write it for me; but when I go back to Iowa I must learn it all. Yes, when I go back. But now, I glory in confessing it, I am afraid to leave my city for so much as a day. I am almost afraid to go to sleep at night, for fear in the morning it will not be there. I might wake in the morning and find only the drowsy little town, with its twin rows of rails stretching out beyond the hills.

My city, I say. I have a right to say it. Does the sight of the Washington Arch bring a lump to *your* throat, because it is the portal to Greenwich Village? When you see the sun shining on the Woolworth tower do your dreams soar up higher even than that lofty pinnacle? Does the vista of Broadway north of Times Square at after-theatre time make you drunk? If not, then you do not know my city, and you have no right to sneer. Oh, I know that pose of weary sophistication which New York gives to most of you, sooner or later. But I will choose my own pose, if you please. That is why I live in Greenwich Village. You will find a wide choice of poses in the Village, and that bored one, thank Heaven, is not quite the thing down here. If you others choose to be bored, go your way. There are plenty of us who do not. We do not even care whether you smile at the pretty little comedy we are playing: the ancient comedy of Youth and the City; with Mlle. Art the heroine, old Gaffer Poverty the villain, setting and scenery by the wizard o' dreams.

My part? I am the young man who writes. He is always there in the play; a comic figure, his ink-stained fingers holding a huge manuscript before the cynical gaze of the heartless editor. That particular scene, however, is only a theatrical convention. As a matter of fact, the editors are mostly a kindly and long-suffering lot. Let us look over

the little red book and see what they have done for me this month.

First item: Six dollars from the editor of that most disreputable of all the cheaper fiction magazines. Publication in this magazine, I am fond of saying, marks the lowest depths. But that is a lie. This editor may have a fondness for sex and blood; but he knows a good plot when he sees it, and he will print a realistic story that other editors would use if they dared. All hail to him.

Second item: Twenty-five dollars for a fearful and wonderful plot-story, written all complete one night between eleven and three. The editor who took this one is a thorough gentleman, who treats the worst of us with unfailing courtesy. But he must have Plot, with a capital P.

Third item: Seven dollars and a half for a whimsical sketch from an editor who wishes he could pay more. So do I.

Fourth item: Forty-five dollars for a tale in the O. Henry vein, from the best of all editors—the one who first encouraged me. May Allah watch over all his days.

That is all for this month: total \$83.50. The month before it was nearly twice that, on account of a lucky idea for a series of articles. So it goes. I manage to pay the room rent, and have a comfortable surplus left over which enables me to be quite lordly and generous with the waiters when they bring my restaurant cheque. What more could one ask?

Yes, there are two unpublished novels in my trunk. There are also many stories gone into the discard, mingled with a collection of plays, verse, scholarly articles, humorous sketches—I have tried them all. Less than one-fifth of what I write is sold; but that one-fifth has kept me going so far. And to-morrow—why to-morrow morning the mail man may bring the word that means real success. No other business holds such a gamble since treasure-hunting on the Spanish Main went out of fashion. It is the most exciting game in the world.

What other profession can have half the fascination of that of the writer? No capital is required. That gives us the advantage over the business man. There are no limitations of territory. The young professional man's opportunity is bounded by his local field, and he cannot hope at first to bring his ability to the attention of the employers whose favour will mean fame and fortune. Yet the youngest and most inexperienced writer can submit his wares to the greatest publications, in direct competition with those at the top of the profession.

What a stimulation that competition is! Every writer of English in all the world has practically the same chance that you have, and you have the same chance as he. When you succeed, it comes as a personal victory over thousands and thousands of competitors, who send in their work from every place where the English language is known. When you fail, that same fact is your consolation. Of course the "big names," the writers who have already arrived, have an advantage, even when their stuff is no better than yours. Why not? That is their reward for success. You may have a reputation and a sure market yourself some time. And there is no bar against you. The editors do read your manuscripts. I know, because they write me often, even when I fall far short of meeting their needs.

But, you ask, if all this be true, why was it necessary to go to New York? Can you not submit your wares from the smallest country cross-roads? Why was the metropolis your inevitable adventure? The answer is that what I have said with regard to the business of writing applies in general to everyone who writes for the market. The adventure is inevitable for only one class of writers, the special class for which I am trying to speak. Many of the others may be better off away from the city. Some are in the field only as an avocation, and gain their livelihood from another source. These, of course, must stay where their vocation is. The

work of others is the special interpretation of certain sections of the country, and their success demands that they keep away from New York.

But I am speaking for the youth, both men and women, to whom writing is not so much a profession as an adventure. I am speaking for the dreamers who cherish the dear hope that out of the material of their dreams they may spin a fabric that can be sold in the market-place for enough to enable them to live while they are playing their part in the drama that life is to them. To these the city calls with a voice that may not be denied. I will tell you some of the reasons why.

Our work is the interpretation of the drama of human life. The city—and of all cities on this continent New York preëminently—is the point of focus where that drama reaches its crisis. Is it not there that we belong? I go to the top of the Woolworth tower, and look at the great harbour where the ships come in. From war-torn Europe, from the islands of the south seas, from all over the world they come, bringing life and the things from which life feeds and clothes itself. I stop on the Manhattan side of Brooklyn Bridge, and thrill to the sight of the great temples which men have built to commerce. Life rearing its challenge to the vacant skies.

I walk over to the teeming East Side. There is misery and squalour; but that is not all I see. There is the vague promise of what may come from the great experiment of mingling the races under one flag. And the impression I carry away is not that of squalour and misery, but that of immense vitality, a seething mass of life, struggling upward toward the light. What a variety of schools and libraries and civic centres are on almost every block! Surely the means of bringing self-consciousness to the multitude were never so numerous or so well organised as here. Something big is brewing here; something new and hopeful is struggling toward expression in the melting pot. The

very air is dramatic with that promise. Will it come within my generation? I must watch it, day after day.

Then I go back to Greenwich Village—to the intimate, crooked streets, the quaint little shops, the sense of youth everywhere, the happy-go-lucky restaurants. That, too, will bear watching.

Every week the Village flocks to a new restaurant, no one knows why. And the tourists and newspaper reporters and all the Philistines who would spy out Bohemia are always two or three weeks behind. The Village has been very good to me. Where are the "free lunches" so generous or the bartenders so good-natured as on Sixth Avenue? Where can such wonderful coffee and rolls be had so cheap as in the little pastry shop where all the Village breakfasts? Where can table d'hôte dinners be found so varied and inexpensive? And where, on the other hand, are the ogre-like landladies, forever demanding the overdue rent, which we have been taught to expect? I have not found them. Mine is the most generous and sympathetic soul alive, and she never, never mentions the rent until my conscience forces me to mention it myself. You do not believe that? Well, it is true. Where else are friends made so easily? Every new acquaintance I make has a "little group of terribly interesting people," whom I simply must meet. And we do meet; and there is much talk, and everybody who does not live in the Village is pitied at length.

Then I go home to my bedroom; and before my eyes in the darkness a panorama of all I have seen during the day passes by. The harbour, the downtown skyscrapers, the dramatic East Side, the friendly Village—all troop by. I make for myself a time-machine, such as Wells imagined, and go back to the beginning of our world, and see the whole pageant of life emerging from chaos. I follow that little bit of sentient slime that crawled out of the palæozoic sea up through the ages, until

it reaches the present, and lives in the men who wrought the miracle that is Manhattan. And I know it will not stop with us, but that it will go on and on into a future that defeats our imagination. Life—life, dominating the earth.

It is the work of us who feel the urge of creative art to try to interpret that life-force to itself, to help it grow more conscious and purposeful. If it is given to me to see clearly enough to do this, even in the smallest measure, that will be enough to have lived for. And while I am trying to do that, this seething focus of life is where I belong. That is my sober justification. But it was not that that Mrs. Mamie knew I was dreaming of, back there in Iowa. No, there is something else. There is something in the blood of every man and maid who aspires toward any of the seven arts that calls out for the beautiful country of Bohemia.

Now I know I am treading with rash confidence on very treacherous ground. But Bohemia is here. In spite of all the jibes of professional cynics, in spite of all the surface sham that the outside observer sees, it is here. It has been the fashion recently for some of the metropolitan journalists, and certain of the cheaper novelists, to seize on Greenwich Village's "material." They visit here in the same spirit that the tourist visits Chinatown on a sightseeing car. And then—behold, says the reporter, my vast sophistication. I have visited Bohemia, and find it is a fraud. It is a thing of pose and shams. Its restaurants are greasy and ill-smelling; its inhabitants are deluded rustics on a spree; and the poets, artists and writers of fiction who have been storied as Bo-

hemians, these, he says, are commercial-minded business people like himself, who live commonplacely in the suburbs.

Well, so far as they themselves are concerned, these "little folk of little soul" are right. There is no Bohemia for them. They cannot find it, though they tread the pavements of the Village until their feet are tired. The reason for this is found in a saying that is very old and trite. But it is worth saying again, lest wistful youth believe the lie that the beautiful country does not exist. Bohemia is a state of mind. When enough so minded are gathered together, there is Bohemia, and the properties do not matter. We rather like the conventional properties here in the Village, and take some pains to create them. But it is not that which makes it Bohemia. It is the fact that here are gathered together the young people from all over America whose eyes have seen the vision of the beautiful city of Prague.

You dreamer, in your little country town, doubt not. Bohemia is your heritage; and some day you will come here, and we will spread its tables before you. You singer of songs that nobody hears, do not be discouraged. There is a place for you here, and you will yet find that it is Bohemia which makes the hard road easier for the restless feet of youth. You wistful-eyed girl, puttering with brushes—all of you; know they cannot take Bohemia from you, for it is here, and we are keeping it for you. And those others, who cannot see; may their fat gods be merciful to them.

Tony! The special wine to-night. I will drink to Mrs. Mamie. She knew.

A CHILDREN'S SCIENTIST

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK

THE entomologist Fabre, in one of his characteristic flings against the fellow-scientists who accused his books of being too interesting, or, as he put it, "feared lest a page that is read without fatigue should not always be the expression of the truth," remarked:

You rip up the animal and I study it alive; you turn it into an object of horror and pity, whereas I cause it to be loved; you labour in a torture-chamber and dissecting room, I make my observation under the blue sky to the song of the cicadas; you subject cell and protoplasm to chemical tests, I study instinct in its loftiest manifestations; you pry into death, I pry into life . . . *I write above all for the young.* I want to make them love the natural history which you make them hate; and that is why, while keeping strictly in the domain of truth, I avoid your scientific prose, which, too often, alas, seems borrowed from some Iroquois idiom.

The italics are the present writer's. "*I write above all for the young.*" They call attention to a phase of Fabre's work which has not been much dwelt upon: its singular availability for children. It seems that the recipe for fairy tales was lost some time during the Middle Ages. We are not simple enough or savage enough now to write them. There is a general softening and sweetening noticeable in children's literature, due probably to the over-acute sensibilities of their elders. If it were not for the admirably robust taste of the children themselves, fairy tales might have gone out as the "Dotty Dimple" books came in. However, they have not; the children call for them; but as there are no new ones, the old ones are printed again and again.

Fabre is the only modern writer I can think of whose work has the simple and

grim flavour of a fairy tale. It is full of ogres, princesses, Sleeping Beauties, Jack the Giant-killers, stupid giants, enterprising dwarfs and prismatic, winged fairies. It has the undercurrent of inevitableness of fairy stories. You never think of asking "why?". It has to be that way. The adventures of his subjects are exciting and enchanting—nothing sloppy or sentimental about them—plenty of fighting, as well as delightful baby stories and happy endings. So much, in general, for the story part; it is not very hard to perceive the educational value of his writings for children. Again I quote the master-scientist himself:

What beautiful and useful knowledge the teaching of natural history might put into childish hands, if only science would consider the very young; if our barracks of universities would only combine the lifeless study of books with the living study of the fields; if only the red tape of the curriculum, so dear to bureaucrats, would not strangle all willing initiative. Little Paul and I will study as much as possible in the open country, among the rosemary bushes and arbutus; we shall find the true and the beautiful better than in school-books.

There is a delightful conjunction of Fabre's children with his scientific life indicated in his essays. He called on them for all sorts of help. Daughter Aglae (delicious name) climbs a ladder to observe from a stone wall the exact moment of the Bees' return to the nest; little Paul, breathless with excitement, postpones his dinner to watch the scores of Great Peacock Moths arriving from miles around, mysteriously drawn by the presence of the solitary female in the scientist's laboratory; Fabre's whole family are sad and mutely reproach him at supper because the little bird he had

caused to be bitten by a Spider had succumbed to the poison. He frequently speaks of the children accompanying him on expeditions where their young eyes are the first to detect the particular insect-dwelling he is searching for. A happy and well-educated family, in spite of grinding poverty! There is no reason why young Americans should not share in the engrossing occupations of the Fabre youngsters. The scientist has emerged from the chrysalis condition of mankind; he died a few years ago; but his works, so intimate and so delightful, are accessible, and accessible, sometimes too much so, are the Beetles, Flies, Bees, and others of his heroes and heroines: they are mostly heroines; insects are essentially feminist!

Let us be discreet in the midst of our enthusiasm; it would hardly do to turn the average child loose in Fabre's works. In the first place, he might not find the story amid the wealth of scientific detail; in the second place, if he did find one, it might be unsuitable for his tender years. I wonder how much of the prevailing furor for Fabre is due to the fact that the private lives of insects afford such very *risque* reading! It is really remarkable that the late Anthony Comstock allowed the English translations of the *Souvenirs Entomologiques* to pass unchallenged. Science forever! as Fabre might say, especially when it recounts scandals that the most advanced fiction writers would never dream of inventing. One may be an ardent propagandist of sex-education for children, but one would hardly set the young idea to reading the story of the atrocious Praying Mantis, with her innumerable loves and orgies! No, it is better to edit Fabre rather carefully for children. A teacher or parent of ordinary story-telling power can easily do it. One can lift out gems of tales, as the Tarantula lifts her white-silk bag of eggs free from the encumbering débris.

At random, a Fabre enthusiast would call to mind the parental cares of the Tumble-bugs or Dung-beetles, with the

episode of the Robber Beetle of this species, who, under pretence of helping roll the precious ball of food, wrests it from the lawful owner; of the romantic courting of the Great Peacock Moths; many stories of the Bees and Wasps, and particularly one of the Grandmother Bee who guards the portal of her grandchildren, the sleeping nymphs. The Wasps and other big-game hunters and their David and Goliath-like battles with the caterpillars, their cleverness in paralysing by a single stab in a particular nerve centre in the back of the neck, are good story stuff. Of a milder and more peaceful nature, better suited, perhaps, to little girls (are there little girls nowadays, or only little boys in reluctant petticoats?) is the tale of that tailoring genius, the Leaf-cutting Bee. The Slave-hunting Ants are delightfully wicked; they remind one of the Germans. There is a charming story about a Cat finding its way home. I do not think a Cat is an insect, but the chapter is included in the *Souvenirs Entomologiques*. There are some reminiscences of the author's childhood in the *Life of the Fly* which could not help interesting children.

Better than all, I like the tales of the Spiders. The Tarantula who lies in wait for her prey in her donjon tower, her eight eyes gleaming like diamonds in the darkness; the Spider who carries her youngsters on her back, a living cloak; the Spiderlings who lunch off a ray of sunshine; those who begin their worldly career in tiny flying-machines; others still who sleep under a coverlet of softest satin and down, quilted by their devoted mother, who "gently lets herself die, hugging her nest and turning into a shrivelled relic": they are all perfectly adorable. (I detest Spiders in real life, but I was never caught young with these tales of Fabre's.)

Some selfish grown-ups may conceivably object that this reading would induce children to live on terms of too great intimacy with Beetles and Spiders and other undesirable folk. Such a result is possible, but not probable. One

is born a Fabre, not made one by reading him. Far too many children will be content to take Fabre's stories on hearsay. Even so, their mental horizon will be profitably broadened. When a child is influenced to take the study of natural history seriously, the gain to him more than makes up for a trifle of inconvenience to the rest of the family. To what peaks of Darien might not such research, begun early, bring the

next generation? As Maeterlinck, a satisfactory apologist for the insect, has expressed it: "Petty truths, I shall be told, those presented by the habits of a spider or a grasshopper. There are no petty truths to-day; there is but one truth, whose looking-glass, to our uncertain eyes, seems broken, though its every fragment, whether reflecting the evolution of a planet or the flight of a bee, contains the supreme law."

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

LUDINGTON, MICH.,

April 23, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

A careful reading of the article by the Countess of Warwick in the April BOOKMAN, in which the writer rejects the well-meaning finite God of H. G. Wells and argues for the sterner and more powerful Jehovah of the Old Testament, has failed to convince me that the latter conception is a very decided improvement. Mr. Wells's God has good intentions, without the ability to enforce them. But Jehovah, while powerful enough at times, was altogether too cruel and relentless. There ought to be some way to combine infinite goodness with infinite power.

Your readers may be interested in the solution of the problem proposed by the rationalists. In the rationalist religion *nature* is regarded as the supreme being, and God is looked upon as a mythical being, similar to Zeus, Mars and Odin, and as representing, like these, a conception of the world that has been outgrown. This may at first sound like atheism, but it is not so in the offensive sense, for it sees in the God idea much good, and uses the term "nature" only because it is found to be more comprehensive and inspiring.

It may be asked, Why not change the idea of God to meet the requirements of present needs? But the difficulty is, God is too exclusively masculine and too decidedly monarchical. Then, too, it will be found the term, if employed, inevitably draws in with it a group of other more or less mythical ideas—the only-begotten Son, Heaven and Hell, Satan, and others. These add to the confusion and make a clear and effective system impossible.

It is often contended that nature is unmoral and knows nothing of right

and wrong, but this is incorrect, as all the great scientists now realise. The fundamentals of morality existed among the lower animals before mankind appeared; and the normal, which from the inner side is the moral, is observed throughout the universe. Nor can it be said that nature lacks personality. Nature includes mankind and all other living beings; it is therefore the source of personality and must be partly personal in its essence. It has an advantage over the God idea in this respect in being feminine no less than masculine. Understood in its full significance nature contains all the other great principles—truth, justice, sympathy, beauty, power, and, most inspiring of all, evolution; and evolution in the life of humanity means progress, hope, civilisation, and, in the best sense of the words, eternal life.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.,

April 26, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am convinced that Edwin Arlington Robinson wrote "Genevieve and Alexandra," which appears in *The Masque of Poets* for May. I don't believe I could ever mistake his style. Am I right?

EDWIN C. RANCK.

ORANGE, CAL.,

March 20, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

In the *Literary Digest* for March 17th I see that readers are invited to write you their guesses as to the authorship of the exquisite poem "The Return of Jeanne d'Arc." I think the author is Bliss Carman.

ANNA C. FIELD.

NEW YORK,
March 14, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Only quite lately my attention was called to an article in the November number of *THE BOOKMAN*, entitled "Lady Doctoresses of the Nineteenth Century," one of a series of articles under the general pleasing caption "The Pap We Have Been Fed On." Therein I discovered to my amazement that certain pages of my novelette *Helen Brent, M.D.*, which I had supposed to be irony of a quite obvious kind, has been taken seriously by the author of the article, Miss Edna Kenton. Indeed, where I had hitherto fondly supposed that all the world must realise that I was poking fun at the contemporary notions concerning women doctors (at least I have never been accused of employing the hideous and tautological term "lady doctoress"), my words are solemnly held up as documentary evidence that even the authors of those benighted days, authors so bold as to take strong-minded females for their heroines, bore an apologetic and cringing air to their readers.

I quote from the article: "'To look at her,' says the author apologetically and proudly, 'you would never suspect she was guilty of having graduated from a co-educational college, as having served as the only woman interne in the Fudge Hospital, of having gone to Germany alone and braved the medical lions in their dens . . . of having performed difficult gynecological operations that required nerve, coolness, daring, skill, a steady hand and a delicate one; and after which she had never been known either to faint or go into hysterics, as in the past Dr. Manning had prophesied would be the conduct of the woman physician. . . . She was a very amiable, handsome woman, surely not passed thirty, and very tastefully and quietly dressed,'" my critic continues to quote resentfully.

Miss Kenton seems to think that I described my Dr. Helen as conventionally as possible to get a hearing at all!

I am afraid that she does not believe very strongly in the well-dressed professional woman! For all the satisfaction that I have taken in the fact that she has pointed out that my story antedated Brieux's *Damaged Goods*, nevertheless it is a little trying to have such palpable satire as this entirely overlooked. I quote now from *Helen Brent, M.D.*, only a page beyond where Miss Kenton saw fit to stop:

"Why is it that newspaper reporters always go into the details of a woman's dress, whether at a suffrage caucus or a prayer meeting? Just fancy the papers containing an account of a costume worn by Grover Cleveland when he delivers an address on some auspicious occasion! Fancy having the mind distracted by the colour of his necktie or the check of his trousers! And yet let his wife show herself for a moment and her dress is pounced upon, every detail is seized and we are regaled the following day by a wonderful description of the handsomest and most tasteful costume she has yet worn!"

Miss Kenton is quite scathing in her condemnation of my ending: "Alas," says she, "the latter state of Harold is more noxious than the first." Perhaps my closing sentence bears some remote resemblance to "pap," although I confess I should be more apt to think of a stickier substance, but I can plead in extenuation that "a broken Harold, a suppliant, hat off, eyes lowered, kneeling in the dust," was not my own Harold at all, at least not the Harold of my first ending. But I was very young, and alas! the breath of publication seemed sweet in my nostrils, and when dear Miss Gilder, excellent counsellor, but most sentimental of spinsters, simply refused to recommend it to the firm she read for unless I wrote a happy ending, the temptation was too great for me and I fell.

Well, there is some solace in being remembered at all after twenty-four years, even if only to be held up to ridicule.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

LAWRENCE, KANS.,

April 28, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Mr. Buchanan, in his article on the "National Music Fallacy," contends that nationalism cannot be expressed in music. But who can deny that the characteristics of the inhabitants of a country and the natural environment have a decided effect upon the art produced there? The oppression of the Russian aristocracy upon the peasants has led to a feeling of sadness and agony, which is characteristic of the great mass of Russian music. In Poland the emotion is a different kind of sadness—one which has arisen and remained in the hearts of the Polish people ever since their beloved nation was torn to pieces by aggressive powers more than a century ago. The Polish pianist, Paderewski, contends that even the *tempo rubato*, so extensively used by his fellow-countryman, Chopin, was a national characteristic of Polish music. In Grieg's music is represented the Northland, with its long winters, its pine forests, and its rugged mountains and fiords. In the music of the Indian is seen the warlike spirit and barbaric characteristics of that particular race.

If these are not national characteristics, what would one call them? And how can an artist produce a work without being influenced by the environment within which he has grown up? Of course, the ability to appreciate such works of art cannot be restricted to the inhabitants of that country alone, since instincts and emotions are identical throughout the entire human race.

Mr. Buchanan further attempts to prove his point by declaring that compositions that tend toward national expression are not generally regarded as being of the highest type of music. I

am afraid that he will not have much following in his contention that Chopin's sentimental preludes and etudes are of higher merit than his stirring polonaises. Does he not also overestimate Tschai-kowsky's *Romeo and Juliet*? Some sections of this work are certainly of very great value, but, taken as a whole, I would even prefer his *Marche Slave*, one of the "most Russian" of Russian pieces.

F. LeROY SPANGLER.

MONTCLAIR, N. J.,

March 19, 1917.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

As a fairly conservative Christian minister, I should no doubt find Mr. Moore's recent book, reviewed, or, rather, criticised, in the March number of THE BOOKMAN, detestable. It is only fair to Mr. Moore, however, to say that at two points he is right, and his critic, Mr. Archie Bell, is wrong.

"Before Jordan," as the two most recent Bible dictionaries of importance agree in saying, means East of the Jordan, the ancients, before the days of the mariner's compass, having placed the East, rather than the North, at the top of the map. The Bible dictionaries that I refer to are Hastings' and the International Standard.

As to the statement that mules are not, and were not, known in Judea or Galilee, it may be said that the International gives a list of about fifteen passages in the Old Testament and the Apocrypha in which they are mentioned. I have myself seen droves of them in Galilee, on their way to the markets, and much finer specimens than I have ever seen in this country. I am quite sure, also, that a troop of Turkish cavalry that I saw on the East of the Jordan was mounted on mules.

ROBERT BARBOUR.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Biography

The Lord Kitchener Memorial Book. Edited by Sir Hedley Le Bas. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated and with photographs. \$2.50.

A record in speech and picture of the events in the life of Lord Kitchener.

Virgil C. Hart: Missionary Statesman. By E. I. Hart, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. With photographs. \$1.50.

A son's personal record of the founder of the American and Canadian Missions in Central and West China.

Lord Kitchener: His Work and His Prestige. By Henry D. Davray. With a prefatory letter by S. E. Monsieur Paul Cambon, Ambassador of the French Republic. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. Adelphi Terrace.

English translation first published in 1917; sixty-six pages and appendix.

George Edward Woodberry: A Study of His Poetry. By Louis V. Ledoux. Cambridge: The Poetry Review Company. Portrait. \$1.00.

A biography and critical estimate of his works of poetry, with bibliography.

Lloyd George: The Man and His Work. By Frank Dilnot. New York: Harper & Brothers. Portrait. \$1.00.

The life story of the man who rose from a village boy to be the Premier of England, written by one who has known him personally for years.

A Life of Henry D. Thoreau. By Frank B. Sanborn. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$4.00.

Biography by the last surviving member of the Concord group, containing partially new material, Thoreau's college essays, and Minnesota note-book.

Will Carleton. By A. Elwood Corning. New York: The Lanmere Publishing Company. With Frontispiece. \$1.00.

A biographical study in one hundred pages.

The Life of Algernon Charles Swinburne. By Edmond Gosse, C.B. New York:

The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$3.50.

In nine chapters with appendices.

The Life of Robert Hare. By Edgar Fahs Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. A portrait and four double-tones.

A five-hundred page biography of the American chemist.

Domestic Science

The Livable House: Its Plan and Design. By Aymar Embury II, Architect. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. One hundred full-page photographs. \$2.50.

For those who are planning to build.

Its Garden. The Livable House Series. By Ruth Dean, Landscape Architect. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated with one hundred full-page photographs. \$2.50.

Five chapters for those interested in the art of gardening.

The Home and its Management. By Mabel Hyde Kittredge. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Three hundred receipts, with details of home organisation and management.

Kitchenette Cookery. By Anna Merritt East. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

The science of modern housekeeping, by the former New Housekeeping Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Drama

Plays by Jacinto Benavente. Translated from the Spanish, with an introduction by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

"The Bonds of Interest," "His Widow's Husband," "La Malquerida" (The Ill-Beloved), "The Evil Doers of Good."

Tristan and Iseult. By Arthur Symonds. New York: Brentanos. \$1.25.

A play in four acts.

Portmanteau Plays. By Stuart Walker. Edited and with an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Four one-act plays by the inventor and director of the Portmanteau Theatre.

The Prince of Parthia: A Tragedy. By Thomas Godfrey. Edited with introduction, historical, biographical, and critical, by Archibald Henderson. Illustrations.

The first edition of the play since its original publication in 1765.

Comedies of Words. By Arthur Schnitzler. Translated by Pierre Loving. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. \$1.50.

Five plays by the psychologist and dramatist.

The Witches' Sabbath, Adventure All Series, No. XI. By E. H. W. Meyersaen. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. 60 cents.

The play and several shorter poems.

How to Produce Amateur Plays. By Barrett H. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

An attempt to show up diagrams, cuts and concrete examples, how to produce plays in an inexpensive and effective manner.

Economics

Economic Development of Modern Europe. By Frederick Austin Ogg, University of Wisconsin. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

Origins, character and effects of economic changes and achievements in Europe during the past three hundred years.

Conditions of Labour in American Industries. By W. Jett Lauck and Edgar Sydensticker. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.75.

Nine chapters on subjects such as "Wages," "Working Hours," "Sanitary Appointments," "The Wage-Earner's Family."

The Principle of Nationalities. By Israel Zangwill. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

Conway Memorial Lecture, delivered at South Place Institute on March 8, 1917, Percy Alden, M.P., in the chair.

The Shield. Edited by Maxim Gorky, Leonid Andreyev and Fyodor Sologub. Translated from the Russian by A. Yarmolinsky. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

A discussion of the question of the Jews in Russia by fifteen of Russia's men of letters, publicists and men of science.

State Socialism, Pro and Con. Edited by William English Walling and Harry W. Laidler. With a chapter on Municipal Socialism by Evans Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$2.00.

Official documents and other authoritative selections showing the world-wide replacement of private by governmental industry before and during the war.

Essays

Four Feet on a Fender. By Edward Leigh Pell. New York: E. P. Dutton. \$1.00.

Quiet hour talks with women; sixteen chapters.

Creative Criticism. By J. E. Spingarn. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.20.

Four essays on the unity of genius and taste.

What Is Man? and Other Essays. Uniform Edition. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.75.

A collection of sixteen essays.

Is Civilisation a Disease? Barbara Weinstock Lectures on the Morals of Trade. By Stanton Colt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

One of a series of essays dealing with the various phases of the moral law in its bearing on business life under the new economic order: first delivered at the University of California on the Weinstock foundation.

In Good Company. By Coulson Kernahan. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

Personal reminiscences of famous people, including Swinburne, Oscar Wilde, Stephen Phillips.

Studies in Pessimism. The Modern Library. By Arthur Schopenhauer. New York: Boni and Liveright, Inc.

Six essays selected from *Parerga*.

A Confusion of Tongues. By Paul Revere Frothingham. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

Ten essay-sermons dealing with various aspects of life as affected by the German war.

Talks to Young People on Ethics. By Clarence Hall Wilson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fourteen essays from a single point of view, most clearly disclosed in Chapter Five, "The Grand Adventure."

English Essayists. Studies in English Literature Series. By William Hawley Davis, A.M. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.50.

Studies of essayists from Montaigne to Stevenson.

The Commercialisation of Leisure. Present Day Problem Series. By James Peyton Sizer. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents.

An essay giving the author's ideas from a scientific standpoint.

The Looking Glass. By Dr. Frank Crane. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.00.

A great number of essays on a variety of subjects, reflecting the author's optimistic philosophy.

Fruits of the Spirit. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

Fifty-five essays, many of which have appeared in *The Outlook*.

On Falling in Love and Other Matters. By Alfred Turner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Portrait. \$1.50.

Twenty-seven essays tracing this subject in the lives and letters of famous men and women, with various other subjects.

Standards. By W. C. Brownell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

Seven essays, some of which are "Measures of Value," "Taste," "The Cause of Art and Letters."

Fiction

The Pastor. By George M. Darley. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25.

A story having for its theme the difficulty of a minister's position in a community of gossip mongers.

The Shadow Line. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.35.

The story of a young first mate who leaves his youth behind him in the responsibility of a voyage.

The Preacher of Cedar Mountain. By Ernest Thompson Seton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A story of life in the West and of the influence of a woman.

Seen and Heard Before and After 1914. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

Six stories, half of which deal with life in Scotland before the outbreak of the war, and half with the changed life following.

Out of a Clear Sky. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

A love story in which an American hero rescues a Belgian princess lost in the forest.

This Is the End. By Stella Benson. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35.

An unexpected story by the author of *I Pose*.

The Second Odd Number. By Guy de Maupassant. Translated by Charles Henry White. Introduction by William Dean Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

Thirteen tales: a companion volume to the Odd Number Series.

Flame and the Shadow-Eater. By Henrietta Weaver. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.40.

Fifteen stories of the Far East of India and Persia.

A Diversity of Creatures. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.50.

A collection of fourteen short stories and as many new Kipling poems.

The Pope's Favourite. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

An historical romance of the Borgias, with a mistress of Alexander VI as heroine.

In the Land of the Head-Hunters. Indian Life and Indian Lore. By Edward S. Curtis. New York: World Book Company. Illustrated.

A scenario in book form, dealing with the primitive Americans as they lived in the Stone Age.

Over the Border. By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

A romance of modern Mexico, dealing with love and anarchy.

The Created Legend. By Feodor Sologub. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.35.

A Russian story of a small town during the revolution of 1905.

Stranded in Arcady. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A romance of two people who are left in a beautiful wilderness.

Someone and Somebody. By Porter Emerson Browne. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A humorous romance by a satirist of society.

Behind the Thicket. By W. E. B. Henderson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A tragic love-story of a young man who has found out how to make the unseen world of his dreams real and tangible.

The Adventures of a Woman Hobo. By Ethel Lynn, M.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A woman's story of her adventures with her husband on a "tandem" bicycle.

The Village Shield. Little Schoolmate Series. By Ruth Gaines and Georgia Willis Read. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A story of the inherited civilisation of Mexico.

The Red Planet. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.50.

A story of war time but not of war—of love and mystery.

The Wheel of Destiny. By Samuel H. Borofsky. Boston: Richard G. Badger. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A story of love and adventure.

Enchantment. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.50.

The story of a girl who is made hostage by a priest as a pledge for her father's temperance.

The Treolars. By Mary Fisher. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.35.

A satire on American fads.

The Sapphire Story Book. The Jewel Series. Collected, retold and written by Penryhn W. Coussens. New York: Duffield & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

Thirty-two stories of the sea.

The Livery of Eve. Translated from the original manuscript by F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

A tale of Hindu sorcery in which a king's soul leaves his own handsome body to dwell in the shell of a barber of the town.

The Man in Evening Clothes. By John Reed Scott. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

The story of a master criminal in Washington society.

April Folly. By St. John Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

A Victorian story of a young musician's struggle between the artistic temperament and an instinct for conventionality.

Bab: A Sub-Deb. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.40.

A story of a young girl, against a background of society.

The Dark Star. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A tale of romance, adventure, mystery and intrigue brought about by the European war.

The Eternal Husband. By Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Three stories by the Russian realist: "The Eternal Husband," "The Double," "A Gentle Spirit."

Jean of Greenacres. By Izola L. Forrester. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

The story of a country girl in the city.

Paradise Auction. By Nalbro Bartley. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

The search for happiness of a group of people who had spent their childhood together.

The Bracelet of Garnets and Other Stories. By Alexander Kuprin. Translated by Leo Pasvolksy. Introduction by William Lyon Phelps of Yale University. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Photograph. \$1.35.

Eleven stories of Russian life.

Bindweed. By Gabrielle Vallings. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

The story of a young prima-donna and a distinguished singer who interests himself in the development of her voice.

The American Ambassador. By Lawrence Byrne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.35.

A novel the theme of which is the fight of an American ambassador against insidious influences.

The Road of Ambition. By Elaine Sterne. New York: Britton Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A love-story of a man's rise to power.

A Munster Twilight. By Daniel Corkery. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. \$1.00.

A collection of thirteen southern Ireland peasant stories.

A Little World Apart. By George Stevenson. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.25.

The story of an English village, in which the coming of a lady in black results in many strange happenings.

The Cinema Murder. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.35.

A mystery story about a London art teacher and an American actress in New York.

Cleomenes. By Maris Warrington Billings. New York: John Lane Company. \$1.40.

A romance of the Roman sculptor Cleomenes, the Emperor Nero and a slave girl.

The Yukon Trail. By William MacLeod Raine. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

A story of adventure about two men and a girl in a country where might makes right.

The Hundredth Chance. By Ethel M. Dell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

The story of a man's effort to break down the hostility of a girl, and to defeat the unscrupulous craft which endangers her.

The Rest House. By Isabel C. Clark. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.35.

The story of how the daughter of a wealthy Protestant family searches truth along a pathway of poverty and privation.

A Schoolmaster of the Great City. By Angelo Patri. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

A narrative, with anecdote and reminiscence, and a record of actual experience.

McAllister's Grove. By Marion Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Frontispiece. \$1.40.

A romance of a girl and a Florida orange grove.

The Hand of Fu Manchu. By Sax Rohmer. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.35.

A mystery story in which the arch-criminal renews his attack against the white race.

The Echo of Voices. By Richard Curle. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.50.

One of a collection of eight short stories.

When the Highbrow Joined the Outfit. By Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen. New York: Duffield & Company. \$1.00.

A story of an easterner on a western ranch, a bear and a girl.

Pioneer Days. By Mary H. Carmichael. New York: Duffield & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

Narratives of the combats, escapes, stratagems and dangers of the frontier West in the days of the Indians.

General Literature

Literature in the Making. By Some of Its Makers. Presented by Joyce Kilmer. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.40.

Twenty-three chapters, among which are: "War Stops Literature," by William Dean Howells; "Literature in the Colleges," by John Erskine; "The New Spirit in Poetry," by Amy Lowell.

Burns: How to Know Him. By W. S. Neilson, of Harvard University. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. With photograph. \$1.50.

"Biography," "Inheritance," "Burns and Scottish Song," "Satires and Epistles," "Descriptive and Narrative Poetry."

A Miracle of St. Anthony. The Modern Library of the World's Best Books Series. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Boni & Liveright. 60 cents.

Published for the first time in this country; eleven other volumes of the series are republished classics of contemporaneous interest, and new titles are to be added from time to time.

History

Our Minnesota. By Hester M. Pollock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A tale of the making of a state—nineteen chapters.

Chronicles of the Cape Fear River, 1660-1916. By James Sprunt. Second edition.

Over seven hundred pages of history of this section of North Carolina.

A History of the Irish Rebellion of 1916. By W. B. Wells and N. Marlowe. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

An attempt to exhibit, not to criticise, conflicting ideals in present-day Ireland.

An Old New England School. By Claude M. Fuess. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With illustrations. \$4.00.

A history of Phillips Academy, Andover, in twenty-six chapters.

British Exploits in South America. By W. H. Koebel. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$4.00.

A history of British activities in exploration, military adventure, diplomacy, science and trade in Latin America. In twenty-six chapters with appendix.

Juvenile

Sandman Tales. Stories for Bedtime. By Abbie Phillips Walker. New York: Harper & Brothers. Illustrated 50 cents.

A collection of twenty-four stories.

The Little Days. By Frances Gill. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrations by Milo Winter. \$1.50.

Twenty-eight poems giving the experiences of a small boy, in the first person.

Peacock Pye. By Walter de la Mare. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A book of rhymes for the little folks.

Miscellaneous

Further Pages of My Life. By the Right Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With portraits and illustrations.

Nineteen chapters of further reflections and reminiscences.

The Young Man and His Vocation. Present Day Problem Series. By Franklin Stewart Harris, Ph.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25.

A discussion of the industrial demands of modern life, with the aim to help the young man to make the most of himself.

Harmonic Analysis. By George Foss Schwartz. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

A supplementary study for the studio, the classroom and the music club.

White Nights and Other Russian Impressions. By Arthur Ruhl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00.

Ten chapters giving the field of contemporary Russia up to the present moment.

Legal Points for Automobile Owners. By Leslie Childs. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company. 50 cents.

Concise information for the owners of machines.

Half-Hours with the Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.25.

Eight chapters on such topics as "He Goes Christmas Shopping," "For Tired Business Men," "A Psychic Venture."

The Russians: An Interpretation. By Richardson Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$1.50.

An answer to such questions as "What is Russia?" "Who is the Russ?" "What of Russia's Literature, Art or Commerce?" "What have Russia and America in common?"

Everyman's Garden in Wartime. By Charles A. Selden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.35.

A practical book on gardening for the amateur, based on experience.

The Fragrant Note Book. Romance and Legend of the Flower Garden and the Bye-Way. By C. Arthur Coan, LL.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Decorated and illustrated.

Fourteen chapters of tale, myth, legend, folk-lore and history of the flowers, with verses as interludes written especially for this book.

Laugh and Live. By Douglas Fairbanks. New York: Britton Publishing Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

Twenty chapters, such as: "Energy, Success and Laughter," "Physical and Mental Preparedness," "Laugh and Live."

One Thousand Literary Questions and Answers. By Mary Eleanor Kramer. New York: Sully & Kleinteich. \$1.00.

Questions and answers touching all periods and phases of English and American literature up to the present day.

Inheritance Taxes for Investors. By Hugh Bancroft. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

Advice for investors, as to how they may be affected by the inheritance laws of their own or any other State.

Bottoms Up. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Philip Goodman Company.

An application of the slapstick to satire: fourteen sections.

How to Choose the Right Vocation. By Holmes W. Merton. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$1.50.

A book to assist all men and women in proper vocational study and location of themselves.

Philosophy and Psychology

General Types of Superior Men. By Osias L. Schwarz. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$2.50.

A philosophic-psychological study of genius, talent, philistinism in their bearings upon human society and its struggle for a better social order.

Mental Antidotes for Many Ills. Library of Religious Thought. By George R. Wood. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

An attempt to apply practically the principles of modern psychology to individual life.

Our Hidden Forces. By Emile Boirac. Translated with a Preface by Dr. W. de Kerlor. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

The investigation and control of human magnetism.

The Will to Freedom, or The Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ. The Bross Library, Volume VIII. By Rev. John Neville Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Lectures delivered in Lake Forest College, Illinois.

Poetry

Streets and Faces. By Scudder Middleton. Arlington, N. J.: The Little Book Publisher. 75 cents.

A collection of poems, many of which have appeared in magazines; some dealing with problems of city life, others, lyric.

Hallowe'en and Poems of the War. By W. M. Letts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25.

Fifty poems under the heads, "Ad Milites," "Ad Mortuum," "Miscellanea."

To Mother. An Anthology of Mother Verse. With an introduction by Kate Douglas Wiggin. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Over a hundred poems.

Si Briggs Talks. By Madeline Yale Wynne. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.25.

A series of pictures of New England character, in dialect and free verse.

The Poems of B. I. Durward. Illustrated Centenary Edition. Second Edition. Baraboo, Wisconsin: The Pilgrim Publishing Company. Portrait.

More than a hundred poems, with life, and criticism on poetry.

Songs for Courage. Gathered by Zoë Beckley and Joseph Gollomb. New York: Barse & Hopkins. \$1.00.

A compilation of over a hundred poems and short prose selections.

Soldier Songs. By Patrick MacGill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.00.

Some forty poems, most of which were written under fire and many of which deal with the everyday events of a soldier's life.

The Light of Provence. By "J. S. of Dale." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

A dramatic poem dealing with the days of Old Provence.

Profiles from China. By Eunice Tietjens. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

Sketches in verse of people and things seen in the interior.

Poems of Earth's Meaning. By Richard Burton. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25.

Songs and lyrics of nature.

Religion

The Validity of the Religious Experience. By George A. Barrow. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.50.

Seven lectures: A preliminary study in the philosophy of religion.

New Thought Christianised. By James M. Campbell, D.D. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.00.

Twenty-one chapters discussing such subjects as "The Folly of Worry," "The Power of Initiative," "Fear and Its Antidotes."

The Story of the Acts of the Apostles. By Rev. Denis Lynch, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. Illustrated. \$1.75.

A narrative of the development of the early Church.

Spiritual Consciousness. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

A collection of thirteen sermons, some of which are: "A New Year," "Coming to the Help of the Lord," "The Past."

The Hope That Is in Me. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

Twenty sermons answering the questions of those who ask the reasons of the hope that is in them.

The Secret of the Quiet Mind. By Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.25.

Eleven sermons, some of which are: "Mysteries: A Christmas Thought," "Church Parade," "The Power of a Symbol"

The Spirit of the New Thought. Edited by Horatio W. Dresser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. \$1.25.

A compilation of twenty-two essays and addresses by recognised leaders of the New Thought. With bibliography.

The Best Man I Know. By William DeWitt Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A composite of the best qualities of many men, or a concrete portrayal of the Christian.

A Fool's Commentary of Scripture and Doctrine. By Peter Guilielmus. Boston: Sherman, French & Company.

An effort to expose religious absurdities inherited from the past.

Science

The Sense of Taste. Our Sense Series. By H. L. Hollingworth, Ph.D., and A. T. Poffenberger, Jr., Ph.D., both of Columbia University. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. \$1.25.

Fourteen chapters for both the scientific and the general reader.

The Wayside Flowers of Summer. By Harriet L. Keeler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With coloured plates and one hundred and twenty-four half-tones and line-drawings. \$1.35.

A description of the flowers that bloom by Northern roadsides in July and August.

Motherhood. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter Gallichan). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$2.50.

"The Position of Women before and after the Great War," "The Maternal Instinct in the Making," "The Primitive Family," "Motherhood and the Relation of the Sexes," "Sexual Education."

Food Poisoning. The University of Chicago Science Series. By Edwin Oakes Jordan. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. Illustrated. \$1.00.

Results in scientific research regarding epidemics caused by food.

How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers and Other Woodcuts. Verses and illustrations by Robert Williams Woods. Revised and enlarged edition. New York: Duffield & Company.

A revised manual of ornithology for beginners.

The Way to Study Birds. By John Dryden Kuser. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A small volume intended to be of practical aid in the identification of common birds.

Travel

The Heart of the Balkans. By Demetra Vaka. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A record in nine chapters of the author's experiences while travelling through the Balkan country.

The Old World Through Old Eyes. By Mary S. Ware. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00.

An account of a three years' sojourn in Oriental lands.

War

Speaking of Prussians. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George S. Doran Company. 50 cents.

A serious discussion, by an eye-witness, of the horrors of war, and a warning to action addressed to American citizens.

Who Can Be Happy and Free in Russia? The World's Classics. Pocket Edition. By Nicholas Nekrassov. Translated by Juliet M. Soskice. With an introduction by Dr. David Soskice. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. 45 cents.

In four parts, with prologue and epilogue.

Greater Italy. By William Kay Wallace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. With maps. \$2.50.

An attempt to trace the rise of Italy among nations, and her part in the affairs of the world during the past three decades; in twelve chapters.

Why We Are at War. Messages to the Congress and the American People. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents.

Six chapters: messages of the President of the United States.

Britain's Civilian Volunteers. By Thekla Bowser, F.J.I. Introduction by Arthur Stanley, Chairman Joint War Committee of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John. New York: Moffat, Yard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Record of the work of the Voluntary Aid Detachments in Great Britain.

A Nurse at the War. By Grace McDougal. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A record of service by a nurse at the front in Belgium and in France.

Forced to Fight. By Ehrich Erichsen. Translated from the Danish. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. \$1.25.

The tale of a Schleswig Dane who was forced to fight in the German army.

Our Part in the Great War. By Arthur Gleason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

The past and the future of America's contribution to the world war.

With a B.-P. Scout in Gallipoli. By E. Y. Priestman. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$1.75.

Humorous letters written home by a scoutmaster serving as a subaltern, and killed in action November 19, 1915.

Open Boats. By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 50 cents.

An account of the tragedies which follow attacks of German submarines on unarmed merchant ships. In five chapters, with poetic prologue and epilogue.

The Emden. By Kapitänleutnant von Mücke. Translated by Helene S. White. Boston: Ritter & Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A true narrative of the war adventures of the landing squad of the *Emden*.

German Idealism and Prussian Militarism. By Charles William Super, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Neale Publishing Company. \$1.00.

An attempt to prove that the chauvinism of contemporary Germany is not an outgrowth of German idealism.

The World at War. By Georg Brandes. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

Twenty chapters, by a neutral, upon various aspects of the war and events leading up to it.

Immediate Causes of the Great War. By Oliver Perry Chitwood, West Virginia University. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell. \$1.35.

A digest, from the standpoint of a historian, of the steps leading to the war. In twelve chapters.

The Appeal of the Nation. By George A. Gordon. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. 75 cents.

Five patriotic addresses dealing with questions raised by the war.

One Young Man. Edited by J. E. Hodder Williams. New York: George H. Doran Company. 75 cents.

The true story of a young man clerk who was wounded in the Battle of the Somme, and who is now on his way back to his desk.

Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger, the Poet of the Foreign Legion. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Portrait. \$1.25.

Twelve chapters: the intimate personal record of the war-time experiences of the poet who died in a charge on July 4, 1916.

Behind the German Veil. By J. M. de Beaufort (Count van Mausik de Beaufort). New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With illustrations and maps. \$2.00.

A record of a journalistic voyage of discovery by the man who interviewed Hindenburg and the leading naval, military and civil authorities in Germany.

The Ruhleben Prison Camp. By Israel Cohen, late Chairman of the Ruhleben Literary and Debating Society. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. With twenty-six illustrations and a plan. \$2.50.

Italy at War. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Eight chapters on Italy and the Allies in the West.

War. By Pierre Loti. Translated by Marjorie Laurie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

A Frenchman's impressions of the German war: descriptions of wounded soldiers, sisters of mercy and Belgian orphans.

Carry On. Letters in War-Time. By Coningsby Dawson. With an introduction and notes by his father, W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

Personal letters by the novelist and poet at the front.

Inside the British Isles. By Arthur Gleason. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

A picture of the changes and prospects of change wrought by the war in the social fabric of Great Britain.

Present-Day Europe. Its National States of Mind. By T. Lothrop Stoddard. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

The psychology of the reactions of the various European peoples to the war cataclysm.

Maple Leaves in Flanders Fields. By Herbert Rae. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.75.

A Canadian's description of the formation of the contingent in Canada, its organisation and training, and its début on the fighting front.

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of May and the first of June:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	Greenmantle	The Light in the Clearing
New York City.....	My Unknown Chum	To the Last Penny
Albany, N. Y.....	His Family	The Hundredth Chance
Atlanta, Ga.....	The Hundredth Chance	The Road to Understanding
Boston, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Louisburg Square
Boston, Mass.....	A Diversity of Creatures	His Family
Boston, Mass.....	The Hundredth Chance	His Family
Baltimore, Md.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Chosen People
Baltimore, Md.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Birmingham, Ala.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	A Diversity of Creatures	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
Dallas, Texas.....	The Road to Understanding	His Family
Denver, Colo.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Des Moines, Ia.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Detroit, Mich.....	The Chosen People	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Indianapolis, Ind.....	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Jacksonville, Fla.....	In the Wilderness	The Road to Understanding
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Los Angeles, Cal.....	In the Wilderness	His Family
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Minneapolis, Minn....	His Family	The Definite Object
New Haven, Conn....	The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne
New Orleans, La.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Norfolk, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Chosen People
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Hundredth Chance	The Light in the Clearing
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Son of His Father	Mistress Anne
Portland, Me.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Hundredth Chance
Portland, Ore.....	Wildfire	The Son of Tarzan
Providence, R. I.....	Mistress Anne	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Hundredth Chance
San Antonio, Tex.....	Out of a Clear Sky	Pip
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
San Francisco, Cal....	Mendel	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Seattle, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lifted Veil
St. Louis, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Triflers
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Tacoma, Wash.....	The Light in the Clearing	Those Fitzenbergers
Toledo, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Toronto, Can.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Road to Understanding
Utica, N. Y.....	The Light in the Clearing	Greenmantle
Washington, D. C.....	The Hundredth Chance	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Worcester, Mass.....	The Hundredth Chance	Mr. Britling Sees It Through

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Journal of Small Things	Lewis Seymour	Changing Winds	The Gun Brand
Pip	The Straight Road	The Triflers	Mission of Janice Day
The Dark Star	The Light in the Clearing	The Gun Brand	Over the Border
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Middle Pasture	In the Wilderness	The Lifted Veil
The Light in the Clearing	His Family	Wildfire	The Dark Star
The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne	Jan and Her Job	The Dark Star
The Dark Star	Jan and Her Job	A Diversity of Creatures	Mistress Anne
The Hundredth Chance	A Diversity of Creatures	The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne
The Hundredth Chance	Lydia of the Pines	His Family	The Chosen People
In the Wilderness	The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne	Undertow
The Light in the Clearing	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	Mistress Anne	His Family
The Light in the Clearing	The Dark Star	Jerry	Cinderella Jane
Lydia of the Pines	The Lifted Veil	The Triflers	Stars in their Courses
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Lifted Veil	Cinderella Jane	The Light in the Clearing
Road to Understanding	First Hundred Thousand	Pip	The Worn Doorstep
The Light in the Clearing	In the Wilderness	Cinderella Jane	The Brown Study
The Light in the Clearing	The Triflers	Cinderella Jane	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale
Changing Winds	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Madness of May	Cinderella Jane
The Light in the Clearing	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	Jerry of the Islands	The Dark Star
The Worn Doorstep	In the Wilderness	The Lifted Veil	Undertow
The Light in the Clearing	Greenmantle	The Triflers	Children of the Desert
Piccadilly Jim	In the Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing	The Son of Tarzan
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Balance	The Light in the Clearing	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain
The Dark Star	His Family	A Diversity of Creatures	Shadow Line
Road to Understanding	Cinderella Jane	The Balance	The Light in the Clearing
In the Wilderness	The Hundredth Chance	The Shadow Line	The White People
Those Fitzenbergers	His Family	Changing Wind	The Light in the Clearing
Road to Understanding	Mistress Anne	Lydia of the Pines	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Lifted Veil	Road to Understanding	Those Fitzenbergers	The Light in the Clearing
The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne	Louisburg Square	Lydia of the Pines
In the Wilderness	Susan Lennox	Jerry of the Islands	Road to Understanding
Greenmantle	The Dark Star	Sube Cane	The Light in the Clearing
The Adventures of Jimmie Dale	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	First Hundred Thousand	The Lifted Veil
I, Mary MacLane	The Hundredth Chance	In the Wilderness	Cinderella Jane
In the Wilderness	Road to Understanding	Pip	The Lifted Veil
The Road to Understanding	The Middle Pasture	Pip	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain
Undertow	In the Wilderness	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Cinderella Jane	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	In the Wilderness	The Tiger's Coat
Pip	Sube Cane	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!	The Brown Study
The Triflers	Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne
The Thoroughbred	The Balance	The Girls at His Billet	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
His Family	Enchantment	In the Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing
In the Wilderness	Bindle	Wilt Thou, Torchy	Magpie
The Hundredth Chance	Lydia of the Pines	The Triflers	Road to Understanding
In the Wilderness	The Light in the Clearing	His Family	The Adventures of Jimmie Dale
A Diversity of Creatures	Mistress Anne	The Lifted Veil	Road to Understanding

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
 Woman. Vance Thompson.
 An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
 Better Meals for Less Money. Mary Green.

Mobilising America. Arthur Bullard.
 The Altar of Freedom. Mary R. Rinehart.
 Fundamentals of Naval Service. Commander Yates Stirling, U.S.A.
 The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
 Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
 Kitchenette Cookery. Anna Merritt East.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 560 and 561) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives 10	
" " " 2d " " " "	8
" " " 3d " " " "	7
" " " 4th " " " "	6
" " " 5th " " " "	5
" " " 6th " " " "	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	275
The Light in the Clearing. Bachelier. (Bobbs-Merrill.)	217
The Hundredth Chance. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.50	141
The Road to Understanding. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40	134
His Family. Poole. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	114
In the Wilderness. Hichens. (Stokes.) \$1.50	98

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Adventures of Jimmie Dale. F. L. Packard.
 The Altar of Freedom. Mary R. Rinehart.
 The Balance. Francis R. Bellamy.
 Better Meals for Less Money. Mary Green.
 Bindle. Herbert Jenkins.
 The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
 The Brown Study. Grace S. Richmond.
 Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
 Children of the Desert. Louis Dodge.
 The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
 Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
 Come Out of the Kitchen! Alice D. Miller.
 The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
 A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.
 Enchantment. E. Temple Thurston.
 Fundamentals of Naval Service. Commander Yates Stirling, U.S.A.
 The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
 Greenmantle. John Buchan.
 The Gun Brand. James B. Hendryx.
 His Family. Ernest Poole.
 The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
 I, Mary MacLane. Mary MacLane.
 In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
 Jan and Her Job. L. Allen Harker.
 Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
 Kitchenette Cookery. Anna Merritt East.
 Lewis Seymour. George Moore.
 The Lifted Veil. Basil King.
 The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bachelier.
 Louisburg Square. Robert Cutler.
 Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willis.
 The Madness of May. Meredith Nicholson.
 Mag Pye. Baroness von Hutten.

Mendel. Gilbert Cannan.
 The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
 Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
 Mobilising America. Arthur Bullard.
 Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
 O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
 Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.
 Over the Border. Herman Whitaker.
 Piccadilly Jim. P. G. Wodehouse.
 Pip. Ian Hay.
 The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.
 The Preacher of Cedar Mountain. S. D. Page.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
 The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
 The Shadow Line. Joseph Conrad.
 The Son of His Father. Ridgewell Cullum.
 The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
 The Straight Road. Anonymous.
 Sube Cane. E. B. Partridge.
 To the Last Penny. Edwin Lefevre.
 The Thoroughbred. Henry K. Webster.
 Those Fitzenbergers. Helen R. Martin.
 The Tiger's Coat. Elizabeth Dejeans.
 The Triflers. Frederick O. Bartlett.
 An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
 Undertow. Kathleen Norris.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold B. Wright.
 Why We Are At War. Woodrow Wilson.
 Wildfire. Zane Grey.
 Wilt Thou, Torchy. Sewell Ford.
 The White People. Frances H. Burnett.
 Woman. Vance Thompson.
 The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
 The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.

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THE BOOKMAN

An Illustrated Magazine
of Literature and Life

AUGUST

MESSAGES FROM BEYOND
THE GRAVE
MAURICE MAETERLINCK

IS IT POSSIBLE TO COMMUNICATE
WITH THE DEAD?
SIR OLIVER LODGE

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
25 cents a copy NEW YORK \$3.00 a year

"WITH their faces in the light" the British crossed the Channel and the Canadian, the New Zealander, the Australian, and the South African crossed oceans to fight beside the French; "with their faces in the light" the battalions charged the Ridge in the Battles of the Somme, and the thing that sent them is that which inspired the Crusaders of old, and is now calling all Americans to the conflict.—FREDERICK PALMER

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By FREDERICK PALMER

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THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1917

MESSAGES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I

SIR OLIVER LODGE is one of the most notable scientists of our time. He is also one of the oldest, most active and prominent members of that well-known Society for Psychical Research, which, founded in 1882, has ever since striven to study with irreproachable rigour of science all the wonderful, inexplicable occult and supernatural phenomena which have always baffled and still elude the comprehension of mankind. In addition to his purely scientific works, of which I do not speak, not being qualified to judge of their merits, he is the author of some extraordinary books, such as *Man and the Universe*, *The Ether of Space* and *The Survival of Man*, in which the loftiest and most daring metaphysical speculations are constantly controlled by the most prudent, stable and wise common sense.

Sir Oliver Lodge, therefore, is at the same time a philosopher and a practical, working scientist, accustomed to scientific methods which do not readily allow him to go astray; he has, in a word, one of the best-balanced brains that we could

hope to meet; and he is convinced that the dead do not die, but are able to communicate with us. He tried to make us share his conviction in *The Survival of Man*. I am not sure that he has quite succeeded in doing so. True, he gives us a number of extraordinary phenomena, but they are phenomena which, conceivably, can be explained by the unconscious intervention of intelligences other than those of the dead. He does not bring us the irrefutable proof, such as we should consider, for instance, the revelation of an incident, a detail, a piece of information so entirely unknown to any living creature that it could come only from a spirit no longer of this world. We must admit, however, that such a proof is, as he says, as difficult to conceive as to provide.

II

Sir Oliver Lodge's youngest son, Raymond, was born in 1889, became an engineer and volunteered for the duration of the war in September, 1914. He was sent out to Flanders early in the spring of 1915; and, on the 14th of September of the same year, in front of Ypres, while the company under his command was leaving the front-line trench, he was hit

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in the left side by the enemy's shrapnel and died shortly afterward.

He was, as a photograph shows us, one of those admirable young British soldiers who typify a strong, fresh, joyous humanity, clean and bright, and whose death seems the more cruel and the more incredible as it annihilates a greater aggregate of strength, hope and beauty.

His father has just dedicated to his memory a large volume entitled *Raymond, or Life and Death*; and we are at first somewhat bewildered at seeing that it is not, as one might expect, a book of lamentation, regrets and tears, but the accurate, deliberately impassive and at times almost cheerful report of a man of learning who thrusts aside his sorrow so that he may see clearly before him, wrestles with the thought of death and beholds the rising dawn of an immense and very strange hope.

III

I will not linger over the first part of the volume, which aims at making us acquainted with Raymond Lodge. It contains some forty letters written in the trenches, the testimony of his brother-officers' devotion to him, details of his death and so on. The letters, I must say in passing, are charmingly vivid and marked by a delicate and delightful humour whose only object is to reassure those who are not themselves in danger. I have not time to dwell upon them, and they are not what most interests us here. But the second part, which Sir Oliver Lodge calls *Supernormal Portion*, passes from the life that is found on the surface of our earth and introduces us into a very different world.

In the very first lines the author reminds us that he has "made no secret of his conviction, not merely that personality persists, but that its continued existence is more entwined with the life of every day than has been generally imagined; that there is no real breach of continuity between the dead and the living, and that methods of intercommunion

across what has seemed to be a gulf can be set going in response to the urgent demand of affection; that, in fact, as Diotima told Socrates (*Symposium*, 202 and 203), *Love bridges the chasm*."

Sir Oliver Lodge, then, is persuaded that his son, though dead, has not ceased to exist and that he has not gone far from those who love him. Raymond, in fact, seeks to communicate with his father as early as eleven days after his death. We know that these communications, or so-called communications, from beyond the grave—let us not prejudge the issue for the moment—are made through the agency of a medium who is or believes himself to be inspired or possessed by the deceased or by a familiar spirit speaking in his name and repeating what the latter reveals to him. The medium conveys his information either orally or by automatic writing, or again, although this is very rare in the present instance, by table-turning. But I will pass over these preliminaries, which would carry us too far, and come straight to the communication which is, I think, the most astonishing of all, and perhaps the only one that cannot be explained, or at least is exceedingly difficult to explain, by the intervention of the living.

About the end of August, 1915, that is to say, not many days before his death, Raymond, who, as we have seen, was near Ypres, had been photographed with the officers of his battalion by a travelling photographer. On the 27th of September following, in the course of a sitting with the medium Peters, the spirit, speaking by the latter's mouth, said suddenly:

"You have several portraits of this boy. Before he went away you had a good portrait of him—two, no three. Two where he is alone and one where he is in a group of other men. He is particular that I should tell you of this. In one you see his walking-stick."

Now, at that time the members of Sir Oliver Lodge's family did not know of the existence of this group. They attached no great importance, however, to

the revelation; but in subsequent sittings, notably on the 3d of December, before the photographer had arrived, before they were seen, more detailed information was received. According to the spirit's statements, the photograph was of a dozen officers or more, taken out of doors, in front of a sort of shelter (the medium kept drawing vertical lines in the air). Some were sitting down and some were standing up at the back. Raymond was sitting; somebody was leaning on him. There were several photographs taken.

On the 7th of December the photograph arrived at Mariemont, Sir Oliver's house near Edgbaston. There were three copies, all differing slightly, of the same group of twenty-one officers, those in the back row standing up, the others seated. The group was taken outside a sort of temporary wooden structure, such as might be a hospital shed, with six conspicuous nearly vertical lines on the roof. Raymond was one of those sitting on the ground in front; his walking-stick, mentioned in the first revelation, was lying across his feet. And a striking piece of evidence is that his is the only instance where one man is leaning or resting his hand on the shoulder of another, in two of the photographs, or, in the third, his leg.

This manifestation is one of the most remarkable that has hitherto been obtained, because it eliminates almost entirely any telepathic interference; that is to say, any subconscious intercommunication between the persons present at the sitting, all of whom were absolutely unaware of the existence of the photographs. If we refuse to admit the intervention of the deceased—which should, I agree, be admitted only in the last resort—we must, in order to explain the revelation, suppose that the subconsciousness of the medium or of one of those present entered into communication, through the vast mazes and deserts of space and amid millions of strange souls, with the subconsciousness of one of the officers or of one of the people who had seen these photographs,

whose existence there was no reason for suspecting. This is possible, but it is so fortuitous, so prodigious that the survival and intervention of the deceased would, in the circumstances, seem almost less supernatural and more probable.

IV

I will not enter into the details of the numerous sittings which preceded or followed this one; nor will I even undertake to summarise them. In order to share the feelings aroused, we must read the reports which faithfully reproduce these strange dialogues between the living and the dead. We receive the impression that the departed son comes daily closer and closer to life and converses more and more easily, more and more familiarly, with all those who love him before he was overtaken by the shadows of the grave. He recalls to each of them a thousand little forgotten incidents. He remains among his own kindred as though he had never left them. He is always present and prepared to answer. He mingles so completely in their whole life that no one any longer thinks of mourning his loss. They question him about his present state, ask him what he is, where he is, what he is doing. He needs no pressing; he at once declares himself astonished at the reality of that new world. He is very happy there, reforming himself, condensing himself, so to speak, and gradually finding himself again. The existence of the intelligence and of the will, disencumbered of the body, is freer, lighter, of greater range and diffusion, but continues very like what it was in the flesh. The environment is no longer physical but spiritual; and it is a transposition on to another plane rather than the rupture, the complete overthrow, the incomprehensible transitions which we are pleased to imagine. After all, is it not fairly plausible and are we not wrong in believing that death changes everything, from one day to the next, and that there is a sudden and inconceivable abyss between the hour which

precedes deace and that which follows it? Is the life-force which we carry within ourselves and which doubtless cannot be extinguished, is it to so great a degree crippled and cramped by our body that, when it leaves this body, it becomes, then and there, entirely different and unrecognisable?

But I must set a limit to speculation and, lest I exceed the limits of this essay, I must pass by two or three revelations less striking than that of the photograph, but pretty strange, notwithstanding. Obviously, it is not the first time that such manifestations have occurred; but these are really of a higher quality than those which crowd several volumes of the *Proceedings*. Do they furnish the proof for which we ask? I do not think so; but will anyone ever be able to supply us with that irrefutable proof? What can the disincarnate spirit do when trying to establish that it continues to exist? If it speak to us of the most secret, the most private incidents of a common past, we reply that it is we who are reviving those memories within ourselves. If it aim at convincing us by its description of the world beyond the grave, not all the most glorious and unexpected pictures of that world which it might trace are worth anything as a proof, for they cannot be controlled. If we seek a sign by asking it to foretell the future, it confesses that it does not know the future much better than we do, which is likely enough, seeing that any knowledge of this kind implies a sort of omniscience and consequently omnipo-

tence which can hardly be acquired in a moment. All that remains to it, therefore, is the little snatches of evidence, the uncertain attempts at proof such as we find here. It is not enough, I admit; for psychometry, that is to say, a similar manifestation of clairvoyance between one living subconsciousness and another, gives almost equally astonishing results. But here as there these results show at least that we have around us wandering intelligences, already enfranchised from the narrow and burdensome laws of space and matter, that sometimes know things which we do not know or no longer know. Do they emanate from ourselves, are they only manifestations of faculties as yet unknown, or are they external, objective and independent of ourselves? Are they merely alive in the sense in which we speak of our bodies, or do they belong to bodies which have ceased to exist? That is what we cannot yet decide; but it must be acknowledged that, once we admit their existence, which at this date is hardly contestable, it becomes much less difficult to agree that they belong to the dead.

This at least may be said: If experiments such as these do not demonstrate positively that the dead are able directly, demonstrably and almost personally to mingle with our existence and to remain in touch with us, they prove that they continue to live in us much more ardently, profoundly, vividly and passionately than had hitherto been believed; and that in itself is more than we dared hope.

IS IT POSSIBLE TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE DEAD?

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

NO REPLY can be given on *a priori* considerations unless it be a contemptuous negative based on too hasty a guess about the significance of the last word in the query. If it be true that "the dead know not anything," they practically have no longer any personal existence, and it cannot be possible to communicate with nonentity. But this is reasoning in a hind-before or preposterous manner. The right method of attack is to ascertain first, by experiment and observation, whether communication is possible; and then from that fact, if it becomes an established fact, to infer that after all the dead do know something, and that they have a personal existence.

But then the obvious question arises—How can it be possible to communicate with anyone, however intelligent, who possesses no physical instrument or organ for the conversion of thought into act? How can it be possible to appreciate mere thought?

A partial answer is given by the experimental discovery of telepathy, which appears to be a direct process of transmission from mind to mind. But still, for any kind of reproduction or utilisation or conveyance to others, a physical process is necessary; and therefore, so far as we know a physiological mechanism is necessary. An instrument of some kind there must be; but it does not follow that the instrument employed need necessarily be the property of the communicating intelligence. A musician deprived of his instrument might learn to play on another. Without an instrument of some kind—be it only a pen—his soul might be full of music but it would be silent and unapprehended, it could not be reproduced, it could not even be written: an inferior or a strange instrument would be better than nothing,

and might once more confer upon him some power of utterance.

Now the facts of multiple personality show that a single human body can under exceptional circumstances be played upon by several intelligences, not only by one: the normal occupant can, as it were, be ousted sometimes, and its place taken by others. That is the appearance; and the appearance may turn out to be nearer reality than had been thought likely.

There are certain people whose value for the purpose of enlarging our experience is much greater than has yet been recognised, who self-sacrificingly allow the bodily part of themselves to be employed in conveying messages, which are received telepathically, or they know not how, from intelligences other than their own. Their own personality goes into abeyance or into trance for a time, while their body and brain continue active, and thus messages are transmitted about facts previously unknown to them, and which subsequently leave no accessible deposit in their memory.

A person thus employed as a transmitting mechanism for another intelligence is called a "medium." There are various grades of mediumship, and it is not always associated with complete normal unconsciousness, by any means; but in all cases it appears to be a healthy and useful variety of what in pathological cases is called "multiple personality." The secondary personality in temporary control need not be obtrusive or troublesome, it may be well controlled and amenable to reason and convenience, but it is not the normal intelligence of the medium, and the stratum of memory tapped is a different one. Facts known to some other person come to the front, facts familiar to the medium recede for

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a time into the background. The kind of person whose memory can by this means be most readily or commonly tapped is one who has no longer any body of his own, i.e., one who, having been dissociated from his body, having gone through the definite process of dissolution called death, is commonly spoken of as "dead."

It turns out to be possible for a disincarnate mind to utilise and so to speak manipulate the organism of another person, either directly or indirectly and under circumstances of considerable difficulty, and thus convey a message to friends still living on the earth. This is the most frequent and effective method of communication; and many there are who are familiar with such messages by direct experience. The facts selected for mention or transmission in such cases are often trivial domestic occurrences, such as have no public significance, but which are well adapted to prove the identity of the person who remembers them. The triviality of the facts remembered matters nothing, if they have this identifying character. Facts of importance are not nearly so useful; for either they can hardly be verified, or they are of the nature of public knowledge. It is the trivial and the domestic which give the evidential clues and personal traits desired by sorrowing survivors.

Of mediumship there are many grades and varieties. The trance condition above spoken of is one of the most complete forms, but automatic or semi-conscious writing can be obtained by some people without letting more than the hand go out of the customary control. The instrument in that case is the hand supplemented by pen or pencil; the pencil is worked no doubt by the muscles in a normal way, but it is not guided as to the sense of the message by the normal mind of the person working it. Sometimes the pencil is fixed to a larger piece of wood, so that the muscular action can be simpler and less like that method employed in ordinary writing—a method called "planchette." Sometimes such a

piece of wood is constructed so as to be able to point to printed letters, instead of writing them. And sometimes a still more elementary form of physical instrument is used, and the message comes in the form of bare signals—akin to flag-wagging or key-depressing, or, in the case of those who do not know the Morse code, by repeating the alphabet to the tilts of a table which stops at the intended letter. Table-tilting seems like an old and despised amusement rather than a serious method, it is apparently more adapted to mere games, but with care and sobriety even this forms a possible vehicle for communications of a simple but definite kind. A table is manifestly only a variant, a clumsy and bulky variant, of a planchette, or again of a pencil, which is also a bit of wood actuated by muscles.

Modes of converting thought into physical movement are innumerable, and it matters but little which of them is used. The hand, the larynx, the arm muscles, the throat muscles, are all pieces of matter amenable to mental influence, through the brain and nerve mechanism associated with them. How they can be actuated by mind at all is a puzzle; but the fact that they can be so actuated is undeniable. The element of strangeness about any kind of communication is not that matter is moved in accordance with a code, so as to reproduce thought in another percipient mind: for that is equally true of ordinary speech and writing; the strangeness of supernormal instances is that the substance of the communication is alien to the person transmitting it, and is characteristic of some other person who is dramatically and vividly represented as really desirous of sending an identifying and comforting message, and who employs such bodily organs and physiological mechanism as he may be permitted for the time to use.

Now let me indicate the kind of messages which may be received. Some of these relate to facts and experiences "on the other side"—the kind of life lived there, the surroundings, the conditions,

the persistence of vivid interest in affairs of earth, and the difficulties and to some extent the *rationale* of communication. But all these belong to what we call "unveritable" topics—we have no means of bringing them to book or ascertaining what amount of truth the messages contain; so that they seldom get published. Suffice it to say that the invariable assertion is that the conditions on "the other side" are much more like conditions here than the communicators themselves had expected. They speak of flowers and animals, and books, and interest and beauty of all kinds. They assure us that they know very little more than we know, that their character and personality are practically unchanged, that they have not suddenly jumped into something supernal—nor infernal either—that they are themselves just as before, with tastes and aptitudes not dissimilar, but that they are subject to conditions happier and more conducive to progress, and freer from difficulty and gratuitous obstruction than when they were associated with matter.

They also say that things round them are quite solid and substantial, and that it is the old material things which now appear shadowy and evanescent; so that they are barely cognisant of happenings on earth save when definite duties are allotted to them to help those who are coming over, or when they make a spontaneous effort to get through to those they have loved and left behind. They are keenly susceptible to friendly feeling and affection, and they are less shy or chary of expressing their feelings than they were down here.

They do not appear to be in another region of space, but are interlocked and closely associated with this order of existence; the links being ties of interest and affection, rather than mere space-relation or bodily proximity. Moreover, the same constructive ability as must in the long course of evolution have succeeded in producing their old visible organism, by arranging particles of matter, seems able to continue its task under the new conditions, and can construct an-

other body or mode of manifestation out of such substance as is there available—the ether it may be hypothetically supposed to be—a body not unlike in appearance the material one which had been constructed here. And this constructive ability probably belongs not only to human and animal, but to all forms of organic life; so that the surroundings, in what some are beginning to think of as an ethereal world, need not be very different from those familiar to us in this realm of matter—that realm which is now so real and all-absorbing to us, which excites our keenest admiration, and yet of the real mode of construction of which we know so little.

However all that may be, the first messages which come through are not of this descriptive character; they represent not attempts to inform, but attempts to convince, to make us realise that lost ones are still vivid and active, and that they are happy so far as we will let them be. They grieve with our sorrow, but otherwise find their new life full of interest and helpfulness and a kind of joy.

The first messages which come through, therefore, are messages of affection; and next come those little family reminiscences which, to those for whom they are intended, are often very clear and satisfying, although to outsiders they require so much explanation that they lose much of their force. References to pet names, to pet animals, to occurrences on holiday excursions, small accidents or *contretemps*, all these things seem to jump to the memory when an effort is made to think of some identifying message; and although *names* are rather difficult to get clearly and correctly, through the majority of mediums, and although the importance of names as evidence may easily be overestimated, still names too are often given, especially names of an intimate and private character.

Another kind of thing especially liable to stimulate and influence early messages is the keen desire apparently felt to relieve the minds of survivors of some

anxiety, some suspicion, some misunderstanding, or some trouble, which is casting a shadow over their lives. To such things departed friends seem peculiarly sensitive, and often make great and energetic efforts to bring comfort to a particular person whom they perceive to be thus afflicted.

How they know, may well seem to be a puzzle; but of course such things are obscurely felt also in this life, and they may come into more prominence and arouse more remorse when easy opportunity of explanation is ended. I should judge that remorse is rather a notable feature of the discarnate mental state, if there is good cause for it; and that the feeling may be akin to that sadly felt by us in the night-watches.

The possibility of telepathy, also, whereby mental impressions of deep-seated character may influence other minds, seems likely to furnish another way in which feelings of this kind may hypothetically be aroused. Whatever the method, perception of sentiments of survivors is undoubtedly a fact; and one great merit of the communications received in such cases is the relief and comfort they have brought to the feelings of those on both sides of the veil.

In this time of widespread distress such messages are very necessary, and they are numerous. In all sorts of ways they come. Youths struck off in full vigour of manhood are not likely to rest contented if they find their loved ones sorrowing unduly for their loss, and spoiling what remains of their lives here. They may be sceptical of their power to get through—they often are; but if by the help of friends, or by any other

means, they come to perceive the possibility, they will strain every nerve to awaken in those still here a corresponding desire; so that in some form or other, sooner or later, communion, it may be of a very subjective character, can be accomplished.

In a book on *Life and Death** I give examples of messages which prove the survival of personal identity, and of memory and affection and character, beyond death. I give examples indeed of family conversations which have been held with the departed; but these must be considered and treated as a whole: it is not useful or fair to pick out bits and quote them out of their setting. There is no need for such conversations to be too frequent or too persistent. Once those on both sides are made fully aware of undying interest and affection, the few years of separation can be endured; and the main work of life, whether on that side or on this, can be attended to.

The value and importance of the present terrestrial existence is fully recognised by our friends on the other side, and it would be a poor return for the privilege of occasional communication, and an especially ungrateful recognition of the noble and self-sacrificing spirit in which so many at the present time have gone to death, if lamentation for them, or even an eager desire for communion, were allowed to sap energy or interfere with the full activity of every kind of service such as is possible in the present grade of existence.

*EDITOR'S NOTE—"RAYMOND, OR LIFE AND DEATH," IN WHICH THE AUTHOR DESCRIBES COMMUNICATIONS WITH HIS SON, RAYMOND LODGE, KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE.

HENRY JAMES

BY THEODORA BOSANQUET

IN THAT preface to Rupert Brooke's *Letters from America*, which was the last piece of work done by Henry James, he assures us that "the chances and changes, the personal history of any absolute genius, draw us to watch his adventure with curiosity and inquiry, lead us on to win more of his secret, and borrow more of his experience (I mean, needless to say, when we are at all critically minded)." It is under the protection of those words that I have put together these notes about one of the finest literary artists of our time, for they constitute in themselves a refutation of the theory that the only thing that should concern us about an artist is his accomplished work. The contention, that the gifted fellow-creature through whose passion and perseverance we are brought into relation with a work of art should be for us nothing more than the crystal lens of our vision, is met by the consideration that however fine the lens may be the light it transmits is not the white blaze that came down from heaven. The ray emerges coloured, and often highly coloured, by the temperament it has passed through. It is by understanding the temperament that we may best understand what it has given us; and in no way is a man more temperamentally himself than in his relation to his chosen and cherished art and craft.

I

It surely says much for the permanence of early impressions that if at any time I unexpectedly see or hear the name of Henry James I am aware at once of a certain unmistakable atmosphere. For though that name comes to me always trailing dense clouds of memories and associations, the immediately perceived atmosphere is not one that to

my mature sense markedly characterised either himself or his work. It is compounded altogether of lightness and brightness and sunshine over open spaces, and I can account for it only by remembering that it was just such a clear translucent air that bathed my first meeting with him in the pages of a little paper-coated volume taken from a bookshelf in my father's study on an afternoon when I was looking vaguely about for "something to read." Although the ceiling of the study in the old "adapted" Devonshire farmhouse we lived in was comfortably low, the top shelf in question was too high for a girl of not more than twelve or thirteen years to explore its possibilities without the aid of a slippery three-legged stool. It was bristling with possibilities—a sort of literary bran-pie of odd volumes. There were gathered together all the books that for reasons of shabbiness or multiplication or singularity had no obvious claim on the hospitality of any other shelf. I suppose *The Europeans* was tucked among those waifs and strays because no other member of its family circle was lodged in our house at that time. At any rate, there I found it, wedged affectionately between Bellamy's *Looking Backwards* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

It would be idle to pretend that reading *The Europeans* marked for me an epoch of discovery. I read it to the end without any precocious comprehension of the actions and the motives of the irresponsible Felix and the sophisticated Eugenia. What I did absorb was a sense of atmosphere, and that I still retain. I can account for it in no other way, for it is impossible that anything sunlit and gay should have resulted from my second and more deeply impressive encounter with Henry James. This

took place half a dozen years later, when a friend confided to me the distressing fact that she had entirely lost her nerve for facing the hours of darkness because her mind was obsessed by the horror of a tale she had lately read called "The Turn of the Screw," by a writer "called Henry James." To my fascinated inquiries about the nature of the horror she replied that the thing was a ghost story concerning the haunting of two little children by "a butler and a governess." I recall even now my immediate conviction that if the ghosts took those forms the story surely could not be so very horrid. The butlers of fiction were as incorrigibly comic as the governesses were pathetic—more incorrigibly, indeed, for governesses were sometimes designing, but butlers never. But that account of Peter Quint was, of course, an error. If my friend had spoken of him as a valet or, following Mrs. Grose, as a "body-servant," I should never have questioned his sinister capacity. It was abundantly evident as soon as I had read the story, and my friend, who had lent me the volume with engaging eagerness, was delighted to learn that my nights were as horror-stricken afterward as her own had been. To the charm of the heroine of "Covering End," the second tale bound up in the book, I succumbed more happily. She seemed to me the most radiant creature that had ever danced over printed pages, and her spell was beautifully explained many years later when her creator told me that he had originally conceived the character for impersonation by Miss Ellen Terry.

After *The Two Magics* there was no more room for doubt about books written by Henry James. He took his place as a writer to be read whenever one came across him. So I read him as I found him, not at all in chronological order, but by the end of a few years fairly comprehensively. It is the easiest thing for any victim of the visualising habit to form a mental image of a frequently read author, and long before I was offered the astonishing chance of a

personal meeting with him I had furnished myself with an imaginary portrait. It was an entirely unwarranted portrait. I had nothing whatever to paint it from but the possibility that he might be like some of his own presented studies. I had seen no reproduced photograph and heard no word of description. The only literary figure that had been known to my childish eyes was the picturesque one of Francis Turner Palgrave, and although he was my sole model I never expected that Henry James could look like that. Mr. Palgrave was too typically like a poet. Indeed, none of the present-day poets I have seen reading their verse to enraptured audiences at the Poetry Bookshop has been able to contribute so effective an appearance to the scene as he might have done. The picture I made for myself of the writer of Henry James's novels was of a man rather tall than short, of a slight and nimble figure, clad in inconspicuous grey. The note of grey rather predominated. I saw his hair as straight and fine and silvered. His eyes would be grey, too, deeply set in a long pale face and regarding the world through *pince-nez* glasses adjusted by lean fingers on a discriminating nose. I thought of him as a silent man, embarrassingly full of unspoken observations and criticisms.

It was in the summer of 1907 that I was suddenly confronted not only with the almost incredible prospect of seeing Henry James face to face, but of becoming his literary amanuensis if the preliminary meeting passed off without misfortune. I had heard, by a happy chance, that he would shortly need an amanuensis—a typist to whom he could dictate his literary work—and that the special qualifications required were the ability to spell correctly and to work a Remington typewriter. I was anything but an expert typist, and had the gravest doubts as to the general accuracy of my spelling. Also it had not been at all suggested that I should apply for the post. There was an applicant already in the field, and I was being trained for

a very different kind of work. But that counted for nothing. The established candidate was strangely unenthusiastic about the prospect before her, was even, it seemed, relieved to look toward another; and when I had made it abundantly clear that no considerations, however serious, and no other career, however speciously profitable, could have a feather's weight set in the scales against that more golden opportunity, it was kindly conceded that I might abandon the course I had set sail on, practise performing on a typewriter, and be "interviewed" by Mr. Henry James.

He astonished me from the moment I nervously stepped into the room where the decisive interview was to take place by contradicting in his own person not merely my preconceptions about himself, but about literary men in general. Whatever he looked like at that first moment it was not like a writer. He had recently passed four months on the Continent and was browned by the Italian sun to a hue that no doubt partly accounted for my quick fancy that he might have been a seafaring man. It was a fancy to which his stout, broad-shouldered figure gave a certain support, though that may only have been for eyes that had known retired naval officers of the same thickset build. I have heard it said, however, that in the days when he wore a beard he might well have been mistaken for a sea-captain. But he had shaved off the beard before ever I saw him, and his face, save for that temporary bronze, was not a sailor's. What was most immediately striking about it was that it belonged essentially to the classical type of dignity and grandeur. Genius is often lodged in strange habitations, while men of a comfortable mediocrity may be burdened by an appearance of rare distinction; but in Henry James the visible features and the informing spirit were fitly joined together. He looked a "great" man, even if he did not unmistakably look a man of letters. He might have been a merciful Cæsar or a benevolent Napoleon, and it was

easy to understand how an artist who, a year or two later, painted a profile portrait of him, was able to see in his model a bewildering succession of resemblances to illustrious characters of the world's history suggest themselves during the course of the sittings.

If it was disconcerting it was also comforting to find my prospective employer so unlike the portrait imagination had drawn. Here were none of the critical angles and judicial pauses I had looked for. He was all generous curves and benign reassurances. His keen eyes needed no lens to help them to focus the palpitating young person entering the room, and that was in itself a relief. It was somehow encouraging, too, that the clothes he was wearing were gayer than the flat neutral tint I had taken for granted. I remember thinking as I noted an expanse of brightly checked waistcoat that he would have been well suited by some earlier style of costume, that a liberal silk cravat and handsome purple coat would have looked much more right for him than the undistinguished garments of this century.

It was quite in keeping with the general effect of amplitude and abundance that he should immediately show himself to be kind and considerate and unquestioning. There can seldom have been any kind of interview, indeed, conducted with fewer inquiries. I think he asked me nothing at all after he had been assured that I was the expected applicant. He had been told something about me, no doubt, beforehand. He had applied to the friend who had previously provided him with typists, and had taken her word for my being sufficiently the right young woman. How little hope he had of any young woman I was soon to discover. For my part I had nothing to ask. I wanted to go down to work a typewriter at Rye on any terms—and I cannot remember that the pecuniary ones were so much as hinted at by either of the parties to the interview. But if I had wished to put any questions to him it would have

been hard to find a good opportunity, for the strong, slow stream of his deliberate speech flowed over me without ceasing. He had it on his mind to tell me everything possible and relevant about the conditions of life and labour at Rye, and he did so at length, with hesitations and amplifications innumerable, but without ever really stopping. What he particularly wished to place before me was the probability that I should find Rye very dull!

II

Six weeks later—weeks during which I diligently practised ticking out passages from *The Ambassadors* on a superannuated Remington machine—I went to take up my duties at Rye. The duties began each morning at a quarter-past ten, when I pushed up the inner latch ingeniously attached to the big brass knocker of the front door of Lamb House and walked straight upstairs to the little square, green-panelled room where Henry James worked on winter mornings. It was a perfect room for winter, small enough to be comfortably warm on the coldest days and catching every ray of the gentle south-coast sunshine through a wide, southward window. There was a smaller window for the afternoon sun, doubly glazed against the force of the westerly gales. Three tall bookcases and two big desks and an easy chair took a heavy toll of the available space, but left enough uncumbered floor for a restricted amount of the pacing about that was conducive to literary composition. On warm summer days Henry James preferred working in the big, light “garden-room,” where there was a longer stretch for perambulation and where the main window overlooked the little cobbled street that curved past his front door. He liked to be able to see whatever might be taking place in the street, or sometimes to hail a passing friend; he enjoyed watching motor-cars pant up the sharp little hill and turn down toward the Mermaid Inn. The sight of one could al-

ways be counted on to draw from him some vigorous expression of amazement, admiration, or horror for the complications of an age that had produced such monstrous annihilators of protective distance.

The hours between breakfast and luncheon, from about half-past ten to a quarter to two, were the only ones that Henry James liked to spend at fresh creative work. He seldom made the effort in the evening unless he was very hard pressed to finish something. But every sort of work that was not so wholly a strain on the imagination he did in the evening, including all the exhausting labour of proof-reading.

The business of fulfilling my function as the medium between the spoken and the written word was from the first full of interest and fascination, though for a few weeks it was also a mild terror. I was desperately afraid of misspelling the words he dictated, and was by no means at my ease with the new pattern of Remington machine he had just bought. But his patience during my struggles with the baffling mechanism of the typewriter was unflinching, and he was as easy to spell from as an open dictionary. Years of dictation had apparently taught him that it was unsafe to leave the spelling of any polysyllabic word to chance. He took pains to pronounce each pronounceable letter; he always spelled out homophonous words, no matter how clear the meaning in the given instance might be, and he never left any punctuation mark unuttered, except sometimes by inadvertence that important point, the full stop. In short, he wisely and safely assumed dense ignorance on the part of his human medium of expression and I can remember even feeling slightly aggrieved on the very first morning of dictation by his careful spelling out of *The Newcomes*, to which he added, for my benefit, that it was a name written in one word and was the title of a novel by Thackeray.

I do not know exactly when Henry James began the practice of dictating his

work, but I think it must have been in 1895 or 1896. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is no doubt right in his suggestion that the habit had a marked effect on his style, which became as the years went by more and more like "copious, involved, labyrinthine talk." He perfectly recognised the effect himself; to a certain extent he even deplored it. "I tend," he once said, "to be too diffuse when I'm dictating." He found, however, that dictation was not only an easier but also a more inspiring method of composition than writing with his own hand, and considered that the increased facility more than made up for any loss of concision. It seemed to me very curious that he should find dictating easy, considering his perpetual apprehension that what he said might be wrongly taken down. It was strange that the constantly felt necessity for spelling out his words and uttering his punctuation was not a fatal impediment to the expression of his thought, but there can be no doubt of the fact. "It seems," he explained, "to be so much more effectively and unceasingly *pulled* out of me in speech than in writing." And at the time when I began to work for him he had arrived at a stage at which the click of the Remington machine acted as a positive spur. He found it much less easy to work to the accompaniment of any other make of typewriter than the one he was used to—other kinds sounded different notes; and it was almost impossibly disconcerting for him to dictate to something that made no responsive sound at all. Occasionally, if he were ill and in bed, I might take down a note in handwriting, but he preferred to have the typewriter moved into his room for even the shortest letters. There were, however, certain kinds of composition that he found himself obliged to work at with a pen. Plays, and short stories, if they were to remain within the bounds of possible publication in a magazine, he usually wrote by hand, knowing that the manual labour of writing would be his best aid to the desired brevity. The short stories

he would afterward dictate, and probably expand, from his manuscript draft. Plays he preferred to have copied straight from the manuscript. He was too much afraid of exceeding "the murderous limits of the English theatre" if he allowed himself any opportunity for further embroidery.

His method of writing what may be called full-length novels was different and extremely interesting. He liked to "break ground" by talking to himself day by day about the characters and the construction until the whole thing was clearly before his mind's eye. This preliminary talking-out of the scheme was, of course, duly recorded by the typewriter. He had always, as he so often affirmed, "dramatised" his material, and he tended more and more, I think, to prefigure his tales as staged drama—to see the whole thing in acts and scenes with the persons of the drama making their observed entrances and exits. These scenes he worked out until he knew so much about the action that he could begin on the actual writing of the novel—a process that I have seen described, incorrectly, as a redictation from a first draft. It was really nothing of the kind. He did not enlarge and amplify a rough sketch of his novels after the manner of Balzac. His method might better be compared with Zola's habit of writing long letters to himself about the characters in his next book until they became alive enough for him to begin the tale about them. The thirty thousand words or so of typewritten scheme dictated by Henry James contained none of the phraseology of the novel he was going to write from it. It was really just an ample *scenario* for the proposed drama. It was also an extraordinary record of inspiration, for I doubt if any writer has ever been more fully conscious of each step along the path of illumination or given more articulate utterance to the whole process of this experience. In *The Death of the Lion* he has himself described a scheme of the kind, attributing its authorship to Neil Paraday, the victim al-

ready doomed to be sacrificed on the altar of renown. "Loose, liberal, confident, it might have passed for a great gossiping, eloquent letter—the overflow into talk of an artist's amorous plan." So he mapped out his design. But he mapped it out, at the same time, with the fullest recognition that at closer quarters with his subject he might more often than not find it refusing to be confined within the architectural limits provided. "In the intimacy of composition," as he remarked, "pre-noted arrangements, proportions, and relations do most uncommonly insist on making themselves different by shifts and variations, always improving, which impose themselves as one goes and keep the door open always to something *more* right and *more* related. It is subject to that constant possibility, all the while, that one does pre-note and tentatively sketch."

For the two volumes of memories, *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*, he dictated no preliminary notes. He plunged straight into the stream of the past, without a doubt or a hesitation. The reading over each morning of the pages written the day before was all the stimulus needed to start him on a fresh effort to render adequately the depth and the delicacy of his early impressions. After about an hour of conscious effort he would often be caught on a rising wave of inspiration and would get up from his armchair and pace up and down the room, sounding out his periods in tones of resonant assurance. He was then beyond the reach of unconnected sights or sounds. Hosts of cats—a tribe usually routed at the first cry, with shouts of execration—might wail outside the window; phalanxes of dreaded motor-cars bearing incursive visitors might hoot at his door. He was impervious to them. The only thing that could arrest him was the escape of the word he wanted to use. When that had gone he paused, he left off walking about the room, and, standing by a bookcase or chimneypiece tall enough for him to support his arms on

it, he rested his head in his hands and audibly pursued the fugitive.

III

When I first went to Rye, in the autumn of 1907, Henry James was engaged in the immense business of preparing his novels and tales for the big, definitive New York edition which was published in 1909. The mornings he devoted to dictating the illuminating prefaces, the interesting series of apologies prefixed to each of the works contained in that far from complete collection. Concurrently with this "inventive" work of the morning, the mass of arduous labour entailed by the careful revision of the included writings was performed in the evening. This revision was a task he had seen in advance as extremely formidable, one of the chief difficulties being that he had considerably forgotten his early work. Far from ever reposing, even for an instant, on any laurels already won, Henry James was always eagerly pressing forward. His statement that "to get and to keep finished and dismissed work well behind one, and to have as little to say to it and about it as possible, had been for years one's only law," was the absolute truth. If the question of the definitive edition had not come up, he would never have given another glance at the tales of his younger time. The thing he was going to write next always shone more splendidly before him than anything he had already achieved. And he was also conscious that his way of seeing and rendering a situation had greatly changed since the days when he was writing his early and more generally popular books. It had changed so much that he had come to believe that his younger productions would prove to be, from his later æsthetic standpoint, almost unreadably bad. On a morning when he was obliged to give the hours to making a selection among some of the shorter tales for one of the forthcoming volumes, he confessed that the difficulty of selection was mainly the difficulty of

reading them at all. "They seem," he declared, "so bad until I *have* read them that I can't force myself to look at them except with a pen in my hand, altering as I go the crudities and ineptitudes that to my sense deform each page." But when he had managed, by dint of treating each page as a proof-sheet, to read the older stories, he was relieved to find them, as a rule, really much better than he had feared. They were perhaps not, after all, he decided, the disgrace to his more mature artistic self that he had been persuaded they must be.

But he has himself dealt in the preface to *The Golden Bowl* with the whole debatable question of this "revised version," and there is no need to insist here on his point of view. Many of his readers have protested against the drastic pruning of old shoots and grafting of new ones on the fine old stock of the novels and tales they have known from far back. They have particularly denounced the imposition of a later system of punctuation, and it has to be admitted that, logical and orderly as Henry James's fully evolved scheme of punctuation was, it sometimes fails to guide us to an immediate understanding of his meaning. He was occasionally misled himself. But anyone who takes the trouble to collate the earlier forms of the revised tales with the later can hardly fail, I think, to be struck by the increased vividness, the quality of life, the richer effect of atmosphere that has generally been gained. Sometimes this gain is at the expense of ease and smoothness. The final form is not so pretty, but it is ever so much more alive. It is not so pretty because, as the years went by, he became increasingly anxious to render adequately the whole truth and depth of his perceptions rather than to sketch a graceful surface. There are artists for whom beauty is truth, and others for whom truth is beauty. It was to the latter class that Henry James essentially belonged. His struggle was always to stretch his power of expression to the compass of the things he saw and felt; and it seemed

to him, when he re-read his forgotten stories, that he had missed in writing them countless precious opportunities for rendering vision and feeling which the process of revision allowed him at last to retrieve. His labour was untiringly devoted to bringing out the visual values and to substituting wherever he could some definite sharp image for early loose vagueness. In "The Madonna of the Future," a tale published in 1879, a sentence in the original form runs: "His professions, somehow, were all half-professions, and his allusions to his work and circumstances left something dimly ambiguous in the background." In the New York edition this is converted to: "His professions were practically, somehow, all masks and screens, and his personal allusions, as to his ambiguous background, mere wavings of the dim lantern." That is a representative sample of the kind of thing he was trying to do to every tale he touched with his revising pen. Another sentence from the same story began as: "He turned upon me almost angrily, but, perceiving the genial flavour of my sarcasm, he smiled gravely." In its final form it is: "He turned upon me at first almost angrily—then saw that I was but sowing the false to reap the true."

But the writing of explanatory prefaces and the revision of stories and novels was far from being the complete tale of literary labour even of the years when preparation for the edition was most actively going forward. The years 1907 and 1908 were bright with the promise of a new era for English drama. Valiantly led by Miss Horniman, the advocates of the repertory system were marching forward, capturing one by one the intellectual centres of the provinces. Henry James was quickly responsive to the appeal for non-commercial drama. The theatre had always allured him, even if it had also repelled. He had in earlier years written such plays as *Covering End* and *The Other House*, only to find them unproducibly on his hands, and he had thereupon "economically," as he said, turned them into

works of fiction, "embedding the dialogue of the plays in a certain amount of descriptive commentary." A few attentive readers had guessed the origin of *Covering End*, or had, at any rate, recognised its dramatic possibilities, and when it was suggested to the author that he should re-write it as a three-act comedy to be performed by Mr. Forbes Robertson (as he then was) and Miss Gertrude Elliott, he willingly assented. The play, re-named *The High Bid*, was not produced in London until February, 1909, and then only for a series of *matinées*, for the prodigious success of *The Passing of the Third Floor Back* precluded the possibility of an evening run for any other production under the same management. But in the meantime Henry James had felt encouraged to embark on other play-writing experiments. For a writer who had consistently seen his subjects in a dramatic light it was not difficult to put them into strictly dramatic form. It was the easiest thing in the world for him to turn *The Other House* back again into a tragedy. It was scarcely less easy to take other published tales and make plays of them. The story of the exhibition of moral courage leading to the victorious death of the boy named with grim propriety "Owen Wingrave" was made into a one-act play, *The Saloon*, which was produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Little Theatre in 1910. Finally, in 1909, an entirely new three-act comedy, entitled *The Outcry*, was written. Highly topical in its subject, it was meant for production at a London theatre pledged to a repertory season. The play was not produced. At the time when it should have been rehearsed Henry James was seriously ill and he afterward went to America. When he returned the day of repertory performances in London had died in a fresh night of stars. *The Outcry*, like some of its predecessors, was published, not as a play, but as a novel.

It is almost literally true to say of the sheaf of stories collected in *The Finer Grain* that they were written in response

to a request for a single short story for *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. The desired length was, I think, about five thousand words, and each budding idea for a tale was cultivated in the optimistic hope that it might produce a flower too slight and frail to demand any exhaustive attention from the author. But each in turn insisted, even under the pressure of being written by hand, on developing to lengths that no amount of lopping or chopping could reduce to the Procrustean word limit. The tale eventually sent to the editor of *Harper's Monthly* was the appealing portrait of "Crapy Cornelia," and I seem to remember that though it was the shortest of the batch it could appear only in two halves, printed in successive numbers of the magazine.

The two volumes of memories, *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*, written after Henry James came back from the United States in 1911, were composed chiefly in London. He had by that time come back, after many seasons of country solitude, to his earlier love of the friendly London winter. During the first winter after his return he lodged at the Reform Club and repaired every morning to a room in an old house in Chelsea, which he had taken for his working hours and arranged as a study. It was a narrow, rather dark little room—it was his habit to allude to it as "my Chelsea cellar." But even under these gloomy conditions the charm of Chelsea worked its spell on him, and he decided to make a new London home for himself in that neighbourhood. He took a flat on Cheyne Walk, and there, in a big room overlooking a clear stretch of the river, he worked for the remainder of his time. He still spent the summer months at Rye; he was there when war began, engaged on a novel which he immediately abandoned because he felt it impossible to go on with such "utterly irrelevant" work. The only thing he felt able to turn to, after he had recovered sufficiently from that tremendous shake of the ground under his feet to be able

to turn to anything at all, was the beginning of what was intended to be a third volume of reminiscences. The fragment that he wrote—he had meant to call the book *The Middle Years*—holds the sure promise that it would have been one of the most charming and valuable of his works. He laid it aside, however, to do work that seemed to be more immediately pressing. A novel begun many years before was taken up again because its subject was so independent of contemporary history that he found it possible to revert to it even during the war. But whenever an appeal came for him to write something in aid of one of the great works of charity called into being by war, whenever he felt that he could bear effective witness to his complete and ardent sympathy with the cause of the Allies, he set aside everything else to reaffirm his emphatic testimony. He was never for a single moment a benevolent neutral, but always a belligerent ally, and the action which made him an Englishman in name as well as in feeling was but the final seal to his firm signature.

IV

For readers of his books it may well seem superfluous to lay any stress on the fact that his hours of work were what Henry James lived for. But if a man scarcely ever mentions the passion of his life, if he cultivates the art of conversation to a high pitch and yet is never to be heard conversing of that, the people among whom he chiefly moves and talks may not unnaturally thrust into the background of their view of him an object he himself leaves discreetly veiled and shrouded. And Henry James, exhaustively communicative on every other topic of his talk, maintained about his writing a marked reserve. This was not at all because he was indifferent to what his friends thought of it. He cared very much what they thought, too much to run the risk of feeling that he had not been completely understood. Invariably touched by any evidence that

his books had been intelligently read and appreciated, he never sought such evidence for himself. He found it safest to assume that nobody read him, and he liked his friends and acquaintances none the less for that. His enjoyment of human intercourse was unclouded by any breath of that uncomfortable consciousness known as an "author's vanity." And no man ever more keenly appreciated the beauty of a formed relation or kept more fresh his power of forming new ones to the end. But this very extremity of apparent disconnection from his work induced in him at times a corresponding extremity of loneliness. Meanwhile, the volumes of his published works piled themselves up year by year—visible, palpable, readable proofs of those unceasing travails of the creative spirit that was always labouring behind the barrier of his silence.

The lives of men of genius have too often resolved themselves into a desperate struggle between inner and outer necessity. Their temperamental need to express what is in them has been pitted against the need to make money, the need to be a satisfactory husband and father, the need to compromise with the claims of a neglected body and an overworked brain for rest and refreshment. From these hindering pressures Henry James was noticeably free. The economic basis of life is recognised in this country in so gentlemanly and unobtrusive a manner that it sometimes seems to escape attention altogether, and biographers and novelists alike leave us wondering how their interesting subjects managed to "live." The people of Henry James's own novels exist, for the most part, on imagined incomes which are at least ample for the provision of opportunities for enjoying travel and leisure, for visiting in expensive country houses, and for making suitably clad appearances in the best society. The pursuit of riches beyond that necessary minimum is certainly branded as wrong, by implication if not by open admission. By that sin fall many of the worldly, predatory actors in his dramas, however splendidly

they may blaze on their descent. The whole course of his life showed him to be without the least taint of the sordid passion. But, like his finer creations, he never lacked a liberty that rested on an income sufficient to gratify his taste for a life of impressions and appreciations. He had never known a time when the expense of travel was prohibitive; when hansoms or motor-cars, gondolas or vettura, were not at his service; when a struggle for the means to live obscured, even for a moment, his lucid vision of the ends for which life should be lived. His fundamental economic independence of his work enabled him to fashion it in the mould he desired, irrespective of the demands of the market.

From domestic anxieties he was also to a great extent free. No wife or child shared his hearth, and though his relatives in the United States enjoyed the highest measure of his affection and interest, the wide stretch of the Atlantic Ocean prevented his time or energy from being greatly occupied with family claims. If he had to consider his health carefully, he had, at any rate, the good fortune to possess, as the supporting ground of his rich consciousness, a really strong constitution. He was often suffering from various definite indispositions, but he had none of the frail delicacy that we almost expect to find in men of letters. He rallied quickly from illness, he threw off minor complaints with ease, and he was quite remarkably free in later life from headaches or any of those lesser sensations of cerebral discomfort which few brain-workers escape. He gave his freshest hours to his work, but until the last year or so of his life he had an ample fund of energy left over for the rest of the day. But it was a fund that he never squandered on irrelevant objects. However divided his hours might seem to be between the divergent pursuits of the ideals of literary art and social amenity, there can never have lived a man who did one thing all the time more consistently than Henry James. Other men whose prime business is thought and its expression find

recreation and refreshment in occupations quite outside the domain of their work. They play golf or fell trees; they study Sanscrit or carve wood or collect postage stamps. Henry James did none of these things. He had a profound belief in the virtues of air and exercise. He liked to be out walking on fine afternoons, and he was expert at making a walk of two or three miles last for as many hours by his habit of punctuating movement with frequent and prolonged pauses for meditation or conversation. He liked the exhilaration of motion in a motor-car; it gave him, he said, "a sense of spiritual adventure." But these forms of exercise were so little of an interruption to concurrent mental activity that it would almost be true to say that except during the hours he was actually asleep, his mind was working in one unchanging way. He might be reading or talking or thinking; but he read critically, he talked expressively, and he thought creatively. That is only another way of saying that he was incessantly occupied with the business of receiving and analysing, appraising and transmitting, the impressions he so eagerly received from the bountiful hand of life. Nothing of all that he perceived and assimilated was likely to be lost. Sooner or later it would reappear, wrought into a fabric of glowing phrase. He spent a long life at that one task. It was natural enough that as a result of this economy of energy, this restriction of effort to one supreme end, he became in time more copiously expressive than could well be realised by anyone who did not hear him talk. He is said to have been rather silent as a young man, to have been too busy taking things in to have much to give forth immediately. His medium then was rather exclusively the pen. But as the years passed he more and more enjoyed and cultivated the pleasure of conversing; and his manner of speech, assisted no doubt by his practice of dictating his work, became so inveterately characteristic that his inquiries about luggage from a railway porter or lobsters from a fish-

monger might easily be recognised as coined in the same mint as his addresses to the Academic Committee. Bewildering at times to the uninitiated, his talk was a constant delight to those who had ears to hear it, and no pious pilgrim to the shrine of his genius can ever have

left it without feeling himself surprisingly rewarded. Meetings with admired contemporaries too often bring with them the flatness of disillusion, but Henry James was never disillusioning. He was always and strikingly distinguished.

SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS BENNETT

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

GRIST-MILL of the Five Towns;
Baker of so many loaves,
So finely kneaded and so large
That they have startled America
Into overwhelming him with praise;
Brilliant, versatile, diffuse,
With an amusing nose
For the picaresque;
Perhaps too self-complacent,
Like his mouth. . . .
Our fault, for we gild our laurels,
Forgetting, like himself,
That his is "the way of all flesh."

THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

LLEWELLYN, PRINCE OF CAMBRIA

A WELSH BALLAD

LLEWELLYN stood at his palace door,
And a frown was on his face.
"Farewell," he cried to his new-wed bride,
Farewell for a little space!

"Sith you deny me a dole of love
For the gift of my princely name,
I'm forth to seek me a love that will,
Though it be a love of shame."

Llewellyn he turned from his palace gate,
Went over the hills away;
He ate of the deer, he drank of the stream
For many a livelong day.

Llewellyn rose from his bed of leaves
One morn when the mists were red,
And he was ware of a woman's form
Stood high on a cliff o'erhead.

This woman was clad in the dun deer-skin,
But one white breast was bare,
And kilted was she above the knee,
And loose was her red-gold hair.

**"The Masque of Poets" is made up of the following contributors: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series will continue throughout the year, and, probably in the November number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names. In the meantime, correspondence regarding the poems and their authorship is invited by the Editor.*

The sun rose behind her out of the east,
And she glowed like a flame of fire,
And she stretched her arms toward Llewellyn there
Till he trembled with sweet desire.

Then up leapt he right wantonly
And ran to her where she stood,
But she waved her hand, and turned and fled
Through the dark of the tangled wood.

The woman ran and Llewellyn ran
Through bush and byre and brake,
O'er many a craggy mountain-ridge,
Round many a quiet lake.

And twice when Llewellyn stopped to breathe
In the heat of the breathless noon
The woman turned and looked at him
Till his strong heart reeled in a swoon.

They ran all day and they ran at eve
By the light of the first wan star,
For Llewellyn followed her red-gold hair
That gleamed in the dusk afar.

They came at length to a narrow glen
Where the cliff rose sheer overhead.
The woman she sank in a huddled heap
And hid her face as in dread.

Llewellyn came up and looked at her,
While her panting shoulders heaved,
He heard the sob of her deep-drawn breath,
And his heart was well-nigh grieved.

"Oh prize that the speed of my feet hath won,
Come yield with a right good grace!
You wakened my love, you may still my love.—
Turn round and show your face!"

She answered him, and her voice was low,
But welcome unto his ear;
"What vow will you vow if I turn to you,
For my bosom is faint with fear.

"If you would have me to show my face
And yield to you frank and free,
You must pass your troth you never will bed
With woman unless with me.

"If you would master a woman's love,
You must yield to a woman's pride,
For I have a knife within my hand
That else will pierce my side."

Llewellyn raised the cross of his glaive
And a mighty vow made he:
"Be God my help as I keep this troth,
If you will but yield to me!"

The woman laughed with a bitter laugh:
"A mighty oath you make;
But you vowed as deep to your wedded wife,
And now that vow you would break."

"If I vowed as deep to my wedded wife,
'Twas my father that bade me to;
But now I have won a bride of my own,
And my vow to her is true."

She has turned her round, she has shown her face
On the greensward where she lay;
And he has kneeled him to look on her,
For the evening light was grey.

He has seen the eyes of his own sweet wife,
He has seen her red mouth smile.
He has bowed his head to the dewy grass
And cried, "Woe worth the while!"

"For I am shamed that I did not know
The fairest woman alive,
But treated her ill and spoke her harsh
Because I was forced to wive."

She has drawn his body into her arms,
Has kissed him on cheek and brow;
"Sith you have won a bride of your own,
Be faithful to your vow."

"What made you refuse my love before,
If now you love me so.
And why did you stain your black, black hair
A hue that I could not know?"

"Oh the love of yours I refused before
Was a love a woman would scorn,
For the love of yours I refused before
Was a love whence hate is born.

"And I did stain my black, black hair
And put off my robes of pride
That you might strive as never you strove
Ere you won me for your bride.

"For the love that falls like fruit from the tree
Will lightly be thrown away,
But the love that is bought with a man's whole strength
Will haply last for aye."

She drew his breast to her bosom then,
His lips unto hers she drew;
"You have vowed your vow, you have won me now,
And I will yield to you."

EXILES

The sick crusader watches
Through the window the fall of snow;
She stands under the palm-trees watching
The slow black caravans go.

She sees him by the window watching
The vacant snow-flakes fall;
He sees her in the hot sun standing
Sorrowful, white, and tall.

She hears him through the snow telling her
All in his heart to tell—
Beneath the moveless palm-trees
In the dead glare at the well.

IN LATE SPRING

I mark me how to-day the maples wear
A look of inward burgeoning and I feel
Colours I see not in the naked air,
Lance-keen, and with the little blue of steel.

No bud is forth nor green abroad and yet
Air seems to wait with raiment for earth's flowers;
Come, then, ungarmented, thou violet,
And take thy purple of the tiring hours.

BRITLINGLAND

BY JOHN BLUNT

BRITLINGLAND bids fair to become as famous as Dickensland. Mr. Wells has disclosed in his great novel the whereabouts of a little countryside hidden away in the secluded uplands of Essex, where few strangers come unbidden. To the ordinary person Essex is a flat undesirable country wholly devoid of scenery, atmosphere, romance or character; which shows that Essex is not an open book to everyone. That part of the country now to be known as Britlingland, in reality the Dunmow district, is in the "uplands" on the borders of Cambridgeshire; a rolling, wavy, pleasant, smiling, agricultural neighbourhood, left behind when the world made up its mind to go ahead, and so lying unminded these many generations, perfectly happy to remain unknown and undiscovered by modernity. Dunmow is hundreds of years old. It has one main street, the sides of which are overshadowed by oak-beamed houses and quaint little shops. There is a town clock, which strikes the hours lazily in the morning sun, and jolly fat dogs which pad unhindered through the alleys and by-ways and turnings and lanes of the old-world High Street.

To its citizens Dunmow is a great town nevertheless. It is probably the best known town in Essex County, for it is the Dunmow of the famous Flitch of Bacon. For centuries, year after year, the Flitch has been held, and the custom was kept up until the war came. The Trial for the Flitch of Bacon is a test of conjugal bliss, tempered with good-natured chaff on the part of the Court. Before a judge and jury of Dunmow citizens the married couples of the town plead their cases. To the couple who prove satisfactorily to the judge and jury that they have lived through the whole year without one single quarrel

goes the Flitch of Bacon, and it is a fair sight to see the old couples with their wrinkled cheeks and gnarled fingers and laughing eyes as they undergo their cross-examination.

Dunmow remembers the Romans. It was then as important as it is to-day, which is not saying much for all those hundreds of years of activity.

How did Mr. Britling, or rather Mr. Wells, plump himself into this soft bed of ease, this haven for the tired, this simple, pleasant, chromo-lithograph of an ancient countryside, where the people have a vocabulary of a few hundred words, and roses are as necessary to the cottages as the clay in which they thrive? And, further, where did all those people in *Mr. Britling* come so handy to the writer's tool box; characters fitted to their parts and brought in at opportune moments from all the neighbourhood to the bewilderment of the reader, for surely never have so many varied and interesting characters been put on the platform at once?

The answer is simple. Britlingland grew out of a ghost story told in a romantic, old-moated Tudor House a few miles from "Matchings Easy," which is Britling for Little Easton.

At Horham Hall, which was once the home of Burleigh, with whom lodged Princess, afterward Queen, Elizabeth, lived for some years Mr. Lancelot Cranmer-Byng, whom Britling readers will better recognise in Mr. Laurence Carmine. Mr. Byng began twenty years ago to lay the foundation of Britlingland by having *al fresco* house parties at his picturesque mansion, where ghost stories were acted and their fame was spread to literary circles in London. He moved later into a pretty cottage by the banks of the river Chelmer, where may be seen some relics of the various an-



"MR. MANNING'S" LITTLE COTTAGE—THE BRITLINGLAND COUNTRY HOME OF MR. RALPH D. BLUMENFELD, EDITOR OF THE LONDON "DAILY EXPRESS"



MR. WELLS'S HOME AND THE FAMOUS HOCKEY FIELD

cestors who have gone to their last account in rather unconventional ways—one of them, Strafford, Charles the First's minister, on the scaffold; Cranmer, the archbishop, by the rather unpleasant method of burning, and Byng, the admiral, on his quarter-deck, *pour encourager les autres*.

a fine country house. Near by also, at Great Easton, resides Mr. S. L. Bensusan, humourist, naturalist and famed writer of *Countryside Chronicles*. He, too, has a gem of an antique house with a wonderful barn, all beams and nooks and corners. All around in this fascinating neighbourhood live the Brit-



THE BRITLINGLAND HOME OF MR. GWYNNE, EDITOR OF THE "MORNING POST"

Presently, some sixteen years ago, the seclusion, the idyllic charm and the mediæval environment drew to one of the cottages a London journalist who had been a visitor and participant in the Horham-Hall ghost stories, Mr. Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor of the *Daily Express*, who is disguised in the book as Manning, a journalist. His little and ancient farmhouse developed year by year into something larger and more comfortable. They have a habit in Britlingland of utilising the centuries-old barns for living purposes. The "Manning" barn of 1610 was added to the "Manning" cottage by the simple process of building a connecting link between them, and so, out of the two, arose

ling people in the loveliest of lovely old houses, and into this backwater of a placid life came one day Mr. Wells as a week-end guest. He, too, fell a victim to the seductions of the countryside, where there were none of the usual drawbacks of other countrysides—no "county" people, no formal invitations to dinner, no receptions, nothing. All you had to do was to get on your bicycle, your trap, your motor-car or your feet and drop into lunch at one of the various interesting homes that had sprung up in the neighbourhood.

There was De Vere Stacpoole, the brilliant writer of that brilliant romance, *The Blue Lagoon*; there was Gwynne, the editor of the *Morning*

Post, the paper read by butlers and duchesses; there was Lieutenant General the Hon. Sir Julian Byng, K.C.B.—the “Colonel Rendezvous” of the book—and his wife, Lady Byng, who has written several first-rate novels; there was Thring, the son of the great schoolmaster of Uppingham; there was Con-

old barn with its lovely beams, the water garden and the park beyond belonging to Easton Lodge, where lives “Lady Homartyn,” who may or may not be Lady Warwick.

There is nothing finer than his description of the German tutor whose original lines have been retained to the



THE CORNER FROM WHICH MANNING, THE JOURNALIST, EMERGED AFTER COLONEL RENDEZVOUS' VAIN SEARCH FOR HIM

rad Noel, the most picturesque Christian socialist, and the Countess of Warwick, the most beautiful socialist, and Robertson Scott, the writer, and then others and others still, all living within a radius of a couple of miles. Mr. Wells has taken his characters literally by the scruff of the neck out of his neighbours' houses and put them in his book. From this one he has taken something, to that he has added, but, all found, they are as God made them, to be recognised by all and sundry; though, of course, their conversations are not their own, but Mr. Wells's. His own house at Little Easton is described as faithfully as if it had been photographed—the lawn where the famous hockey matches are played, the

very stiffness of his bow. Herr Heinrich was in reality Herr Kurt Bütow. I shall never forget that Sunday in August, the day before war was declared, when he called to say good-bye. He had been ordered home to Germany. As Mr. Wells says in his book, he did not want to fight: “The hands of fate paused not for Herr Heinrich's embarrassments and distresses. He fretted from his room downstairs and back to his room, he went out upon mysterious and futile errands toward the village inn, he prowled about the garden. His head and face grew pinker and pinker—his eyes more and more distressed. ‘I have to go,’ he said. ‘I must go right up to London to-day . . . then they

will tell me how to get to Germany. I must pack and I must get the taxicab from the junction, and I must go. Why are there no trains on the branch lines on Sundays for me to go by it?"

"All this morning," said he, "I have been trying to pack and I am unable to pack. My mind is too greatly disordered." The taxicab . . . came presently to carry him off, and the whole family and the first contingent of hockey players gathered about to see him off. "We'll come to the village with you, Herr Heinrich." . . . "No," said he, sitting down into the automobile. "I will part with you all together—it is too much." . . .

"Good-bye, Herr Heinrich."

"Auf Wiedersehen, Herr Heinrich."

"Good luck." . . .

"The taxi started with a whirr . . . the dog-rose hedge cut off the sight of Herr Heinrich's little face. Then the pink head bobbed up again. He was

standing up and waving the panama hat . . . careless of sunstroke. . . ."

That was the last we saw of him. The poor fellow probably lies in some unknown soldier's grave in the East, a victim to the brutal war system which he abhorred so much, but to which, like a dutiful Prussian, he paid the full toll.

Mr. Wells and his American motor-car, nicknamed Gladys, are duly drawn upon at the beginning of the book. Indeed, he has not overdrawn his experiences as a motorist. Bent mudguards were a characteristic of his automobile activities, to which the station-master at "Matchings Easy" will testify; and this station-master, with his roses and his garrulous talk, is there for everyone to see and interview. He has become not a little proud of his new-found world notoriety. For years he has sat in his little station watching the three trains that pass him each day, with only occasional stops. When the Amer-



A BRITLINGLAND COTTAGE DINING-ROOM



EASTON LODGE, THE HOME OF LADY WARWICK



THE BARN THEATRE WHERE ELLEN TERRY GIVES FREQUENT PERFORMANCES

ican visitor came to "Matchings Easy" he was amused because at Bishops Stortford they told the engine driver to stop the train at his destination. To-day the station-master is an important personage, who has been interviewed by Lon-

in Britlingland, a people apart from those whom you will find in any other English county; homely, honest and lovable, with a language of their own which is as quaint as they are themselves.



A PLAY BY BRITLINGITES AT "MATCHINGS EASY." COLONEL GIBBONS, D.S.O., MRS. HUGH CRANMERBYNG AND MR. JOHN GIBBONS REHEARSING "THE FURRINER," A LOCAL PLAY BY MR. S. L. BEN-SUSAN, ONE OF MR. BRITLING'S NEIGHBOURS. THE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE LOCAL CARPENTER'S

don reporters for his participation in *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. The "man with the side car" is Mr. Voules, the son of Henry Labouchere's *collaborateur* in *Truth*. He lives in a Christmas-card cottage near by; and the baby who is nearly struck by the hockey ball is a real baby who will one day slap his chest and point to the line in the book where his escapade is recorded; and the old parson is there true to life with his desire to be pleasant to everybody, and fulfilling his desire to the letter.

They are a quaint people the natives

Many of them, in the whole course of their lives, never leave the few miles or so of country which surrounds their native village. There is to-day an old man in "Matchings Easy" who has never seen a railway train. The local carrier, chin-whiskered old veteran, once offered him a lift in his cart into Dunmow, three miles away, to see the one morning train from London come in. The old fellow was indignant. "Come forty year," said he, "I ha' lived in this 'ere little ole village and I 'ont howd wi' these gret ole trines. Time I was a

boey I ain't never seed or heerd o' they, an' I count I'll go to me little ole funereal wi'out so much as a sight on 'em"—and the old man turned on his heel and walked slowly and with dignity to the patch where his "taters grewed" in his little garden. To go to Dunmow to see a train was to go to a "furrin" land. There were no trains when he was a lad. That was enough for him.

So the people of Britlingland keep their old customs and ways and are exactly as they were three hundred years ago. The old families are still there, the old houses still stand. Says Mr. Wells: "Lots of this country here has five- or six-hundred-year-old families still flourishing. That's why Essex is so much more genuinely Old England than Surrey, say, or Kent. Round here you'll find Corners and Fairlies, and then you get Capels, and then, away down toward Dunmow and Braintree, Maynards and Byngs. . . . And there are oaks and hornbeams in the park at Claverings (Easton Lodge) that have

echoed to the howling of wolves and the clank of men in armour. All the old farms here are moated because of the wolves, and the cottages still wear thatch. . . . This country is a part of the real England—England outside London and outside manufactures. It's one with Wessex and Mercia or Old Yorkshire—or for the matter of that, Meath or Lothian. And it's the essential England still."

Britlingland is, indeed, a survival of the Middle Ages. It is too far from London to be contaminated by modernity. There are no picture shows except those which are occasionally brought to the Barn Theatre on the estate of Lady Warwick by one or other of the residents. Here, too, at the Barn Theatre there are occasional plays with Ellen Terry as stage director! It is an odd country where you meet Cabinet Ministers as week-end guests in the cottages, and people of world-wide reputation contending away for dear life against children and Britlingites for the honour of a win at Sunday hockey.

WOMAN THE DAMNABLE—AND WHY

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

EVER since man became vocal in lilting numbers, or, at least, ever since he began to can his language for the benefit of posterity, his words have borne evidence of frequent attacks of irritation, anger, scorn and horror aimed against woman. He has called her damnable, a foul fiend, the deadlier species, the source of all evil and other scathing epithets without number. But when he was not thus calling heaven to witness his loathing for his God-given rib he was pouring upon her torrents of admiration, extolling her goodness to the skies and humbling himself at her feet. His illogical, contradictory attitude toward her has, of course, puzzled and bewildered woman, but it has puzzled man himself still more. He had to account for it in some way, justify himself to himself—and to woman. And so, out of his contradictory rages and ecstasies, like a spider weaving a web out of her own belly, he spun a theory of sex antagonism and brought it triumphantly forth as the explanation of its cause. He found it a most interesting theory, very entertaining to play with and holding out engaging promises of usefulness. Unfortunately for his hopes, woman was not disposed to take his theory, whether as plaything or as prod, with serious attention, and by her attitude invited him to "guess again."

One of him has guessed again, and has hit the bull's eye squarely in the centre. That is, his answer to that old riddle is merely by implication. For Vance Thompson, in his new book on *Woman*,* is not in the least concerned with this particular by-product of the facts with which he deals. But as he marshals his facts and marches on to his conclusions the answer to that old puzzle of mascu-

line psychology is so evident in his exposition that it stands forth like a display advertisement. But for Mr. Thompson these, and a dozen other questions, are merely adventitious matters. What busies him is to find the ultimate cause of woman's unrest, to trace back to their beginning the forces of the feminist movement, to find out why, every now and then through all the ages, woman has broken, or tried to break, out into rebellion against the customs of her time. I have read many, many feminist books, but I must give to Mr. Thompson's *Woman* the credit of being the frankest, truest, simplest and most compact exposition of the causes and the meaning of the feminist movement that has ever come to my attention. It is also the most entertaining in the manner of its writing. Whatever may be your opinion upon the feminist question, Mr. Thompson permits you to have no dull moments. In every paragraph he is either arousing you to red wrath and high indignation or he is stirring you to delighted applause, or bubbling amusement, or admiration of his fertile fancy and nimble wit. It is a picturesque and a provocative book—but it is not likely to provoke in any two people just the same feeling about it.

Briefly, Mr. Thompson finds the explanation of the modern feminist movement and of all of woman's attempted rebellions in the past in the "sex specialisation" man has imposed upon woman, his insistence that she should be a "female being" rather than a "human being." In the author's picturesque phrase, "he thrust her into a sex-coop, precisely as a Strasburg goose is shut up in a coop," and then proceeded to make her "all sex" just as he makes the other "all liver." Mr. Thompson hammers this idea home in any number of ways

**Woman*. By Vance Thompson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

and rings the changes upon his comparison, using his phrase as noun and verb and adjective until the "Strasburg-goosed woman" becomes for him and for the reader a type so comprehensive and vivid that it needs no further description. He goes back beyond the dawn of history into the twilight of legend and ranges down through the centuries, telling how man did his best constantly to "Strasburg-goose" his mate and how woman struggled against the treatment; how sometimes she broke away and what she did when she succeeded for a time, and also what she did when she accepted her coop and took her own revenge.

"If you will look back," says Mr. Thompson, "you will see that all history is gashed and bloodied and poisoned with her fierce and subtle sex adventures. She has taken many a vengeance royal. I should say, rather, that she has taken many a female vengeance, for men had left her merely the weapons of her sex. . . . Almost all the literature made by man is taken up with lyric complaints or dramatised recitals of this subtle warfare the female has waged on his comfort or his life. If he is not bleating his passion, like the senile Goethe, he is snarling his misogyny, like Euripides. . . . Man created this over-sexed thing and it turned and gave him to drink—holding high the jeweled cup of sex-poison. . . . She was precisely what a life of sex-specialisation had made her—a being of mystery and selfishness, treacherous and perverse, source of dreary carnal pleasures and moral tortures, evocatrix of jealousies, turpitudes, crimes; and under her impure suavity lurked the fires of hate, violence, rancour. . . . Two ways of warfare she had: One was, by sex-weapons, to conquer the individual male—and almost all literature, history and art record this epic duel; her second method, foreshadowed in matriarchal septs and Amazonian raids, has been developed chiefly in latter days—the method whereby women unite, in more or less definite organisation, to claim their half-share of human-

ity. That first method of taking vengeance on the individual man furnishes all the dark and tragic stories of humanity—its infamies haunt the ages. . . . When women united as women—as human beings—their cause took on new aspects of heroism and clean-minded honour."

There have been other writers upon the woman question who have spoken more or less distinctly upon the part the sex-specialisation of woman has played in the bringing about of her unrest. But I do not know of anyone who has so straightly and honestly tracked the culprit to its lair, dragged it forth and held it up to shame and scorn as Mr. Thompson has done. Perhaps he sometimes permits himself a richer colouring or a stronger emphasis of statement than the facts demand. But that is a matter of individual taste and if he sometimes seems a bit florid or whimsical by the same token he is adding to the piquant savour of a very individual book. The fault I find with him is not that he has said too much, but that he has said too little—has not seen the full sweep of his subject. He has kept his gaze too closely upon woman herself and has not looked out widely upon all civilisation and told how it has stewed and sweltered in the reeking atmosphere it has created and poisoned itself with by its insistence upon the sex-specialisation of half its members. Any physician, any sociologist, any first-hand dealer with the world's iniquities knows how vastly many of them grow out of that one evil root. But, after all, Mr. Thompson was not writing a general treatise, but merely trying to find out why woman has been so many times a rebel, what she is rebellious about now, and what she is seeking to attain. So, doubtless, he felt that to enter that larger field would lead him too far astray from his purpose, which is, finally, to make practical application of his conclusions about this matter to the present stage of the woman's cause.

Mr. Thompson evidently believes in the feminist movement very earnestly

and ardently, believes that it is coming, very soon, to its full fruition and that it will bring about a better world. And so he urges upon women the whole-hearted doing of whatever will help that movement on its way. He urges them to work for the ballot, whose possession, wherever they have it, he says, "has made them better women and made, withal, a comelier world to live in for all three of us: man, woman, child—the eternal triangle." He urges also that women reform their methods of dressing. "I do not care a tuppence," he declares, "how a woman dresses when she is bent on sex-capture. Then she may wear what she pleases. She may put on silks and spangles and all the fallals that she has found, by experience, help to blow a man down. When she goes out dressed like that men will know what she is about—and can take to cover." But if she wants to be a human being rather than a sex being, he tells her, she must throw away the sex badges she has clothed herself in for so long and "dress toward the norm of humanity." "The human dress," he insists, "is for humans occupied with human affairs; it belongs to men and women alike." He sees this forward step of woman partly taken already and he "hails the Human Being coming down the road, woman, breeched and gaitered and coated and capped."

The chapter which Mr. Thompson devotes to this phase of his argument—he calls it "The Battle of the Breeches"—has special interest just at this time when the uniforms, of which breeches are so often a feature, adopted by the women of Europe for war work of one sort or another are having their influence upon the costume of American women. Doubtless to many good souls that very frank chapter will seem not a little like sacrilege and a thing for horrified condemnation. I advise everyone who feels like that upon the first reading to read it over again, to read it a great many times, until, from being a monster of horrid mien, familiarity with its ideas will

make them endurable, even, perhaps, admirable. For so might they prepare themselves for what is coming. It has been on its way for a generation, but of late it can be seen advancing more and more rapidly. In my youth I knew a dear, sweet woman who used to tell me how she had been stoned in the streets, years before, because she wore bloomers. That long ago protest against the traditional garb of woman was a most unlovely experiment, but the stones that soon dissuaded its brave wearers were thrown, not because it was ugly and awkward and cumbersome, but because it was a protest, because it was a rebellion, because just simply it was not a skirt. Protests and rebellions of this sort nowadays are much more pleasing to the eye and the only stones that are thrown at them are the disapproving words of scandalised good souls, which, somehow, do not strike as forcefully upon the rebellious as they once did. But the biggest and most impelling factor in this imminent evolution in woman's costume is the fact that the hundreds of thousands of women, young and old, who have gone out into the world to help do its work and take their full share in its play feel the need of that change, know how much it will mean to them in comfort and efficiency, are preparing their minds for it and presently some little whim of fate, or accident, or fashion will send them forward with a rush and they will go tramping down the road into the future, "breeched and gaitered and coated and capped," like the pictures one sees of some of the women war-workers of Europe, and all of them wondering why they did not essay the adventure long ago.

To my mind, Mr. Thompson's book, deeply searching and keenly discerning though it is in its discussion of most of the phases of the woman problem, and especially of that vital heart of it all, the age-old sex specialisation of woman, grows evasive and even blind when it comes down to what is to-day the biggest and most difficult practical problem of the whole matter. And that is the

economic status of married women. He recognises fully the importance of the economic phase of the movement and insists earnestly and pungently upon woman's proven ability to do her full half-share in the work of the world and her right to an equal wage for all her work. But he did not see, or, if he saw, he chose not to discuss the very great importance and the peculiar difficulty of this factor of the problem.

In all the talk about the importance of woman's work in industry, in civic affairs, in the professions, about what she can do and what it is for the best good of civilisation she should attempt to do, the modern world is prone to forget the importance of the work which nobody can do but woman, the work for which she is especially woman. Some day, when the ordinary interests of life begin to lose their savour, I foresee myself leading a crusade round about the world whose purpose shall be to preach the importance of being a woman. The world has heard in its former centuries a great deal of maudlin sentimentality about the power and glory and wonderfulness of motherhood. But nobody believed it, in their hearts, and nobody took it for anything but what it was, mere empty sentimental compliment—one of the candies fed to the Strasburg-goose woman in her sex-coop to keep her contented. But modern investigation and discovery have put the matter into a glowing light. The sciences of biology and hygiene and sanitation and heredity and psychology and pedagogy have shown what a little lump of white clay is the infant in its mother's arms and how wonderfully wise and good and far-seeing and capable she must be if she is to discharge her job of being a mother with anything like the efficiency with which she would have to measure up to any job in the outside working world. As wife and mother and homekeeper she has a responsibility to her own family, primarily, and to society in equal measure so big and of such vital consequence that no other job in the world equals it—not that of any statesman or general or leader of any

sort. But she takes it up without knowledge of its duties and responsibilities and possibilities, without training for them, with almost never even the slightest conception of them. She is not to blame, doubtless, for the world heretofore has not considered her special duties of much consequence, her education has not enlightened her about them, and the effect of modern education and training as to the relative values of life has been to minimise the importance of the specially feminine duties, pleasures and responsibilities in comparison with those of work in the outside world.

But even if the importance of the work of a woman as wife, mother and homekeeper is recognised, straightway the question tangles itself up in the mazes of the problem of the economic independence of woman. It goes almost without saying that if woman is to free herself from that sex-coop wherein she has been "Strasburg-goosed" ages without number—the thing that has made her so poisonous to humanity that man has cried out that she was "accursed" and "damnable"—she must be economically independent of man. But how can she be economically independent if she puts in the middle third of her life at a job for the world that brings in no money?

The socialists make theoretical solution of the problem by demanding State pay for mothers. It is a vicious suggestion which would prove a Pandora's box. Too precious to humanity are the ethical values of the father's responsibility to be thus lightly thrown away.

The question states itself concretely something like this: A girl well endowed physically, mentally, morally, spends her youth and young womanhood, just as her brothers do, fitting herself for some self-sustaining work as a physician, or an artist, or a secretary, or a librarian. She has no income but that which she earns, and after a few years of successful work and the freedom of economic independence she marries. What is she to do? Is she to try to combine the duties and responsibilities

of the special woman's job she has taken upon herself with the earning of an income outside her home, and so be unfair to herself, her husband and her children in order to retain her economic independence? Is she to receive the gift of an "allowance" from her husband that will barely cover the expenses of her household and her own clothing? Is she to ask him for every ten dollars that she needs while she remembers with bitterness the joy of her own earnings?

Nobody, so far as I know, has yet found an answer to this problem that meets adequately all the necessities of the case. For the answer, whatever it is, must be such a method as will enable the woman to conserve her own health, give thought and care and time and knowledge to her most important

job of wife and mother and home-keeper, preserve her sense of economic freedom and independence, and lose none of the high, eternal values of close union and co-operation between husband and wife, father and mother. And it must recognise, so emphatically that neither she nor society will ever again lose sight of it, the surpassing importance to civilisation of her job.

When the answer is found and a settlement of the economic status of the married woman provided that does justice to all three sides of "the eternal triangle, man and woman and child," then, I fancy, the last echoes of those old maledictions against woman as the accursed and the damnable will die away, never to be heard again.

REPRESENTATIVE GHOSTS

BY BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

ONE of my best student writers hung six feet of discouragement over my desk. "What's the matter?" I demanded.

"They tell me down at the office of *The Yearly* there's no use writing ghost stories. They won't sell."

"Oh, won't they? What about Kipling's *Swept and Garnished*, Edith Wharton's *Triumph of Night*, and—"

"Established writers, they say. Only excuse they've got for buyin' 'em."

For the moment I was inclined to waver, but only for a moment. "Young man, what is literature, anyway?"

"But I'm talking about the short story," he persisted, innocent of epigram.

"The short story would not be the popular vehicle it is to-day if it were not a reflection of life."

"But is the ghost story popular?"

"Look through the *Reader's Guide*, at the long list in Mr. O'Brien's *Year-book*—"

"But isn't it outworn? Didn't John Kendrick Bangs burlesque the type in his *House Boat on the Styx*?"

"A man by the name of Lucian did pretty much the same things some two thousand years ago, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*."

"Well, of course, now, I'm interested in my ghost story—"

"Better go on with it, hadn't you. All great writers have been interested in the supernatural."

How does the ghost story reflect life? inquires the sceptic. Have we not got past the stage of development at which mankind believes in the return of spirits?

Not in the least. Man doubtless will be interested in ghostology until the last of the race has given up the ghost. In the first place, phenomena beyond the probings of philosophy allure man to the supernatural. He sees through a glass

darkly. The riddle of the universe, itself, as Lafcadio Hearn puts it, is a ghostly mystery. From curiosity, which cannot be satisfied by mere science, springs an attempt to pierce the darkness and to solve the mystery. Intellect alone creates a supernatural world. In the second place, human affection, grieved at the passing of the beloved, strives to conquer sorrow by envisioning the dead as living anew in some hereafter. Out of that realm, the rustle of a wing or the touch of a hand suffices to comfort. It is but a truism that all heavens are ghostly, from the Elysium of the Greeks to the supernatural plane of Sir Oliver Lodge's Raymond. As a corollary, all hells are ghostly. Desire evokes the heavenly spirit, fear dreads the one from hell.

Besides, there are persons who possess "nerves," persons whose acute sensibilities enable them to see what the average of men and women may not see. Does one not give to them, and to clairvoyants, a certain degree of credence—even though one may dispose of the vision as a mental projection? Does not one discuss the subjective manifestation as though it were in very truth objective?

Finally, how can one doubt the evidence of the camera? "Vicar Says He Took Picture of Ghost. . . . Plate Reveals Old Man. . . . Wraith Has 'Flowing Beard and Abundant Hair.'" These are headlines from the *New York Times*, March 21, 1916.

From the above brief suggestions, it is evident that universal, every-day interest in ghosts, alone, will warrant their appearance in fiction. It is not even necessary to fall back on the truth that fiction, governed by laws of its own, may justifiably create its own world with fit inhabitants. For a consideration of the ghost story enforces the recognition

that most of the apparitions presented are such as may appear to anyone at any time. They are so substantiated by laws of reason that even the doubter may not scoff. Consider, then, a tentative classification:

1. The ghost which appears to the sick mind; for example, *The Phantom 'Rickshaw*.
2. The ghost which appears to the clairvoyant; for example, E. Nesbit's *Mystery of the Semi-Detached*.
3. The ghost which is evoked by one who desires it; for example, Kipling's *They*.
4. The "problematic" ghost, or the apparition which may be explained either as material or ghostly, or not at all satisfactorily; for example, Fitz James O'Brien's *What Was It? A Mystery*.
5. The "bona fide" ghost, or the wraith which is offered in good faith as a visitant; for example, *The Turn of the Screw*, by Henry James.
6. The "humorous" ghost; for example, Stockton's *Transferred Ghost*.
7. The "hoax" ghost, which is none. Kipling's *My Own True Ghost Story* is a modern example.

For the sake of economy, I offer only one example under each heading; but the reader will readily supply other instances.

Formerly, the *presence* of a spirit, the phenomenon, sufficed to hold a reader, particularly if the "atmosphere" was emphasised. But nowadays it is the ghost story of plot, the story which *explains* the presence of the spirit, which gives greatest satisfaction. In general—though let it be understood that the best story will show definite complication and solution illustrating these motives—these are the reasons for the appearances:

1. *Punishment*. The dogs in *Kerfol* which had been killed one after the other by their cruel master returned in a ghostly pack and took his life. At the time of vengeance, they appeared only to the wife of the villain, a woman who died "harmlessly mad." But they are visible now to the stranger who visits

Kerfol, and are accepted by the community.

2. *Warning*. The good spirit in *The Inn of the Two Witches*, by Joseph Conrad; the bad ghost in *The Triumph of Night*.

3. *Human companionship, or comfort*. The evil ones in *The Turn of the Screw*; the good, in *They*.

4. *Shadows of coming events*. Mrs. Gerould's *On the Staircase*. Such spirits, in retrospect, appear to have been ghosts of doom, worse even than the punishing spirits.

Then, there is the *genus loci* ghost, the familiar spirit of a place or object. His origin is apparently ancient; he is as old as Aladdin's Lamp. In some modern instances, such a spirit seems unable to free himself of the influence which caused his doom. Algernon Blackwood's volume, *The Empty House*, brings together a whole congregation of such ghosts.

Now, the physiological appeal of these ghostly personalities must be—for effect on the reader—not less strong than the psychological. Seeing is believing.

But so is touching: "Except I shall see . . . and put my finger into the print of the nails . . . I will not believe." The most convincing of ghost-story writers has prepared a case against the doubting Thomas:

The little brushing kiss fell in the centre of my palm—as a gift on which the fingers were, once, expected to close: as the all faithful, half-reproachful signal of a waiting child not used to neglect even when grown-ups were busiest—a fragment of the mute code devised very long ago.

Then I knew. . . .

So it was that Kipling's child spirit made its presence felt through physical contact.

O. Henry's gentle ghost of *The Furnished Room* manifested itself through the fragrance of mignonette. It was as though in striving to cross the bounds between the living and the dead the spirit found that the easiest way. . . .

Only as a voice, did Tom appear (*The Inn of the Two Witches*), "Mr. Byrne, look out, sir!" A striking appeal to the sense of sight is that of Mrs. Freeman's ghost in *The Shadows on the Wall*. The shade of the shade, in this story, was easier of accomplishment by the spirit than the shade in person!

Since sight, however, is the first of the senses, most writers make to it a brave appeal. Of course, the presentation of a picture is the technical aim, and the force of this presentation is in direct proportion to the author's skill in description. This is hardly the time or the place to enter upon a technical study of description. But for best effect in realisation of the ghost, here are some of the points to keep in mind:

1. Make an accurate setting. A staircase, a roadway, a room, a tower, a window.
2. Create a definite outline and position. Miss Jessel on the staircase, "in an attitude of woe," Quint at the window, cut off by the lower frame.
3. Repeat the ghostly appearance. The second self or other personality of John Lavington comes twice (*The Triumph of Night*); the "Upper Berth" ghost of Marion Crawford comes repeatedly.
4. If the ghost appears but once, let the visitation be attended by results which compel belief. The sequence of events in *On the Staircase*; the aftermath of the ghost-ship's visit (Richard Middleton's *The Ghost Ship*).

Another daring innovation represents the spirit appearing and talking, in broad daylight, exactly as the flesh-and-blood prototype might have done. In such instances, emphasis is placed on the *naturalness* of the phenomenon.

But a *tour de force* of "objectification" is that made by the "Mystery" of Fitz-James O'Brien. It had strength to wrestle with two men; it made on the bed where it was flung and bound a deep impression; it held in circular distention a rope around its "waist." Yet it was invisible. Moreover, in spite of the invisibility, it showed "form" in the cast

which was made of it. Perhaps in spite of these contradictions, there is no reader who will not continue the story to completion.

If these theories and principles are worth anything, they will find exemplification in any story popularly termed "good." Since any reader will grant that a sick mind may be obsessed, let us examine for interest a story of this variety. *The Phantom Rickshaw* is admittedly one of the best examples.

The story, it will be recalled, runs as follows: Jack Pansay in Her Majesty's employ in India, while returning to that country after a furlough at home, meets on the boat one Mrs. Agnes Keith-Wessington. A love affair develops, with a not uncommon sequel. After some months of association in Simla, Pansay tires of the woman. Later, he falls in love with Kitty Mannering. A week after his engagement is announced, Mrs. Keith-Wessington dies. Later, when riding with Kitty on the road where he had last seen Agnes, he meets her 'rickshaw and coolies. To his unutterable horror he sees Kitty and her horse "pass through men and carriage as if they had been thin air." The visitation appears again, and Pansay puts himself in charge of Dr. Heatherlegh. "Eyes, Pansay, all Eyes, Brain, and Stomach. And the greatest of these three is Stomach." The remedy is compounded of pills, cold baths, and exercise. After the doctor believes Pansay is cured, the officer rides out again with Kitty. Meeting the 'rickshaw, as before, he breaks down. "I have an indistinct idea that I dragged Kitty by the wrist along the road up to where It stood, and implored her for pity's sake to speak to It. . . . As I talked, I suppose I must have told Kitty of my old relations with Mrs. Wessington, for I saw her listen intently with white face and blazing eyes." Kitty throws Pansay over; he dies, the victim of a vision, and with the recognition that he deserves the punishment meted out to him.

The story holds, as good stories should hold, by the narrative values, primarily.

There are two lines of interest subtly intertwined. The primary line is that of the struggle between Pansay and the ghost: the former conquers. The secondary line is that of his love for Kitty and hers for him. The action and interaction of the characters bring about the entanglement of the two lines, and the solution, or in this story, the debacle. Suspense is aroused, first, as to how long Jack can prevent Kitty's knowing; second, as to what she will do; third, as to whether Jack will be cured; fourth, as to the outcome of the struggle.

Though the apparition was purely subjective, as is indicated by the fact that nobody else saw it (not even the horses perceived anything unusual; and animals are peculiarly sensitive to ghosts. In *The Return of Imray*, the dog Tietjens knows!),—though this is true, still the author has taken the trouble to picture the 'rickshaw and its occupants so well that the memory of the picture persists for the reader as of something he has himself seen many times. Kipling creates the place, or setting:

The scene and its surroundings were photographed on my memory. The rain-swept sky, the sodden, dingy pines, the muddy road, and the black powder-riven cliffs formed a gloomy background. . . .

The 'rickshaw stands out clearly against this background; the reader sees it vividly, and returns to it mentally on the reappearance of Agnes. Again, he draws attention by the *uniqueness* of his ghostly company: a black and yellow 'rickshaw, drawn by four coolies; in the seat, a woman reclining against the cushions, handkerchief in left hand. These salient details are etched on the reader's mind. They are as clear as the notches on the stick of Robinson Crusoe. Finally, Kipling has employed the principle of repetition. Every time, the scene is the road; the outline of the 'rickshaw party is the same; the colours are always those of the 'rickshaw "in life"; on every occasion the ghost of Agnes utters the same words. One cannot forget them if he would.

The use of the first person, the "I" narrator is supposed to carry conviction. But this trick has been employed too long to be regarded as more than a convention. Kipling might as well have told it all in the third person. Compare, for example, with this method, that of Mrs. Wharton in her *Triumph of Night*. The difference between the first and the third persons is, in my opinion, in favour of the American story. It is as though the author added her word to the word of George Faxon.

Henry James always found the ghost story the best form of fairy tale. He has his story of dual personality in *The Jolly Corner*, the ancestral ghost in *The Third Person* (the gentleman had been hanged, and refused to be "laid" until the maidens to whom he appeared also committed the crime of smuggling), the "evoked" ghost in *Maud-Evelyn* (wherein, paradox of paradoxes, the ghost marries and subsequently dies), and best of all the "bona fide" ghost in *The Turn of the Screw*. (This story may be, for many persons, a story of clairvoyance; I believe Mr. James meant the ghosts actually to exist, though without being visible to every one). Since Kipling and Henry James are the masters of the modern ghost story, and since one of the Anglo-Indian author's tales has just been used to illustrate in detail his power, I shall exemplify the "bona fide" stories with one of the American-English writer. If there were space, Kipling's *They* ought to be analysed as an example of the "evoked" ghost.

The Turn of the Screw is an atmosphere story of pronounced merit; yet as the interest lies, rather, in the explanation of the demonic spirits, it is not without value as plot narrative. Let us consider it from the following points:

Preparing the reader for the visitations; actually presenting them, and with convincing power; the result of the visitations.

Mr. James, then, attacks the reader's credulity by opening his story in a matter-of-fact way. At a party where ghosts are being discussed, some one tells

of a child that was haunted; another person, Douglas, knew of two children who were so persecuted. The requests for the story lead to Douglas's promise that he will send for and read the manuscript written by the governess of the haunted children. By the time it arrives, the reader is ready—with the household and assembled guests—to hear what has been recorded as fact and is offered here as fact by one who knew the writer. This "I-got-it-from-him-who-got-it-from-her" is an old device for inducing belief. By the time the reader has ventured easily through two or three doors, he finds himself in a new world, one governed by laws of its own. As a result of such induction, the immediate present fades; the world of fancy takes its place.

Here, then, are the steps in the exquisitely graduated scale whereby the author prepares for something out of the ordinary:

1. The gentleman, uncle of the children, in engaging the governess, stipulated that he did not wish to be troubled; the house and children were in Bly, Essex; the uncle lived in London.
2. When the governess arrived at Bly, Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper, was glad as if relieved.
3. On the evening of the first day, the governess heard and felt things,—the cry of a child, faint footsteps.
4. She learned that the little boy, Miles, had been dismissed from school, because of "injury to others."
5. She was told that the former governess had died.
6. After a peaceful time, there came a change which was like the spring of a beast. "Remarkable things presently gave their first sign."

Now, the ghostly appearances, given *seriatim*, are each so vividly presented as to create a permanent impression.

Vision Number 1: a man on top of the tower.

The reality of this impression is achieved by the governess first thinking

there is some one in the house about whom she has not been told. Second, she conceives that a tourist has taken a liberty.

Vision Number 2: the same man outside the dining-room window.

The governess sees him from within.

The window serves, as a frame, to strengthen the picture effect. So strong is the impression this time, that the governess acts on it. She runs out to intercept the man. He has disappeared. It is borne in upon her that he has come for some one else. Mrs. Grose enters the dining-room, and sees the governess outside; she runs out and intercepts the governess as the latter had tried to meet the ghost. Here, the effect of reality is doubled, by substituting the real woman for the ghost man. Between the housekeeper and the governess a scene follows, in which Mrs. Grose says that from the description of the intruder, he is Quint, the master's valet, an evil one. She concludes by saying that he had been found dead, as if from a stone cut caused by a fall. "Yes, Mr. Quint is dead."

Vision Number 3: This visitation occurs by the "Sea of Azof" (a pond in the grounds). Flora tries to prevent the governess's knowing that she, Flora, sees the ghost of Miss Jessel. The woman is in black, "pale and dreadful, on the other side of the lake."

After this episode, the governess talks with Mrs. Grose and hears from her that there was "everything" between Quint and Jessel. The governess fears the children are "lost."

Up to this point in the story, the author has been sifting out the necessary exposition, giving the reader just enough to understand clearly the next step. Now, as the governess writes, "I have at last reached the heart of the mystery"; Quint and Jessel are haunting the little boy and girl.

Vision Number 4: The governess meets Quint in the early morning on the staircase. The meeting is significant in that the governess

feels terror leave her, and knows that she will be capable of enduring the visitations for the sake of her charges. Quint walks away, down the staircase.

Vision Number 5: Miss Jessel on the staircase.

The governess becomes convinced that the children are playing a game of policy and fraud. "The curtain rose on the last act of my dreadful drama, and the catastrophe was precipitated." (In this sentence, the author puts into the mouth of his narrator his own concept of the story as a play. "Dramatise!" "Dramatise!" he constantly advises.)

Miles wishes to know when he is going back to school. The fencing match in which the two engage is one of the cleverest sparring passages in literature.

Vision Number 6: The governess, on entering the study, sees Miss Jessel seated at the table.

After this visit, the governess declares to Mrs. Grose that the children are possessed by Quint and Jessel, who are suffering the horrors of the damned, and want the children to share their torments. Another dialogue between Miles and the governess is filled with *double entendres*. At the end of the scene, as the governess exclaims, "I just want you to help me to save you!" the candle is blown out, while the boy shrieks "between terror and jubilation."

Finally, the governess writes for an interview with the master. She leaves the letter lying on the hall table, while with the housekeeper she goes in search of Flora. They observe that she has rowed across to the farther side of the lake. The governess overtakes her, by walking around the lake, and ultimately asks, "Where, my pet, is Miss Jessel?" Miss Jessel appears, again, in

Vision Number 7: She stands, as before, by the lake; obviously Flora sees her, as does the governess. Mrs. Grose is exempt.

Flora turns shrieking from the governess, and is taken into the house by Mrs. Grose. She never sees the governess

again; for it is decided that Mrs. Grose take her away from Bly.

Vision No. 8: The final appearance. Again, the figure of Quint at the window.

Miles and the governess are in the dining-room. She tries to elicit from him that he took the letter. The ghost of Quint looks in, as before. The governess turns the child away, that he may not be enticed. When he confesses, after an agony, that he stole the letter, the ghost disappears.

Vision Number 9: A reappearance at the window.

The governess again conquers, in the struggle for the boy's soul. Miles, however, dies under the dispossession. Here, then, ends the story.

The technically perfect effects in description are too obvious for comment. They indent themselves upon the reader's mind with the sharpness of an engraver's tool. Not easily will they be erased.

Rather note here, as at the end of other good ghost stories, the aftermath of conviction. The boy died, in the supreme effort to free himself from the spirit's domination. From this single instance, which may be expressed in general terms, as the effect on character of the visitation, it is but a step to a series of methods whereby conviction may be gained through the aftermath. Sometimes a warning or a prophecy is fulfilled, as in *The Inn of the Two Witches; On the Staircase*. In other stories, indisputable evidence compels belief; for example, the cast in the *Mystery of O'Brien*. Again, paradoxically enough, the destruction of evidence, is peculiarly convincing; as in Kipling's *At the End of the Passage*, where the destroying of the photographic plate seems to say that it bore the record of the Thing Hummil saw. W. W. Jacobs's *The Monkey's Paw* is particularly gratifying in this respect. After the son's spirit has been evoked by the use of the paw, the father—who has "worked" the charm—uses it to make his third and last wish; for he does not desire his wife to see the apparition. The

knocking ceases; for the return has been negated by the same spell which caused it. Moreover, such an ending offers satisfaction to the reader who persists, after all, in being a sceptic.

Some days after the conversation re-

corded at the beginning of this article, I spoke to the student again.

"How is the ghost story coming on?"

"Which one?" he laughed.

"Didn't you call it *The Compact?*"

"Oh, that went for three hundred dollars. I'm writing another now!"

AN UNKNOWN PRINCESS

(Lines on the Painting by Leonardo da Vinci)

BY DOROTHY GWYNNE ROBERTS

A GOLDEN fillet binds your brow
 Encrust with pearls and rubies, so
 We hail you as a Princess, but
 No more we know.

And were you one who gave a price
 For jewelled crown and robe of red
 And did the bargain pay, or best
 Remain unsaid?

No, rather to a kingdom born
 Descent from lordly sires you trace,
 Sereneness of accustomed power
 Lies in your face

And knowledge of the ways of earth
 And of the ways of men is there,
 The love of princes and of kings,
 For you were fair.

What pattern wove you in your life
 With strands of gold or woof of grey?
 Who were you? But a painted face
 Remains to say.

We know you not, although you were
 A Princess, yet the same as we;
 To us the loss, to you, who've lived
 What need of memory?

THE MARRIAGE IDEAS OF H. G. WELLS

BY WILFRID LAY

I

JUST as William James was described as the psychologist who writes like a novelist, and his brother, the novelist, was said to write like a psychologist, so I would describe H. G. Wells as the novelist who, though lacking therein nothing of charm and artistry, writes like a psychoanalyst. Let it be remembered that the distinguishing trait of the psychoanalyst that marks him off from the old style psychologist, either of the more ancient "faculty" variety or of the more recent "brass instrument" species, is the entirely new point of view. The old style psychologist refers everything to consciousness, the newer psychologist, the psychoanalyst, sees all the manifestations of mental activity more nearly in their true relation to the Unconscious.

In one place Wells writes: "The human mind has a much more complex and fluctuating process than most of those explanatory people who write about psychology would have us believe," and in another place that no one would think of going to a psychologist for help for his soul; and yet I am convinced that Wells is in possession of detailed knowledge of the European working out of the psychoanalytic theories of Freud and Jung and their several followers.

Not only does he hint, in *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* at his acquaintance with these theories, by the mention of a book: *Die Sexuelle Unterschiede der Seele* by a Professor "Limburger," but in *The World Set Free* he says: "The next science to yield great harvests now will be psychology," by which he means of course a fully developed psychoanalysis; and he gives direct evidence of his knowledge in the words: "The psychologists of the years [following the great world war of 1956] are learning how to mould minds, to reduce and re-

move bad complexes of thought and motive, to relieve pressures and broaden ideas."

In his treatment of individual social relations he gives, in his two novels *The Passionate Friends* and *The Research Magnificent*, the most prominent place to the sexual relations, exactly as the psychoanalysts do. In the former he shows us a man who is deserted by a woman, and in the latter a wife who is deserted by a husband, thus giving artistic expression to two of the possible causes of marital tragedy. In *The Passionate Friends* Lady Mary Christian is the one in whom the repressing force of the social environment overcomes the natural love engendered in her youth, and makes her marry Justin, who can support her in the high position to which she has been accustomed.

It matters little that she is ever unable successfully to repress the promptings of her primordial love for Stephen, or that both he and she marry apart and have children of their unromantic unions. The Unconscious of each of them is as firmly bound to that of the other as if there had been no other marriage. The absolute and primal union, the union of souls, took place in their youth before ever she saw her legal husband or he his legal wife. And the expression of that fundamental soul-union is manifest from time to time during the story. It breaks forth in innocent ways with unmistakable clearness, and it also results in the suicide of Lady Mary.

In *The Research Magnificent* William Porphyry Benham and Amanda Morris are another case of young love of the absolute type. They marry, but he has ideas which drive him to travel, leaving her at home. It is of no importance that in his absence she receives the embraces of another man. The book makes it perfectly clear that Benham is

the real deserter. The woman is not blamed in the least. "A woman can't wait about like an umbrella in a stand!" Benham hears of Amanda's quite excusable unfaithfulness and comes home from one of his long trips to kill her. But when he sees her, even in the arms of her lover, he loses all desire to kill her, and offers to divorce her. She makes one last supreme effort to keep him, but, not succeeding, returns to her paramour. Benham is subsequently shot dead in Africa.

Social pressure keeps Lady Christian from marrying the man of her true heart's choice. A magnificence of ideas, amounting almost to megalomania, prevented Benham from remaining in all his acts true to Amanda, without, however, taking any other woman. He simply finds that the person who is following the larger life, as he sees it, cannot be a lover. He was not without appreciation of the fact that his conduct lacked something of being normal. "He had an extraordinary persuasion that in some way he was in default, that he was to blame for her distress, that he owed her—he could never define what he owed her."

Thus is indicated his unconscious conflict. His soul was torn as was Lady Mary's in the other book, by the pull of his unconscious love for the real soul mate against the abnormal magnificence of the ideas which filled his conscious life. He was as unable to reconcile his conscious thinking and his unconscious craving for Amanda as was Lady Mary to overcome her conscious rationalisation of her position in society and give herself up body and soul to her unconscious love, and the man whom she loved with the greater part of her being. Hence there was tragedy in both partial unions as there ever is and ever will be. Wells in his characteristic way, with rare selection of incidents, and with unfailing felicity of style shows forth the fatal antagonism that sometimes exists between the conscious life and the unconscious craving. He shows the utter impossibility of the present custom of marriage

in some of its individual combinations, but he does not clearly indicate any solution in these books; as indeed, in a work of art, why should he?

Instances of Wells's realisation, whether witting or unwitting, of the great part played by the Unconscious in the actions of all persons are numerous. Stephen Stratton is exceptionally unconscious, to use Wells's own word. In Paris he feels the "pulling of some pre-natal experiences" and later wondered at what had occurred "in some odd corner" of his brain. He writes and tears up numerous letters to Mary, manifesting in so doing the forces at work of which he was barely conscious, and which afterward caused him to "keep up an impalpable correspondence in his thoughts" with her. In him that undercurrent was steadied and controlled by his conscious activities, by his work in the world, so that he remained sane; while with her the paling of her interest in mere dinners and parties turned her unconscious thoughts ever toward him and resulted in her starting that actual exchange of letters into which she put so much of herself.

That this form of sublimation of her unconscious craving for him was unsuccessful is shown by her final suicide. Her subliminal love for her first lover broke through and was confronted first by the impossibility of satisfaction under the present existing conventions of society and second by her realisation that nothing but absolute union with him could satisfy her. Her thoughts, in several passages, are shown occupied with the problem of possession. She consciously revolts at the thought of being owned, and from the insistence with which she opposes her being a captive like a barbarian one gets the feeling that in her heart of hearts nothing but complete ownership of him and by him would satisfy her.

It is indeed a fact that a strong unconscious trend in the direction, let us say, of a wish on the part of a woman to be owned, will express itself in a conscious effort not to be owned, and an

active verbal struggle against being owned, as if compensating for the unconscious wish. It is much as if the unconscious wish were felt as a background into which Lady Mary fought against sinking. The same unconscious conflict goes on in the soul of Stephen, and this trait of both of them exemplifies the universal antithesis, or, as it is called, ambivalence in the soul.

To Stephen, even though he speaks of himself as largely unconscious, a knowledge of his essential incompleteness without her, without his possession of her, both body and soul, had come early, and he consciously made efforts to compensate for this lack in his life. He married a good woman and found work to do which was congenial to him. But, unfortunately, Mary, whose profession of affection for him is at first quite open and frank, could not realise the preponderating importance of her attachment to him. Hers was really more unconscious than his, in spite of her verbal avowal of love, and, like the unconscious element in the composition of all of us, it was more potent for her feelings, *because* it was unconscious. The more of the soul that moves with us, the less are we aware of the drift of the conscious part of us; the larger the body which moving carries us along, the less we perceive its motion. The world, on which we travel one thousand miles an hour in one direction and one thousand miles a minute in another, seems to be absolutely motionless and we appear to move upon it with our own proper motion only. Thus our unconscious which is as much larger than our conscious mentality as the sphere of the earth is larger than our own bodies, carries us along with its own cosmic motions and velocities and we think, until we begin to study it and compute its dynamics, that we are controlling ourselves and our motions and activities. Stephen had some perception of this difference. Mary was impelled toward her fate by the cosmic craving over which she had the less control because of her ignorance of its very existence. In all this Wells shows clearly his knowledge

of the modern psychology of the Unconscious.

II

The two novels already discussed deal with the inevitable separation of interests which, in modern society, makes a breach between husband and wife. *The Passionate Friends* shows the woman consciously giving up her love for the man, but retaining it unconsciously. In *The Research Magnificent* the man's love for the woman is battled down by the forces of society, quite within his consciousness, while at the same time his unconscious love retains its former strength. In *Marriage* we see at first a conscious modern conventional union which, in the case of Marjorie and Trafford, is based on the unconscious primordial craving. But in about seven years Trafford wishes to continue his scientific researches, but is not wealthy enough to supply her with all the money which her excellent taste and her natural extravagance lead her to take from him.

He is forced to enter business, where he makes a great deal of money and she goes on spending it, until she proposes to him to take a still larger house. To this he demurs and in a surprisingly original way. Realising that their divergence in views is largely conditioned, if not entirely caused by her following the requirements of the world of society life in London, he announces that he is going to leave London for a year and live in Labrador, in order to get away from the whirl and *think*. She elects to follow him, and here is the difference between the present novel and the other two. The married pair in this case, instead of separating, keep together. Their conscious, conventional union and their unconscious love were at variance. They could no longer fail to see that they had in spirit separated. This was a heroic effort to get together again, in which they both shared, unlike the unconscious lovers in the other two books. The result is all they could have wished for. The privations and sufferings evoke from the depths of the unconscious of

Marjorie all the primordial passion for Trafford which the excitements of London and the necessary divergence of aims in man and woman in the social stratum in which these two lived, had obscured. In the snows and cold of a winter in Labrador their old warmth of love returns, and each succeeds in approaching the other in a way that we are led to think would have been impossible otherwise.

Trafford comes to see that it is better for him to study men than to explore the motions of atoms and is ready to take up a new life in civilisation. Marjorie is impressed with the futility of her extravagant life of dinners and other social events. She even announces that she wants to have more children, which is the clearest expression of her determination to play the part of a real woman, and quite in line with the findings of psychoanalytic investigation which shows that the greater part of the physical ills which come to woman in modern society originate in the struggle of woman against fulfilling her place as a mother. At any rate this appears to be the solution, proposed by Wells in *Marriage*, for the problem which confronts all married people sooner or later. They are to reduce their living to the lowest possible terms, at least for a time, and, in the simplicity of mere physical existence, there come the thoughts that will enable them to go on living in society, and not be deceived by the confusion of it all.

Our relation to our Unconscious is much like that of a man to a ship on which he is walking. He can walk only the length of the ship; he sinks and rises with its motion through the waves and he is forced to go in the same general direction it takes. The drifting of a huge hulk with all sails set, helplessly in cosmic currents without a pilot adequately represents the mental and spiritual life of most people. Occasionally on some of these vessels the sails accidentally pull and the boat shoots off in one direction or another. But on most there is neither sail nor pilot. And the novelist, sailing as it were, in an aéro-

plane above, watches with emotion and records how the vessels, ranging in size from skiffs to galleons, drift and veer and collide—and sink. Like the psychoanalyst, he tries to get the people on board to learn how to navigate, and to reach some port with their vessels.

I do not know whether Wells has ever used this simile, but he is eloquent in many places concerning the aimlessness of humanity in the muddle in which it is now and has always been, complicated. And the physicians, now at last in this twentieth century, are beginning to take a greater part than they have ever done before in this struggle for intelligence. It is with the novelist's attempt to educate, however, that we are now concerned.

III

In a sentence from one of the novels and a condition described in another, I find that Wells suggests a standard of sexual morality which is dual, to be sure, but is a standard for the woman and not for the man. He thus seems to reverse the usually accepted positions of the sexes in this matter. In *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* he gives us a soul portrait of a woman who spiritually never became Lady Harman—a woman who, though married to a cash-register of a man, and the mother of four of his children, was nevertheless a virgin in her mind, like the Susan Lennox of David Graham Phillips.

Wells's discussion of sexual problems is thus not only frank and penetrating, with apparently conscious knowledge of the psychoanalytic contributions to the theory of sex, but he gives an extraordinarily original and strikingly novel view of the situation. Man is by nature more virginal than woman. Man's spiritual loss by sexual irregularities is greater than woman's. Woman can be overpowered by aggressive man. No amount of aggressiveness on a woman's part can overpower a man. Therefore man's mental co-operation is necessary while woman's is not. Woman has the faculty of dissociating the psyche. She can give

her body without in the least implicating her soul. Man, on the other hand, is incapable of loving a woman even if she offers herself. He becomes, without the co-operation of his psyche, an Adonis to her Venus. The implication of man's soul in his amours is more nearly universal than woman's in hers, in spite of all the opinion to the contrary. So, I imagine, Wells thinks when he says that "that one illicit step" "changes all the aspects of sexual life for a man even more than for a woman."

Possibly this may be Wells's way of attempting to arouse in men a finer sense of the sexual relation, with the idea that in rejecting his remarks on the comparative unimportance of feminine virginity, his men readers may be affected as it were by a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* and advocate the single standard for both sexes. But he shows us, in *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman*, a man who for money has sold his soul, or whatever substitute he may have had for a soul, and a woman who has virtually sold him her body. With an absolute spiritual detachment, secured through her British bringing up, she keeps her maiden meditation fancy free of him forever. As a mere school girl she is married to him, and, until she has been married to him several years, and has had time to see the very little of the world which her circumvallating Sir Isaac permits her, she has not the slightest inkling of an idea of what it may really mean to a woman to love a man, and that in spite of the four children she has born him.

This British slave of the Harem of One, who has in memory idolised her father, comes to know Mr. Brumley and finds in her new lover a man who seems as if he might be a brother to her, which is as near as she, poor child, comes to the really romantic at that time. Sir Isaac and she had absolutely nothing in common except the physical relation of marriage, and so carefully had she, as a girl, been trained in the duty of a wife, according to the British standard, which Wells so scathingly satirises in his novels, that she did not in the least know what

it was to be a wife in the highest spiritual sense other than her duty, as she understood it, demanded. "Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that neither had ever talked about anything to anybody. . . . So far, he had either joked at her, talked 'silly' to her, made, as they say, 'remarks,' or vociferated. That had been the sum of their mental intercourse, as indeed it is the sum of the intercourse of most married couples."

It is quite different in *Marriage*. There Trafford and his wife meet first in an intellectual atmosphere, next in a situation where he makes a great impression upon her for coolness and daring, an aeroplane accident, and begin their love making and continue it on both levels, physical and spiritual. And when the distractions of London threaten to separate their spiritual intercourse, they fly, first to the Alps for a walking trip, in order to keep up their mental acquaintance, and then, after several years more of London life, which again threatens their souls' integrity, comes the flight to, and their souls' communion, their final fusion, in the privations and snowy loneliness of Labrador.

The relations of the conventional marriage to the lower level (physical) and the higher level (spiritual) love of man and woman Wells has covered completely. This two-level bisexual union he has shown in *Marriage*, together with the dangers which assail it, caused by man's misunderstanding of the requirements of society. In *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman* we read of the union sanctioned by convention but, on the woman's part, entirely wanting in love of either level. In *The New Machiavelli* we have Remington's union with Isabel Rivers, absolutely deprived of conventional sanction, and in *Ann Veronica* we have the same, except that Capes is represented as entering social relations again under an assumed name—a sort of partial sanction, it might be called—and of the lower level love without society's sanction we read *passim*, in Mr. Britling's eight amours, in Remington's first illicit step in the hotel in Italy, in Pro-

thero's solution of the problem in *The Research Magnificent*, and elsewhere.

More because of what is unsaid than of what is said we feel that Wells changed his mind about the desirability of the union of lovers without social sanction. In the novels previous to *The New Machiavelli* he implies that a sacrifice to the two-level love when it is felt to be perfect and irresistible, justifies a total discounting of the conventions of society. In *Ann Veronica* the rejection of the social dictates is not complete. In *The New Machiavelli* it is. The impossibility of love being perfect without both levels and without the co-operation of society is shown in the other novels. The need on the part of both man and woman for a union sanctioned by society is shown in all the novels. The cause of this need lies deep in the nature of the sexual desire itself. The most notable contribution to the understanding of love problems made by psycho-analysis may be expressed by saying that the individual at birth has a large number of what are called erogenous (or love-creating zones distributed all over his body, and that they are collected as it were, before the time of reproductive union, into one system called the genital zone. The fact that the affections of love have at one time and another in infancy and in childhood invested every part of the body makes necessary the later co-operation of every possible human thought and action as an element in the preparation for the creation of a new individual. It makes possible the complete transformation of the individual's ideas of the world when he is really in love. It is what necessitates true love being all or nothing. No possible human relation is without its direct or indirect effect upon the love of man and woman. That is why the least element of the illicit in it spoils everything.

The lovers like Remington and Isabel in *The New Machiavelli* seem for a time to be making a heroic sacrifice in going against the world when he deserts his wife for Isabel. This but emphasises the strength of their passion, which

breaks all restraints; but Wells leaves us in no doubt of the failure of it all. Every social ambition of both lovers, from which they had so much triumphant expectation, had to be given up. In their Italian retirement they were unable to carry on what had been the most absorbing work of their combined intellects, and we are left to imagine what is the result of completely excising from a two-level love everything which belonged to the higher level. The sad reminiscent frame of mind in which Remington is represented as seeking consolation and employment for his great powers, in writing his story, gives a pathos to *The New Machiavelli* which makes it the most tragic of all his novels, and makes it the greatest argument for the reconsideration by society of some of its rigid restrictions upon marriage.

IV

In *The Research Magnificent* we are given a well-developed example of the so-called mother image. This is the continued influence of the mother upon the child long after her influence should normally cease. Its effect upon the daughter is found to be quite different from that upon the son. But as there is in this book no daughter relation in evidence, we are obliged to confine our attention to the effects upon the son's career. Benham's mother, from whom he was separated at an early age, though not too early to annul the effect of her influence, is introduced to us as a woman who was consciously endeavouring to play a great part in his life. According to the decree of the divorce which separated her from the elder Benham, she was to see her son only once a year until his majority. She made the most of these occasions, "staging" them as we are told so as to produce the deepest impression upon her son. When he becomes of age she gives him several thousand pounds a year, personally sees to his being established in an apartment in London, and engineers his social life for ten months, which is as much as the young

man can stand even with the help of an admirable mistress, who, we sometimes suspect, has been provided with the extraordinary foresight of the mother. All of the influences with which the mother surrounds him are absorbed by him but without real satisfaction. He breaks away from them, marries the girl of his choice, a choice which to his credit is a good one and completely outside of the pale of his mother's influence.

But the mother influence remains in his Unconscious, dictating to him what he shall expect in his wife, and when he finds that he cannot get from her the kind of response which he has sought, from his ideal of what a woman should be, namely one who behaves in many ways like a mother, he runs away from his wife exactly as he ran away from his mother, and takes his satisfactions in the Research into what he conceives true nobility to be. What he expects in his wife is that she shall be a woman who can think of and with him, and not be disturbed if he goes off on long journeys in search of the true aristocrat and the "invisible king." He finds, however, that Amanda is quite unable to live as he desires her to, under those circumstances. She even entertains a lover in his absence, and he comes to the sorrowful conclusion, which psychoanalysis too has reached, that there is no such woman to be found. There is, in other words, no woman who can be a sexual and an asexual mate at one and the same time. He is looking for a psychological contradiction or impossibility. Had he not had so devoted a mother he would not have looked for so great devotion in his wife.

Thus his ideas of what a wife should be are inevitably conditioned by the character of his mother as he thinks of her. He is absolutely blind to the significance of his mother's having run away from his father and married another man, and having on this second husband's death married a third. Had he taken this fact into consideration he might have been led to suspect some such necessary action on the part of Amanda when he gave her so great and irresistible a temptation. But

with characteristic blindness he saw only one side of his mother's character, which shows that to the ordinary man his mother is never a woman merely. She always has something of the goddess in her, a superhuman perfection, which he is fatally prone to expect in the woman he marries, unless he leaves the mother influence early enough, which Benham did not, to realise for himself the limitations of the wife woman.

The expressions of Benham's unconscious attitude toward his mother are shown in a score of passages. He traces fear to the necessity of returning to the mother, even in animals. "The fear of a fully grown tiger sends it into the reeds and the shadows to a refuge that must be still reminiscent of the maternal lair." *Mr. Britling Sees It Through* shows the mother influence motive in the sketchy love story of the American, Mr. Direck, who remembered that Cecilia Corner "was like that old daguerreotype of a cousin of his grandmother's that he had fallen in love with when he was a boy. It was her smile."

The most striking result of the psychoanalytic discovery of the powerful force of the Unconscious upon the conscious life of men and women is the realisation that there is a continual struggle going on between these two, consciousness and the Unconscious. Wells sees this unconscious conflict between the completely unconscious or unknown factors, as well as the struggle of the conscious factor against the unconscious one. He is constantly reproducing situations in which the effect of the unknown element in conduct is clearly indicated. When, for instance, he says: "We stood together through a pause—a hesitation" or "I found myself hesitating on the verge of phrases in the quality of a review article. It was too unreal for her presence and yet it was this she seemed to want from me," or "a sense of fine things entangled and stifled and unable to free themselves from the ancient limiting jealousies which law and custom embody," or "Their hands touched momentarily . . . and then came another of those signifi-

cant gaps," or "The thing that had been latent so long between them," or "The suppression of his discovery that his honeymoon . . . was merely an impulsive pleasure hunt was by no means the only obscured and repudiated conflict that disturbed the mind and broke out upon the conduct of Benham. Beneath that issue he was keeping down a far more intimate conflict. It was in those lower, still less recognised depths that the volcanic fire arose and earthquakes

gathered strength," or "Benham had no plans yet but only a sense of divergence, as though he was being pulled in opposite directions by two irresistible forces," or that "Man is and always has been a sheath of varied and even incompatible possibilities, a palimpsest of inherited dispositions"—in all these expressions Wells gives ample proof of his knowledge of the fundamentals and the details of the new science of psycho-analysis.

SNAP-SHOTS OF ENGLISH AUTHORS GEORGE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

A SEVENTH son of
L'esprit de France and England's humour;
Foster-child of a grimly gentle Castilian
Ready with Moorish proverbs but most *simpática*
(The Spanish is untranslatable);
His governess surely a sailor's daughter
Who has dabbled in all the arts;
His tutor the self-made H. G. Wells;
Eve, his first sweetheart;
Then all of the lovely ladies
Whom Villon laments—
Never was hand more tender
When dealing with women,
More just in the weighing of men!

ABOUT RUG BOOKS

BY H. G. DWIGHT

A judge at common law may be an ordinary man; a good judge of a carpet must be a genius.

Edgar Allan Poe: *Philosophy of Furniture*.

I

WHENEVER we are hard up for amusement—as may happen even in royal Ecbatana, since Alexander went away—we turn over our rug books. Of these we have quite a collection. For the head of the house is himself a man of rugs; and when a new book about them appears, as is sure to happen once a twelve-month, the good people at home send him out a copy. I do not think he ever bought one on his own account—in English. But they help to console him for the fact that only one copy in three of *Life* or *Punch* reaches us. What can we do? Our destiny has given us to know from our youth up a quantity of simple matters which to this day remain dark to most writers of rug books. And man must laugh. At any rate, I must confess that we find it impossible to take these volumes very seriously, not even the fattest and most expensive of them, whose authors' names are pronounced in whispers by all ladies in America. They remind us too much of Babu English, and of what Persians say about our own side of the world.

There are, of course, rug books and rug books. It is not for a light-minded nomad to mock at the famous Austrian folios, at Bode, Martin, or Strzygowski, or even at Mr. J. K. Mumford. Mr. Mumford is by no means infallible. But his limitations are those of opportunity, rather than of good faith. To him alone is due, in our country, the credit of having made some sort of order out of a picturesque chaos. He inquired, he studied, he travelled; and his book remains

after seventeen years the most informing that has been published in America. If he pays the penalty, so does he deserve the glory, of the pioneer. And I hereby offer him a humble tribute of respect for having blazed out a way which many followers have done almost nothing to widen.

Having acquitted one's conscience of this debt of honour, one is bound to add that if we take Mr. Mumford down, on those dark days when *Life* and *Punch* fail to turn up, it is chiefly for certain unessential items of information which he lets drop. As for the flock of which he is the spiritual father, I grant that they generally give more practical information, wherever they got it, than their cousins oversea, who love to bring forth sumptuous tomes more enlightening with regard to the myth of the Golden Fleece, or the tomb of Iouiya and Touiyou than to the knots and knottinesses of rugs. But it is hard to escape the conviction that without Mr. Mumford the names of few of these ladies and gentlemen would ever have seen print. What enables them to get away with it, as the saying so expressively goes, is the great interest in Oriental rugs which prevails in our country, and a greater ignorance of the countries from which they come. These authors have, of course, their own regroupings and emendations. But either the literature to which they contribute is a new proof of an old saying about great minds, or one recognises again and again Mr. Mumford's general plan, Mr. Mumford's facts, Mr. Mumford's textile tables, and Mr. Mumford's mistakes, down to his very quotations and turns of phrase. Or was it already an established jargon of the trade to abound in "conceits," and never to fail to say of a border stripe that it "carries" such and such a design? At all

events, whenever I come across a reference to Professor Goodyear, to Owen Jones, or to Sir George Birdwood—he who had the courage to write at the top of a learned sheaf of paper, “The Termless Antiquity of Integral Identity of the Oriental Manufacture of Sumptuary Carpets!”—I cannot help asking myself if the author knows any more of the works in question than he gleaned from the pages of Mr. Mumford. But it is not because any of them ever so much as breathe the name of their ghostly parent. “For fifteen years,” says Mr. Mumford in the preface to his fourth edition, “I have persistently ‘winked at ‘Omer’ down the road,’ and ‘Omer’ has never once ‘winked back.’”

To make a complete catalogue of the misinformation which the rug fraternity hand on from one to another would need “a painful man with his pen, and as much patience as he had, who wrote the *Lives and Deaths of the Martyrs*.” A characteristic if mild example is the name Yürük, applied to a certain class of Turkish rugs and translated with astonishing unanimity by our authorities as mountaineer. Whereas the real word is Yürük; and while some mountaineers are Yürüks, all Yürüks are by no means mountaineers. For the name literally signifies a man who walks: i.e., a nomad. A more complicated case is that of the napless carpets known in Persia as *gilim** and in Turkey as *kilim*. None of the rug books seem to be aware of this simple fact, and their spellings suffer accordingly. They all mention, however, a variety which they call *kis kilim*. I, for one, have never heard of it out-

*The reader is reminded that the spelling followed in this paper is that of the Royal Geographical Society. The consonants all have their customary English pronunciation, except that *c*, *g* and *s* never encroach upon the sounds of *k*, *j*, or *x*. The vowels are pronounced as in Italian, each separately and none silent. Thus the Kurdish towns Sine and Sauj Bulak have two and four syllables respectively. I use accents only to indicate the stressed syllable, borrowing the German *umlaut* for a *u* which does not exist in our language and the French circumflex for a still more unfamiliar Turkish *i*.

side a rug book or a rug shop. One reason, perhaps, is that there is no such word in Persian or Turkish as *kis*. Mr. Mumford explains a *kis kilim* as being a winter covering, thereby leading one to suspect that his informant was a Smyrniote. God has gifted the Levantine merchants of Polycarp's city with eloquent and with ingenious tongues, but not with tongues that are able to pronounce the Turkish language. *Kish kilimi* should be the true term—if it actually exists. But Mr. Mumford's followers, taking a little further counsel, inform us that a *kis kilim* is a girl rug, to which they attach an affecting history of dowries and what not. And they are equally wrong, since the word to which they refer should be *kiz*, with a vowel sound that neither a Greek nor an American can pronounce. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

Not so incorrect, perhaps, but more misleading, is a whole family of words which our authors use in classifying rugs according to their uses. Thus they tell us that the long rugs technically known as runners were originally intended for divan covers; and they make quite a story of the arrangement of an Oriental interior, dragging in the classic triclinium and fixing the places of greater and of lesser honour on rugs of different sorts. I have no doubt that Mr. Mumford has seen Turkish rooms surrounded on three sides by divans, and divans covered with runners; but I doubt very much whether he ever saw anything of the sort in Persia or other parts of the East that are farther from western influences. Nor can the allusion to the triclinium be otherwise than imaginative when the habit of the Near East is to eat on the floor, squatting about little round tables six or eight inches high. The real origin of the runner was probably in the tradition of the tent. In Persia particularly, sets of rugs are quite common, of the same pattern and colour, consisting of one large carpet, of a runner as long as the carpet is wide, and of two more runners the length of the carpet plus the width of the first runner.

Such a set is called, like a team of horses, a *dasté*, literally a handful; and its purpose is for furnishing tents or rooms of different sizes with the same rugs, piecing out the carpet when necessary with the accompanying runners. Mr. Mumford's name for those runners, *makatlik*, has justly been discarded by his successors, who give them their true name, common to Turkish and Persian alike, of *kenari*. *Makatlik* may roughly be translated as sofa covering, and *kenari* as bordering—from *kenar*, edge.

As for the so-called *odjalik* or *odjaklik*, which I would correct and simplify as *ojaklik*, many descant feelingly on its place in Oriental hospitality, though no one attempts to fix its place with relation to those usually mythical divans. It means, if you insist, a hearth rug. But I question if many of them can have been made for that purpose, for the simple reason that nothing is rarer in an Oriental house than a hearth. The cooking is done when possible outside, in the open or in a detached kitchen; while for heating, fireplaces are much less popular than braziers or a device called in Persian a *kursi*, set in the middle of the room and covered with a quilt under which the family stick their legs. The Turkish name for this invention is *tandur*; and if a rug were used in connection with it, the last thing a guest would be invited to do would be to take his place thereon. At night, however, he would be given such a rug to sleep on, and perhaps another to keep himself warm withal. So most of your hearth rugs, good people, are nothing more or less than beds.

The various other words ending in *lik* which Mr. Mumford was the first to introduce are not much more trustworthy. In the first place they are all taken from the Ottoman Turkish language, and therefore do not apply to weaves from other countries. In the second place that *lik* must be accepted with discretion, being a suffix something like our own suffix—ing. *Heibelik*, for instance, must be accepted with double discretion because it should be *heibelik*

and because *heibé* alone means saddlebag—*heibelik* meaning, among other things, the material out of which saddlebags are made. And in the third place the vowel sound of that suffix undergoes variations which this is not the place to explain but which the rug books never indicate. Misleading in another way is the so-called *hammamlik*, or bath-rug; for while rugs may be found in the dressing-rooms of baths, they are never used, as the rug books state, in parts of baths where they come in contact with soap and water. Still more misleading, however, is the term *turbelik*. It does not mean a grave rug, nor do the people of the Near East leave rugs in cemeteries. What they very frequently do is to leave rugs as votive offerings in mausoleums, which are much commoner than with us and which go in Turkish by the name of *türbé*. Thus the so-called grave rug is really identical with the so-called Mecca rug, which is often a prayer rug, but which the more discerning of our authors recognise as forming no distinct species.

The most serious of this family of errors is the one relating to the word *sedjadeh*—or *sejjadé*, as I would prefer to spell it. Mr. Mumford's disciples have improved upon him in certain minor details, but no one of them has ever yet discovered that a *sejjadé* and what they unidiomatically term a *namazlik* are both one and the same—namely, a prayer rug. This is a case where a little knowledge of Oriental languages is good for writing about matters Oriental. For *sejjadé* is derived from the Arabic root meaning worship, and by no means signifies a carpet of medium size. It may, however, be a carpet of medium size, or of the largest size. Many Turkish mosques contain huge Ushak carpets whose design consists of a multitude of pointed panels. Such a carpet is as much a *sejjadé* as a small rug of one panel. But to say of the latter that every Mohammedan carries one around with him, or so much as owns one, is absurd. If that were true, prayer rugs would be commoner

than any other kind of rug, which is far from being the case.

Of all the gibberish that has been written on this subject, it would be hard to find more crowded into one page than may be read in Dr. G. G. Lewis's *Practical Book of Oriental Rugs* (2d edition, page 321). After the usual remark about every Mohammedan possessing his own prayer rug, the author goes on to say: "By means of a small compass he spreads his rug so that the *mihrab* or niche points toward Mecca, where Mohammed's body lies. Then after removing all money and jewelry from his person, in order to appear before God in the most abject humility, he combs his beard, produces a rosary of ninety-nine beads and a dried cake of earth which came from Mecca. These he places just under the niche and then, resting his head on the earth with his hands outstretched on either side, he performs his devotions. The *mihrab* or niche on which the worshipper places his head represents the door of a mosque and reminds those who use it of the sacred mosque at Mecca." And elsewhere Dr. Lewis propounds the interesting theory that the *mihrab* "is supposed to imitate the form of the *mihrab* in the temple at Mecca" (page 121), and that the so-called comb designed on some Turkish prayer rugs is "an emblem of the Mohammedan faith to remind the devout that cleanliness is next to godliness" (page 108).

Now hardly one of these statements is true. Compasses are sometimes carried by pilgrims and travellers, but so rarely that the different directions in which they pray is one of the stock matters of pleasantries among Mohammedans. Far rarer is that precious cake of dried earth from Mecca; and the preparations for prayer have more to do with running water than with a comb, which most decidedly is not an emblem of the Mohammedan faith. Neither are you ever likely to see a rosary of ninety-nine beads—though you might see one of sixty-six beads. The common number is thirty-three; but the rosary plays no part in the

rite of the prayer rug, and when used its place is in the owner's hand. Nor does he remove money and jewelry from his person unless they happen to be of gold and he happens to be extremely orthodox, which is why so many fine Oriental stones are set in silver. As for the procedure of prayer, the devotee first stands, then drops to his knees, and finally prostrates himself, repeating these three positions a different number of times according to circumstances. And the pointed panel of the prayer rug neither represents the door of a mosque nor the *mihrab* of the temple at Mecca. The temple at Mecca contains no *mihrab*, being itself the centre of the axis of the Mohammedan world. Moreover Mohammed, as it happens, is buried in Medina. What the panel of a prayer rug represents, if anything, is the *mihrab* of an ordinary mosque—a niche roughly corresponding to the altar of a church; and the finest of single-panelled rugs were made to put into such a niche. Most devotees content themselves with any kind of carpet or matting to pray on—or even their own coats, if other conveniences lack.

Do you wonder, then, that rug books are capable of affording us a kind of pleasure their authors never intended? On the whole, I think Dr. Lewis is our favourite. He is also the favourite of those who buy rug books, if one may judge from the fact that he went in two years into two editions. And his book would have deserved its title if he had only taken the trouble to make it accurate and consistent. As it is, how can we keep straight faces when he talks about Greek Mohammedans (page 222) or reveals to us that a talismanic triangle is often tattooed on a Turk's body (page 137), or says that green is a favourite colour of Persian rugmakers (page 79), or announces that a dog is considered in the Near East a sacred animal (page 110), or emits such samples of Turkish as she is spoke as *ubrech* and *sechrudisih*—for *ibrik* (pitcher) and *sichan dishi* (rat's or mouse's tooth)? The pearl of this collection, however,

is his statement that *lulé*, of all words the most mystifying to his brothers of the craft, is "a corruption of the Persian word 'roulez,' meaning 'jewel'" (page 349; cf. 163). Some Armenian rug dealer must have stuck a fluent tongue in a capacious cheek when he achieved that etymology—for I would gladly entertain the hypothesis that it did not burst from the brain of Dr. Lewis. So far as I am able to learn, there is no word in Persian which remotely resembles *roulez*. There is a word *lu'lu*, which is a less common word for pearl; and in another place Dr. Lewis provides the form *roules* with that meaning. But *lule* is no corruption of it—nor, as Mr. Mumford avers, of the French *roulez*, though he is on the right track. *Lule* is a word which both in Persian and in Turkish means pipe or tube. And it is applied not only to Bijar but to any smallish rugs which are too heavy to be folded when out of use, and are therefore rolled.

On matters of geography and spelling I am willing to touch the more lightly, knowing how far the East is from the West and how recalcitrant the English alphabet to render its own sounds, let alone those of other languages. But after all, libraries do exist, containing fairly reliable books of reference. And even in New York and Philadelphia, whence emanate most of these instructive works, there dwell orientalists of repute, who might conceivably have information to impart. Yet our authors seem to prefer to consult, if not one another, then the Armenian rug dealer around the corner, or haply some traveller returned alive from what they invariably term "the Orient." Thus we learn from Mr. W. D. Ellwanger of the most accessible region of "the Orient" that "most of the rugs of commerce in this country come from Persia, Turkey, Asia Minor, Turkestan. . . ." (*The Oriental Rug*, page 13). Is a surprised reader wrong in drawing the inference that Turkey and Asia Minor are supposed to have no connection with

each other? Of the latter Dr. Lewis informs us that it is bounded "on the south by Arabia, the Mediterranean and Red Seas" (page 342). And Anatolia is usually spoken of as if it existed in some fourth dimension entirely outside the peninsula in question. Whereas the name is merely the Greek one for Asia Minor—from which the Turks derive their Anadol.

It is perhaps not unnatural that the rug-geographer becomes more involved in obscurity as he penetrates farther into "the Orient." Kurdistan, for instance, is to him a constant stumbling block—as indeed it is to most westerners, who do not readily take in the conception of that Asiatic Poland, with its loosely related semi-independent tribes living partly under Persian and partly under Turkish suzerainty, and producing within a few miles of each other such totally different weaves as the Bijar and the "Sehna." Whence does Dr. Lewis find it in him to say that "the southern part of Armenia is called Kurdistan" (page 218)? Of Persia proper I have read astounding things, of which not the least astounding is that no one but Mr. Mumford seems to recognise Iran as the name by which the Persians at this moment designate their own country, whence will appear the true beauty of giving that name, as dealers and rug books love to do, to a certain class of rugs from the province of Irak Ajemi. And even Mr. Mumford opens the preface of his fourth edition with the strange information that "the past decade has witnessed in Persia the downfall of a dynasty, and indeed of the throne itself. The oldest of empires has been for a space the newest of republics. . . ." While elsewhere (page 165) he says "that the Persian of to-day is a transplanted Turk, that the language used over the greater part of the empire is a peculiar form of Turkish, and that the pure Persian, the Iranian, is a *rara avis* in the land whose name he bears." The pure Persian is no doubt as rare a bird as the pure Italian, say, or the pure Christian. But while the reigning dy-

nasty is of Turkoman origin, and while a Turkish dialect is spoken in Azerbaijan and—to a lesser extent—in the neighbourhood of Hamadan, the vast majority of Persians neither understand it nor are transplanted Turks. Mr. Mumford's mistakes, however, usually lie in a too broad application of a particular fact. He would be incapable of announcing, like Dr. Lewis, and of twice repeating, that Laristan and Luristan are identical (pp. 202, 349, 350).

As for Turkestan and the Caucasus, they might as well be Mars and the moon. I cannot deny that the Caucasus is politically a part of Russia—though I would not stake my head on the certainty of its so remaining to the end of time. But no Russian ever made a rug, or least of all a Yürük rug, as Mr. Ellwanger seems to intimate (page 63). Nor, as the rug books inform us with wonderful unanimity, is Kazak a corruption of Cossack, the case being exactly the contrary. And if the Caucasus be Russia, so are the trans-Caspian provinces. To call them so, at any rate, would save the rug-scriveners from the No Man's Land they make of that vast and little-visited region. You would think, to read their classifications, that east of the Caspian one name is as good as another, and that it is all the same whether you say Bokhara, Merv, Khiva, Samarkand, or Turkestan.

In the finer points of orthography the rug book people are not wholly to blame for the fantastic things they do. Englishmen and Americans have always been notorious for the liberties they take with foreign names. But there is more than a suspicion of unscholarliness in the unsystematic spelling of these books, their general failure to give a key to their own pronunciation, and the importance they attribute to variant forms. Dr. Lewis perhaps expresses their general state of mind when he confides to us (page 341, note) that "in the Turkish and Persian languages the vowels are frequently silent and the characters do not stand for single consonants, but represent combinations of

sounds as in shorthand, so that the same word is spelled in a great variety of ways when it is translated into English. . . ." Mark that "translated"! It is true that the Arabic alphabet is short of vowels, and that the different races who use it twist it as variously as the long-suffering Roman alphabet is twisted by the different races of Europe. But neither in Persian nor in Turkish are there shorthand combinations of consonants—unless the same thing may be said of Greek and Russian, which are richer than English in having single letters to represent such sounds as *th* or *sh*. The bottom of the matter is that neither Dr. Lewis nor anyone else will take the trouble to find out how a name is pronounced in its own country, and to choose a consistent method of rendering that name in English.

Thus it is that the author of *The Practical Book of Oriental Rugs* encumbers his pages with a quantity of so-called synonyms, which are nothing but variant—and usually very incorrect—spellings he has chanced to pick up. A case in point is the town of Elisavetpol, in the Transcaucasus, whose Tartar name of Ganjá or Genjé has caused fountains of ink to flow. Dr. Lewis calls the rugs of this district Genghis, which he directs us to pronounce Jen-gis, giving as "synonyms" Guenja, Guendja, and Guenjes. He goes on to state that "authorities differ greatly as to the origin of the name. Some say that the proper name should be Guenja, which was the ancient name of Elizabethpol, from whence they came. Others insist that they should be called Genghis, which is the name of the tribe of Nomads living in the vicinity of Elizabethpol who weave them" (page 267). If Dr. Lewis had thought fit to consult other authorities than his predecessors in the American literature of rugs, one or two of whom relate "Genghis" to the famous Jingiz Khan, he would very easily have found out that the elusive vowel sounds of that Tartar name—which is used to this day by thousands of Caucasians—vary be-

tween *a* and *e*, and that a final *i* is a Persian and Azeri Turkish suffix of origin, equivalent to the Ottoman Turkish *li*—by which Mr. Mumford not too correctly designates a man of Hamadan. A man or a thing from Hamadan is locally termed Hamadani. And so, by a perfectly comprehensive contraction, Ganji, which, about as nearly as can be arrived at in English, is the correct form.

Of Hamadan itself Dr. Lewis gives the baroque "synonyms" Hamadie and Hamidieh. Where in the world he fished up Hamadie I cannot imagine; but Hamidieh is a Turkish adjective made out of the name Hamid, having no more to do with Hamadan than our own adjective Augustan. Diverting as his "synonyms" are, however, it is when we come to the glossary at the end of his book that the rafters of Ecbatana—well, they can hardly ring, because they are neatly encased in mud. And how should the rug-book people know any better, poor dears? Yet why should they voluntarily, and with so little pains at verification or proofreading, throw themselves to the lions? One reason is that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an Anglo-Saxon to get it into his head that the *h* in Bokhara and Daghestan means something, and that practically every word in his Oriental vocabulary must be accented on the last syllable. To do so, at all events, would save him from such horrors as Af-ghan-is-tan, An-gó-ra, or Fer-a-ghan. Of the last I am happy to recognise that Dr. Lewis does not direct us to sound the *g*. And, after all, it is useless to attempt to reform the Anglo-Saxon world in the matter of pronouncing those two gutturals *gh* and *kh*. They are disagreeable sounds, and one must use disagreeable terms in describing them. The first is the noise you make in your throat when you gargle, while the second is the worst noise you make when you have a cold and set about clearing your throat—if you are ever so impolite as to hawk. But it will do you no harm to remember that those

sounds are perfectly distinct from a simple *g* or *k*, and that letters exist to express them in the eastern as in some western languages.

All this, of course, has little to do with the serious part of rug books, which is the description and classification of rugs. And even if we in Ecbatana cannot help an occasional chuckle, we know it is not fair to chuckle too loudly about people who have not been as lucky as we. One expert, however, authoress of *Rugs in Their Native Land*, confesses that "a residence of many years in Turkey, part of the time in the far interior, offered ample opportunity to continue the study of Oriental rugs begun in America." And elsewhere she alludes to her familiarity with the language of the country (page 130). I do not like to seem rude to a lady, but I could hardly help asking myself which of the various languages of the country the lady meant when I saw how she spelled names, and when I read that *khatchli*, alias *katchli* and *hardjlie*, used in describing the so-called Princess Bokharas, is the Armenian name for cross. The Armenian name for a cross is *khach*, which might better be simplified for Anglo-Saxon readers as *hach*. The Turks, lacking such a word of their own, borrow it from the Armenians—to say nothing here of the Greeks—and on occasion add their own suffix of origin, description, or possession, *li*. *Hachli*, therefore, is a Turkish form, meaning crossed, or having a cross.

Truth further obliges me to confide in the reader that I fail to find any particular evidence of Miss or Mrs. Dunn having availed herself of the ample opportunity she mentions. She misses her chance of writing something really first-hand and personal about rugs, even in that limited part of their native land with which she is acquainted, and she repeats many of the stock misnomers which the rug books bid fair to make permanent. Thus she classes the Mosul—Musul, I am told, is the local pronunciation—among Turkish products,

and states that more rugs are made in and shipped from that district than from any other except Smyrna (pp. 86, 100). As a matter of fact, comparatively few rugs are made in the neighbourhood of Mosul, and practically none are now shipped from there—or were before the war. The sole connection that a Mosul rug has with Mosul is that a certain class of small Kurdish rugs were once collected in that city by Jewish dealers on behalf of their principals in Bagdad. Since 1900 this trade has passed to the other side of the mountains, and Hamadan is now the market for "Mosuls." They are small, loosely woven, high-piled rugs of the poorer qualities, partly from Turkish, oftener from Persian Kurdistan, and from the region around Hamadan, extending even as far east as Malayir.

There are other things about the obscure subject of Kurdistan that a lady who has lived in the far interior of Turkey might have told us. But she leaves us to gather—which is far from the fact—that the inhabitants are all of the one Dersim tribe she mentions (page 102). And she lets slip a brilliant opportunity to tell her fellow-connoisseurs what none of them except Mr. Mumford seems to suspect, that the town they oftenest name "Sehna" is purely Kurdish, being—as Sauj Bulak used to be—the capital of Persian Kurdistan, and that "Sehna" rugs are Kurdish and not Persian. With regard to her travels in remoter regions of "the Orient" our authoress maintains a discreet reticence. But we can hardly assume that they include Persia when she makes a distinction between "Kirmansha" and Kermanshah, and asserts of carpets bearing the latter name that they are made in Tebriz. I hasten to add, however, that she is by no means alone in this astonishing belief. Mr. Mumford was the first to give voice to it, and it has been followed more or less faithfully by every one of his successors whom I have consulted except Mary Beach Langton, in her little book on *How to Know Oriental Rugs* (page

78). I might add in passing that the serious student will hardly learn from Mrs. Langton how to know Oriental rugs, but that she shows other evidences of having gone outside the pages of her colleagues for her information. The truth is that Kermans, Kirmans, "Kirmanshas," and "Kermanshahs" are all one and the same. They have nothing whatever to do with either Kermanshah or Tebriz, except that the modern industry in Tebriz was started by weavers from Kerman—or Kirman; I frankly confess that I have been unable to find out which is the more accurate rendering of that elusive vowel sound—who imported their own designs and methods of work. The Tebrizis, in turn, have influenced the modern output of Meshed. As for Kermanshah, it is hardly an exaggeration to affirm that no rugs are or ever were made there. The name grew out of the ignorance or perverted ingenuity of dealers, who knew nothing about so remote a town as Kerman, who were confused by its similarity to the name of Kermanshah, and whose romantic eyes were attracted by the termination of the latter. A "Kermanshah" is merely a better example of a modern Kerman. And when the rug is unusually big, and the dealer wishes to be unusually impressive, he pronounces it, out of the magniloquence of his own Levantine heart, a "royal Kermanshah." A precisely similar case is that of the so-called royal or princess "Bokharas"—which, as it happens, do not come from Bokhara.

Eliza Dunn makes a less pardonable confusion, and one that I do not recollect having encountered elsewhere, when she speaks of "Meshed or Muskabad" (pp. 103, 117). Meshed and Muskabad, or Mushkabad, are, in Persia, very nearly as far as the East is from the West. For Meshed is Meshed, while Mushkabad is Sultanabad—of the better classes. Mushkabad was the name of a town between Kum and Sultanabad which the long-bearded Fat'h Ali Shah destroyed about a hundred years ago, and Sultanabad is its modern successor.

Eliza Dunn might be surprised to hear that most modern Saruks are woven in the latter place.

I am delighted to give this lady the credit of recognising that the so-called Bokhara rugs are really Turkoman. But otherwise she does nothing to dispel the haze of ignorance that makes possible so preposterous a misnomer as "Khiva Bokhara." A Khiva Bokhara rug means just about as much as a Boston New York one, and it is time the rug people had the courage to say so. Our authoress runs the gauntlet of a certain proverb about a little knowledge when she asserts that the Turkoman "prayer rugs are called Tekke from their use in Tekkes or places of worship" (page 132), apparently oblivious to the fact that there are in Transcaspia tribes of Akhal Tekke, Merv Tekke, and heaven only knows how many other kinds of Tekke Turkomans. In the matter of Beluchistan, again, she veers a point

nearer the truth than most of her fellow scribes, who outdo each other in moving descriptions of the hot and arid homeland of Beluch rugs. I do not pretend myself to know anything about Beluchistan, or whether rugs are made in any part of it. I do know, however, that most of the Beluch rugs of commerce, if not all, come neither from Beluchistan nor, as Eliza Dunn states, from Kerman, but from Khorasan. They are woven by nomad Beluchis who pitch their black tents in the lower part of that province. The two chief markets for them are Birjand, the capital of that region and now an important centre of rug weaving, and Turbat-Haidari, some ninety miles south of Meshed—not to be confused with another Turbat nearer the Afghan border. In the Asiatic trade these rugs are rightly called Beluch. The other two syllables are added by logical-minded westerners jumping at conclusions.

(To be concluded.)

THE ROMANCE THAT WAS WALES

BY LOUISE MAUNSELL FIELD

FEW, very few indeed have been the translators who have given to the world a gift as splendid as the one bestowed upon it by Lady Charlotte Guest when, some eighty years ago, she first published the collection of twelve stories called *The Mabinogion*. For hundreds of years eleven of these wonderful tales had lain hidden and practically forgotten in an ancient Welsh manuscript written by different hands at different times during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and entitled *The Red Book of Hergist*; the twelfth, *The Story of Taliesin*, being taken from another and a later manuscript. But the tales themselves belonged, of course, to a period much earlier than that of their transcription in the form in which they have come down to us—a period as early, some authorities claim, as the tenth, or perhaps even the sixth century. The four called *The Four Branches of the Mabinogi* date back to the pre-Christian days of Britain, while another, which many scholars believe to be the oldest of them all, the story of *Kilhwch and Olwen*, gives us a picture of the followers and court of Arthur and of Arthur himself which apparently belongs to the time when bards, consciously or unconsciously, were welding into one personality the British warrior-chieftain Arthur and the ancient Celtic god Artaius. For it is probably due in great measure to this chance similarity of name that we have all the mass of Arthurian romance and legend which now enriches our literature, from *The Mabinogion* itself down to the nineteenth century *Idyls of the King*.

Rich as it is in mythological significance, in folk-lore and in customs, beliefs and traditions so ancient that many of them seem to have been half-forgotten at the time the tales received their present shape, it is nevertheless as literature

that *The Mabinogion* puts forward its principal claim to attention. And the strength of that claim has been attested by writers as unlike as Southey and Matthew Arnold and John Richard Green. The tales called *The Four Branches of the Mabinogi* which may have been and in all probability were the stories each youthful aspirant for bardic honours was required to memorise, take us straight back into a primitive and a Pagan world, a world of strange customs, and marvels, and curious beings who are passing from the mythological stage into that of the human and heroic; weird, mystical figures these, in whom it is not difficult to discern the characteristics of the deities of sun and sea and sky which once they were. It is a world ruled by magic such as can scarcely be matched outside of the *Arabian Nights*. Pryderi, a prince of Dyved whose father had once ruled in Annwyvn, that country of faerie which many consider the Welsh counterpart of the Irish Land of Youth—for the mythology of the Welsh and of the Irish Celt are closely related—was lured one day into a vast and lofty castle, which he found entirely uninhabited. There he beheld:

A fountain with marble work around it, and on the margin of the fountain a golden bowl upon a marble slab, and chains hanging from the air, to which he saw no end.

And he was greatly pleased with the beauty of the gold, and with the rich workmanship of the bowl, and he went up to the bowl and laid hold of it. And when he had taken hold of it his hands stuck to the bowl, and his feet to the slab on which the bowl was placed, and all his joyousness forsook him, so that he could not utter a word. And thus he stood.

A little later there is thunder, and "a fall of mist, and lo! the castle van-

ished," and with it vanished Pryderi and Rhiannon, his mother, who, mother-like, had gone to look for him. And it was through the capture of a mouse that they were finally released, for that mouse was none other than the wife of the magician who had wrought these and other marvels. In another tale appears a cauldron quite as wonderful as Medea's own, a cauldron "the property of which is, that if one of thy men be slain to-day, and be cast therein, to-morrow he will be as well as ever he was at the best, except that he will not regain his speech"—a bit of artistry, that final clause! And this cauldron Bendigeid Vran, whom "no house could ever contain," gave to Matholwch, king of Ireland, what time the king married his sister Branwen, "the fairest damsel in the world" and the blameless victim of as ruthless a fate as ever pursued a daughter of the Atreidai. Very simply, very affectingly does the ancient tale tell how she died:

"'Alas,' said she, 'woe is me that I was ever born; two Islands have been destroyed because of me!' Then she uttered a loud groan and there broke her heart. And they made her a four-sided grave and buried her upon the banks of the Alaw."

Tragedy, however, is the essence of this single tale only, and not of *The Mabinogion* as a whole. Its spirit is rather that of a delicate and iridescent fancy, of wonder and mysticism and love of beauty, with a touch now and then of absolutely goblin-like grotesquerie, as witness, for instance, this description of Gwely, the son of Gwestad: "On the day that he was sad, he would let one of his lips drop below his waist, while he turned up the other like a cap upon his head." And always is there imagery in abundance, and a wealth and splendour of colour; colour sometimes exquisite and sometimes gorgeous, the yellow of the broom, the tender green of fronds such as those in that far-famed Fairy Glen of Bettws-y-Coed, which is so like a page out of *The Mabinogion*, the flashing hues of rubies and of sapphires. Robes of yellow satin, linen

white as snow, silver and gold and jewels, chambers in which "there was not even a single nail . . . that was not painted with gorgeous colours; and there was not a single panel that had not sundry images in gold portrayed upon it"—in all these things do the ancient narrators revel at will. That story of *Kilhwch and Olwen*, of which almost every page, so Matthew Arnold declared, "points to traditions and personages of the utmost antiquity, and is instinct with the very breath of the primitive world," is one of the richest in imagery, the most brilliant in colour of them all. Kilhwch starts out one bright morning to search for his destined bride, Olwen, daughter of Yspaddaden Penkawr:

"And the youth pricked forth upon a steed with head dappled grey, of four winters old, firm of limb, with shell-formed hoofs, having a bridle of linked gold on his head, and upon him a saddle of costly gold. And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well-tempered, headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. A gold-hilted sword was upon his thigh, the blade of which was of gold, bearing a cross of inlaid gold of the hue of the lightning of heaven: his war-horn was of ivory. Before him were two brindled white-breasted greyhounds, having strong collars of rubies about their necks, reaching from the shoulder to the ear. And the one that was on the left side bounded across to the right side, and the one on the right to the left, and like two sea swallows sported around him. And his courser cast up four sods with his four hoofs, like four swallows in the air, about his head, now above, now below. About him was a four-cornered cloth of purple, and an apple of gold was at each corner; and every one of the apples was of the value of an hundred kine. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon

his shoes, and upon his stirrups from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread as he journeyed toward the gate of Arthur's palace."

And at last, after a year spent in the court of Arthur, his cousin, he came with the comrades Arthur had given him to "a great castle, which was the fairest of the castles of the world" and the abode of Yspaddaden Penkawr. And there the wife of a herdsman helped him to have speech with Olwen. And thus she appeared:

"The maiden was clothed in a robe of flame-coloured silk, and about her neck was a collar of ruddy gold, on which were precious emeralds and rubies. More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone amid the spray of the meadow fountain. The eye of the trained hawk, the glance of the three-mewed falcon, was not brighter than hers. Her bosom was more snowy than the breast of the white swan, her cheek was redder than the reddest roses. Whoso beheld her was filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprung up wherever she trod. And therefore was she called Olwen."

Olwen's white and gold beauty is typical of that of nearly all the damsels of *The Mabinogion*. Only Peredur had for "the lady that best he loved" one whose hair was "blacker than jet." And these most fair and noble maidens are brave and generous and gracious, high-spirited usually, and often extremely frank. When Rhiannon, riding on "a pure white horse of large size" which none can overtake and wearing "a garment of shining gold" encounters Pwyll Prince of Dyved, she wastes no time, but tells him at once: "My chief quest was to seek thee." The heroes of *The Mabinogion* are gallant gentlemen who know not indecision nor introspection, but fall joyously in love at first sight, so Pwyll promptly replies: "This

is to me the most pleasing quest on which thou couldst have come." Whereupon Rhiannon informs him that her father wished to give her in marriage: "But no husband would I have, and that because of my love for thee, neither will I yet have one unless thou reject me. And hither have I come to hear thy answer." And as they are frank, so are they loyal. In all *The Mabinogion* there is but one notably faithless woman, and she not a human being, but a damsel who "by charms and illusions" Gwydion and Math, the son of Mathonwy, formed out of flowers in order that Llew Llaw Gyffes, who could not "wed a wife of the race that now inhabits the earth" might have a bride. "They took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw." But though she was fair and graceful, she was treacherous. Only in one way could Llew Llaw Gyffes be done to death; and though it was far more difficult to injure him than it was to slay Achilles, she very nearly succeeded in bringing about his destruction. But Gwydion changed her into an owl, and the owl is called by her name, Blodeuwedd, even now, "and for this reason is the owl hateful unto all birds."

A nation's ideals can usually be discovered in its popular romances, and judged by this test it would seem that the ancient Welsh ideal of woman was no low one. It was in the pages of *The Mabinogion* that Tennyson found his Enid, the lovely and gentle daughter of Earl Ynywl, whose story as it is therein related he has closely followed from her first meeting with Geraint until the very end when, having nobly and uncomplainingly endured many trials, she stands forth, her truth and honour vindicated, a lady whose place is among the noblest in the land, beloved of all, and especially of Gwenhwyvar. But in *The Mabinogion* we find no Lancelot, and no stain upon the fair name of Arthur's wife. The original of Ga-

waine—some say, of Galahad too—we meet there under the name of Gwalchmai, a very brave and noble gentleman, “the best of footmen and the best of knights,” who often won by courtesy what others had tried and failed to obtain by blows. And he “never returned home without achieving the adventure of which he went in quest.” Peredur is the knight known to readers of the *Idyls* and of the *Morte d'Arthur* as Perceval, while others hail him Parsifal, and although the Welsh tale as we now have it is obviously affected by French ideas and not an original, but, like those related to it, derived from an older and a simpler form, it seems in some ways closer than those others to the primitive legend. The Welsh hero enters the mystic hall, beholds the spear dripping with blood, and fails to ask the all-important question, but not even the shadow of the Holy Grail ever appears in *The Mabinogion*. Kai the Seneschal we meet there, changed not in name but in kind:

“Kai had this peculiarity, that his breath lasted nine nights and nine days under water, and he could exist nine nights and nine days without sleep. A wound from Kai’s sword no physician could heal. Very subtle was Kai. When it pleased him he could render himself as tall as the highest tree in the forest.”

And Shakespeare’s own Cordelia, too, do we meet, but as the heroine of a story quite unlike the one he enshrined. This is she: “Creiddylad the daughter of Llud Llaw Ereint. (She was the most splendid maiden in the three Islands of the mighty, and in the three Islands adjacent, and for her Gwythyr the son of Greidawl and Gwynn the son of Nudd fight every first of May until the day of doom.)” One fancies the latter may have the better chance of being victorious in the end, since he is none other than a King of Faërie, sovereign of the Tylwyth Teg or Family of Beauty, who clad in floating garments of various hues dance upon the soft greensward on moonlight nights.

And this world of sorcerers and en-

chantments, of lovely ladies and gallant youths and princes of faërie, is a world drenched with sunshine, a world in which it is always summer, and always pleasant, save when magic intervenes. If a hailstorm comes, it is caused by the dashing of a bowlful of water upon a marble slab, as in the tale of *The Lady of the Fountain*. If a mist envelops valley and mountains, it is the work of some angry magician; and those who have driven there where the Glaslyn foams and the mountains of Snowdonia tower in majesty of purple and of grey, broken here and there by the silver thread of a mountain stream, know very well what a Welsh mist can be. For although the enchanters have vanished, the enchanted land remains. No longer does the weary traveller find rest and refreshment in some “fair and lustrous Castle” where beauteous damsels who have been sitting by the windows embroidering satin rise up to receive him, and take his horse, and bring him “bowls of silver wherein was water to wash; and towels of linen, some green and some white,” then lead him to a silver table where he is served with “every sort of meat and every sort of liquor,” and the vessels are all either of silver or of gold, as so frequently happened to him who journeyed in those far-off times. Nor is he of to-day entertained with the harp and the singing of maidens, though love of music is a national characteristic now, as it was in the time of that splendid historical figure, Llewelyn the Great, Lord of Snowdon, whose court as we read of it in the pages of ancient chroniclers seems to have been modelled upon those of which *The Mabinogion* perchance told him as it tells us.

The enchanters are gone; but the tide still rushes in at the mouth of the Conway, echoing the death-groan of Dylan, the son of the Wave: “Beneath him no wave ever broke.” The rock of Harlech, whence Bendigeid Vran looked forth and saw the ships of the king of Ireland, still looms above Cardigan Bay, crested now with the frowning ruins of the castle

which once gave refuge to Margaret of Anjou, and its name to a famous march. And over the mountain lakes, so still and deep and clear, changing in hue with the ever-changeable sky of that region, over the mountain passes, each one more beautiful than the others, with names which themselves suggest a Land of Faërie—Llanberis and Nantfrancon and Aberglaslyn and the rest—lies like a splendid mantle the spirit of dignity, of a calm pride of age and of tradition, of a beauty which the passing centuries have not even dimmed. Beautiful was the land of which the old bards sang so lovingly, telling of its heather-clad, cloud-crowned mountains, its valleys through which streams rippled, its sparkling waterfalls and exquisite glens—glens soft with the thickest, most velvety of moss, shaded by feathery trees, where flowers peeped forth from unexpected nooks and brooks tinkled gayly or spread out in quiet pools—and beautiful has it remained throughout the ages. Who, looking upon it, can wonder that its sons were passionately patriotic, that in spite of the bitter dissensions and feuds among them, they fought long and valiantly against the Saxons and Normans who again and yet again failed in their endeavours to conquer the foe whose stronghold was in the fastnesses of Snowdon, there where Dolbadarn Castle, a ruin now, still stands defiant and alone? Imaginative, patriotic, with a keen sense both of beauty and of drama, it was entirely natural that the old bards should dream and chant of the glories of a far-off Golden Age when Arthur, over-lord of many kings, "summoned unto him all the warriors that were in the three Islands of Britain, and in the three Islands adjacent, and all that were in France and in Armorica, in Normandy and in the Summer Country, and all that were chosen footmen and valiant horsemen" to go with him into Ireland, there to hunt Twrch Trwyth, the huge boar who made nothing of combating an entire army. His bristles were of silver wire, and behind his ears were the comb and the scissors which were a

part of the price demanded by Yspaddaden Penkawr for the hand of his daughter Olwen. And Arthur had plighted his word to Kilhwch to obtain Olwen for him, and in *The Mabinogion* to break a promise is almost unthinkable, no matter how great the cost of keeping it may be.

Wales yielded at last, but one need only look at the castles with which the turbulent land was "bridled," at Conway and Caernarvon and the rest, to see with what difficulty that yielding must have been brought about. And to a very great extent the ancient triad, the prophecy attributed to Taliesin, has been fulfilled:

Their God they will praise,
Their speech they will keep,
Their land they will lose,
Except wild Wales.

For in their Eisteddfods, national congresses of music and poetry, and in their homes as well, a number of the descendants of those to whom the old bards sang still use the speech of their forefathers. And this not because of some more or less artificial cult fostered by a few, but on account of the will and the desire of many. It may well be that Elizabeth of England owed something of her imagination, her love of music and of colour, to the Welsh blood of her ancestor, Owen ab Tewdor; and to-day all England gladly salutes that great man from Wales, David Lloyd-George.

And Arthur never yielded. To other lands he went forth, a conqueror of the imaginations of men, and in those other lands and by peoples of other tongues and other customs he and his followers were often greatly changed, and some of those changes they brought back with them to the wild and feud-torn land of their birth, thereby altering their stories into the shape in which they were presently set down. Brave and generous and courteous, true friends, capable of that clean and perfect loyalty revealed, for instance, in the tales of Pwyll and of

Manawyddan, were the heroes whose praises the bards sang in those ancient days. The song of birds and the babble of forest streams echo through these tales of long ago, mingling with a weird, mist-enshrouded charm and the most delicate, sensuous yet aerial type of fantasy to bewitch the modern reader. As once, so the legend tells, the magic arts of Llwyd, the son of Kilcoed, caused the seven

Cantreys of Dyved and all their inhabitants to disappear from the sight of Manawyddan and of Kicva, so does the modern world vanish from the sight of the reader who gives himself up, a willing thrall, to the enchantment of those ancient weavers of history, myth and fancy who left us this treasure of romance and of eternal youth, *The Mabinogion*.

ACROSS THE ZONE

BY ISABEL ANDERSON

(Mrs. Larz Anderson)

II

ONE afternoon we took a drive over excellent roads to Pedro Miguel Locks—called by the soldiers "Peter Magill"—and had fine views of the interior mountains and of the canal. We met two battalions of the Tenth Infantry coming in from a long hike, fine-looking fellows, browned and swinging along freely in the heat. My husband called out to ask if Colonel Devore was with them, as he had heard, for he and Devore were on General Davis's staff together during the Spanish War. The soldier who answered was of German birth! There are too many of this kind among our troops in the Zone.

Both Germans and Japanese had been seen about the Gatun Dam—Japanese who pretended they were fishermen but, in reality, were taking soundings. Then the Jamaican negroes, who are English subjects, were employed in great numbers not only on the canal but on the fortifications, so no doubt all of these nations have plans of the Zone. It was reassuring, in spite of this, to know that the great dam was guarded night and day by troops, for if this was blown up the flow of water might ruin the canal.

Another day we started to explore the defences of the Zone in the Pacific, on the small islands at the mouth of the canal, taking the trolley and running along the railway, past the huge machinery plants and yards and docks of the canal administration. Here trains were shunting and smoke pouring out and men working like ants. Then we ran past Fort Grant, along the viaduct that leads to the islands, which have come to be immense ramifications of concrete that turn them into veritable armories.

There are deep tunnels that pierce through them and shafts that reach from bottom to top of them, and wide-terraced places where disappearing guns are hidden and others where batteries of mortar gape in rows, and powerful searchlights are tucked away behind natural obstructions, and paths and steps connect the different emplacements.

Flamenco, the island farthest out, was first visited, where huge cannon and howitzers are set—but not half enough of them nor of ammunition! We passed into the bowels of the mountain and were lifted in an elevator to its top, where great guns were worked for us, and it was so hot we almost melted. It reminded L. of the time when he went over Corregidor Island at the entrance to Manila Bay with the Secretary of War. On the way back we stopped at the island of Naos to see the mine plant, and went by Perico Island, but hurried on to the cool of the house on the hill. All these fortifications were very interesting but rather complicated to the female mind.

Yet these expensive and extensive defences are of little account because of our half-baked way of doing things. It was stupid of our government that when we treated for the Zone we asked only for the three small islands that are near the entrance to the canal and failed to require some larger ones a few miles farther out, although Panama would probably not sell them to another country. These outer islands are much higher, and the possession of them to-day absolutely dominates our insufficient defences and the Pacific entrance of the canal. A hostile fleet could lie off these islands out of range of our cannon, and with

their bigger and newer guns could do great damage.

In every other way except in matters military there is an impression here of the most extravagant use of money. It seems to have been poured out lavishly by the Canal Commission, and there appears no limit to their doing whatever they wanted to do, yet the protection of this work is disregarded and the military defences are skimped, so that this tempting morsel would probably be one of the first things that some foreign power could destroy or gobble up. The authorities at that time refused a torpedo boat to help guard the entrances, although German boats were interned there from which surveying parties were landed as they pleased on any pretext. Worse still, if possible, there was a German living near the Chagres River who openly owned quantities of dynamite which he said he used for "fishing"! Yet the military authorities here were not allowed to interfere!

What is more, good post grounds have been refused and appropriations for barracks denied. Most of the infantry are stationed to-day in God-forsaken places—in fact, places forsaken even by man, for the troops are compelled to make use of the deserted buildings which the labourers, originally, had inhabited and infested—back in the jungle beyond Culebra, instead of in healthy locations, which would also be more strategical, at the ends of the canal. These stations are on the wrong side of the canal, too, opposite the railroad and the communications with the towns of Panama and Colon, and there is only one bridge across, which is still, as far as I know, opened or kept shut by the canal authorities. Accordingly, the men hate their service in the Zone and seldom re-enlist, whereas if they were properly treated there is no question but the service there would be popular.

Our officers have tried bravely to make the best of these conditions, and have made over the insanitary houses and cut out parade grounds and fought back the

jungle and planted flowers and shrubs till the posts look quite well. The Fifth, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Infantry were, when we were there, in these isolated camps, suffocatingly hot and almost intolerable, while so many salubrious hill-sides are near the canal ends and the railroad communications, where the posts should be placed.

As General Edwards and his house party were to dine with Colonel Morton of the Fifth, we had to cross the bridge to reach the camp at Empire, where we were met at the little station in the jungle by a mule ambulance to take us up through the post street to his quarters. It was too dark to see well—for the tropic night falls as suddenly as comes the day—but what was seen looked attractive, and the officers' quarters were quite delightful with wide-open porch and pretty rooms. After a very nice dinner we were taken to a "hop," where the girls had a pleasant time with the many officers in their white uniforms, who have so few relaxations that each regiment takes a turn at a Saturday-night dance every week.

Some stories were told us of queer people in these parts. Many years ago, one of the small islands on the Pacific side was the refuge of a leper, for it is only since the Americans came that any special place has been provided for such poor sufferers. On a rock where now is one of our big searchlights once lived a hermit who, when he died, left it to Queen Victoria. I also heard of an old Chinaman, who lived in the hills quite alone and never spoke, and had food only when it was brought to him. He was said to have murdered another Chinaman and to have been tried by his own people, who decreed that he should live upon the grave of his victim the rest of his life.

Occasionally some one is lost in the woods. I was told of a white child who disappeared lately when on a picnic; her footprints were found near a spring not far from the ocean, but that was all. No one ever knew whether it was a croco-

dile, a boa-constrictor, or a man that caused her disappearance. It is said that, what with heat and thirst and the insects of the country, a strong man could not live more than a few days at most if lost in the forest.

After the torrential rain of the first day of our stay, there was fine weather. Everything was as green as could be to our eyes, but they told us that with the coming of the rains in May the jungle could almost be seen to grow and bloom, and it became a struggle to keep back the tropical tangle from overrunning the barracks and compounds.

One day my husband had fine sport on a fishing trip with Colonel Snyder, the medical officer of the commanding general's staff, who is a veritable Izaak Walton. They were up long before sunrise and took breakfast at the Colonel's quarters across the road. His West Indian cook was quite a wonder and always wore a hat with a long feather in the kitchen when doing her best. General Edwards gave the fishermen his trolley, which was at the station in Balboa when they arrived with their paraphernalia. They started in the darkness before dawn, but as they scooted through the tropical forest over the mountains and across the embankments by the lake, the sun came up suddenly and gloriously, popping up into the sky all glowing and hot at once, and the tropical day had begun. As the chauffeur-engine-driver had his car in fine condition, they sped along at a rate that kept them cool in the early morning, but when they had travelled the forty miles to Gatun the day was a scorcher.

The Colonel and L. were joined by a hospital orderly, who was a good deal of a fisherman and who had arranged to get bait and boats for them. They walked in the great heat across the wide green ramp and followed a little trail to the right through the forest to a landing place on the river, where they found a tiny camp with two dug-out canoes, such as are called cayucas, and some West India black men to paddle them. A

small local fish, called snooks, was ready for bait. They paddled up and down the reaches of the river, past banks of great arching tropical trees full of fruits, where many birds and animals were hidden, and enjoyed the sport immensely. The Chagres was at one time so unhealthy that it gave its name to a fatal fever. The fishing for the silver king is sometimes done from the spillway, for the fresh waters flowing over the dam seemed to have a peculiar attraction for the smaller tarpon and they came rolling up the river in great numbers. When the spillway is opened and the rush of water grows wilder the fish come in almost a crazy scramble, and some have been caught by hand as they struggled up into too shallow places.

It was the custom for the fishermen to wade in the swift water and cast down as far as they could, and when they had struck a tarpon they played him to the shore. This mode is dangerous, for not long ago a man was dragged into the spill and drowned.

The Tarpon Club had been established, of which Colonel Snyder was president at the time, and an old house that had been obtained from the government was being set up near the spill as headquarters. Here, in the Zone, we learned for the first time that tarpon was edible—in fact, it sold for ten cents a pound, silver—and so all the fish that could be caught were landed and sold and not let go again as in fishing grounds in Florida. It is a shame that with the high cost of living so much discussed it seems impossible to get people to overcome their prejudices about various fish, so many of them being considered almost delicacies in other countries, while our people would refuse to touch them even if they were starving. Tuna, for instance, is eaten with great relish in Germany.

The last day of our stay we had the great good luck to go through the famous canal on the transport *Buford*. After having been closed by the Culebra slide for so many months, it was opened

again to traffic. There were not so many steamers waiting as one might have expected: only about ten in all. Among them were English, Norwegian and American ships. By the way, it was interesting to learn that, as soon as the early explorers discovered there was no channel across America to the Pacific, a canal was at once suggested, and in 1550 a book was published by a Portuguese to prove that a canal could be cut through either at Tehuantepec, Nicaragua, Panama or Darien. From that time to the twentieth century the project was never given up.

When the French attempted to build the canal, they did not discover the spotted, yellow-legged lady mosquito which carries yellow fever, so that was one of their greatest difficulties. The Americans began by cleaning up the towns and having the army doctors make experiments, the result being that they now know positively that the mosquito carries yellow fever. For the first experiments negroes gave themselves for mosquito bait and were put in places surrounded by netting. When these enclosures were well filled with the insects the negroes came out and were watched, and the mosquitoes were examined, for there are several different kinds. To find out how far mosquitoes fly they were sprinkled with different colours, and it was found that they seldom went more than four miles. In certain places barrels have been set, from which oil continually drips and floats on the water, thus, in time, killing the mosquito eggs, which are laid on the surface. It is impossible, however, to kill the eggs that are laid in the water-cabbage. Some one suggested that hippopotami be introduced into this region, for they feed on the water-cabbage, but this remedy is hardly necessary, for all the time we were in Panama we never saw a mosquito. Indeed, such great precautions are taken that the yellow-fever kind has practically disappeared.

We saw a model of this mosquito, and were told that the insect must, in the

first place, bite some one who has yellow fever during the first three days of the disease, and then must bite some one else after twelve days, to give the fever. Those who are bitten before twelve days have passed do not take the disease, and for this reason the doctors were long puzzled. The Americans are so strict in their sanitary regulations that I hardly think the fever will break out as long as they are on the Isthmus. Even chickens are not allowed to be kept in yards in the Canal Zone, for sanitary reasons, and the rats have all been killed.

To go back to the canal, the original town of Gatun is now deep down under the waters of the lake which has been formed back of the great dam and the locks, but there is a new Gatun with barracks for troops and quarters for officers stringing out over the hill, and houses for the employees, so that it is quite a busy-looking place. At this point is the largest system of locks and they form a noble construction, on so splendid a scale, handsome and impressive with their vast terraces at different levels, huge, towering emergency gates and control houses. Yet so well proportioned are they that the immensity of the whole design is not realised till a ship is seen in relation to it, most ships seeming miniature; and of course the locks are each of them large enough to take in the leviathan liners of to-day—now mostly interned on account of the war, to be sure. The famous Gatun Dam is an immense ridge whose surface is now hidden by a dense growth of grass and tangle. The flooding of the dam and the formation of the vast lake behind it that fits in so beautifully among the mountains have made the wide earth rampart seem a part of the panorama; and the huge constructed portions of the canal itself and the locks, now the waters are in them, have become decorative architectural features in the landscape instead of the impressive but overwhelming "works of man" which people used to travel so far to gaze at.

The locks are of cement construction

with iron gates, and in front of the gates are chains with red lights attached that go out when they reach the bottom. The water has a depth of only thirty-four feet in the locks, but in other parts of the canal as much as eighty feet or more. A lock is emptied in eight minutes. Everything moved like clockwork, and seemed rather different from the old wooden locks we go through in our houseboat in the States.

Gatun was quite gay when we arrived there, as there was a large number of officers and their families in the place. They were to make the passage through the canal in the transport, and for many of them it was the first opportunity. Major Bradley, in command of the troops at Gatun, many of whom were drilling on the wide approaches to the lock and made a pretty sight, joined us, and with him we had the opportunity to go through all the tunnels that led down beneath the lock emplacements, to the working parts of the huge gates, which look so simple but are of great intricacy and power. All the entrances were guarded by military sentries.

Then we visited a control tower, high up over the locks and basins, from which all the flows and reflows are governed, for every sort of method has been arranged to save the waste of water in the opening and reopening of the basins for ships passing either way. In this tower was a miniature working model that showed at a glance what was going on through the whole length of the canal. This board was "fool-proof," as an officer remarked. If a mistake was made it simply did not work. Everything was done by signals and by turning electric handles, and the safety chains and gates and flows followed automatically. There were five people in all in the tower and an officer to oversee everything, and really two men did the work—remarkably few people, it struck me, for such a huge undertaking.

We got on the *Buford* at the tower by the spillway. The transport started at two o'clock; they told us the canal

never was open except in the afternoon, but could be worked, if necessary, night and day. It seems to take about ten hours to go through the canal. The ships have to pass twelve gates, and it costs a dollar and twenty-five cents per ton to send one from ocean to ocean. There were a good many delays in our passage, and with all the vast treasure spent like water on the canal there are some failures in fundamentals and there has been extravagance in details. Goethals did splendid work in organisation, as Gorgas did in sanitation, and all give the credit to Stevens, the great engineer. Indeed, Goethals himself said that when he took hold all the real engineering had been done by Stevens. Goethals made one mistake in selling off the largest and most powerful dredges when the canal was first opened, so that when the Culebra slide occurred there were only smaller ones left to do the work.

Of course, canal pilots take complete control of a ship passing through the canal. In the locks electric locomotives that run alongside on the quays tow the vessel. As the *Buford* went through the locks the method of signalling these locomotives seemed most inadequate, and the pilot was compelled to rush from side to side shouting to inattentive people and waving his arms in an equally unsatisfactory manner. When we passed out of the upper lock at Gatun into the lake the ship was dragged by a current toward the spillway, which had evidently been built too near the entrance of the locks, no doubt an error in construction. We had to make a great circle before we could straighten out our course between the buoys across the lake. Not a very good beginning!

Gatun Lake, as I have said, was artificially made. Although there was some valuable hardwood where the lake is now, it was difficult to lumber, and as the government could not sell it in a hurry, they let the water from the Chagres River in, and it is gradually killing the trees, which you still see standing grey and ghostly, making a

weird effect. The Chagres flows into the sea at Fort Lorenzo. This beautiful devil river still has its poisonous snakes, as well as sharks and man-eating alligators.

For a time the sail was lovely, as through an inland sea, with islands dotted about and points of land with white lighthouses topping through the jungle, round which we cruised, a panorama of mountains on all sides as a background. Other boats were before and behind us in procession, and at one place we tied up in a wide stretch, while steamers passed by us from the other direction.

After the lake is crossed the canal narrows and becomes a cutting through the lower hills till you come to the tremendous cleft through the highest part of the backbone range of the continent, called Culebra Cut. We moved along slowly and with great care, passing by the dredges that were at work night and day. There was a wonderful tropical sunset as the *Buford* steamed through, and the glow was reflected through the divide in the mountains, where the different earths and strata were rich in colour; it was superb and impressive.

The highest, not the lowest, point in the range was chosen, and it seems now as if another survey might have found the lowest a more advantageous passage. Our engineers were unable to utilise very much of the French work—we could not use the small winding canal they had dug at the Atlantic end for about ten miles, but part of the Culebra Cut done by them has been used and our men felt it wise to take advantage of this because the soundings in the vicinity did not seem to be any better. Engineers, however, disagreed somewhat on this point. The last geologist sent down by the Commission to investigate the cut explained to us that the layer of soft stone that was sliding from both sides into the canal had crumbled. He added that this layer was nearly worn away and after a few more rainy seasons there would be no trouble to speak of, but it

would be wise constantly to dredge a little in order to keep the cut open. This is the only soft layer of rock of any size along the canal.

The canal certainly is one of the wonders of the world. When the Eads jetties were built at the mouth of the Mississippi River they were considered very remarkable; the Columbia jetties and the dam at Boise City, Idaho, and the Flagler Railway to Key West are even more so, but the canal surpasses them all. It was after dark when we reached the Pedro Miguel locks, and all the rows of lights that illuminated the passages of the locks were as gay as Broadway. Here we tied up again, so that the large company could disembark, for the *Buford* with her cargo was bound out direct to Honolulu and the Philippines. The moon came up and joined the opalescent waters, and we said good-bye to the army people on board. It was a long walk from the huge lockways to the roads, where automobiles were waiting for us. We motored up the hill to the General's house, and blinked our lights to Captain Stevenson, who answered with his whistles. Then we watched the headlights of the *Buford* glide into the night as she sailed away across the Pacific.

Our interesting visit had come to an end, and we steamed away too the next day in the other direction on the *Cartago*, homeward bound to New Orleans. The passenger list on the return trip was larger than when we went out, some Central Americans and canal employées being added. Not only the holds but also the decks were freighted with thousands on thousands of bunches of bananas. The nights were perfect with the flooding moonlight across the Caribbean. In the Straits of Yucatan we felt the first cool winds. To be sure, the nights had all been comfortable in Panama, but the first cool air seemed to mean that we were again in the temperate regions. At last the low-lying mouth of the Mississippi was sighted, with its lighthouse and the terminal jetty buildings that



GATUN LOCKS, LOOKING SOUTH



PAY DAY AT THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, BALBOA HEIGHTS

looked afloat on the waters. Up the narrow canal way to Pilottown we went, and were examined at quarantine in rather an amusing manner, everybody standing in a long line with thermometers sticking out of their mouths and looking most self-conscious and rather absurd. The *Cartago* docked once more at the great wharf sheds on the river front of New Orleans.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

WHEN Jo Davidson, the American sculptor, first began to attract the attention of the savants in Paris he was called an extreme impressionist with a tendency toward eccentricity. The scepticism of the critics soon passed, however, with the production and exhibition of one after another subjects which attracted favourable and widespread comment.

**A Bust
of Conrad**

Perhaps his busis have been the most popular, although his pieces like "The Russian Dancer" have attracted attention. The picture of Mr. Davidson's bust of Joseph Conrad is reproduced here with his permission. It is the only bust of Conrad in existence and has been exhibited both in London and New York. It is now in the possession of the sculptor.



BUST OF JOSEPH CONRAD BY JO DAVIDSON, THE AMERICAN SCULPTOR

When Mr. H. G. Wells speaks it is well worth while to listen—to be sure, Mr. Wells has been talking so much lately that it requires some little attention to keep up with him. His latest notable work, however, *God the Invisible King*, represents the culmination of the philosophic ideas that his many intellectual excursions and adventures have accumulated. From *The Time Machine* to *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, Mr. Wells has projected his mind both into the imaginary vistas opened up by science and into the many varied reactions of social life, and with his sensitiveness to the earliest unformed currents of thought he manages to express this drift of mass ideas, often before most of us are aware of any deviation in the flow. So it is in *God the Invisible King* that a modern religion is outlined before the world has generally accepted the passing of Christianity! In the first part of the book the conception of God is stripped of the many heresies that have grown about it, both by the speculations of the intellectual apologists and because of the inherent weaknesses of human nature. Among the first kind are the theological creations of the Trinity, the Redemption and the “ten thousand different expositions of orthodoxy”; among the second kind are the heresies that God is Magic, Providence, an Avenger, or a sex being. Upon the bare skeleton that is left Mr. Wells proceeds to build up the modern God. He is Courage, Youth, Love, a person; at the same time the concept of Him includes a synthesis of human thought and aspirations—He is that Life Power that has adventured up from the “intertidal slime” of geologic time to the multifarious forms of living things of to-day, He is that Will to Live that each of us feels “carrying on” through the individual and through the racial existence. And of the religion of this God, and especially of it as a guide to conduct, Mr. Wells says, “The religion of the future is that devotion to the racial adventure under the captaincy of God.

**The Religion
of the
Future**

. . . Service, and service alone, is the criterion that the quickened conscience will recognise . . . the modern conception of the collective [racial] enterprise is the determining criterion of human conduct.”

If all mankind could orientate its action to this ideal it might prove Mr. Wells's “religion” the best yet evolved, but unfortunately most of us yet live within our emotions and require a much more concrete, workable theology to control our actions into any degree of social consistency. And a widespread acceptance of Wells's “religion of the future” would require a development of consciousness either hopelessly beyond the capacities of the race or at least outside of the limit of possibility for generations to come. In the meantime *God the Invisible King* is well worth a careful reading.

. . .

Apropos of the not inconsiderable interest in psychical research, especially as it recently has been stimulated by the war (of which also the papers by M. Maeterlinck and Sir Oliver Lodge in this issue of *THE BOOKMAN* are an indication), is the publication of another of the “Patience Worth” books, *A Sorry Tale*. This novel purports to have been communicated word by word, or, rather, letter by letter, over a ouija board to Mrs. John H. Curran by the personality or spirit that calls itself “Patience Worth.” According to the preface of the book, the spirit, “Patience Worth,” introduced herself one evening in the summer of 1913 when Mrs. Curran sat before her ouija board, with the declaration that she had lived long ago and now had come again. The account in the preface says:

From that time she has poured out a continuous stream of communications, conversational or literary, including hundreds of poems, numerous parables and allegories, several short stories, a drama, and two

**Patience
Worth**

novels. All of her compositions are distinguished by the archaic form of her language, which is, however, not the same in any two of her larger works, there being important dialectal variations that make each one quite different from the others in this particular, and the archaic quality as well as the dialectal form varies as much in her minor productions as in her conversations. Yet upon all of them is the impress of a single creative personality. Each and every one of them bears the imprint of Patience Worth.

. . .

The Sorry Tale is a story somewhat reminiscent of Marie Corelli's *Barabbas*.

The son of Tiberius Cæsar by a Greek slave woman is born in a leper's hovel outside the walls of Bethlehem at the same time that Christ is born within the town. These two, the natural son of Cæsar, and Christ are the main characters of the story, and come into contact from time to time, meeting finally on Calvary, the son of Cæsar as one of the thieves. The story is written in curious and even involved language, so that the meaning is often obscure, requiring patient effort to understand it. But if one can maintain his interest through the three hundred odd thousand words he will discover a well-constructed plot, a sense of the dramatic, a beauty of thought and style, and an excellent picture of the Roman world when the Empire was at its height. A paragraph from the preface describing Mrs. Curran's connection with the work is interesting to quote:

Mrs. Curran, through whom all of this matter has come, is a young woman of normal disposition and temperament, intelligent and vivacious. She receives the communications with the aid of the mechanical device known as the ouija board as a recording instrument. There is no trance or any abnormal mental state. She sits down with the ouija board as she might sit down to a typewriter, and the receipt

of the communications begins with no more ceremony than a typist would observe. Mrs. Curran has had no experience in literary composition and has made no study of literature, ancient or modern. Nor, it may be added, has she made any study of the



MRS. JOHN H. CURRAN, TO WHOM "PATIENCE WORTH" COMMUNICATED "THE SORRY TALE"

history, the religions, or the social customs of the period of this story, nor of the geography or topography of the regions in which it is laid. Her knowledge of Palestine and of the beginnings of the Christian religion is no greater, and probably no less, than that of the average communicant.

. . .

The edition of *Poems by Charles Warren Stoddard*, just published, recalls attention to the "Poet of the South Seas," the old companion of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Prentice Mulford, Mark Twain and all the early pioneers of North American letters. Although his name

and work are of the Far West, Stoddard was born in Rochester in 1843 and went across the continent when a child. In early manhood he made his first visit to Hawaii after a rather uneventful course at the University of California. His literary gifts came to him as spontaneously as his loving disposition, and his success in journalism was immediate. He spent several years in Europe and Asia as correspondent for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, writing essays and sketches that, when later published in book form, gave him a reputation as analyst and observer. His point of view was blessed with what Howells called his "mustang humour," which made all he wrote delightful and surprising. The great book from his pen, *South Sea Idyls*, shared with *Exits and Entrances* and *The Islands of Tranquil Delights* the favour of a generation and a half of American readers. No man of his time enjoyed a wider friendship among the world's literary personages than Stoddard; besides the western group, among whom he was considered a titan, he knew Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley and Stevenson. Theodore Bentzon in a thirty-page review of his works in *La Revue des Deux Mondes* declared of his writings: "They have the flavour of the pomegranate in its native place, the fire of the oleander, the softness and languor of summer seas, with a dash, too, of the surf with its curving foam; the whole pervaded by the subtle spirit of the South."

. . .

The controversy between the newspaper publishers and the government over the censorship of war news is taking on interesting developments. On July 4th, Secretary of War Baker arbitrarily took into his control the censorship of all press despatches from France. These cables were diverted from New York to Washington to go through the hands of Mr. Creel and his Committee on Public Information and then were ready on call



CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

for the representatives of the newspapers to which the cables originally were addressed. A storm of protest arose from newspaper editors who might have to suffer a loss of a little time in receiving their news and a considerable loss of dignity in not being allowed themselves to conduct their own censoring. The points of criticism of Secretary Baker's action were technical and gave every evidence of hurt pride on the part of the critics, while little was said as to the wisdom or justification of his course. At the time Mr. Baker stated that the arrangement was only a temporary one and would be maintained "only so long as is necessary to perfect a smooth-working plan to handle this matter," and in a later statement outlined the details of the arrangement, assuring the newspapers that "an adequate force (of censors) to deal promptly with the despatches will

be on hand twenty-four hours a day." On the following day, July 5th, Secretary of War Baker revoked his order with the explanation, "the emergency having passed." The "emergency" may have justified Mr. Baker's action in the first place and its passing may have permitted the speedy relinquishing of the censorship that followed, but the world will think otherwise. Instead of the calm, well-thought-out action of a strong man thinking only of the nation's welfare, we have the spectacle of the sudden decision of a hysterical temperament aroused by the narrowest escape from disaster (if the news of the attack on our transports be true) and the appearance of bravado in the assumption of power beyond that warranted by law, and then in the face of criticism the weak retraction of a man not sure of his action or of himself. This may be an unfair picture, but it is the picture that the world at large will see, and this effect should have been taken into consideration before playing jack-straws with an unaccustomed authority and power.

. . .

On top of this distressing exhibition comes the news that the submarine "attack" on our transports was a myth, or, at any rate, magnified out of all proportion to the event. And when questioned, our chairman of the Committee on Public Information, Mr. Creel, admitted that he "elaborated" the despatches he received, turning out as a result that flowery, self-congratulatory proclamation signed by Secretary Daniels with which our deluded people helped to celebrate the Fourth of July. Whether or not Secretary Daniels and his Committee on Public Information intend in the future to "elaborate" all their despatches for public consumption is not stated, while the Secretary also maintains a discreet silence with regard to the actual terms of these despatches from Rear Admiral Gleaves, but unless some reassuring statements of actual facts are forthcoming from

this exalted quarter, the last vestige of confidence in the Editor-Secretary will quite disappear—a gentleman, by the way, who reminds us of nothing so much as those loud-mouthed American colonels that Dickens portrayed following his *Travels* among us—mostly bluff and noise. In the meantime the Senate inquiry (suggested at the time of this writing) into Mr. Creel's activities and methods should not be amiss, for if we *must* have an official distributor of information we may as well start promptly to educate him to stick to his facts—a capacity that the present incumbent does not seem to regard as essential to his office. With a Cabinet containing one minister whose acts certainly create the impression of a personality without sufficient force and decision of character for the office, and another minister who has become our National Joke, the conclusion that a section of our executive is engaged in giving spiritual comfort, and not a little amusement, to the enemy is not far wrong. A Coalition Cabinet would be a blessing from more than one point of view.

. . .

Fortunately, however, politics will have no effect upon our men at the front in France, and if we want to know just how our soldiers will live—how they will eat, sleep, dig trenches and fight the Germans—we can find one of the most graphic accounts in the experiences of a young American who fought in the English army for a year and a half, and who has now written out his story in *Over the Top*. Arthur Guy Empey, the author, tells how the sinking of the *Lusitania* first aroused him at his office in Jersey City, of his sudden decision to fight against Germany, and of his experiences in the English regiment. From London to France as an English "Tommy" Mr. Empey journeyed, and then after his training he went to the front, where he took part in about every variety of trench warfare that has been

Life as
a Fighter



ARTHUR GUY EMPKY, AUTHOR OF "OVER THE TOP"

devised in this war. Not only did he conduct himself satisfactorily in regular duties, but with what we like to call characteristic Yankee grit, he volunteered for every dangerous enterprise in his section. His description is an intimate, straightforward and detailed account of the day-to-day life and the day-to-day fight of the British soldier. There is no philosophising on the ideals involved in the struggle, nor any long drawn out discussions of personal reactions to the experiences and horrors of war with which we have become satiated. Not that Mr. Empey fails to note some of the most gruesome incidents that we have ever read about the war, but that he states them in such an impersonal way, even enlivening it all by his bright, optimistic humour, that the interest in his narrative is quite irresistible. One of the most realistic of his descriptions is that of the trench raid in which he received the wounds that invalided him home, and from which only one other man out of the seventeen that went escaped. The party crawled across No Man's Land, and had about cut their way through the German wire entanglements when they were discovered by the German flares, and were shot down to a man, including the author, who received a wound in the face. His own description of the result is worth quoting:

The bullets were cracking overhead. I crawled a few feet back to the German barbed wire, and in a stooping position, guiding myself by the wire, I went down the line looking for the lane we had cut through. Before reaching this lane I came to a limp form which seemed like a bag of oats hanging over the wire. In the dim light I could see that its hands were blackened, and knew it was the body of one of my mates. I put my hand on his head, the top of which had been blown off by a bomb. . . . Then I went crazy with fear and horror and rushed along the wire until I came to our lane. I had just turned down this lane when something inside of me seemed to say, "Look around." I did so;

a bullet caught me on the left shoulder. It did not hurt much, just felt as if some one had punched me in the back, and then my left side went numb. My arm was dangling like a rag. I fell forward in a sitting position. But all fear had left me and I was consumed with rage and cursed the German trenches. With my right hand I felt in my tunic for my first-aid or shell dressing. In feeling over my tunic my hand came in contact with one of the bombs which I carried. Gripping it, I pulled the pin out with my teeth and blindly threw it toward the German trench. I must have been out of my head, because I was only ten feet from the trench and took a chance of being mangled. If the bomb had failed to go into the trench I would have been blown to bits by the explosion of my own bomb.

By the flare of the explosion of the bomb, which luckily landed in their trench, I saw one big Boche throw up his arms and fall backward while his rifle flew into the air. Another one wilted and fell forward across the sandbags—then blackness.

Mr. Empey is now in this country lecturing, and either to hear him, or more especially to read his book, affords about as good a second-hand knowledge of what our own men will experience in France as can yet be obtained.

. . .

Mrs. Atherton is torn by two devouring interests—war relief and feminism.

But in her new book, *Mrs. Atherton's The Living Present*, it is the latter that wins

out; for, although the essays of which the book is made up are mainly about the relief work conducted by women in France, these accounts are merely the texts from which Mrs. Atherton proceeds to her ideas about woman's place and opportunity in the world, which she details at some length in her closing chapters, "The Threat of the Matriarchate," "Real Victims of Society," "The Highly Specialised." Reading her book is somewhat alarming for a mere man, for we have gained the impression that unless the male members of society band themselves together into

a sort of offensive anti-matriarchate movement, the world after this war is likely to become a woman-run community chorus. Among women at home, as well as in France, Mrs. Atherton admires the successful and independent careers, and she has kindly written for *THE BOOKMAN* the following little sketch of a most interesting and capable personality and an excellent novelist:

. . .

"Honoré Willsie, who comes of fine old New England stock—although she looks like a Burne-

Jones, and would have made a furore in London in the eighties—

was brought up in the idea that an American woman should fit herself for self-support no matter what her birth and conditions. Her mother, although the daughter of a rich man, was brought up on the same principles and taught school until she married. All her friends, no matter how well-to-do, made themselves useful and earned money. Therefore Mrs. Willsie was thoroughly imbued while a very young girl with the economic ideal, although her mother had planted with equal thoroughness the principle that it was every woman's primary duty to marry and have a family.

"Mrs. Willsie was educated at Madison, Wisconsin, beginning with the public schools and graduating from the university. She married immediately after leaving college, and, encouraged by her husband, a scientist, and as hard a student as herself, she began to write. Her first story followed the usual course; it was refused by every magazine to which she sent it; but, undiscouraged, she rewrote it for a syndicate. For the year after this she used the newspapers as a sort of apprenticeship to literature, and wrote story after story until she had learned the craft of "plotting." When she felt free in her new medium she began writing for the better magazines, and, compared with most authors, she has had little hard climbing

in her upward course. Then came the third stage. She wrote a novel. It was refused by every publisher in New York, but finally accepted as a serial in the first magazine that had rejected it. This was *Heart of the Desert*. After that followed *Still Jim*, which established her and paved the way for an immediate reception for that other fine novel of American life, *Lydia of the Pines*.

"Mrs. Willsie's gifts are idealism, a real understanding of the American character and the foundation upon which it has built itself, a gift for rapid, fluent narrative, sharp characterisation, picturesqueness, and an instinct for the essentials that matter. Her defects lie in the technique of construction, which she

has not yet mastered and in certain faults of style, or taste. She writes well naturally, but is too much given to let her text run on in the same loose and slangy English as her western characters necessarily employ. But these are merely the defects of the young writer and will soon be overcome. It was about two years ago that she was asked to undertake the editorship of *The Delineator*, and at first she hesitated, although the work appealed to her; she had no reason to believe that she had possessed executive ability. The owner thought differently, and the event has justified him. She ranks to-day as one of the most successful, courageous, and resourceful editors of women's magazines in the country."

SOME STORIES OF THE MONTH*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

The Red Planet is not a war story on a big scale, or primarily a war story at all; but Mr. Locke clears his title of suspicion as a mere catchword by giving its source in full:

Not only over death-strewn plains,
Fierce 'mid the cold white stars,
But over sheltered vales of home,
Rides the Red Planet Mars.

This is a tale written against the background of war. "The White Feather" might have better suggested its central motive, for the chief figure in the action is an English officer with a lifelong strain of cowardice to fight down and conceal. In the Boer War he has been guilty of one particular act of poltroonery which is known only to two or three human beings. The memory of it haunts him, and the fact of it is brought home to him at last. Meanwhile on the French front he has been held a marvel for bravery. All sorts of reckless feats are piled up to his credit, and one by one he wins all the coveted decorations. But this, as he privately confesses to the Major Meredyth who is supposed to tell the story, is all done in cold blood. He has no difficulty in daring, if he has time to see what is to be done and to plan its doing. What unmans him is the sudden emergency, the unforeseen encounter, the peril that

rushes from an unexpected quarter. This is a spiritual or physical failing; his moral weakness lies in the elaborate cunning with which he seeks to cover his fault and its consequences. The incident in South Africa has cost several lives; but Leonard Boyce has thought only of hiding his responsibility and saving his skin and his reputation. The girl he has loved and betrayed drowns before his eyes while he stands by, unable to move to her rescue. The girl of his later love might have been trampled to death under those same eyes if it had not been for the instinctive courage and efficiency of a crippled veteran: an instant later the man is able to gloss over if not quite conceal his failure, which he himself loathes. Eventually he attempts one exploit too many against the Germans and is sent home blind. Then comes the test of his relation to the proud and beautiful Betty; she loves him, and is all the more drawn to devote herself to him by the physical price he has paid for England. Meanwhile, though Major Meredyth has come to know the whole truth about Boyce, he has no heart to betray him to Betty; and when Boyce himself tells Betty of his past she is by no means influenced to turn against him. She says to the Major: "For the last month or two you've known what he has done. It hasn't made any difference in your friendship. You must think with me that the past is the past, that he has purged his sins, or whatever you like to call them; that he is a man greatly to be forgiven." And the doughty Major agrees, with tears in his voice. The reader may by this time find himself wondering if it all rings true, if the story-teller is quite pulling off his attempt to heroise the villain. Leonard Boyce takes himself out of the way, for Betty's sake, by suicide; whereupon Betty, that the reader may not go away

**The Red Planet.* By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company.

April Folly. By St. John Lucas. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Young Low. By George A. Dorsey. New York: George H. Doran Company.

His Own Country. By Paul Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Edith Bonham. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

My Mother and I. By E. G. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Enchantment. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Pope's Favourite. By Joseph McCabe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

gloomy, contrives a quick romantic *rap-prochement* with the doughty Major—and then we are quite sure that the whole story has been a piece of clever claptrap. Any war might have served as the background; oddly enough, the only time when we come vigorously in contact with the present is at the moment of a curious diatribe (which does not help the story) on the part of Mr. Locke *via* his Major against the British Board of Education and its methods.

The very young man experimenting with life has been the favourite subject of the younger group of British storytellers. Their mood has been one of conscious emancipation from Victorian prudery and hypocrisy, and they have naturally found their models for free speech and interpretation elsewhere than in England. Unluckily free speech and sincere interpretation are not one and the same. In taking over the Continental method they seem too often to have taken over also the Continental male, and to have presented him with the trimming of Cockney or Oxford accent, as the young Briton *de nos jours*. They have obscured the process somewhat by dealing chiefly with "artistic" youth, which is supposed to have little or no country. Ever since the great war began we continue to hear about this young person, though frequently (as in the *Changing Winds* of St. John Ervine) the war is permitted to make something like a normal British subject of him. *April Folly* goes back to the undisturbed temperamental arena of London in late Victorian days. It retails the mild adventures, amatory and other, of the usual young ass in his early twenties, dabbling at experience and making a pretty thorough mess of things. Denis Yorke is of barely upper middle class provincial origin. A public-school career has possessed him of friends of good blood and breeding; he himself is permitted to have the nature as well as the education of a gentleman. This is refreshing, for the English novel usually insists upon the ingrained caddishness of

any youth born of vulgarians. Denis is a musician, a pianist and composer of promise; his intimates are a group of young Bohemians, painters and writers and players of one sort or another, who live in that delightful atmosphere of pipe-smoke and do-as-you-please with which fiction has now pretty well acquainted the dullest of us. *Pendennis* initiated us mildly, *Trilby* gave us a final degree. Hundreds of later books dealing with the Latin quarter, or Soho, or Greenwich Village, have made the types and properties and somewhat limited situations of this amiable life-in-the-veal as familiar as respectability itself. Mr. Lucas's version has the merit of quietly humanising materials which have been so often merely galvanised for an easy public. These young people are inherently decent, too, with all their unconventionality—perhaps that is the Victorianism of it. Denis Yorke's young folly leads him through a deal of mush, but never hopelessly into the mire. On the other hand, though he is a lad of fine feeling and (no doubt) of genius, a lad he remains, a child groping for the will-o'-the-wisp. Will he ever be anything else? That is the question I am always moved to by these studies of youthful "temperament." What is it all about?—the belated play of an infant, or the making of a man? It is not an idle question, since the world is, after all, a world of men, and nobody believes seriously that, except in superficial ways, men are but children of a larger growth. Character rules the world, and we must do strong things, to get them done. His genius apart (and genius, as the novelists will not see, is a feeble hypothesis) Denis Yorke appears to be and to remain an amiable youth who does not know what he wants of life and is vaguely aggrieved that he does not get it.

Precisely the same thing may be said of the quasi-hero of *Young Low*, an American story of the same species. The author has drunk deeper of the doubtful springs of Continental naturalism, as

piped across the Atlantic by way of England. Here is one of our youthful amatory adventurers who is, thank Heaven, well above the brutal Dreiserian type, but whose ruling Libido, to use Freud's word, is frankly on the plane of sex. Young Low is, we grant, his name and not his nature. He has an unfailing habit of self-idealisation which, in the main, protects him from conscious infamy. He does not wallow in mire, nor is he the promiscuous male found in all societies. But, stripped of its gloss, his sexual story is not a manly one. We may pass over the piteous initiation of his adolescence—as the author does not. He is early engaged to a nice girl of his own Western "home town," goes to Harvard and becomes enamoured of a Boston society woman a dozen years his senior, returns West intending to marry his Western girl, but puts it off, goes farther West as a travelling man and picks up a little French mistress, whom he keeps for some time. He professes a really deep feeling for this faithful little creature, but deserts her for good when the Boston woman beckons him back to the East. He lives with that lady in Europe for some years as (to put it flatly) her kept man, and permits her to cast him off at the moment when the death of her husband apparently makes their way clear for permanent happiness. As the girl of the home town has meanwhile given him up and married, this leaves our Young Low at a loose end, and he goes drifting out of our sight—toward his next adventure. This is not all of the story, but it is undeniably the framework of it, and the basis for the publisher's cheery announcement that "you have never read a book like this. You have never read so frank a revelation of a young man's life—a boyhood and youth intensely American, both in ancestry and surroundings." This exaggerates matters a little, since we may recall a number of stories of recent years which approach this one in realism of setting and "frankness," not to say grossness, of detail. Part I of this book gives an uncommonly vivid picture of certain

aspects of childhood and boyhood in a small Ohio community. We have already had such a picture, frank without grossness, in Mr. Howells's "A Boy's Town," and the two pictures might well be compared as illustrating the difference between protestant and catholic methods in literary art.

His Own Country appears to express the extraordinary reaction of a dramatist from the restrictions to which his trade has subjected him. Here is an uncommonly long-winded story; its seven hundred pages seem to spread themselves before us in luxurious indifference to considerations of time or space. The publisher's assurance that the novel has not been serialised may readily be credited even by readers who do not follow the magazines; some years of "serialisation" would have been required unless a very radical curtailment had been adopted. The writer has particularly enjoyed his freedom to permit his characters to talk as long as they like, and a great many long speeches by the spouting protagonist are reported in full. The hand of the playwright betrays itself, however, in the series of dramatic or melodramatic episodes upon which the story hinges. People have an over-convenient habit of being on the spot when the situation needs them; events dovetail into each other with deadly neatness. The audience is gripped, as it were, by machinery. But it *is* gripped and on the whole successfully held, in spite of everything. Mr. Kester's theme is one which no American can regard indifferently, and he brings a fresh hand and serious purpose to its discussion. Discussion, on the whole, is the word, for we cannot feel that the story-teller has altogether succeeded in embodying his theme through characterisation and action. A great variety of human types is represented in these pages, but we never quite pass from our conscious acceptance of them as types to a sense of intimacy with them as persons. The book must be taken as an illustrated discourse upon the Southern "race prob-

lem," undertaken in a spirit of liberal inquiry, or, more generously, as a "problem novel," with all the merits and defects of its quality. The Washingtons and Beverleys of Weyanoke Cross Roads, Virginia, represent the post-bellum Southern aristocracy, decayed in its fortunes, but firmly clinging to its ancient pride and prejudice. The time comes when Comorn Hall, the stately seat of the Beverleys, can no longer be held, and it is sold to an unknown Northerner, a Dr. J. C. Brent, who has been a successful physician in Canada. Preparations are made to welcome him, and he is elected to the vestry of Weyanoke Church. His wife, who precedes him to Comorn Hall, is found to be a rather silent but presentable woman of English blood. Then come J. C. Brent and the deluge: he turns out to be one Julius Cæsar, a former slave of the neighbourhood. In Canada he has been received as a social equal, but he has had a longing for "his own country," and has vaguely believed that changed conditions and his own respectable achievement would give him a decent place in the community. He finds himself, of course, a "nigger," cut off with his white wife and their nearly white children from all intercourse but that of the ignorant blacks who swarm about Weyanoke. His sense of the injustice of this is intensified by the fact, well known to everybody, that he is the son of one of the proudest of these aristocrats, by a slave-woman who had herself only a touch of black blood in her veins. Julius Cæsar is a man of education and a man of ambition; he determines to fight it out for the sake of "his race." Here, to be sure, is another bit of paradox. One notices throughout the story that this man who deeply resents being called a nigger on account of his trace of negro blood, really thinks of himself as a black man; and that, moreover, in all moments of moral crisis he betrays a lack of stamina which the author quite clearly identifies with the African taint, or tincture, in his veins. Brent talks greatly, acts greatly on occasion. But his theory of the

equality of his own race and the whites is on the surface, secretly he is aware that something is lacking; and the feeling is borne out by the failure of his great plans and the steady degeneration of his own nature. Death offers the only means of escape from the hopeless problem which he has failed to solve. As a tract this book, prophesying as it does a great struggle to the death between the black race and the white, may do more harm than good; as a story, with all its touches of realism, it amounts to a skillful melodramatic contrivance on a great scale.

In *Edith Bonham* Mrs. Foote tells with her accustomed skill and subtlety a story of East and West, the staid East of her youth and the picturesque West of *mesa* and mining camp in which her years of maturity have been passed. Edith Bonham is the super-refined and slightly introverted product of Eastern sophistication who is brought roughly in contact with the crude force of life in its elements, who rebels and reacts and is prudish and fanciful, and finally owns herself a woman by doing the perfectly simple and natural thing. It is a pother of her own and her ancestors' making, in which, it must be confessed, Mrs. Foote appears to have had a hand. The reader may find himself (if not herself) in a rather impatient mood before all the misapprehensions and mystifications of a fairly simple situation are permitted to be cleared up. Edith's bosom friend has been snatched away from her by marriage with an Idaho engineer. The friend dies while Edith is journeying Westward to take a permanent place in the household on the *mesa* as a species of governess to the children. Edith cannot leave them motherless although, with little apparent cause, she has taken a dislike to their widowed father. Here is the situation: of course it can have only one ending, but with Edith's nature that ending must necessarily be deferred. Maclay at first surprises her by his apparent devotion to the memory of his wife, and then outrages her by offering

marriage to herself. He has made this offer to protect her from gossip, but she takes it to be an insult; and a long game at cross-purposes ensues, in the course of which both players are bound to come to the knowledge of their mutual love and need. Edith tells the story herself. If in her main course of it she makes herself out a rather forbidding and egotistical young person, the issue fairly justifies her; she has much to give. Mrs. Foote's style, as always, with its quiet clarity, offers grateful refreshment to ears which may be a trifle weary of the din and "punch" of the current literary mode.

The Jew in America has been the theme of several recent novels of unusual merit. In the most ambitious of them, *The Chosen People*, Mr. Nyburg has emphasised the importance of maintaining the Jewish integrity of blood and the Jewish ideals, as being valuable assets for the human race as a whole. The *Witte Arrives* of Elias Tobenkin and *My Mother and I*, on the other hand, advocate the process of the "melting pot" as a means of escape from Judaism. These two stories have points of striking resemblance. In both cases there is the child of a Jewish immigrant, a rabbi of the old country, wedded to the old faith and the old ways. These people have come to America clinging to the past: all they ask of the future is freedom. Progress means nothing to them; America means nothing except as a place which offers liberty of a sort. But it is the land in which their children are now to be bred and schooled, weaned from the ancient faith and given a new patriotism. The girl of the present narrative, like young Witte, responds quickly to contact with the standards of the New World. The life of the ghetto, which seems so natural and satisfying to her parents, becomes an offence to her before she has passed the gates of childhood. Her hard-won training in high school and college, and her resultant intimacy with life in "the American home," complete her mental and social separa-

tion from her own people. She marries an American, a man who can speak only English. She becomes an American—perfects her escape. There is a trace of snobbishness in her exultation at having risen above the lot of her drudging, child-bearing, gossiping sisters of the ghetto; there is something ruthless in this steadfast pursuit of her own life, which it consciously involves estrangement from her people as embodied in her mother. The whole book has, linked with its pæan of triumph in having achieved that great thing "modern womanhood" and that other great thing, the American home, an elegiac strain. The author has no dream for her race, with its ancient faith and its potential solidarity. It must escape from the synagogue and the ghetto, fuse itself with newer races, newer faiths and modes of living. Witte signalises the consummation of his Americanism by marrying a Gentile. The present writer appears to identify the Jew with the ghetto of her own youth—as if the Gentile had not his own filthier slums for Americanism to boast of. In contrast with this, the large racial idealism of a book like *The Chosen People* is as a trumpet-call to the plaintive flute of the exile.

That many a story of modern life is reducible to the terms of imperishable romance is the pleasant theorem demonstrated in the *Enchantment* of that experienced enchanter, E. Temple Thurston. Every proper romance, he holds, is so reducible—and most reality is romance. Indeed, "there is nothing so full of magic as reality; but just because some dunderhead has shuffled the issues up in a basketful of modern words and new-fashioned terminologies we have come to regard an express train as a far less wonderful thing than a pair of three-leagued boots. . . . The pity is that wonder has gone out of the eyes of a man before knowledge has crept in. He is like a child who has been permitted a glimpse behind the scenes, and having seen the crude reality of ropes and pulleys, of changing lights and shifting

canvases, can no longer enjoy the magic of the story on the stage. . . . Dragging the weary feet of an old man, he comes out of the theatre of Life, crying for reality. It is a new word, wherefore he thinks it is a new thing; and a new thing is a new toy, which, being a child, he thinks more to be desired than anything besides. But you can no more disguise the old meanings of life with the new words of man's invention than you can put old wine into new bottles. Reality is the same magic as of old, the self-same magic as when Scheherazade sat telling her tales to the Sultan in Bagdad, the same as when Jack was a Giant-killer and Cinderella rode in her fairy coach to the ball." Here, for example, in the guise of a plain Irish love-story, we have the story of the ages—an affair of the enchanted princess who waits, and not in vain, to be rescued by her destined prince; and the rest of the famous personæ, giants and fairy god-mothers, court physicians and sorcerers, are close at hand, if we have the wit to identify them. The king of the tale is one John Desmond, a son of Irish kings, and for the rest a down-at-heels gentleman who, in the perilous hour of his wife's final childbed, swears a drunken oath that if she bear a daughter the child shall enter a convent. As the child grows up she winds herself about his heart, and with the approval of good Father Casey Desmond makes "a bargain with God" by agreeing to sacrifice his bottle instead of his daughter. Ten years later he lapses, and despairingly admits that the original contract must be fulfilled. On the eve of Patricia's immolation, however, the prince appears in the person of a strong young adventurer and carries her off at the eleventh hour, to the great satisfaction of Desmond and the reader. It is a little story of original and engaging flavour.

Clearly above the ordinary historical romance, in colour and in texture, is

The Pope's Favourite, by that serious and versatile student of human affairs, Mr. Joseph McCabe. For his latest interpretation of Roman and papal history he has chosen a parlous theme, the period of that Rodrigo Borgia who ruled Rome as Alexander VI. The story presents him as a pleasure-loving pagan of not ungenerous nature, doomed to fall more and more under the dominance of his son Cesare's malign will. All that splendour and infamy of papal Rome we see through the wistful eyes of the girl and girl-woman Giulia. Given over to the great Cardinal as his "favourite" before his wealth procured the papal majesty, she has conceived a wifely devotion for him; and to her, whatever his momentary infidelities, he always turns for comfort and companionship. He is her sole guide, and only by degrees and partially does she come to apprehend the mockery of his position as God's vicar, and the essential corruption of his Rome. Whatever her limitations, she remains a figure of sweetness and pathos, rather than of shame. As for the other Borgias, Cesare is the demon of fable, but his sister Lucrezia is pictured as a being hapless rather than vile, "a merry, impulsive child, as far removed from the Lucrezia Borgia of European tradition as one could conceive." She, also, is to become a victim of Cesare's ruthless will. A multitude of minor persons throng these pages, with as little confusion as may be; and the gorgeous prodigality of the papal court and its pleasures, the political intrigues and far-flung machinations, which that prodigality served to veil and to condone in the eyes of a childlike world, are made to "come alive" for us in an extraordinary way. The book amply justifies the author's claim, in his dedication to Mr. Phillpotts: "I have but put a little blood into the veins of the great dead figures of the Borgia period and restored the missing threads of the worn historical tapestry."

THE WOMEN POETS OF INDIA

IV. ANANGAMOHINI BARMAN

BY BASANTA KOOMAR ROY

Nor long ago Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu Nobel Prize winner, wrote a letter in Bengali to Anangamohini Barman, the Hindu poetess. I was fortunate to have had the opportunity of reading that letter. It may be translated as follows:

RESPECTED LADY:

I am happy to receive as a present your books of poems. I sense a natural aroma in the poems contained in them. Their beauty is very simple and pervading. And yet, your art is quite natural to yourself. This special technique of yours has blossomed at its best in your latest books.

You certainly know how your father bestowed his affection on me. And your brother, too, counted me as a friend. On account of my heartfelt friendship with your family, I am all the more interested in the excellence of your poems. I wish that all the sorrows of your life may find their perfect fruition in the fullest development of your poetic genius.

I am, your well-wisher,
RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

Anangamohini Devi, as she is generally called, was born as the eldest daughter of His Highness the late Maharaja Birchandra Manikya Bahadur of Tipperah. His Highness was a great patron of arts and learning. In his court flourished musicians, poets and painters. He helped, in more ways than one, the artists and poets in different parts of India. When in his youth Rabindranath Tagore was being harshly dealt with by the critics, it was this noble-minded prince of men that made friends with the young poetic genius and encouraged him in every possible way. And again, when Tagore opened his school at Bolpur it was this Maharaja and his son that helped him substantially to sustain the

school. The Maharaja was a poet himself, and a musician of distinction. He taught Tagore music. Tagore in his turn was wont to sing his own songs and recite his own poems for the Maharaja. His Highness predicted a great future for the young poet, which has really come true.

Born in an artistic environment, Anangamohini showed signs of her love for the arts from childhood. With a brush she would paint quaint pictures, and with a pencil write poems. Her father was exceedingly happy to notice a budding artist in his daughter. So he encouraged her to write poems and taught her the simple rules of versification. And he was wont to read to his friends and courtiers with pride the childish poems of Anangamohini. She was taught music by expert musicians. She has a sweet voice, and sings exquisitely. This Royal family is Vaishnava by faith. They worship Radha and Krishna. Some of the best books of Hindu literature have been written on the idealistic love between Radha and Krishna. Chandi Das and Vidyapati are two of the greatest of Vaishnava poets. They inspired Tagore to a great extent. It is of this divine love that Anangamohini likes most to sing. Quite often in her own palace and in her own rooms she is seen sitting on her *ashan* all alone with her *sitar* (a musical instrument) and singing mystic songs in devotional rapture. And quite frequently she composes songs extempore and sings as she plays. Here is one of her own songs entitled "The Unseen Love":*

*The translations of this and of the other poems in this article are made by the author, Mr. Roy.—*Editor's Note.*

I cannot see you
 And I cannot ever expect to see you.
 And yet your image
 Appears in the corner of my eyes.
 In the zephyr I feel the touch
 Of your hands.
 And the morning rays of the sun
 Places before my eyes
 The vision of your face divine.
 I hear from a distance
 Your mysterious music of love
 And am charmed with it;
 And my heart is overflowed
 With the ocean of joy and love.
 What? what does this mean?
 This is joyous sorrow,
 This is poisonous nectar.
 And being overwhelmed by joy
 I cry in sorrow;—
 I am being burnt into coolness
 And am being freed in my bondage.

A thoughtful serenity is visibly marked in this princess-poetess's face, and her bright black eyes reveal the kindness of heart which she possesses to an extraordinary degree. In her early youth, Anangamohini was married to the young prime minister of the state. The young couple were ideal lovers. Happiness followed as night follows day. And, like most intense joys, their joy was short-lived. The cruel hand of death soon snatched away the young husband, Gopikrishna Deb Barman. So the same pathos pervades her writings as it does those of Mankumari Devi. A deep sorrow perennially wells up from her heart and it colours everything she writes and everything she does. In the sorrow of their lonesomeness young widows must love silence. Here is the counterpart of Mankumari's "In Silence" which Anangamohini wrote soon after her husband's death:

Silent is my dark abode,
 Silent is my favourite flute,
 Silent only is my world,
 And the silent soul is sad to-day.

1 the lonesome home of my silent soul,
 the silent language of silent love,

In silence I shed tears in sorrow,
 And in silence I worship the beloved of my heart.

I shall laugh and cry in silence,
 In silence I shall bear my sorrows,
 In silence I shall think and sing
 And in silence I shall weave
 Garlands for my beloved.

In the silent sky of my being
 The sun does not shine bright any more
 In the silent pool of my heart
 The lotuses do not bloom to smile any more.

In the silent garden of my heart
 The blossoms fall in silence,
 And the cuckoo of my silent heart
 Sings no more in joy.

Silence reigns supreme all around me,
 And silence has engulfed my heart,
 Silence comes to me in silence,
 And my heart is hungry for my beloved.

And again, she sings in the sadness of her soul:

I soften my speech
 With tears
 Lest it sounds harsh to you.
 I do not close my eyes
 In indifference,
 But only in deep meditation
 To comprehend you to the utmost.
 In pain and in tears
 Nothing is expressed but my love to you.
 You are so far away
 That I can but faintly see you.
 And yet, I smile in doubt
 Thinking that you are there.
 The smile is to make you happy,
 My love is to please you,
 My life is not for myself,
 I am so happy to serve you.

The young poetess's love for her husband was so intense that the day he died, she, feeling that life was not worth living without the one she loved, expressed her desire to burn herself on the funeral pyre of her husband. But her father objected by saying: "I admire your faith-

ful love and devotion for your departed husband, but we have no right to take the life God entrusted us with before He sends for us. Live, my daughter, live and consecrate your life to the service of God and humanity."

The daughter made a compromise. She burnt one of her fingers to prove her devotion to her husband. To-day her time is principally occupied with the observance of devotional duties, and journeys to places of pilgrimage. Dressed in her white silk *sari* Anangamohini spends several hours every day, morning, noon and night, in prayer and meditation. She has suffered so much herself that she thoroughly realises what it means when others suffer. This makes her exceedingly charitable. She lavishly gives money to temples and charitable institutions. Almost every day she gives away food and clothes to the poor. And on special festive occasions she invites thousands of beggars to partake of her hospitality. She really enjoys and finds great consolation in assuaging the sorrows of others.

She is a strictly purdah woman, and yet she is vitally interested in India's civic progress. She has helped the present ruler in bringing about many political and educational changes for the better efficiency of the state. She is a member of the All-India Woman's Union, and through it and by the gift of money and advice helps the cause of female education in India. She has established several schools in the remotest villages for the education of our children. By her letters and writings she seeks to inspire the young men of India to a higher sense of national idealism. Her greatest joy in life is to be of service to others, and she feels quite exultant when she can do something great for the public good. In one such moment she wrote:

The more I lose my consciousness
The more I am awakened into life.
And I have begun
To feel the touch of happiness
On my life of sorrow.
That crushing sense of far-offness

Has disappeared to-day
And I am sad no more.
Vain is not the bondage of hope
Futile is not devotional consecration.

I have swum in the waves of happiness
And washed off all my sorrows,
In this new awakening
There is no future and no past—
There is but an eternal present.
An endless wave of boundless grace
Has surrounded me on all sides—
The more I lose my consciousness
The more I am awakened into life.

It has been said by critics that Anangamohini in the original Bengali has too much of Tagorism—Tagore's style and rhythm. It certainly cannot be denied that some of her poems do remind us of Tagore. It would be foolish not to expect in at least a few of her poems any trace of a man whose works she has read and admired on her father's lap. And a little diffused aroma of Tagore or Maeterlinck is not altogether a bad thing to have in any poetry.

In spite of all the sorrows of her life, Anangamohini has a heroic hope that when she finishes her sojourn in this world, she will meet her husband in the next world and profusely shower on his head and heart the love that has gathered in hers during these years of her useful exile in this world of ours. So she sings:

Stranger from an unknown
And far off land,
What are you thirsting for?
What current of hope
Flows through your heart?
What treasure do you seek to gather?
How can I get rid of
This sense of far-offness
And offer all I have?

They say that this life is a dream,
I do not care;
I shall lose myself in the realm of dream
And forget all reality;
I shall close my eyes
And hide the sun in its darkness.

I shall fly in the sky
In the garb of a fairy,
I shall ride on the back of clouds,
And in a fanciful dream
Sing songs in joy.

I shall fight against
This insensate world—
This prisonhouse of ours—
And win the war with love,

And reach the land
Of my heart's desire.

I shall march victoriously
Into the upper worlds,
Then darkness will disappear,
And the entire universe
Will smile radiant
With the rays
Of the sun of love.

THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

LOUISVILLE, KY.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Since you bespeak my interest in the series of poems in the "Masque of Poets" in your magazine, may I suggest that you would appeal to a wider group of readers if you would advertise them as being by *some* of America's leading poets rather than by America's leading poets? The newspapers cannot be expected to be exact in these matters, but THE BOOKMAN, just beginning a new round of its career, can hardly afford to stand for any arbitrary choosings of this kind; and this list would resemble a list of leading English poets with Kipling, Watson, Yeats, Noyes *et al* left out.

CALE YOUNG RICE.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am sending you a literary curiosity which I found in an old scrap-book. I believe it will be of interest to many.

LUCILLE COULTER.

LIFE

(A Literary Curiosity)

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?—
Young.

Life's a short summer—man is but a flower.
—Dr. Johnson.

By turns we catch the fatal breath and die:
—Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas! how nigh.—
Prior.

To be is better far than not to be,—Sewell.
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy:
—Spencer.

But light cares speak when mighty griefs
are dumb—Daniel.

The bottom is but shallow whence they come,
—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Thy fate is the common fate of all;—Long-
fellow.

Unmingled joys here no man befall;—South-
well.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,—
Congreve.

Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.—
Churchill.

Custom does not reason overrule,—Rochester.
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.—
Armstrong.

Live well; how long or short permit to
heaven.—Milton.

They who forgive most shall be most for-
given.—Bailey.

Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see
its face—French.

Vile intercourse where virtue has no place;
—Somerville.

Then keep each passion down, however dear,
—Thompson.

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.—
Byron.

Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay,
—Smollett.

With craft and skill to ruin and betray;—
Crabbe.

Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;—
Massinger.

We masters grow of all that we despise.—
Crowley.

Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem,
—Beattie.

Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream.
—Cowper.

Think not ambition wise because 'tis grave,
—Sir William Davenant.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave;—
Gray.

What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,—
Willis.

Only destructive to the brave and great.—
Addison.

What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?—
Dryden.

The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.—
Francis Quarles.

How long we live, not years, but actions
tell;—Watkins.

That man lives twice who lives the first
life well.—Herrick.

Make, then, while ye may, your God your
friend,—William Mason.

Whom Christians worship, yet not compre-
hend.—Hill.

The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just,—Dana.

For live we how we may, yet die we must.—
Shakespeare.

—MRS. H. A. DEMING.

Note:—Accompanying this is a statement that a year was occupied in searching for, and fitting the lines in this remarkable mosaic from English and American poets.

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I take issue with Dr. Wilfrid Lay in the matter of his "John Barleycorn Under Psychoanalysis," though I do so with a frank admission of only a slight understanding of psychoanalysis, and I admit that Dr. Lay's intention was to interpret London's character from the technical viewpoint of a certain branch of science rather than from that of the emotional and literary appeal of the author's personality and writings. Yet, whatever Dr. Lay's intentions, I cannot escape the conviction that he sets up before us certain standards of ideal and character, and then criticises London wherein he falls short of these.

The principal point I raise is the unfairness of judging one man by another man's standards. We all know that London was not conventional, and doubtless did not want to be; and know that in general individuals want to be judged by the ideals of life which are theirs. In opposition to this the psychoanalyst will contend that an individual of a certain character and tendencies is abnormal through the effects of environment, repressed desires, and other conditions for which he was not responsible. Also we must admit in fairness that there are many instances wherein it is not allowable to judge an individual by his own ideals, as in the case of universally recognised outlaw of society. But where the individual has the large following which London has, I feel that it is only fair to give due consideration to his standards of life. Certainly this is evidence to the belief that his ideals were not wholly wrong.

Personally, and without any reflection of harshness, I liked Mr. London's way of looking at life much better than I do Dr. Lay's. Even though Dr. Lay be right and London wrong, I am convinced that many thousands of readers in the world are really glad that London was an abnormal and held to wrong ideals, if this he did. London did have a radical and somewhat unconventional way of looking at life, yet he had a great following who hold to somewhat at least the same viewpoint; and these understand and appreciate him. These are the ones to whom he appealed most for sympathy; and it is from these that he looked for support in critical judgment. The one of a different viewpoint who criticises the man does so without understanding; and with the followers of London the criticism meets with disapproval. It is like a Spencerian criticising a Kantist, or a Hegel the dialecticism of the ancient Greeks. The unfairness of this sort of criticism of London I felt even more than in the present instance when I read the article by Grace Isabel Colbron in the January BOOKMAN.

Dr. Lay writes that London gives us no picture of "child, girl, lass, or woman that is more than a colourless sketch," and in the same paragraph makes reference to London's first love-making to Haydee. In objection, I ask how one could demand any better love sketch than this incident with Haydee? I admit that in this, too, the element of personal liking enters in; but to me it seems there is no better example of love incident to be found, considered for what it is—a short and comparatively unrelated incident in the book. I know that I like it; and those few pages I have read many times and still read. Again, what of Lizzie Connolly in *Martin Eden*? Possibly in this example the connection might superficially be construed to mean that London did not care for women; but the girl was rejected for reasons of the plot, and even so it is a compelling picture of woman's love. Dr. Lay may reply that these pictures do

nothing to portray the inner characters of the girls themselves, but certainly they do present the heroines to us vividly; and to one of proper sympathy in a way that is unforgettable. And no more than this is required.

Dr. Lay in his psychoanalysis charges London with an unusual tendency to Sadism and Masochism. I imply from his conclusions that he arrives at his judgments by analysis of London's writing, particularly the narrative of "John Barleycorn." I object, first on the ground that London's supposedly autobiographical writings are not true accounts, but narrative employed rather for literary effect; and second and most important, on ground of the undeniable fact that in general the individual in his thoughts dwells on those qualities which are the opposite of his own. For example I cite one specific case—Nietzsche, who spent nearly all his life in futile search of health, and in vivid contrast preached the doctrine of the superman. On this basis I am unavoidably led to the conviction that London in actuality was a man far different from what his books would lead us to think.

Another point—that of suicide in the principal character, Martin Eden, which Dr. Lay, in attempting to show an immaturity of intellect in London, says is "another example of that youthfulness, not to say childishness, of intellect, which we see in other traits of his." In explanation of London's purpose, here I will cite some information from the words of Arthur M. Lewis, who not only knew London intimately, but accorded fairly well with London's philosophy. In a personal conversation the author explained to Mr. Lewis that he chose the viewpoint of Nietzschean individualism for his character in *Martin Eden* to show the fallacies of this kind of thinking, and to bear out the hopelessness of Nietzschean individualism compelled his character to commit suicide.

If I had space I would like to take up Dr. Lay's scepticism about London's discovering the "world of the mind" and

"his interest in purely intellectual feats."

I will say briefly, however, that I differ widely from Dr. Lay on this point, holding to the opinion that London made far incursions into the fields of science and philosophy. This he did if we may accept the suggestions given in his books, and the accounts of those who knew him intimately; but this matter is too involved to consider here.

In closing, I reiterate that I cannot agree with Dr. Lay. I feel that his opinions of London are too narrow to find approval among London's followers. And if it is unfortunate, as Dr. Lay suggests, that London did not receive the social education which would have made him a great cultural writer, I for one am glad that he did not. His writings are to me of incalculable value just as they are.

JESSE M. GRIGG.

NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

A busy winter has delayed this note. Edna Kenton's article of half a year ago, "The Pap We Have Been Fed On," still lingers in mind because I was one of the children brought up on the Rollo Books. I doubt if she was. Her view sounds grown-up and modern. At any rate she did not have my joyous experience. It is worth recording as a tribute to an old-time children's classic.

I have no recollection of Rodolphus and dreary definitions. Best of all, I loved *Rollo Crossing the Atlantic*, read to eight-year-old me during measles and lived through the next summer on my first trip to Europe. I *lived* Rollo, all the more, perhaps, because my hair was clipped and waiters would ask, "What will the young gentleman have?" I learned to skip stones on Lake Windermere. I am not aware that Rollo ever did this, but I followed his trail up Ben Lomond on pony back. My mother and father stayed over a night at Rowardenan in order to gratify this wish—and ours was a rushing tourist trip! On the way to London, when wondering what hotel to go to, we thought of Morley's

because Rollo had been there. I still remember my mother's surprise at finding an actual Morley's in Baedeker, and I remember my delight in sitting at the very table Rollo had sat at. My recollections stop there, but they give the Rollo Books a very special niche among my happy memories.

HELEN WHITON.

NEW YORK CITY.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am very anxious to ascertain the name of the author of the following lines of poetry:

Again she spoke: "Where is my lord, the King?"

And closing around a deeper silence seemed
To hold the host. "Where is thy father,
boy?"

Nor answered but the harsh horns hardly
blown

From shore to sea: and low before her bowed
His head the Prince, and all around stood
dumb.

Do you or any of your subscribers recognise this quotation? If so, I would consider it a favour if you would send me the title of the complete work.

JOHN DUFFY.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Professor Charles M. Bakewell's article, "The Philosophy of War and Peace," has interested me very much. It sounds, in places, so Nietzschean. Yet he damns Nietzsche, whom we had almost learned to love before the war, quite roundly.

Says Professor Bakewell: "A word must be said about the positive value of war. The plain truth is that wars have served the cause of mankind, and that the sturdy and manly virtues have resulted from the wars that have been fought."

Says Nietzsche, to cite a quotation that is more comprehensive, I think, than the one employed by your contributor: "It is mere illusion and pretty sentiment to expect much (even anything at all)

from mankind if it forgets how to make war. As yet no means are known which call so much into action as a great war, that rough energy born of the camps, that deep impersonality born of hatred, that conscience born of murder and cold-bloodedness, that fervour born of effort in the annihilation of the enemy, that proud indifference to loss, to one's own existence, to that of one's fellows, to that earthquake-like soul-shaking which a people needs when it is losing its vitality."

And Professor Bakewell, too, can name no substitute for war's vitality—renewing power. But read again his article—with the foregoing in mind.

Incidentally, let us also compare with the above from Nietzsche the following from Emerson, our own American philosopher, the quotation being from his address on "War" delivered in Boston, in March, 1838: "War educates the senses, calls into action the will, perfects the physical constitution, brings men into such swift and close collision in critical moments that man measures man."

It is a most inopportune time to attempt to apologise for Nietzsche. For Emerson, this from his same "War" address will suffice: "Nothing is plainer than that the sympathy with war is a juvenile and temporary state."

CHARLES ALMA BYERS.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I have just finished reading a most interesting life of Captain Mayne Reid by his widow, Elizabeth Reid. This volume, which contains a striking picture of Captain Reid, was published by Ward and Downey in London in 1890 and is a rather rare book.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century there was no writer of boys' books in the world more popular than Captain Mayne Reid. Only G. A. Henty at the zenith of his fame equalled him in popularity. I am sure that many of your readers will recall with delight the many golden hours that they spent

in the company of *The Scalp Hunters*, *The Headless Horseman*, *The Rifle Rangers* and other thrilling characters created by the indefatigable Mayne Reid, who wrote forty-five books in all.

But I have never seen, outside of this volume, any printed account of Captain Mayne Reid's loyal defence of his friend, Edgar Allan Poe. Mayne Reid, while writing under the *nom de plume* of "Poor Scholar," went to Philadelphia in the spring of 1843 and there made the acquaintance of the ill-fated Poe. After the poet's death, when his memory was being attacked by a swarm of literary gadflies, Captain Mayne Reid vigorously defended him with that fiery zeal that also made him take up his pen in defence of Louis Kossuth in February, 1853, when the Hungarian statesman and patriot was denounced by the *London Times*.

It will be noted that in his defence of Poe Captain Reid held, like many others since, that Poe derived the source of his inspiration for "The Raven" from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." However, the doughty Captain's vindication of Poe is so interesting that I hope you will print it in full. Here it is:

"Nearly a quarter of a century ago I knew a man named Edgar Allan Poe. I knew him as well as one man may know another, after an intimate and almost daily association extending over a period of two years. He was then a reputed poet; I only an humble admirer of the Muses.

"But it is not of his poetic talent that I here intend to speak. I never myself had a very exalted opinion of it—more especially as I knew that the poem upon which rests the corner-stone of his fame is not the creation of Edgar Allan Poe, but of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' you will find the original of 'The Raven.' I mean the tune, the softly flowing measure, the imagery and a good many of

the words—even to the 'rustling of the soft and silken curtain.'

"This does not seem like defending the dead poet, nor, *as a poet*, is his defence intended. I could do it better were I to speak of his prose, which for classic diction and keen analytical power has not been surpassed in the republic of letters. Neither to speak of his poetry nor his prose have I taken up the pen; but of what is, in my opinion, of much more importance than either—his moral character. Contrary to my estimate, the world believes him to have been a great poet; and there are few who will question his transcendent talents as a writer of prose. But the world also believes him to have been a blackguard; and there are but few who seem to dissent from this doctrine.

"I am one of this few; and I shall give my reasons, drawing them from my own knowledge of the man. In attempting to rescue his maligned memory from the clutch of calumniators, I have no design to represent Edgar Allan Poe as a model of what man ought to be, either morally or socially. I desire to obtain for him only strict justice; and if this be accorded, I have no fear that those according it will continue to regard him as the monster he has been hitherto depicted. Rather may it be that the hideous garment will be transferred from his to the shoulders of his hostile biographer.

"When I first became acquainted with Poe he was living in a suburban district of Philadelphia, called 'Spring Garden.' I have not been there for twenty years and, for aught I know, it may now be in the centre of that progressive city. It was then a quiet residential neighbourhood, noted as the chosen quarter of the Quakers.

"Poe was no Quaker; but, I remember well, he was next-door neighbour to one. And in this wise; that while the wealthy co-religionist of William Penn dwelt in a splendid four-story house, built of the beautiful coral-coloured bricks for which Philadelphia is celebrated, the poet lived in a lean-to of

three rooms—there may have been a garret with a closet—of painted plank construction, supported against the gable of the more pretentious dwelling.

"If I remember aright, the Quaker was a dealer in cereals. He was also Poe's landlord; and, I think, rather looked down upon the poet—though not from any question of character, but simply from his being fool enough to figure as a scribbler and a poet.

"In this humble domicile I can say that I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life—certainly some of the most intellectual. They were passed in the company of the poet himself and his wife—a lady angelically beautiful in person and not less beautiful in spirit. No one who remembers that dark-eyed, dark-haired daughter of Virginia—her own name, if I rightly remember—her grace, her facial beauty, her demeanour, so modest as to be remarkable—no one who has ever spent an hour in her company but will endorse what I have above said. I remember how we, the friends of the poet, used to talk of her high qualities. And when we talked of her beauty, I well knew that the rose-tint upon her cheek was too bright, too pure to be of earth. It was consumption's colour—that sadly beautiful light which beckons to an early tomb.

"In the little lean-to, besides the poet and his interesting wife, there was but one other dweller. This was a woman of middle age, and almost masculine aspect. She had the size and figure of a man, with a countenance that, at first sight, seemed scarce feminine. A stranger would have been incredulous—surprised, as I was—when introduced to her as the mother of that angelic creature who had accepted Edgar Poe as the partner of her life.

"Such was the relationship; and when you came to know this woman better, the masculinity of her person disappeared before the truly feminine nature of her mind; and you saw before you a type of those grand American mothers—such as existed in the days when block houses had to be defended, bullets run in red-

hot saucepans, and guns loaded for sons and husbands to fire them. Just such a woman was the mother-in-law of the poet Poe. If not called upon to defend her home and family against the assaults of the Indian savage, she was against that as ruthless, as implacable, and almost as difficult to repel—poverty. She was the ever-vigilant guardian of the house, watching it against the silent but continuous sap of necessity, that appeared every day to be approaching closer and nearer. She was the sole servant, keeping everything clean; the sole messenger, doing the errands, making pilgrimages between the poet and his publishers, frequently bringing back such chilling responses as 'The article not accepted,' or, 'The cheque not to be given until such and such a day'—often too late for his necessities.

"And she was also messenger to the market; from it bringing back, not the 'delicacies of the season,' but only such commodities as were called for by the dire exigencies of hunger.

"And yet were there some delicacies. I shall never forget how, when peaches were in season and cheap, a pottle of these, the choicest gifts of Pomona, were divested of their skins by the delicate fingers of the poet's wife, and left to the 'melting mood,' to be amalgamated with Spring Garden cream and crystallised sugar, and then set before such guests as came in by chance.

"Reader! I know you will acknowledge this to be a picture of tranquil domestic happiness; and I think you will believe me when I tell you that it is truthful. But I know also you will ask, 'What has it to do with the poet?' since it seems to reflect all the credit on his wife and the woman who called him her son-in-law. For all yet said it may seem so; but I am now to say that which may give it a different aspect.

"During two years of intimate personal association with Edgar Allan Poe, I found in him the following phases of character, accomplishment and disposition:

"First: I discovered rare genius; not

at all of the poetic order, not even of the fanciful, but far more of a practical kind, shown in a power of analytic reasoning such as few men possess, and which would have made him the finest detective policeman in the world. Vidocq would have been a simpleton beside him.

"Secondly: I encountered a scholar of rare accomplishments—especially skilled in the lore of Northern Europe, and more imbued with it than with the southern and strictly classic. How he had drifted into this specialty I never knew. But he had it in a high degree, as is apparent throughout all his writings, some of which read like an echo of the Scandinavian 'Sagas.'

"Thirdly: I felt myself in communication with a man of original character, disputing many of the received doctrines and dogmas of the day; but only original in so far as to dispute them, altogether regardless of consequences to himself or the umbrage he gave to his adversaries.

"Fourthly: I saw before me a man to whom vulgar rumour had attributed those personal graces supposed to attract the admiration of women. This is the usual description given of him in biographical sketches. And why, I cannot tell, unless it has been done to round off a piquant paragraph. His was a face purely intellectual. Women might admire it, thinking of this; but it is doubtful if many of them ever fell, or could have fallen, in love with the man to whom it belonged. I don't think many ever did. It was enough for one man to be beloved by one such woman as he had for his wife.

"Fifthly: I feel satisfied that Edgar Allan Poe was not, what his slanderers have represented him, a rake. I know he was not; but in truth the very opposite. I have been his companion in one or two of his wildest frolics, and can

certify that they never went beyond the innocent mirth in which we all indulge when Bacchus gets the better of us. With him the jolly god sometimes played fantastic tricks—to the stealing away his brain, and sometimes, too, his hat—leaving him to walk bareheaded through the streets at an hour when the sun shone too clearly on his crown, then prematurely bald.

"While acknowledging this as one of Poe's failings, I can speak truly of its not being habitual; only occasional, and drawn out by some accidental circumstance—now disappointment; now the concurrence of a social crowd, whose flattering friendship might lead to champagne, a single glass of which used to affect him so much that he was hardly any longer responsible for his actions, or the disposal of his hat.

"I have chronicled the poet's crimes, all that I ever knew him to be guilty of, and, indeed, all that can be honestly alleged against him; though many call him a monster. It is time to say a word of his virtues. I could expatiate upon these far beyond the space left me; or I might sum them up in a single sentence by saying that he was no worse and no better than most other men.

"I have known him to be for a whole month closeted in his own house—the little 'shanty' supported against the gable of the rich Quaker—all the time hard at work with his pen, poorly paid, and hard driven to keep the wolf from his slightly fastened door, intruded on only by a few select friends who always found him, what they knew him to be, a generous host, an affectionate son-in-law and husband; in short, a respectable gentleman.

"In the list of literary men, there has been no such spiteful biographer as Dr. Rufus Griswold, and never such a victim of posthumous spite as poor Edgar Allan Poe."

EDWIN CARTY RANCK.

TOKYO, JAPAN.

EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

I am very much obliged for the fine review you have given to my book, *The Obstacles to Peace*.

There are, however, certain misapprehensions in regard to it on the part of the writer of the review, which I would like to correct. The writer says that it has the faults of a "journalistic lingering over sensational details and endless repetition."

Now, I am not a journalist, nor a reporter. I am not even a writer. I am merely an editor. And this book is a piece of editorial work and its principal aim was to set forth a true picture of the world situation. The value of the book is in the material I selected. What the review of the book calls "sensational details" are records of the most terrible crimes and cruelties that have ever happened in this world. These crimes and cruelties committed by Germany on land

and sea and by Austria-Hungary in Serbia and by Turkey in Armenia constitute most terrible facts. It is on account of them that the United States has gone into war.

I made a very fundamental examination of the sources of my material. This is not a journalistic lingering over sensational details. It is an important piece of editorial work. I have given a body of material from which people can understand the feeling that has made England and France ready to give up everything rather than that this desecration of humanity should prevail in the world. As I say, I am not a writer; I am an editor. There are books by men like Phillip Gibbs which are marvellous pieces of literature. My book is primarily a collection of important data. I may have failed in editorial judgment, but I have not lingered over details to gratify a sense of sensational journalism.

S. S. McCLURE.

READERS' GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Art

American Pictures and their Painters. By Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: John Lane Company. With 230 illustrations. \$3.00.

A suggestive, not critical, discussion of American artists, and an attempt to give the reader a working basis for a wider knowledge of them.

Biography

Algernon Charles Swinburne. Personal Recollections by his Cousin, Mrs. Disney Leith. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated. \$2.00.

With extracts from some of his private letters.

Franklin Spencer Spalding, Man and Bishop. By John Howard Melish. New York: The Macmillan Company. With Portrait. \$2.25.

In seventeen chapters.

Business

Are We Capable of Self-Government? By Frank W. Noxon. With an Introduction by Harry A. Wheeler, First President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.

National problems and policies affecting business 1900-16.

Church Advertising. Arranged by W. B. Ashley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.00.

Practical methods to advertise church work.

Ten Lessons in Thrift. By Thomas E. Sanders. Racine, Wisconsin: The Thrift Publishers.

A little book of ten chapters.

Success Where You Are. By Harriette Gunn Roberson. New York: The Saalfield Publishing Company. \$1.00.

Twenty chapters of advice to girls.

Domestic Science

Home Crafts of To-day and Yesterday. By Florence Buchanan. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.

How to make at home a variety of necessary and useful articles.

Canned Fruit, Preserves and Jellies. By Maria Parloa. New York: The Saalfield Publishing Company. 50 cents.

A little book of household methods of preparation: prepared under the supervision of Experiment Stations, United States Department of Agriculture.

Drama

Minna von Barnheim or Soldier's Fortune. By Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Translated by Otto Heller, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.25.

A German comedy in five acts.

The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. \$1.75.

A new and revised edition in twenty-two chapters.

Modern Theatre Construction. By Edward Bernard Kinsila. New York: The Moving Picture World. Forty-one illustrations and marginal references.

A handbook of practical suggestions for the general reader, by the architect and theatre specialist.

The Sublime Sacrifice: A War Drama. By Charles V. H. Roberts. New York and Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press.

A tragedy in three acts with prologue.

Portmanteau Plays. By Stuart Walker. Edited and with an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt.

Four One-Act Plays by the inventor and director of the Portmanteau Theatre.

Essays

Personality. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.35.

Six essays developing the subject.

The City Worker's World. American Social Progress Series. By Mary Kingsbury Simkhovitch. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

An attempt in ten chapters to show fully the conditions surrounding the great industrial family.

Fiction

Pebbles on the Shore. Alpha of the Plough. The Wayfarer's Library. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Frontispiece. 50 cents.

A selection from papers originally in *The Star*; fifty-one short sketches, a sort of informal diary of moods.

A Love Tangle. By F. E. Penny. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A Southern India romance complicated by differences of station and race.

The Banks of Coline. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A story of the life of workers in a flower nursery and in an oyster fishery nearby.

The Girl by the Roadside. By Varick Varnady. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$1.35.

A mystery story of a confirmed bachelor and a girl from nowhere.

Red Roses. By Joyce Thomas. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Company. \$1.50.

A love story of the war.

Young Low. By George A. Dorsey. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

A revelation of a young man's life, American in ancestry and surroundings.

My Mother and I. By E. G. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

The story of the Americanising of a young girl.

Lend Me Your Name. By Francis Perry Elliott. Chicago: The Reilly & Britton Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

A farcical love story about an English earl and a burglar.

Rimrock Jones. By Dane Coolidge. New York: W. J. Watt & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A desert story about a man who almost made the same mistake twice, and of a woman who knew her own mind.

My Country. A Story of To-day. By George Rothwell Brown. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A war novel dealing with love, intrigue, secret service, and the submarine.

Kleath. By Madge Macbeth. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story of life in the Klondike.

Dominie Dean. By Ellis Parker Butler. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Illustrations. \$1.35.

A tale of the Mississippi in the days of the Civil War.

The Treasure Train. By Arthur B. Reeve. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.35.

Twelve adventure stories of the famous scientific detective, Craig Kennedy.

The Lovers. By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece. \$1.00.

A romance beginning in a garret and ending on the battlefields of France.

The Royal Outlaw. By Charles B. Hudson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A historical novel dealing with David as an exile from Saul.

The Master of Bonne Terre. By William Antony Kennedy. New York: Robert J. Shores. \$1.90.

A Civil War story, in which mine development, politics, and land speculation figure.

Stories of the Occult. By Dan A. Stitzer. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.25.

Three stories by a student of the occult science.

Eve, Junior. By Reginald Heber Patterson. New York: The Macaulay Company. \$1.25.

A Maryland love story about a girl on an island and a young engineer.

Bucking the Tiger. By Achmed Abdullah. New York: Robert J. Shores. \$1.35.

A story of financial adventure in the Northwest.

Fairhope. By Edgar Dewitt Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece.

The annals of a country church: in fourteen sketches.

Irene to the Rescue. By May Baldwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated.

The story of an English girl's fight for the right.

The Empty House. Anonymous. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.40.

An American story in the first person, involving the modern theme of the childless woman.

Erewhon. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

A satire on the fads and foolishness of the English-speaking world: a story of adventure in a topsy-turvy country among peculiar people.

The Lady with the Dog and Other Stories. Vol. III. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A collection of nine stories.

Dollars and Cents. By Albert Payson Terhune. New York: Robert J. Shores. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A story of married life, of a man's love and a woman's faith.

The Sorry Tale. By Patience Worth. New York: Henry Holt & Company. \$1.90.

A historical story of the days of the Christ; communicated through Mrs. John Curran.

History

Russian Court Memoirs 1914-16. By a Russian. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. With thirty-two illustrations.

Intimate glimpses of court, political and social life in Petrograd.

France, Her People and Her Spirit. Problems of the Nations. By Laurence Jerrold. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$1.50.

A cross-section view of France to-day, with a background of history and geography.

An authoritative book on America's National Parks, with practical guide-book knowledge: for tourists.

A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Russian Languages. By J. H. Freese. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$2.00.

Prepared for the student of Russian.

Juvenile

Peter Pan. The Boy Who Would Never Grow up to be a Man. Edited and arranged by Frederick Orville Perkins. New York: Silver, Burdett & Company. With sixteen illustrations by Alice B. Woodward.

Retold from Sir James M. Barrie's famous play.

Zip. By Frances Trego Montgomery. New York: The Saalfield Publishing Company. Illustrated. 60 cents.

The adventures of a fox-terrier, for children.

Chocolate Cake and Black Sand and Two Other Plays. By Samuel Milbank Cauldwell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With sixteen illustrations. \$1.50.

Adapted for presentation by children.

Around the World with the Children. By Frank G. Carpenter. New York: American Book Company. Illustrated.

An introduction to geography.

The Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe. By Leon Dominion. The American Geographical Society of New York. New York: Henry Holt & Company. Illustrations and Maps.

A study in applied geography: the linguistic frontiers as the symbol of the divide between distinct sets of economic and social conditions, with Appendix.

Direct-Method Physical Development. By Claus Seltz. New York: R. F. Fennø & Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A treatise on developing Nerve-Force and Muscle-Force

Canada, the Spell Binder. By Lilian Whiting. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrations in colour and monochrome. \$2.50.

Thirteen chapters with many illustrations and map.

Rational Sex Ethics. By W. F. Robie, M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$3.50.

For sale only to members of the medical and legal professions.

Miscellaneous

Your National Parks. By Enos A. Mills. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. \$2.50.

The Rural School from Within. By Marion G. Kirkpatrick, B.S., Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company Frontispiece \$1.28.

Letters From a Living Dead Man. Written Down by Elsa Barker. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.

Personal experiences of the author, dealing with communications from the other world.

Jevons Block. By Kate Buss. Boston: McGrath-Sherrill Press. Illustrated.

A small book of poetry: a book of sex enmity.

Poetry

The Complete Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Collected, edited, and arranged with Memoir, Textual Notes and Bibliography. By J. H. Whitty. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With illustrations. \$2.25.

Revised and definitive edition, containing unpublished poems, a new portrait, a new text of the poet's last revision, and new information and material in the memoir.

The Man Who Saw, and Other Poems arising out of the War. By William Watson. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.00.

Twenty sonnets and thirty other poems.

Billie Boy and I. By Will P. Snyder. Boston: Sherman, French & Company. \$1.00.

Child verse for adult readers, many of the poems being reprinted from magazines.

Poems. Ralph Hodgson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 75 cents.

A collection of twenty-five poems.

Dreams of Hellas and Other Poems. By Annie Elizabeth Cheney. Los Angeles: Lloyd Publishing Company. \$1.50.

Poems of all the civilisations, with the theme of Uranian love.

Psychology

Sex Worship and Symbolism of Primitive Races. An Interpretation. By Sanger Brown, II, M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$3.00.

An effort to give the life history of a primitive motive in the history of the race.

Philistine and Genius. By Boris Sidis, M.A., Ph.D., M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

Education of children: a revised third edition with preface on current events and an essay on Precocity in Children

Religion

The Silent Hour. By Charlotte Burd. New York: Barse & Hopkins. \$1.50.

Twelve chapters on the practical use and necessity of the silent hour.

Seeing God. The Purple Series. By the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1s. 6d.

A book of devotion and meditation.

There is no Death. The Purple Series. By the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1s. 6d.

A book of devotion and meditation.

Immortality and the Future. By H. R. Mackintosh, D.Phil., D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$1.50.

The Christian doctrine of eternal life, written for students of Eschatology.

The Story of Bible Translations. By Max L. Margolis. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America. Illustrated.

Eight chapters of Biblical history.

The Religious Education of an American Citizen. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

Twelve chapters about the influences which direct the religious education of an American citizen.

The Christian Ministry and Social Problems. By Charles D. Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.00.

Five chapters the author's purpose in which is to arouse the torpid social conscience of the average minister of the church.

Do We Need a New Idea of God? Edmund H. Reeman. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Company. \$1.00.

An original treatment of the idea of God, in seven chapters.

Sociology

Community. By R. M. Maciver, D.Phil. London: Macmillan & Company, Limited. 12s.

A sociological study in eight chapters with Appendices.

The Problem of the Unemployed. Present Day Problem Series. By Rev. W. S. Williams, M.D. Boston: Richard G. Badger. \$1.00.

A short treatise for business men interested in social welfare after the war.

Science

The Culture and Diseases of the Sweet Pea. By J. J. Taubenhause, Ph.D., Plant Pathologist of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated. \$2.00.

A book of detailed first-hand information for the amateur, the gardener, the florist, the seedsman, and the plant pathologist.

Friends in Feathers. By Gene Stratton-Porter. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. Many photographs by the author. \$3.50.

Character studies of native American birds, with the stories of the author's experiences in obtaining their pictures.

Spanish Glass. In the collection of the Hispanic Society of America. No. 102. By Edwin Atlee Barber, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Illustrated.

Chiefly of interest for its plates.

War

War's Dark Frame. By Wadsworth Camp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.35.

A description of war from the point of view of the home of the man at the front.

With Our Faces in the Light. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 50 cents.

A little book of patriotism by an observer of the war.

The Turning Point. By H. Perry Robinson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

A description of the battle of the Somme from the standpoint of the operations of the British troops.

Doing My Bit for Ireland. By Margaret Skinnider. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. \$1.00.

A narrative, in the first person, giving the author's experiences during the rise and fall of the recent Irish revolution, with songs sung by the revolutionists.

Gems(?) of German Thought. An Anthology of the German War Scriptures. Compiled by William Archer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25.

A collection of 501 writings and sayings by prominent Germans, on the Kultur-gospel.

The Russian Revolution. By Isaac Don Levine. New York: Harper & Brothers. With Portraits. \$1.00.

Sixteen chapters: the overthrow of the Czar and the establishment of democratic Russia.

Trench Warfare. By J. S. Smith, Second Lieutenant with the British Expeditionary Force in Flanders. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.50.

The author's experiences, giving technical details for men and officers.

England and the War. By André Chevrillon. With a preface by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.60.

First published in the *Revue de Paris*; an analysis of the national mind.

Russia of Yesterday and To-morrow. By Baroness Souiny. New York: The Century Company. \$2.00.

A conversational account of the Russia that was and an indication of the Russia that is to be.

Russian Memories. By Madame Olga Novikoff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Fifteen illustrations. \$3.50.

Twenty chapters of personal reminiscences, not autobiographical.

The Soldiers' English and French Conversation Book. Compiled by Walter M. Gallichan. New and Revised Edition.

A little book of useful sentences, phrases, and words on most-needed topics.

Our United States Army. By Helen S. Wright. New York: Robert J. Shores. \$1.50.

A summary of the Army's work in the development and building up of our country.

Germany, the Next Republic? By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Twelve chapters by the representative of the United Press in Germany before breaking out of the war.

The Menace of Peace. By George D. Heron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.00.

An attempt to show that the war is the outward expression of a human conflict that is spiritual.

The Marne Campaign. By Major F. E. Whitton. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. With Maps. \$4.00.

Seventeen chapters with Bibliography and Index: minute analysis of the operations of the Battle of the Marne.

The Latin at War. By Will Irwin. New York: D. Appleton & Company. \$1.75.

The author's experiences and observations in France and Italy during the present year; a discussion of social and economic conditions as seen through the eyes of civilians and soldiers he interviewed.

Victor Chapman's Letters from France. With Memoir by John Jay Chapman. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. \$1.25.

In three parts, with Addenda.

Over the Top. Together with Tommy's Dictionary of the Trenches. By Arthur Guy Empey. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Sixteen illustrations and diagrams. \$1.50.

Twenty-seven chapters of war experience by an American soldier now serving as Machine Gunner in France.

The Soul of Ulster. By Ernest W. Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$1.25.

A review of Ulster's history and present position, by a man who was for seven years Member of Parliament for an Ulster constituency.

America and the Great War for Humanity and Freedom. By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D., American Foreign Relations, New York University. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

War Flying. By a Pilot. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. \$1.00.

The letters of "Theta" to his home people, written in training and in war.

The English-Speaking Peoples, Their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations. By George Louis Beer. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

A discussion of the issues of the war,

and the factors essential to better international relationships.

The War against War and the Enforcement of Peace. By Christen Collen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Eleven essays by the Norwegian scholar.

The Oppressed English. By Ian Hay. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 50 cents.

A little book answering the question: "Why can't you English settle the Irish question?"

THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of June and the first of July:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Yukon Trail	The Chosen People
Albany, N. Y.....	The Definite Object	His Family
Boston, Mass.....	The Hundredth Chance	A Diversity of Creatures
Boston, Mass.....	The Definite Object	Where Your Treasure Is
Birmingham, Ala.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	God the Invisible King
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Definite Object	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Chicago, Ill.....	The Road of Ambition	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Chicago, Ill.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Cleveland, Ohio.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Dallas, Texas.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Des Moines, Ia.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Secret of the Storm Country
Detroit, Mich.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Definite Object
Houston, Tex.....	The Light in the Clearing	Cecilia of the Pink Roses
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Louisville, Ky.....	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Hundredth Chance
Los Angeles, Cal.....	His Family	The Light in the Clearing
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
New Haven, Conn....	The Definite Object	The Cinema Murder
New Orleans, La.....	The Hundredth Chance	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Norfolk, Va.....	The Chosen People	Changing Winds
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Definite Object	The Cinema Murder
Portland, Me.....	The Definite Object	His Family
Portland, Ore.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	When a Man's a Man
Providence, R. I.....	Mistress Anne	The Definite Object
Richmond, Va.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mistress Anne
San Antonio, Tex.....	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Triflers
St. Paul, Minn.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
San Francisco, Cal....	The Road to Understanding	Mendel
San Francisco, Cal....	His Family	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Seattle, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Hundredth Chance	God the Invisible King
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Light in the Clearing	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Spokane, Wash.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing
Toledo, Ohio.....	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Toronto, Can.....	The Hundredth Chance	The Road to Understanding
Utica, N. Y.....	His Family	The Definite Object
Waco, Texas.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	In the Wilderness
Washington, D. C.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family
Worcester, Mass.....	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family

(Continued)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Triflers	Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Over the Border
The Light in the Clearing	Where Your Treasure Is	The Cinema Murder	Bab: A Sub-Deb
His Family	The Dark Star	Where Your Treasure Is	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
His Family	The Hundredth Chance	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Banks of Colne
The Hundredth Chance	Wilt Thou, Torchy	Cinderella Jane	Road to Understanding
The Light in the Clearing	His Family	The Hundredth Chance	Undertow
The Definite Object	Road to Understanding	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Piccadilly Jim
His Family	Road to Understanding	The Hundredth Chance	American Ambassador
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Stranded in Arcady	The Road to Ambition	Road to Understanding
The Hundredth Chance	Mistress Anne	Paradise Auction	His Family
His Family	The Hundredth Chance	The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Road to Understanding	His Family	The Road of Ambition	Cinderella Jane
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Hundredth Chance	The Straight Road	Changing Winds
The Hundredth Chance	The Straight Road	Road to Understanding	The Middle Pasture
His Family	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Greenmantle	The Definite Object
The Dark Star	Road to Understanding	The Definite Object	The Secret of the Storm Country
The Definite Object	The Wave	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Dark Star
The Dark Star	The Light in the Clearing	The Girls at His Billet	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain
Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing	His Family	Stranded in Arcady
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mistress Anne	Cinderella Jane	His Family
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Second Youth	The Derelict	The Definite Object
The Hundredth Chance	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Mistress Anne	The Light in the Clearing
The Hundredth Chance	Where Your Treasure Is	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing
Road to Understanding	The Light in the Clearing	His Family	Jerry of the Islands
His Family	His Family	Cinderella Jane	Sube Cane
The Straight Road	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Mistress Anne
The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Hundredth Chance	In the Wilderness
The Hundredth Chance	I, Mary MacLane	Wildfire	The Straight Road
A Diversity of Creatures	My Country	The Definite Object	In the Wilderness
In the Wilderness	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Light in the Clearing	The Taming of Calinga
The Hundredth Chance	Bab: A Sub-Deb	In the Wilderness	The Definite Object
The Definite Object	The Hundredth Chance	A Diversity of Creatures	His Family
The Definite Object	Road to Understanding	The Son of Tarzan	Oh, Mary, Be Careful!
A Diversity of Creatures	O, Mary, Be Careful!	Road to Understanding	The Hundredth Chance
Road to Understanding	Wildfire	The Son of Tarzan	The Triflers
Road to Understanding	His Family	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	The Son of Tarzan
The Red Planet	In the Wilderness	The Preacher of Cedar Mountain	Up the Hill and Over
Greenmantle	The Light in the Clearing	Lydia of the Pines	Road to Understanding
The Definite Object	Road to Understanding	I, Mary MacLane	The Straight Road
The Hundredth Chance	The Light in the Clearing	Bab: A Sub-Deb	Road to Understanding
The Definite Object	Bab: A Sub-Deb	The Light in the Clearing	Paradise Auction

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

- The Plattsburg Manual. O. O. Ellis and E. B. Garey.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
 An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
 Behind the German Veil. J. M. de Beaufort.
- The Altar of Freedom. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
 The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
 Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
 A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
 The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 672 and 673) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" " "	2d	" " "	"	8
" " "	3d	" " "	"	7
" " "	4th	" " "	"	6
" " "	5th	" " "	"	5
" " "	6th	" " "	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six

books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:	
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. Wells.	
(Macmillan.) \$1.50	205
The Light in the Clearing. Bacheller.	
(Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	179
The Definite Object. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50	160
His Family. Poole. (Macmillan.) \$1.50	158
The Hundredth Chance. Dell. (Putnam.) \$1.50	147
The Road to Understanding. Porter. (Houghton Mifflin.) \$1.40	101

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

- The Altar of Freedom. Mary R. Rinehart.
 The American Ambassador. L. Byrne.
 Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary R. Rinehart.
 The Banks of Colne. Eden Phillpotts.
 The Battle of the Somme. Philip Gibbs.
 Cap'n Abe, Storekeeper. James A. Cooper.
 Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
 Cecilia of the Pink Roses. K. H. Taylor.
 Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
 The Chosen People. Sidney L. Nyburg.
 Cinderella Jane. Marjorie Benton Cooke.
 The Cinema Murder. E. Phillips Oppenheim.
 Come Out of the Kitchen. Alice D. Miller.
 The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
 The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
 A Diversity of Creatures. Rudyard Kipling.
 The Derelict. Phyllis Bottome.
 The Girls at His Billet. Berta Ruck.
 God the Invisible King. H. G. Wells.
 Greenmantle. John Buchan.
 His Family. Ernest Poole.
 The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
 I, Mary MacLane. Mary MacLane.
 In the Wilderness. Robert Hichens.
 Jerry of the Islands. Jack London.
 The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
 The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
 Lydia of the Pines. Honoré Willis.
 Mendel. Gilbert Cannan.
 The Middle Pasture. M. Bilbro.
 Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
- Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
 My Country. George R. Brown.
 O, Mary, Be Careful! George Weston.
 Over the Border. Herman Whitaker.
 Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
 Paradise Auction. Nalbro Bartley.
 The Plattsburg Manual. Ellis and Garey.
 The Preacher of Cedar Mountain. S. D. Page.
 The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
 Rhymes of a Red Cross Man. R. W. Service.
 The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
 Second Youth. Allan Updegraff.
 The Secret of the Storm Country. Grace M. White.
 The Son of Tarzan. E. H. Burroughs.
 The Straight Road. Anonymous.
 A Student in Arms. D. W. A. Hankey.
 Stranded in Arcady. Francis Lynde.
 The Triflers. Frederick O. Bartlett.
 The Taming of Calinga. C. L. Carlsen.
 An Uncensored Diary. E. D. Bullitt.
 Undertow. Kathleen Norris.
 Up the Hill and Over. Isabel Mackay.
 The Wave. Algernon Blackwood.
 When a Man's a Man. Harold Bell Wright.
 Where Your Treasure Is. Holman F. Day.
 Why We Are at War. Woodrow Wilson.
 Wildfire. Zane Grey.
 Wilt Thou, Torch. Sewell Ford.
 The Wonderful Year. William J. Locke.
 The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
 The Yukon Trail. W. MacLeod Raine.

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boro a few days prior to the seventh anniversary of the writer's death. According to the plans the hotel will be a seven-story building, containing one hundred and seventy-five rooms with all the conveniences of a modern metropolitan hotel. Perhaps one of the most interesting features will be the room dedicated to O. Henry and decorated with photographs and other O. Henryana. It is expected that the hotel will be open within a year.



THE O. HENRY HOTEL TO BE BUILT AT GREENSBORO, N. C., ACTUAL WORK UPON WHICH WAS BEGUN ON JUNE 10TH, JUST SEVEN YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF THE GREAT SHORT STORY WRITER

Captain F. Britten Austin, soldier and author, whose literary work in connection with the great war is attracting attention in England, and is appearing on this side in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other publications, is barely thirty-two years of age. His first story appeared in the Christmas Number of the *London Graphic* for 1908 and from that time his literary progress has been steady. Two years later his first novel, *The Shaping of Lavinia*, was published in London by Constable.

From boyhood he made a study of war and the series of war stories, *In Action*, which he published in 1913 foretold to a remarkable degree the events which are taking place to-day. On the strength of these stories, as vivid as though written on the battlefield, he was approached by the *London Daily Mail* with a view to acting as war correspondent for them on the day before the outbreak of hostilities. As, however, the authorities forbade all war correspondence at that time, he decided not to wait but enlisted as a private in the infantry (London

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Contributors to this Month's Bookman

MAURICE MAETERLINCK and SIR OLIVER LODGE, who contribute the two leading papers to this month's issue, are both public men of long-standing and wide-spread reputation. That they have both written papers from their points of view throwing light on the question of the spiritual phenomena that have come out of the war, is particularly interesting and valuable just at the moment when we ourselves are entering the great conflict and will have similar stories and spiritual manifestations coming home to us from our own men in the trenches. Sir Oliver Lodge's last book, *Raymond*, in which he describes the communications alleged to have come from his youngest son killed at the front in France, has done much to stimulate thought on the subject. Sir Oliver is a trained scientist, whose book bears evidence of the strictest adherence to facts and to the principles of logic. Maeterlinck, on the other hand, is a philosopher and poet, and his contribution to the thought on this question bears the stamp of the seer and speculator along philosophical lines.

MR. H. G. DWIGHT, who contributes the paper on "Rug Books," mentions his knowledge of his subject in the most modest terms, though he might well speak of Eastern rugs as one having authority, for he has lived in or near Constantinople some eighteen years, and has made something of a hobby of observing the methods and customs of Eastern rug-makers. Mr. Dwight has published two books as a result of his experiences in Turkey and Persia called *Stamboul Nights* and *Constantinople Old and New*. For a time he was attached to the American Consulate in Venice, and among his literary work he has contributed to the New International Encyclopedia. Mr. Dwight is an Amherst graduate.

DR. BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS, Assistant Professor of English in Hunter College, has charge of the course in story writing at Columbia University (Extension and Summer Session). The two-year course, which she formerly conducted alone, has grown to one of three years, requiring the guidance of four instructors. Her methods, which have helped ambitious writers of varied ability and various ideals to publication in the different magazines (with *The Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, and *The Century* at the head of the list), Dr. Williams has set forth in *A Handbook for Story Writers* which will be published early in the fall. Illustrative of the less technical divisions, "REPRESENTATIVE GHOSTS," in this issue, bears witness to modern interest in the supernatural. In 1914 Dr. Williams published a book on *Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon*, which at the time of its announcement was facetiously hailed by "The Office Window" of the *Evening Mail* as a "real thriller." Although the study was favorably reviewed by savants in learned periodicals of America, Germany, and France, the author retained for her own profit the clipping from the ironic column writer. Skipping the years between the ninth and the nineteenth centuries, she began emphatically to study the art of the short-story. Occasionally she recalls with regret the gray walls of Exeter Cathedral and the Gothic windows of the tower library, where she spent hours in transcribing from the Exeter Manuscript. But she states that a glance at the journalistic caption, "Some Erudition," forces a realization and a paraphrase of the Queen's speech to Alice, "It takes all the running you can do to keep up with the contemporary short-story."

COMING CONTRIBUTIONS IN THE BOOKMAN

In "The Dangers of Democracy"

Mr. Stephen Berrien Stanton in the September BOOKMAN will discuss a few of the fundamental issues that face a democratic form of government in general, and especially in regard to the immediate problems before this country. Mr. Stanton questions whether the founders of our government would have adopted the form of suffrage in use had there existed at that time the great mass of cheap foreign industrial labor who now by their very numbers threaten the persistence of our Western type of society. Mr. Stanton takes up the political measures that a democracy must adopt for its self-preservation, such as that political equality must become an equality of intelligence of character; that in a democracy an elementary eugenics at least must be adopted; that a democracy must exercise control over the quality as well as the quantity of its population. The modern form of the Malthusian theory and the operation of "selection" under our modern social and economic system he also analyzes with the same theme in view, namely, the acceptance of the necessary measures for the continued maintenance of democracy.

The Two Most Famous Women in the World

are probably the Dowager Empress of China and Cosima Wagner, the daughter of Liszt and the widow of the great composer, and who is still living in Beyreuth, Bavaria. This latter figure is described and many of her most human qualities portrayed in a paper called "Frau Cosima Wagner," which Mr. Archie Bell will contribute to the September issue. A portrait of Frau Wagner and one of her father, Liszt, which shows the resemblance to his daughter, will lend added interest to Mr. Bell's account.

Appropriately enough, a story for the September BOOKMAN will reveal an interesting incident in the life of another great figure in the music world, Mozart. "The Shudder in Don Giovanni" is the title of the story which has been translated from the German of Rudolph Hans Bartsch, one of the most artistic of living Austrian prose writers, by Mr. Charles Wharton Stork. The story is permeated with the spirit of charming winsomeness that characterised the epoch preceding the French Revolution—a period of charm and gracefulness and yet it already had "its shudder" prophesying forthcoming events.

Dr. Blanche Colton Williams

of Columbia University, who contributes a paper to this issue on the art of short-story writing, will continue her discussion with the subject, "The Mastery of Surprise." Dr. Williams takes up some of the most interesting critical illustrations of the use of the surprise ending in short-story writing, and from them draws her guiding principle.

Among the more timely discussions will be articles on "The Problem of the Holy Land" by Mr. Ameen Rihani, a native Syrian, who has made a careful study of the complex difficulties of the "near-Eastern" question; and a résumé of the results of the Russian Revolution to date by Mr. Abraham Yarmolinsky, the writer on Russian questions, who has appeared a number of times in the BOOKMAN's pages during the last few months.

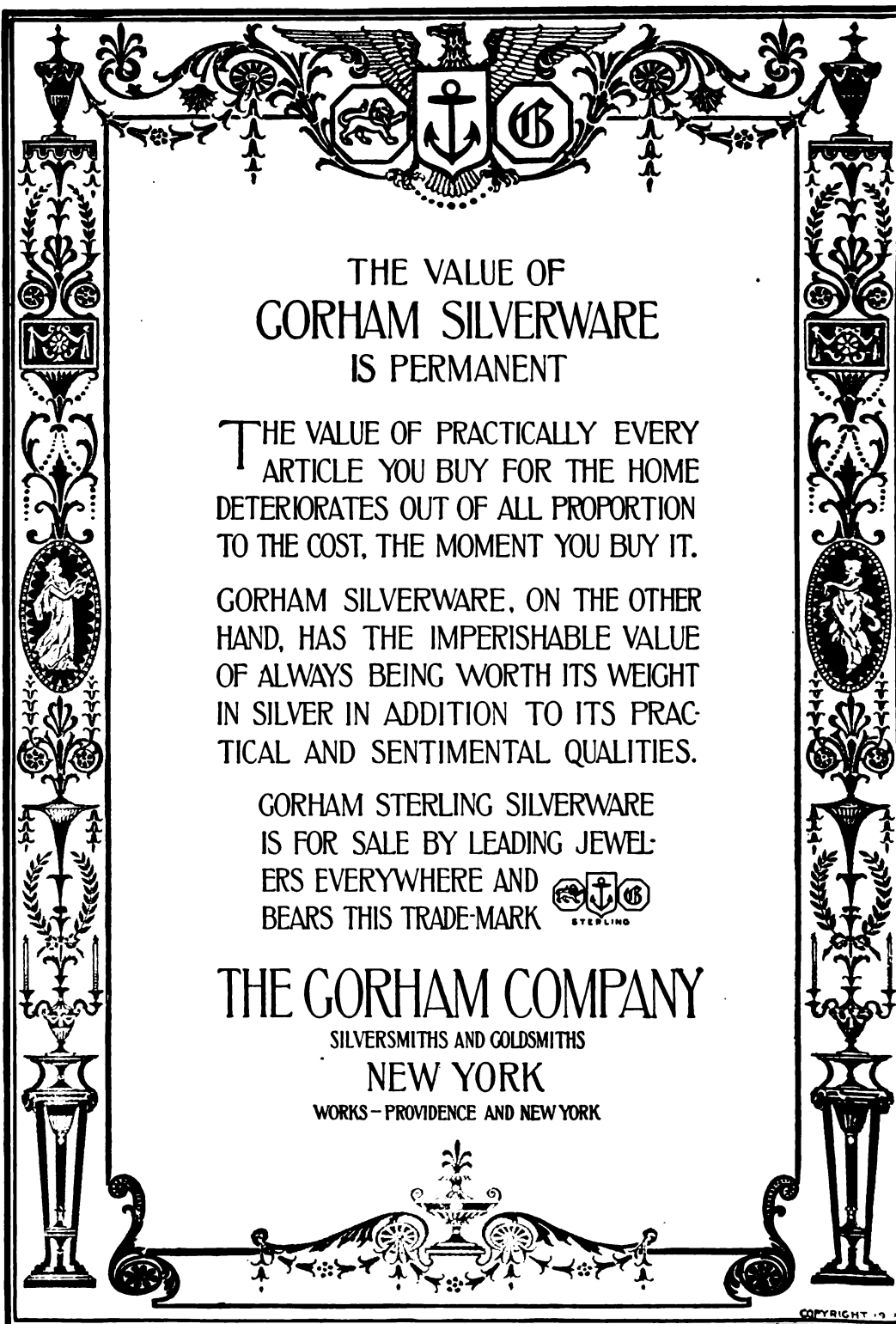
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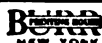
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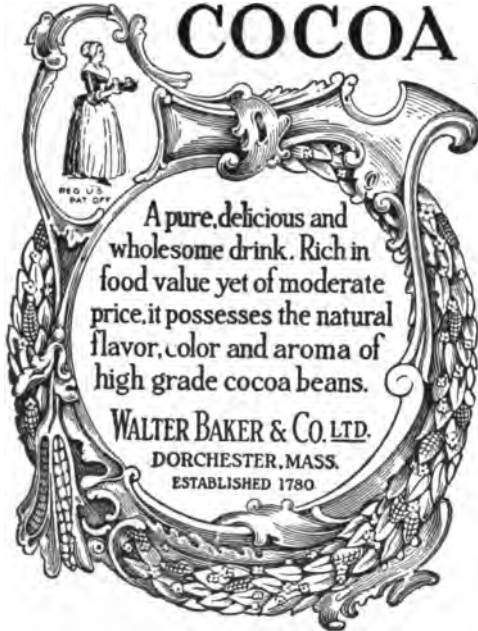
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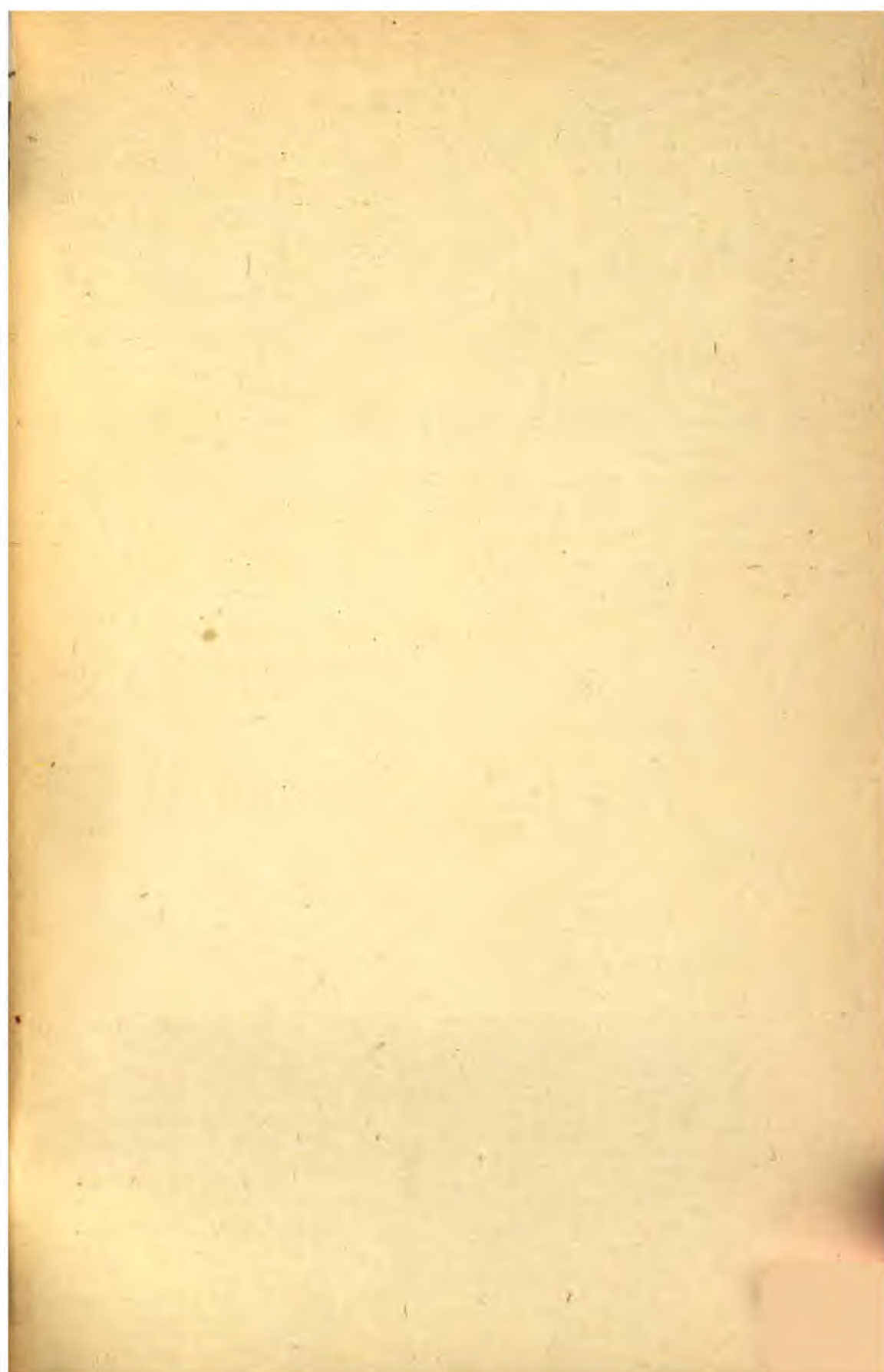
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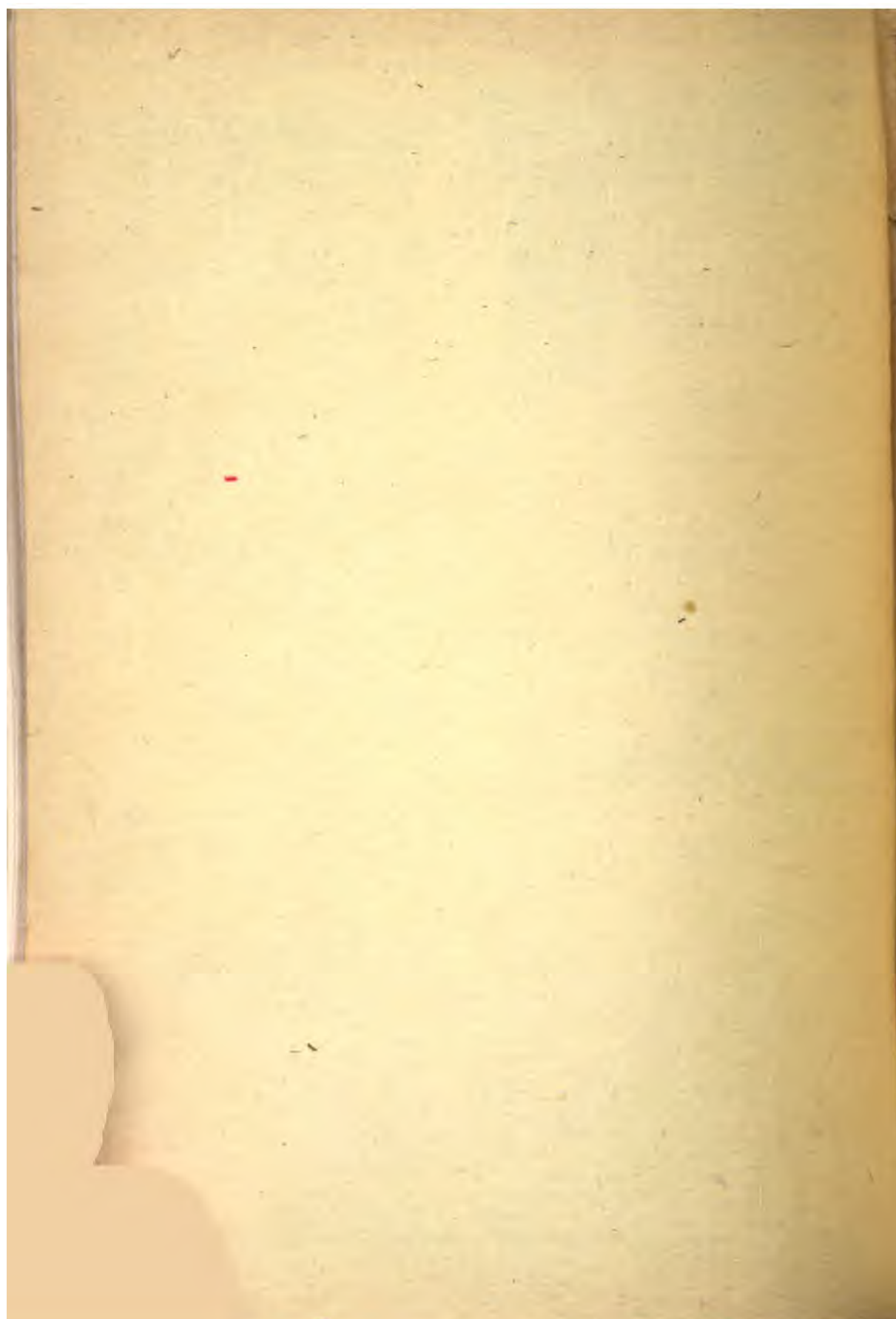
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